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LIVES

OF

THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

"A true delineation of the smallest man, and his scenes of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man. All men are, to an unspeakable extent, brothers; each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and human portraits, faithfully drawn, are, of all pictures, the welcomest on human walls."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PARTRIDGE AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

1856.

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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THE BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

... says a great American essayist, "provision in nature for the artist—that is, the acute observer of nature, is that it is perfectly necessary for the writer to exist, because he can observe, nobles, and instructs. The novel, however, he chronicles the events, and describes the chances and chances of life, and characterises the people. For these last qualities of the writer, the novelist holds his rank. With these, the name at the end of his article is of no mean value. The novelist, however, of his position as a writer, is being the very first of the novelists."

[illegible]

John Jay, the Chief Justice, was born in New York City, September 9, 1753, and, after a few years' study, graduated from the College of New York, then called King's College, in 1772. He was the second son of a family of his name, which was of Dutch origin, and his father was a high official in the American law, and a member of the First Continental Congress. He was educated at New Jersey, at the College of New Brunswick, and at the College of William and Mary, where he was presumed to have met the future President of the United States, Washington, which acquaintance led to his appointment as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at New Haven.

...the court at Salem as a
...the American lawyer,
...with Casper, cau-
...to be very deeply
...the case, and in the
...the various ship em-
...of information.
...the more chary of their
...the Lovell's lack of

these accomplishments. Certain it is that he made a very respectable progress, which he was careful afterwards to improve. For six years, or thereabouts, Cooper's life was bustling and full of activity, various adventures occurring which afforded him excellent *material*, hereafter to be worked up in his various novels. He was brought thoroughly into contact with scenes of which he afterwards gave so faithful and glowing a rescript. In one of his latest novels, "Afloat and Ashore," he has embodied many of these scenes. The book is pronounced, by those who best knew him, to be essentially autobiographical, and one of the incidents is an anecdote in which the author figures *in propria persona*. It will not be trespassing to quote it. The hero is in an American vessel, when a hostile French privateer approaches; being in the maintop, he observes the movements of the enemy, and gives notice of them to his captain by dropping a copper wrapped in a piece of paper, on deck, on which was written, "The brig's fore-castle is filled with armed men, hid behind the bulwarks."

"Captain Digges heard the fall of the copper, and looking up—nothing takes an officer's eyes aloft quicker than to find anything coming out of a top—he saw me pointing to the paper. I was rewarded for this liberty by an approving nod. Captain Digges read what I had written, and I soon observed Neb and the cook filling the engine with boiling water. This job was no sooner done than a good place was selected on the quarter-deck for this singular implement of war, and then a hail came from the brig.

"Nat zat sheep is?" demanded some one from the brig.

“The Tigris of Philadelphia, from Calcutta *home*. What brig is *that*?”

— *Le P'tit cousin Fatacis*. From
Mlle. A. L. G. 1839.

"From Calcutta. And where are you from?"

"Gaudaloupe. Vair you go, eh?"



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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

"FIND," says a great American essayist, "a provision in nature for the artist;" that is, the acute observer soon finds, that it is perfectly necessary for the writer to exist, because he rises, exalts, enables, and instructs, the human race; he chronicles the age, he notices the chances and changes, he defines and characterises humanity;—and for these last qualities, great writers, the novelist holds his rank. With these, the name at the head of our article is of no mean value, not only on account of his position as a writer, but as being the very first of American novelists.

Men are only seen in their true greatness by comparison; one compares Virgil to Homer, and Dante to Milton; and, following this out, flatters call the prosaic Klopstock the German Milton, and, more truly, Béranger the Burns of France, and the object of the present paper the American Scott. Recently this great man has passed that bourne from which he returns, and in the fulness of a life which few will reach, although many will aspire.

James Fennimore Cooper was born on the 15th of September, 1789, and, as he lived but a few hours longer, could have completed his sixty-second year, dying on the 14th of his natal month, 1851. His father was a high gentry in the American law, and resided at the period of Fennimore's birth at Burlington, New Jersey, at which place, there being, we presume, no sufficient academy, the future novelist commenced his education, which was further eliminated at New Haven and Yale colleges.

One who goes to sea at sixteen, as a deck-hand in the American navy, which was the case with Cooper, cannot be expected to be very deeply versed in dead languages and mathematics, and therefore various hip-and-high sticklers for school education, could have been more chary of their remarks against the novelist's lack of

these accomplishments. Certain it is that he made a very respectable progress, which he was careful afterwards to improve. For six years, or thereabouts, Cooper's life was bustling and full of activity, various adventures occurring which afforded him excellent *matériel*, hereafter to be worked up in his various novels. He was brought thoroughly into contact with scenes of which he afterwards gave so faithful and glowing a rescript. In one of his latest novels, "Afloat and Ashore," he has embodied many of these scenes. The book is pronounced, by those who best knew him, to be essentially autobiographical, and one of the incidents is an anecdote in which the author figures *in propria persona*. It will not be trespassing to quote it. The hero is in an American vessel, when a hostile French privateer approaches; being in the maintop, he observes the movements of the enemy, and gives notice of them to his captain by dropping a copper wrapped in a piece of paper, on deck, on which was written, "The brig's fore-castle is filled with armed men, hid behind the bulwarks."

"Captain Digges heard the fall of the copper, and looking up—nothing takes an officer's eyes aloft quicker than to find anything coming out of a top—he saw me pointing to the paper. I was rewarded for this liberty by an approving nod. Captain Digges read what I had written, and I soon observed Neb and the cook filling the engine with boiling water. This job was no sooner done than a good place was selected on the quarter-deck for this singular implement of war, and then a hail came from the brig.

"'Vat zat sheep is?' demanded some one from the brig.

"'The Tigris of Philadelphia, from Calcutta home. What brig is that?'

"'La Folie—corsair Français. From vair you come?'

"'From Calcutta. And where are you from?'

"'Gaudaloupe. Vair you go, eh?'

"'Philadelphia. Do not luff so near me; some accident may happen.'

"'Vat you call 'accident?' Can ne-vair hear, eh? I will com *tout pr's*.'

"'Give us a wider berth, I tell you! Here is your jib-boom nearly foul of my mizzen-rigging.'

"'Vat mean zat bert' vidair, eh? *Allons, mes enfants; c'est le moment!*'

"Luff a little, and keep his spar clear,' cried our captain. 'Squirt away, Neb, and let us see what you can do!'

"The engine made a movement just as the French began to run out on their bowsprit, and, by the time six or eight were on the heel of the jib-boom, they were met by the hissing hot stream, which took them *en échelon*, as it might be, fairly raking the whole line. The effect was instantaneous. Physical nature cannot stand excessive heat, unless particularly well supplied with skin; and the three leading Frenchmen, finding retreat impossible, dropped incontinently into the sea, preferring cold water to hot—the chances of drowning to the certainty of being scalded. I believe all three were saved by their companions on board, but I will not vouch for the fact. The remainder of the intended boarders, having the bowsprit before them, scrambled back upon the brig's fore-castle as well as they could; betraying by the random way in which their hands flew about, that they had a perfect consciousness how much they left their rear exposed on the retreat. A hearty laugh was heard in all parts of the Tigris, and the brig, putting her helm hard up, wore round like a top, as if she were scalded herself."

Adventures of this sort he had sufficient during the short time he was at sea, to furnish his memory and to aid his invention.

In 1811 he retired into private life, and he soon after rendered this retirement more agreeable, and riveted more firmly his ties to the shore, by marrying Miss Lancey, a lady of great accomplishments, whose brother is one of the New York bishops. On his marriage Mr. Cooper settled at his patrimonial estate, named Cooper's Town, or in American parlance Cooper's-ville.

Horace's rule of keeping one's first production nine years may have well been indulged in by our author, for he

let slip by *ten* years, in this quiet retirement before he came before the public. When he had once broken the ice, which was in 1821, by publishing a novel called "Precaution;" his rise in favour was rapid, although the preliminary work was an unsuccessful one; but the same year produced "The Spy," "The Pioneers," and "The Pilot." Of the origin of the latter novel Mr. Griswold tells the following anecdote, which at the late meeting in New York, to erect a monument to Cooper, Mr. Bryant, the American poet, repeated:—

"Talking with the late Charles Wilkes, of New York, a man of taste and judgment, our author heard extolled the universal knowledge of Scott, and the sea portions of "The Pirate" cited as a proof. He laughed at the idea, as most seamen would, and the discussion ended by his promising to write a sea story, which could be read by landmen, while seamen should feel its truth.*

From this the "Pilot" resulted, which lifted Cooper at once into celebrity. Sir Walter Scott himself, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, bore testimony to its truth and excellence. "The novel," he writes, "is a very clever one, and the sea scenes and characters in particular, are admirably drawn. I advise you to read it as soon as possible." The novel was worthy of the panegyric, and a higher still has been bestowed, and worthily, upon it. It became immediately popular, and was eagerly read in England, translated into the various European languages, and, stranger still to relate, into *Persian*, an honour, as far as we know, as regards novels, reserved for the "Spy" and the "Pilot." "This novel," says a critic, speaking of the "Spy," "was the first which brought Cooper into notice, which gave him his earliest reputation, and which will continue to preserve it."† His descriptions of marine scenery, of the moving, restless ocean, and of the ever varying changes of the sky, were at once seen to be unsurpassed in freshness and truth. They rivalled his word pictures of American woods and savage man, and, as Mr. Prescott truly remarks, are "alive with the breath of poetry." "Witness," says the last-quoted autho-

* The Prose Writers of America.

† North American Review, Jan. 1852.

infinitely-various pictures of
or still more, of the beauti-
which rides upon it—the

“*Leatherstocking*” was, for the time, the first
of Cooper’s novels. That his
should love a novel where-
in bravery was prominently
drawn, and whereof the
American, none can won-
der. The novel-readers of England
prejudices succumb to their
But, more than this, it
reflected fame, for an Eng-
lishman, a Mr. Fitzball, seizing
the work, cleverly turned it
into the Americans, by pro-
fessing it of the same name, (the
wherein Long Tom Coffin
created by Mr. T. P. Cooke,
an extraordinary long run
at the Adelphi Theatre. Sir Walter
asked, amongst others, to see this
and in his diary notices “the
quality” of the dramatist, in
the offensive parts of the story
of *Yankee*. Let us add, that
it is still popular.

After these publications, Mr.
Cooper visited Europe, where he re-
mained some years, and became one of
the lions of the day. In Eng-
land he was introduced to Sir Walter
Scott at the zenith of his popu-
larity; thus notices his fellow

23, 1826.—Visited Princess
and also Cooper, the Ameri-
can. This man, who has
much genius, has a good
manner (or want of man-
ner) to his countrymen. He
uses to me a mode of publishing
as, by entering a book as the
work of a citizen. I will think of
very little helps, &c.”

6.—Cooper came to breakfast,
and *obscurely* parroted. Such a
few Frenchmen bounced in suc-
cession and exploded, or, I should
have said, their compliments, that
I hardly find an opportunity to
speak, or to entertain Mr.
Scott.”

“We believe, are the only ex-
amples which Cooper is noticed by
as of “*Waverley*,” and as they
came of much animosity on

of Sir Walter Scott, as quoted
in *Scott’s Life*.”

the other side of the Channel, when
first brought to light, they are worthy
of some notice.

In the first place, the “mode of pub-
lishing,” noticed by Sir Walter, does
great honour to Cooper. It was, of
course, nothing less than the copyright
bill in embryo, which Cooper endea-
voured zealously to introduce, and
which would have been, if introduced,
one of the greatest boons to American
literature, and without which that
literature is now suffering, and has
become dwindled, dwarfish, and imita-
tive.* Sir Walter, who regarded
literature—as a late critic has said—as
a “mere money-making machine,” did
not see the patriotism of the proposal,
but clutched at the idea of making
more; “every little helps,” he writes,
and, we believe, let the matter drop.
Not so Cooper; he wrote at once to
Messrs. Carey and Lea, the great
American publishers, and, in a manly
letter which we have before us, set
forth the advantages which such a
measure would be to American litera-
ture. “The whole range of English
literature,” he writes, “is thrown open
to the American publisher. He chooses
his book, after it has gone through the
ordeal of a nation of publishers, and
offers it to his countrymen, supported
by the testimony and praise of reviews.
Against this array of names the Amer-
ican writer has to make head, or
fail.”†

Cooper suggested, as a remedy, the
law of copyright; but the booksellers
were too strong for him, and they still
triumph, and fortunes have been made,
and still are being made, out of the
works of Dickens, Scott, Bulwer, and
Macaulay, for which the English au-
thor has never received one penny from
the American publisher; English book-
sellers are now making reprisals upon
American authors; but that only
aggravates the evil. Cooper did not

* The writer is not ignorant of the many
excellent American authors, but is con-
strained to adopt the opinions expressed,
from his own observations, and from the
opinions of the Americans themselves.
The “North American Review,” the first
critic of that continent, expressed itself
both severely and sorrowfully on the ques-
tion a few months since.

† “The Knickerbocker,”—New York
magazine, April, 1838.

cease, however, to agitate and to press this important question, both in the various literary journals and elsewhere.

His next works, perhaps not in exactly correct date of appearance, were what is called the "Leather Stocking" novels; that is, a series of five novels, so called from the chief personage or character, which runs throughout the series, which comprises, "The Deer Slayer," "The Pathfinder," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie." Of these the finest is the "Last of the Mohicans," a novel which is held by many to be the masterpiece of its author. "The book," says a great authority, "has a genuine game flavour; it exhales the odours of the pine woods, and the freshness of the mountain wind. Its dark and rugged scenery rises as distinctly on the eye as the images of the painter's canvass, or rather as the reflections of nature herself. But it is not as the mere rendering of material forms, that these word paintings are most highly to be esteemed, they are instinct with life, with the very spirit of the wilderness; they breathe the sombre poetry of solitude and danger." The Scotch bard, Burns, effected so great a triumph over imagination, that the very window through which Tam O'Shanter saw (1) the witches dance, although a creation of the fancy, has been pointed out by the guides; a similar story is told of the author of Waverley's creation of Michael Scott's grave in Melrose Abbey. Nor were American guides behind hand; so vividly had Cooper described each spot, that the scene of the fight of Glenis Falls (a very marked portion of the novel), is pointed out as if this fictitious combat were a scene of history. "Nay," says a narrator, "if the lapse of a few years has not enlightened the guide's understanding, he would as soon doubt of the reality of the battle of Saratoga as that of Hawkeyes' fight with the Mingoes."

These novels made Cooper's fame complete, and together with the nautical ones were his chief triumphs; others, but of less grandeur, were to follow. "The Wept of Wish-ton-wish," a strange story, with a stranger title, is much admired for its melancholy interest. "Lionel Lincoln," bore testimony to his power, accuracy, and spirit, in description of military movements

and detail. The battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill are admirably given. Next come "The Pathfinder," "The Red Rover," "The Water Witch," as "The Two Admirals;" followed quickly "The Jack O'Lantern; or, The Privateer," a novel which Cooper wrote somewhat out of opposition to his critics, who insisted upon his vein of seafaring novels being exhausted; is not very successful. The story of Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson, and the cruel murder of Prince Caraccioli, is introduced; and various new characters, one of which is a British figure on the scene. In 1843, "Wyandotté; or, the Hutted's Knoll," a quiet narrative novel of American scenery, followed; and was itself succeeded by "Raven's Nest," introducing three happy characters,—Captain Hugh Littlepage, Uncle Ro and Mistress Opportunist Newcome. In this novel Cooper indulged in some asperities, for he was somewhat like one of our own authoresses,—whose name shall of course not transpire—always in hot water with his critics.

Not only also was this on his own side of the channel, but also upon English ground did the Novelist carry his warfare. One cause of this was Cooper's extreme sensitiveness to adverse criticism, and secondly, the fact that he wrote severely himself of others. Having travelled in Europe, and been lionized in England, a book on the various countries in which he sojourned was as much expected as were the "American Notes" from Dickens. The result in both instances was much the same; the institutions of the country were commented upon freely and severely; our overbearing aristocracy, our lord-loving commoners, and the etiquette which allows a man of superior rank, conferred either by birth or chance, to walk out of a room, or to enter it, and to be announced before the rest of the company, especially before a man of genius, were exposed to the most indignant and searching satire.

There were also other things upon which Fennimore Cooper lectured the English; he would insist, in a few cases that they mispronounced words, which the Americans had preserved in all their purity. In fine, whilst giving a credit for many admirable institutions for hospitality, and kindness, he perhaps

naturally enough insisted, that the American country, of which he was the author, had progressed, whilst we, the English, had fearfully degenerated.

The "Quarterly Review," of which Lord Althorpe, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, had recently assumed the editorship, took up the cudgels for England, and in a sparkling but spitefully written review of Cooper's book, took a good reprisal upon him. "He has no sense, no English," said they; "let us try him." And thereupon the reviewer proved the American author guilty of several sins against the rules of Lady Murray and Company. Next he directed his shafts against American manners, and gave them a more severe handling than he had his own, and finally dismissed the work as totally unworthy of the name of Cooper, of printer, publisher, lawyer, or reader.

The literary circles at New York naturally took the novelist's side of the question, and the magazines of the West will witness on perusal, of how different a nature are the "quarrels of America."

Tartan, again, exults in ire."

But let us not lead our readers further into the "quarrel." We may here observe, that the English did not write the review, but that the opinion of which he speaks is that of Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law. Let us get into the quarrel, and see what the quarrels with the English are, and how his own countrymen have taken up with Cooper's mind. The review was written by the English "Quarterly." One of his countrymen, who is quoted by the reviewer, says, "I was well and favourably impressed by the grandeur of reality, forming a picture which age scarce dims, or time diminishes: his sailors and squatters, true children of nature under different aspects; his pictures of sea-fight and storm, or of tempests in those vast interminable forests of America, which we children of Europe only dream of. This he would not introduce and to describe, and he has done it nobly; and most of all, for the most original talent, I cannot find honesty of purpose, he has no design that he has ever written one word of extensive or general utility, or one book which is proper for our children to read."

But let us not lead our readers further into the "quarrel." We may here observe, that the English did not write the review, but that the opinion of which he speaks is that of Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law. Let us get into the quarrel, and see what the quarrels with the English are, and how his own countrymen have taken up with Cooper's mind. The review was written by the English "Quarterly." One of his countrymen, who is quoted by the reviewer, says, "I was well and favourably impressed by the grandeur of reality, forming a picture which age scarce dims, or time diminishes: his sailors and squatters, true children of nature under different aspects; his pictures of sea-fight and storm, or of tempests in those vast interminable forests of America, which we children of Europe only dream of. This he would not introduce and to describe, and he has done it nobly; and most of all, for the most original talent, I cannot find honesty of purpose, he has no design that he has ever written one word of extensive or general utility, or one book which is proper for our children to read."

faces and red men again ask our attention, and ask it, alas! almost in vain; we feel that the potent power is leaving the great magician, and that he had better bury his pen, as Prospero does his magic wand "certain fathoms in the earth;" but a little time, however, and then he will have ceased. In 1849 appeared the "Sea Lions," a novel in which the venue is laid in those "regions of thick ribbed ice," wherein Sir John Franklin and his gallant crews are immured. There is in this last novel originality, force, and a dramatic reality, which will carry the reader through with the book. Last of all, announced as last, positively the last, of a very long list of novels of which we have not mentioned one half, came the "Ways of the Hour," in which the failing power of the author was but too visibly shown. Cooper had written himself out.

Besides the very numerous progeny of novels, some of which we have mentioned above, and to others of which we have alluded, Cooper contributed to the history of his country, that of the "United States Navy;" to biography, "Lives of distinguished Naval Officers;" and to travel, "Sketches of Switzerland," and "Gleanings of Europe."

But not by these or by his later productions will the name of James Fennimore Cooper be handed down to posterity; but by his earlier and fresher productions, by his pictures of humanity in its untamed and savage state, with its heroism, its magnanimity, and its cunning; his prairies stretching out to the eye of the imaginative boy, who first reads his romance, with more than the vastness and grandeur of reality, forming a picture which age scarce dims, or time diminishes: his sailors and squatters, true children of nature under different aspects; his pictures of sea-fight and storm, or of tempests in those vast interminable forests of America, which we children of Europe only dream of. This he would not introduce and to describe, and he has done it nobly; and most of all, for the most original talent, I cannot find honesty of purpose, he has no design that he has ever written one word of extensive or general utility, or one book which is proper for our children to read."

Fanatics there are of so severe a cast of mind, that they would ignore all works of fiction; but those who, blessed with a wider expanse of mind, see in descriptions of the wonderful, the curious, and the interesting in humanity, certain links which, if properly connected, will lead us

"Through nature, up to nature's God," will think that good service has been done to his kind by James Fennimore Cooper.

SCHILLER.

OF all the many distinguished poets and philosophers of Germany, the name and works of Schiller are most familiar to the English reader. And this preference is not a mere national liking of our own, arising from any consanguinity which the writings of Schiller have with English modes of thought and feeling. Its explanation is rather to be sought in the fact, that these writings bear on them the stamp of no peculiar nationality. They have had a prompt acceptance with all European nations, and the estimation in which they have been held has been permanent. Among modern authors Schiller is pre-eminently cosmopolitan. The poet of the *Real*, of actual life, of universal human sympathies, it was natural that his impression should be equally as wide as it was deep. Not a little of the hearty welcome with which Schiller has been universally received, may be attributed to the circumstance that the tone and temper of his writings, as also of his own interior nature, was wholly in harmony with the spirit of the age. He had a high estimation of the rights, duties, and privileges of the individual man. His notion of society was that of an ideal democracy. He loved freedom in his inmost heart, and his patriotism was as staunch as that of a Tell. The ardour with which he sympathized in the revolutionary movements of the day, made him worthy, in the eyes of the French nation, of being honoured with a diploma of citizenship.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Württemberg, situate on the banks of the Neckar. In the circumstances of his birth and parentage, he was rather fortunate than otherwise. Although the pecuniary circumstances of his parents were such as to place many

barriers to the free development of his nature, yet, on the whole, his childhood could not be otherwise than cheerful and happy. His parents were pious, affectionate, honest, true-hearted German folk. His father, stern and severe in demeanour, was fervent in his religious exercises, and warmly attached to his family. His mother was somewhat grave and serious, but her manners were peculiarly gentle and mild. Neither were without intellectual culture, or deficient in sound judgment and information. Surely this were enough to compensate for a thousand disadvantages in their worldly condition. The pliant nature of the boy Friedrich, formed and moulded under these influences, soon began to exhibit the promise of a rich and abundant harvest. He was early a lover of the picturesque, and of everything grand or instinct with life or motion. At eight years old, wandering in the woodlands with a boy about his own age, he exclaimed, "Oh, Karl, how beautiful is it here! All—all could I give, so that I might not miss this joy!" Another anecdote is told of this period, which is alike graceful and striking:—"Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunder-storm, his father missed him in the young group within doors; none of his sisters could tell what was become of Fritz, and the old man grew at length so anxious that he was forced to go out in quest of him. Fritz was scarcely past the age of infancy, and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last in a solitary place of the neighbourhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes as in succession they spread their lurid gleam over it. To the reprimands of his parent, the whimpering truant pleaded in extenuation, that 'the lightning was very beautiful,

and he wished to see where it was coming from." *

When Friedrich was six years old, his father was sent to Lorch as recruiting officer. Here the boy first learnt the sentiments of education. His teacher was Philip Mozer, the pastor and schoolmaster of the village, and who Schiller afterwards immortalized as "the schoolmaster." This person seems to have exercised considerable influence over his pupil. His favourite scholar was Karl Mozer, the pastor here, who was himself destined to become a preacher. His conversation with these, the religious atmosphere in which he had been brought up from the earliest dawn of consciousness, and the warm and deep emotions which were now aroused in the boy's soul by the study of the Hebrew prophets, went to unite together in determining him to become a clergyman. "A clergyman, indeed, he proved," says Carlyle, "only the church he ministered in was the Catholic—a far more Catholic than that false Romish one!" This determination, as might be supposed, accorded well with the sentiments of his parents, and accordingly, in the school of Ludwigsburg (whither the family was removed), his studies were directed with that view. Here, during the next five years, he underwent the usual examination before the university, and entered, to which entrance he was entitled, the ecclesiastical vocation of the Catholic Church. He had ere this read the works of the ancients with diligence, but he had not yet received the free appreciation. In his own papers are told, he had "not yet received the glorious amazement and a new world of grandeur," seen the splendour of the Ludwigsburg theatre, and the world was only casting a dim, far-off gleam upon the world, where afterwards he was to receive inspiration and strength. He was to achieve his destiny.

Schiller's examiners marked him as a boy of "good hope," and he was, however, was to be disappointed in another fashion than they could have intended. His subsequent circumstances were to be a barrier to his going in the domestic service of his family. The boy's future was to be the future were to be

completely changed in all too short a time. His life now approaches a period of harshness, oppression, and isolation, in which the blossoms of hope are remorselessly crushed by the hand of Fate;—the boy's spirit bent beneath the weight of an unloving discipline and stern dictatorship, and, under a quite contrary nurture to that which he had hitherto enjoyed, other and greater faculties developed within him. This, however, as will be clearly seen, is not to come and pass away without leaving its residue of good behind—without shedding a strengthening and fertilizing influence over the whole career of our Friedrich. For there lies, in that boy-soul, *genius*—"that alchemy, which converts all metals into gold—which from suffering educes strength—from error clearer wisdom."

Karl, Grand Duke of Württemberg, had founded a free-school for certain branches of education, at Solitude, afterwards transferred to Stuttgart. It was called a military seminary, but was not wholly confined to the military profession. The majority of the pupils were the sons of officers, and even privates, in the Württemberg army, who had a preferable claim to the benefits of the institution. Instructions were, however, given in both law and medicine; and the sons of civilians were consequently admitted. "The father of young Schiller," says one of his biographers, "had recently been promoted by the Grand Duke to the office of Inspector and Layer-out of the Grounds at Solitude, and was subsequently raised to the rank of Major. But these benefits were not cheaply purchased. The Duke, in return, desired to send Friedrich Schiller to his military seminary. This was tantamount to the rejection of the long-cherished scheme of the clerical profession. After much painful embarrassment, the elder Schiller frankly represented to his prince the inclination of himself and his son. The Grand Duke, however, repeated his request, proposed to leave to Friedrich the choice of his studies at the academy, and promised him an appointment in the royal service. There was no resisting a petitioner, whose request was law, and from whose favour was derived the very bread of the family. Friedrich Schiller did not like to sacrifice his own wishes to the interests

of his parents; but this renunciation of his young hopes, and the independence of his free-will, wounded alike his heart and his pride. With grief and resentment equally keen, he, at the age of fourteen, entered the academy as student in Jurisprudence. The studies thus selected were in themselves sufficiently uncongenial; but, to the dulness of the law-lecture was added the austerity of a corporal's drill. The youths were defiled in parade to meals, in parade to bed, in parade to lessons. At the word "March," they paced to breakfast. At the word "Halt," they arrested their steps. And, at the word "Front," they dressed their ranks before the table. In this miniature Sparta, the grand virtue to be instilled was subordination. Whoever has studied the character of Schiller, will allow that its leading passion was for intellectual liberty. Here, mind and body were alike to be machines. Schiller's letters at this time to his friend, Karl Mozer, sufficiently show the fiery tumults and agitation of his mind—sometimes mournful—sometimes indignant. Now sarcastic—now impassioned. Weary disgust and bitter indignation are seen through all. The German works, not included in the school routine, were as contraband articles—the obstacles to obtain them only increased the desire. No barrier can ever interpose between genius and its affections. The love of Man to Woman is less irresistible than the love that binds Intellect to Knowledge. Schiller stole—but with the greater ardour for the secrecy—to the embraces of his mistress—Poetry. Klopstock still charmed him; but newer and truer perceptions of the elements of poetry came to him in the "Goetz Von Berlichingen" of Goethe, with which, indeed, commenced the great literary revolution of Europe, by teaching each nation that the true classical spirit for each must be found in the genius of its own romance. "He who would really imitate Homer, must, in the chronicles of his native land, find out the Heroic Age."

Schiller, at this period, whatever doubts or uncertainties might hover in his mind as to his true destination and reasonable outlook for the future, knew full well that it lay not in Law. This, to him an entirely foreign study, with which the tendencies of his mind had

no sort of keeping, it is natural to suppose came to be regarded by him, as the embodiment of all those evils, and their necessary cause. His dislike of it continues to increase, and he makes no secret of his feelings, once even venturing to give them public expression. "One of the exercises," says his biographer, "yearly prescribed to every scholar was a written delineation of his own character, according to his own views, to be delivered publicly at an appointed time. Schiller, on the first of these exhibitions, ventured to state his persuasion that he was not made to be a jurist, but called rather by his inclination and faculties to the clerical profession. This statement, of course, produced no effect; and he was forced to continue the accustomed course, and his dislike of the law kept fast approaching to absolute disgust." However the time came round (in 1775), when he was at last enabled to free himself from the burden. But it was only that he might take up another, which, however gladly he might at first make the exchange, he soon found was but one species of slavery substituted for another. He abandoned law for medicine; but neither presented a proper object for the faculties of his mind and the aspirations of his soul. He is gazing earnestly forward into some "far purer and higher region of activity, for which he has as yet no name; which he once fancied to be the church; which at length he discovers to be poetry."

All this is not to be mistaken for boyish wilfulness on the part of Schiller; something very different from that. Loving poetry, with all the vehemence of a first passion; studying secretly the writings of Plutarch and Shakspeare, Klopstock, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, with the whole galaxy of stars which illumined the dawn of German literature, there were awakened in him longings of future literary glory, which ill-consorted with his present position of mental subjection. He felt with overpowering conviction, that in this direction, and no other, lay the grand purpose of his existence—the true idea of his whole being. A mass of performances published in the periodicals of the time, or preserved among his papers, are sufficient to prove that this idea had taken firm hold of his mind. Schiller was mis-

tion of "The Robbers" forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the literature of the world; and there seems no doubt that, but for so mean a cause as the perverted discipline of the Stutgard school, we had never seen this tragedy. Schiller commenced it in his nineteenth year; and the circumstances under which it was composed, are to be traced in all its parts.

"Translations of the work soon appeared in all the languages of Europe, and were read in all of them with a deep interest, compounded of admiration and aversion, according to the relative proportions of sympathy and judgment in the various minds which contemplated the subject. In Germany the enthusiasm which "The Robbers" excited was extreme. The young author had burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism. In the ferment produced by the universal discussion of the single topic, the poet was magnified above his natural dimensions, great as they were; and though the general sentence was loudly in his favour, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation.

With the publication of "The Robbers," the first period of the life of Schiller is properly closed; but from that fact the immediate results it brought about ought not to be separated; there were many annoyances yet to be borne before his deliverance from the tyrannous yoke, under which his youth had been blighted, could be consummated.

Schiller had finished the original sketch of this drama in 1778, but had kept it secret till 1780, in which year he obtained the post of surgeon in the Würtemberg army. This advancement enabled him to print it at his own expense, not having succeeded in finding any publisher who would undertake the risk. The universal interest which the work at once excited drew attention to the author. This popularity, however dazzling, was not favourable to Schiller's immediate interests. The aversion on the one hand, was as great as the admiration on the other. And, what was unfortunate for our poet, the former was on the side of power and authority. The vehement revolutionary spirit which found so fiery a mouth-

piece in "The Robbers," daunted the superior powers. Its bold, uncompromising defiance of prescriptive despotism angered them. And, what made matters still worse, the ability of the author was unquestionable, and he had the sympathies of the great mass of the people. It was settled that Schiller was a very dangerous servant of His Highness, the Grand Duke of Würtemberg; and forthwith he was summoned before that authority, and commanded to abide by such subjects as befitted his profession; or, at least, to beware of writing any more poetry without submitting it to the inspection of his Prince.

Time wore on, and our poet had to bear all the mortifications and restraints incidental to being a suspected person. "His busy imagination aggravated the evil. He had seen poor Schubart wearing out his tedious eight years of durance in the fortress of Schönberg, because he had been 'a rock of offence to the powers that were.' The fate of this unfortunate author appeared to Schiller a type of his own. His free spirit shrank at the prospect of wasting his strength against the pitiful constraints, the minute and endless persecutions of men who knew him not, yet had his fortune in their hands. . . . With the natural feeling of a young author, he had ventured to go in secret, and witness the first representation of his tragedy, at Mannheim. His incognito did not conceal him; he was put under arrest, during a week, for this offence; and as the punishment did not deter him from again transgressing in a similar manner, he learned that it was in contemplation to try more rigorous measures with him. Dark hints were given to him of some exemplary as well as imminent severity; and Dalberg's aid, the sole hope of averting it by quiet means, was distant and dubious. Schiller saw himself reduced to extremities. Beleaguered with present distresses, and the most horrible forebodings, on every side; roused to the highest pitch of indignation, yet forced to keep silence, and wear the face of patience, he could endure this maddening constraint no longer. He resolved to be free at whatever risk; to abandon advantages which he could not buy at such a price; to quit his step-dame home, and go forth, though friendless

and at last seek his fortune in the great market of life.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia, with his young princess, niece to the Duke of Wurtemberg, was visiting Stuttgart. All the city and neighbourhood were astir with the festivities. In the midst of these—on the 15th of September—the flight was planned. Among Schiller's friends was a young, generous-hearted musician, by name Andrew Streicher. This young man had become Schiller's confidant, and enthusiastically sharing the feelings of the poet, accompanied him on the flight; and the vehicle which contained our adventurers rolled away through the darkest of the city gates. At midnight, on the left, about a mile from the road, by the light which streamed from the illuminated windows of the royal castle, Schiller could nearly perceive the home of his parents. A suppressed "O mine mother!" escaped him, as he sank back in the cushions, and Schiller from the arms of Wurtemberg, "empty of pain and without hope, careless whether he went, so that he got beyond the reach of turnkeys and Grand Duke's commanding officers." The young man of this youth was now a man, and the things of the past the things of a distant world. He had long been a soldier, and Schiller was now a fugitive in his thirtieth year.

It was the circumstances of a dramatic life. Through these circumstances he was to what extent by the circumstances he was to be the circumstances. And was not that of a dramatic life, which presented in the circumstances of this purifying and purifying of all that was in the circumstances of a thousand

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little while, "are now dissolved. The public is now all to me; my study, my sov'ran, my confidant. To the public I from this time belong; before this, and no other tribunal, will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man."

Our fugitives reached Manheim in safety. Fearing to remain so near Stuttgart, they pushed on to Frankfurt. . . . With scarcely means to meet the expenses of the journey on foot, early one morning they set off, over one of the most striking roads in Europe. At last, however, they reached Frankfurt, where Streicher received thirty florins from his mother. The two friends now took up their residence at an inn at Oggersheim, sharing one chamber and one bed. Here Schiller wrote "Cabal and Love;" and, also, in November, completed his "Fiesco," already partly composed. These were both published in 1783, and soon after were represented in the Manheim Theatre with universal admiration.

While Schiller was residing at Oggersheim, a generous lady, Madame Von Wolzogen, whose sons had been fellow students of his, offered him the shelter of her home at Baurbach. Thither Schiller was but too glad to go. His only sorrow was that he must part from the faithful Streicher. The friends bid each other farewell. "After fifty years," says a German biographer, "the musician was filled with sadness when he recalled the moment in which he left that truly kingly heart—the noblest of the German poets—alone, and in misfortune."

On a December evening, 1782, our homeless poet was received beneath the hospitable roof at Baurbach. The family were from home, but no comfort was wanting to him. Reinwald, the bookseller, who knew his secret, supplied him with books, and occasionally enlivened his solitude with his company. Madame Von Wolzogen soon returned, however, and with her her daughter Charlotte. This girl presently found a place in our poet's fancy. There was a kindly feeling on both sides, but it does not seem to have culminated in any abiding attachment.

The success of the dramas "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love" brought about some change in the estimation in which Schiller was held by his superiors. The Duke relinquished the idea, of further persecuting a man whose writings had gained him the esteem and affection of every true German: and the Count Dalberg perceived that the time had come when he might, at one stroke, second the pretensions of a man whom he still called friend, and give his theatre the advantage of a connection with the most popular dramatist of the day. Schiller was accordingly invited to Mannheim as poet to the theatre. He addressed himself to the duties of this post, with all the ardour and determination of a long-cherished ambition. Here at the house of Meir, he once more beheld Streicher—this time with a joyful countenance and words of hope and congratulation.

Here, at length, he had reached his true distinction. Here was work of which he felt pleasure, and a holy joy in the doing—a furthering impulse, not a harsh restriction, to the free development of his inmost nature. At any rate, Schiller could now *live*, and was even in a fair way of realising the *life poetic*. Surrounded by a circle of friends who honoured him, acknowledged a subject of the Emperor Palatine—thus no longer having any cause to fear the duke, and well satisfied with the moderate income awarded him, Schiller looked forward into the future, with new eyes and a lightened heart.

In Germany the theatre holds a very different place, in relation to society, to what it does in this country. It is there regarded as a moral and educational agent, here simply as an apparatus for amusement. Consequently there its exhibitions are attuned to the tastes of a higher and better cultivated class than here. They talk of it as "a lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one." Schiller participated in this universal feeling, the bent of his genius laying so completely in that direction. He had high conceptions of the vocation of the poet; and the theatre was to him the proper, the only available medium between the poet and the world. His early longings for the priesthood had never become extinct; they were not now

becoming so, but rather, they had received a new direction, a direction, if not the highest, yet that in which there was the greatest liberty and the widest scope. Laying down for himself and others (as we are told he did) the principle that the stage should take its rank with the church and the school among the primary institutions of the state; he felt proud of his own connection with the theatre, and exerted himself to the utmost in promoting its ends.

Here, situated thus pleasantly, and intensely occupied with manifold studies, the image of Charlotte Von Wolzogen ever hovered in his memory. He longed for a perfect union with some being, in whom he could repose all his thoughts and emotions. "To be linked to one," he writes, "who shares with us joy and sorrow; who meets us in our emotions and supplies to our humours; at her breast to release our souls from the thousand distractions, the thousand wild wishes and unruly passions, and drown all the bitterness of fortune in the enjoyment of domestic calm;—ah! such were the true delight of life." For him, he now thought, the chosen one was Charlotte Von Wolzogen. He openly proposed for her to her mother, but without success. The happiness of the girl could not be entrusted to one in whose worldly position there was still much to excite doubts and fears. Convinced at last of the hopelessness of his case, his passion sought a new object, and presently found one in the person of Margaret Schwan, the daughter of the bookseller to whom he had sold "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love." She was of a cheerful disposition, and beautiful person, "rather devoted," say the German biographers, "to the world, to literature, and to art, than to the tranquil domestic joys." She was then nineteen years old, and it was about the autumn of 1784 that she first "gained possession of a heart still somewhat too inflammable for constancy." Indeed, it appears that some wilder and less spiritual passion than either Margaret or Charlotte had inspired, had influenced him in the interval. To this he alludes with regret, in one of his letters, some years afterwards.

About this time appeared the first number of the "Reinische Thalia," en-

three acts of "Don Carlos." The journal was principally devoted to dramatic literature, such as criticism, essays on the history of poetry, and the details of recent theatrical history of the theatre.

A portion of its pages were open to general literature and poetry. It continued up to 1794. This period, which yielding Schiller any pecuniary advantage, by no means abused his favour with the public. The freedom of his strictures was not displeasing to them; he in turn was greatly offended by the censoriousness with which his verses were met on the stage.

This journal, says his biographer, was not what it was to be. Yet the task of composing it, with its varieties, of training and deliberating in the theatre, or even of expressing his opinions on these subjects, did not wholly occupy such a man. There were times when, notwithstanding his own prior habits, the vanishing of dramaturgists, and that their scenic glories were but a gay show, a lying refuge, there was no abiding rest for

him. "Thalia" besides its dramatic productions, and performance of his poems, attracted his attention, and he sought where, in the common concerns of life, there was as much of the art of poetry, as in the most adapted to the human intellect. Improvement of heart of thought, was not only to the poet, but also to the man. Inquiry into the noble mind is the province of the Philosopher. At this time, the search for the truth was not the addition of presenting Schiller's mind was then somewhat of a new thing. To give any notion of Schiller's numerous and varied occupations, calling the mere poet, and the philosopher, and the patriot, in which they were

brought forth, is altogether beyond our present design.

The charms of Mannheim, once to him so great and alluring, began to fade in the eyes of our poet. Notwithstanding that his amiable nature, his genius, manliness, and virtue, had endeared him to a large circle of friends; notwithstanding that Dalberg was still his warm friend, and that he saw and conversed daily with Schwan and his Margaret, he began to view his situation with less and less content. The theatrical world turned out to be quite other than the paradise he had imagined it to be. He wished for a wider sphere of action, and one in which he should not be dependent on the vicissitudes of the public taste, or subject to the harassing annoyances of inefficient representation. Accordingly he determined to leave Mannheim, and an opportunity soon presented itself. The first number of his "Thalia" happened to arrive at the court of Hesse Darmstadt, while the Duke of Sachsen Weimar was there. That prince, being introduced to the genius of Schiller by the perusal of the first acts of "Don Carlos," expressed his delight with the production by transmitting to the author the title of Councillor of the Duchy of Weimar. The honour paid to men of art and literature, at the court of Weimar, excited Schiller's admiration, and gave a new turn to his ambition. His newly acquired dignity strengthened this feeling, and doubtless accelerated his departure from Mannheim. At Leipzig resided some of the poet's most substantial friends, and a vast number of ardent admirers. This town, moreover, was the centre of activity both in commerce and literature; it seemed to offer a wide field for the noblest endeavour; and hither, accordingly, he directed his steps. Previous to going he wrote to his friend Huber:

"This, then, is probably the last letter I shall write to you from Mannheim. The time from the 15th March has hung upon my hands, like a trial for life; and, thank heaven! I am now ten whole days nearer you. And now, my good friend, as you have already consented to take my entire confidence upon your shoulder, allow me the pleasure of leading you into the interior of my domestic wishes.

"Lübeck, Schiller."

"In my new establishment at Leipzig, I purpose to avoid one error, which has plagued me a great deal here at Mannheim. It is this: no longer to conduct my own housekeeping, and also no longer to live alone. The former is not by any means a business I excel in. It costs me less to execute a whole conspiracy, in five acts, than to settle my domestic arrangements for a week; and poetry, you know yourself, is but a dangerous assistant in calculations of economy. My mind is drawn different ways; I fall head-long out of my ideal world, if a holed stocking remind me of the real world.

"As to the other point, I require for my private happiness to have a true, warm friend, that would ever be at hand like my better angel; to whom I could communicate my nascent ideas in the very act of conceiving them, not needing to transmit them as at present, by letters or long visits. Nay, when this friend of mine lives without the four corners of the house, the trifling circumstance that, in order to reach him, I must cross the street, dress myself, and so forth, will of itself destroy the enjoyment of the moment, and the train of my thoughts is torn in pieces before I see him.

"Observe, my good fellow, these are petty matters; but petty matters often bear the weightiest result in the management of life. I know myself better than perhaps a thousand mothers' sons know themselves; I understand how much, and frequently how little, I require to be completely happy. The question, therefore, is, Can I get this wish of my heart fulfilled in Leipzig?

"If it were possible that I could make a lodgement with you, all my cares on that head would be removed. I am no bad neighbour as perhaps you imagine; I have pliancy enough to suit myself to another, and here and there a certain knack, as Yorick says, at helping to make him merrier and better. Failing this, if you could find me any other person who would undertake my small economy, everything would still be well."*

Schiller arrived in Leipzig at the time of holding the world-famed fair. His name got abroad, and the populace eagerly pressed to see the man who

had touched everybody's heart. His feelings respecting this manifestation of his popularity were not all of a pleasant character. Writing to Schwan, he says, "It is a peculiar thing to have an author's name. The few men of worth and mark, who on this account offer their acquaintance, and whose esteem confers a pleasure, are too greatly outweighed by the swarm who, like flesh-flies, buzz around the author as a monster, and claim him as a colleague on the strength of a few blotted sheets of paper. Many cannot get it into their heads that the author of the 'Robbers' should be like any other mother's son. They expected at least a cross, the boots of a postillion, and a hunting whip!"†

After some alternations respecting the adoption of some other profession than literature, he determined to complete his 'Carlos,' and continued his contributions to the 'Thalia;' among which latter may be mentioned, as having been written at this time,—the 'Hymn to Joy,' the most beautiful and spirited lyrical production he had yet achieved. Meanwhile he had ventured to ask the hand of Margaret Schwan. The letter, freighted with this request, and written in a manly and right noble spirit, may be read in 'Carlyle's Life of the Poet.' Margaret and he, however, were not destined for each other. Whatever Schwand's reply might be—and about this authorities are disagreed—it is certain no further steps were taken to bring about the marriage. The friendship existing between all parties concerned continued unabated.

Finding that Leipzig did not answer all his expectations, and perhaps to solace himself for the disappointment in which his courtship of Margaret had ended he yielded to many invitations, and took his departure for Dresden towards the close of the summer. Schiller here found warm friends in Körner and his wife Minna Stalk, who had been lately married. Körner's house was romantically situated on the banks of the Elbe, near Loschwitz. A summer-house in the garden, surrounded by vineyards by vineyards and pine-woods, became Schiller's favourite place of resort, and was surrendered to his use. Here the com-

* "Carlyle's Life of Schiller."

† "Bulwer's Sketch of the Life of Schiller."

pletion of "Don Carlos" was effected. On its publication it was received with immense enthusiasm. In the closet and on the stage it equally excited the pleasure and approbation of learned and unlearned.

"Amidst all this popularity," says his biographer, "he was still drifting at large on the tide of life; he was crowned with laurels but without a home. His heart, warm and affectionate, fitted the domestic blessings which it longed for, was allowed to form no permanent attachment; he felt that he was unconnected, solitary in the world; cut off from the exercise of his kinder sympathies; or if tasting such pleasures, 'snatching them rather than partaking of them calmly.' The vulgar desire of wealth and station never entered his head for an instant; but as years were adding to his age, the delights of peace and continuous comfort were fast becoming more acceptable than any other; and he looked with anxiety to have a resting-place amid his wanderings,—to be a man among his fellow men." The only chance of realizing these strong desires, Schiller knew lay in the most persevering diligence in the vocation he had chosen. He never plied his tasks with more ardour than at Dresden; but his enthusiasm was rather fretted away on a multiplicity of minor performances than concentrated on any great work. The most famous of his lyrical pieces written about this time was the "Free thinker of Passion." It is said to have been inspired by an attachment to Sophy Albrecht, a young actress whom he had met previously to his visit to Dresden. She was now one of the most celebrated actresses of the town. Schiller visited at her house on familiar terms; and there one evening, after the play was over, another entanglement was thrown across his dubious path. The poet was introduced to a young, blue-eyed stranger, of exquisite form and fascinating expression of countenance. The girl smiled, blushed, kissed her bouquet, and threw it to Schiller, who, unsuspecting, received it with enthusiasm. "Her mother," says one of his biographers, "was by all accounts an artful and abandoned person, who did not scruple to put to proof the beauty of her daughter. She saw in the admiration of so dis-

tinguished a poet the means of widening Julia's already lucrative notoriety. Schiller was accordingly lured into an intimacy which occasioned the most serious anxiety to his friends. . . .

"They, however, did their best to dispel his infatuation and tear him from a connection which they considered disgraceful to his name, ruinous to his means, and injurious to his prospects: finally, they succeeded in their appeals. He appears, indeed, to have become aware of the treachery practised on him, and, after many a struggle between reason and passion, at last he tore himself away."⁴ What are these anecdotes worth? what do they illustrate? "Simply," as Carlyle says, "that love could excite even Schiller to madness, as indeed all gods and men."

Having in the interim written the romance of the "Ghost Seer," many pages of which owe their vivid colouring to the fair Julia, he began to think of history. His mind was already tutored to its requirements by the historical studies he had undergone in the composition of his plays; and his tendency to the vocation of the historian was, doubtless, further augmented by the necessity which he increasingly felt for some substantial basis of fact—some external reality—on which he could repose his mind amidst his manifold conflicts and wanderings. "The love of contemplating things as they should be began to yield to the love of knowing things as they are." The poet, therefore, resolved to become a historian. The designs which he meditated in this department of human inquiry were vast and comprehensive,—too great indeed for any one writer to achieve. Many of them, we are told, never reached a describable shape, and very few even partial execution. What he did accomplish worthy of record, we have in the "Revolt of the Netherlands," and the "History of the Thirty Years' War."

To visit Weimar, the Athens of Germany, had long been one of Schiller's earnest wishes. He arrived there in July, 1787. Goethe was not visible (why, will hereafter appear), but Herder and Wieland received him with open arms. With the latter was

* "Bulwer's Sketch of the Life of Schiller."

soon cemented an enduring friendship. Schiller determined to make Weimar his future residence. "You know the men," he writes, "of whom Germany is proud; a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren; and one wall encloses me and them. What excellencies are in Weimar! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean to settle for life, and at length, once more, get a country." In October Schiller made an excursion Meiningen, to visit his sister, then just married to Reinwald. Here he met his old friend Madame von Wolzogen, and her son Wilhelm. With them he returned towards Weimar. They halted at Rudolstadt. This halt is a memorable passage in the life of our poet. He here met Charlotte von Lengefeld; and once more, not this time without result, his affections were enchaind. Charlotte was highly prepossessing, and her mind was enriched by true culture. According to her sister, who is the author of a charming biography of Schiller, "The expression of the purest goodness of heart animated her features; and her eye beamed only truth and innocence." On his departure from the home of the Lengefelds, Schiller had already conceived the idea of spending the next summer at Rudolstadt. Fortune favoured this attachment: that very winter Charlotte came to Weimar on a visit to a friend of her family, and Schiller had frequent opportunities of meeting her. He supplied her with his favourite authors; and she undertook to find him a lodging at Rudolstadt for the summer. On her departure this commission gave occasion for an interchange of letters. In this correspondence "there breathes," says one of his biographers, "a noble, mild, discreet inclination, without a trace of passion;" and adds,—"Our love is generally the effigy of the one we love. Schiller's present love was the gold purified from the sensual passion which had mastered him at Dresden."

In May, in the following year, we find Schiller at Rudolstadt. He lodged in a small house in the village of Folkstätt, about half an hour's walk from the town. From his chamber window he overlooked the banks of the Saale, which flowed through the meadows under the shade of noble trees. High above towered the castle of Rudolstadt, and at the foot of the

hill which rose from the opposite bank, lay small villages and the houses of the peasantry. The hours here spent were perhaps the pleasantest in the somewhat turbulent course of Schiller's life. His sister, in speaking of them, says,—"How welcome was it after some tedious visit, to see our genial friend approaching beneath the fair trees that skirt the banks of the Saale. A forest brook, that pours itself into that river, and was crossed by a little bridge, was the meeting place at which we awaited. When we beheld him in the twilight coming towards us, a serener, an ideal life entered within us; a lofty earnestness, and the graceful ease of a mind pure and candid, ever animated Schiller's conversation. One seemed, as one heard him talk, to wander as it were between the immutable Stars of Heaven, and yet amidst the flowers of earth."

Schiller returned to Weimar in November, occupying himself with literary matters. The letters upon "Don Carlos," "The Artists," and the conclusion of the "Ghost Seer," are dated about this period. The publications of portions of the "Revolt of the Netherlands" in Wieland's "Mercury," now gave rise to the wish among many of his friends to have Schiller appointed to the Professorship of History in the University of Jena, a chair which was just then vacant by the departure of Eickhorn. To this desire, seconded by Voigt, the chaplain of the court, Goethe gave the weight of his influence. Schiller was accordingly called to the post. He went to Jena in 1789. His reception there was enthusiastic in the extreme. Four hundred students crowded the hall, and their applause filled the new and somewhat reluctant professor with confidence.

Schiller's wanderings were now over; and at last, after a severe probation, he could repose securely on that haven of man's rest and joy—domestic bliss. In the February following his settlement at Jena, he was united in marriage to Charlotte von Lengefeld. A few months after this event, he writes to a friend as follows:—

"Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone, even in summer. Beautiful, nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it,—live in it. The

with a cheerful heart; now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself how it all has happened, so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, led me to the mark. From the now I expect everything. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my spirit; nay, I think my very youth will be renewed; an inward poetic life will give it me again." Some while ere this, in the house of a Lengefeld's, Schiller, for the first time, had met Goethe. With Schiller's early writings Goethe had little sympathy. The "Robbers" he hated, coarse, as he said, the very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which he was struggling to get liberated, had been laid hold of by a powerful but immature genius, and poured in a senseless vehement flood over the whole land. What exasperated him all more was, that his most intimate friends, those to whom he looked for thorough and unwavering sympathy with his own artistic completeness, seemed in danger of the contagion. Had it been possible," he wrote, "I would have abandoned the study of rustic art, and the practice of poetry entirely: for where was the prospect of surpassing those performances of trivial worth and wild form, in the

same line as my close communion with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is from its very origin, otherwise constructed than mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination, no secure, substantial intimacy can result. Time will try." By degrees, however, as the true character of each unfolded itself to the other, this feeling of mutual antipathy wore away; and there *did* ensue, after all, a "secure, substantial intimacy" between them. They ultimately came to pass much of their time in each others' company, and to co-operate cordially in many literary undertakings; the very contrast of their mental tendencies giving their intercourse a peculiar charm. They soon became necessary to each others' intellectual life; and their friendship, once firmly established, was only interrupted by Schiller's death.

The parallel between these two distinguished men has long formed a tourney ground for all German scholars to break lances on. "Whether is Schiller or Goethe the greater poet?" is a question which has been oftener asked or answered than any other in connection with German literature. It is true that no proper comparison can be instituted between them; their

The finest gold has its alloy; and Schiller's newly acquired domestic happiness came to him not without its drawbacks. A fell enemy soon disturbed the welcome repose into which his life had been led. Bodily disease had taken root in a constitution never strong, but which had been rendered weaker by the absence of that prudent carefulness which should have restrained our poet within the limits which nature prescribes, as the proper bounds of all human activity. A disorder in the chest took violent hold of him; and though he recovered from its immediate effects, the ever-vital seeds of disease were left behind,—he never afterwards wholly recovered his strength. Indeed at this period, a report of his death was spread abroad throughout Germany. . . . In Denmark, a circle of the poet's friends had resolved to repair to Hellebeck—there, surrounded by the enchanting beauties of the scenery, to hold a court to his honour, and to chant the *Hymn to Joy*, when the report reached Copenhagen, and changed their joyous festivities in honour of the living poet to a mournful solemnity in celebration of his death. The friends, among whom were the poet Baggesen, the Count Ernest von Schimmellmann, the Prince Christian von Holstein Augustenberg, and his princess, met, as was arranged, on the sea shore, opposite the high rocks of Sweden. Two additional stanzas, in honour of the supposed death, were chanted; musical instruments added to the harmony; an intense feeling of solemnity pervaded the whole assembly; and as the song ceased, all eyes were bathed in tears. Such was the sympathy even amongst the high-born and illustrious of a foreign nation for our worthy poet.

No sooner was the report contradicted, than the mourners hastened to express their admiration of Schiller, by conferring upon him benefits of a more tangible nature. He received from the Count von Schimmellmann, and the Prince von Augustenberg, a letter, written in the terms of the utmost delicacy, requesting his acceptance of an annual gift, for three years, of a thousand dollars. This communication also contained an invitation to Denmark:—"For we are not the only ones here," they write, "who know and love you; and if, after the restoration of

your health, you desire to enter the service of our state, it would be easy for us to gratify such an inclination. Yet," they continue, "think us not so selfish as to make such a change in your residence a condition; we leave our suggestion to your free choice; we desire to preserve to humanity its instructor, and to this desire every other consideration is subordinate." Nothing but Schiller's increasing ill-health, and the declaration of his physicians, that the visit to so northern a climate would be fatal, could have prevented him from at once responding to such an invitation. In a letter to Baggesen, the gratitude with which this offer had filled him is expressed in many terms. From it too we gain some glimpses into Schiller's views respecting the vocation which he had chosen for his own, which show how unwilling he was to have it degraded—not in his own case merely, but in any—into the mere brain-drudgery of the bread—scholar.

"From the cradle of my intellect till now, have I struggled with fate; and since I knew how to prize intellectual liberty, I have been condemned to want it. A rash step, ten years since, divided me from any other practical livelihood but that of a writer. I had given myself to this calling, before I had made proof of its demands, or surveyed its difficulties. The necessity for pursuing it befell me before I was fitted for it by knowledge and intellectual maturity. That I felt this—that I did not bound my ideal of an ideal of an author's duty to those narrow limits within which I was confined—I recognise as a favour of Heaven. . . . As unripe and far below that ideal which lived within me, I beheld all which I gave to the world." With feeling and with modesty Schiller proceeded to enlarge upon the conflict between the circumstances and his aspirations. . . . to touch upon the melancholy with which he was saddened by the contemplation of the great masterpieces of art, ripened only to their perfection by that happy leisure denied to him. "What had I not given," he exclaims, "for two or three years; that free from all the toils of an author, I could render myself only to the study, the cultivation of my conception,—the ripening of my ideal." He proceeds to observe that, in the German literary world, a

could not unite the labour for
 ease with compliance with the
 is of lofty art; that, for ten
 as had struggled to unite both;
 at to make the union only in
 nature possible, had cost him
 alth . . . In a moment, when
 can to display its whole value—
 was about to knit a gentle bond
 a the reason and the phantasy
 a I tried myself to a new enter-
 a the service of art, death drew

The danger indeed passed
 but I waked only to an altered
 renew, with slackened strength
 vanished hopes, my war with

So the letter received from
 ara found me! I attain at last
 intellectual liberty, so long and so
 desired. . . I win leisure, and
 in leisure, I may perhaps recover
 a health; if not, at least for the
 the trouble of my mind will
 ve nourishment to disease. If

does not permit me to confer
 a in the same manner as my
 others, at least, I will seek it.

alme it is in my power; and
 that seed which they scatter un-
 self in me, to a fairer blossom for
 say. And he did so."

the intervals of sickness, he
 the study of Kant,
 the system of the phi-
 Kant's moulded his
 his later writ-
 we cannot here enter

have appropriated
 doctrines; the lofty
 grandeur of the
 phy seems to

in his in-
 that period, we
 all-mild, all-com-
 surrounds his
 with a mild atmosphere,
 the serene ideal life
 the "heaven."

June, 1792, Schiller,
 his wife, went to Dres-
 Korten. In the
 they met Schil-
 his youngest sister,
 he did not seem for
 years. He determined, if his
 was allowed, to

the following year to his
 In the summer fol-
 the Schillers made an excursion
 fatherland, where they

were warmly welcomed. At Heidel-
 berg, not unmoved, Schiller saw once
 more the object of his early passion,
 Margaret Schwan. "Like all noble
 and manly natures," says Madame
 Von Wolzogen, "Schiller ever retained
 an affectionate remembrance of the
 woman who had inspired him with
 tender emotion. These recollections
 moved him always, but he rarely spoke
 of them." The wanderer was reunited
 to his long-separated family in August,
 1793. Schiller visited Ludwigsburg,
 and resided for a time in the imme-
 diate neighbourhood of his father's
 house; and it was here that he first
 became a father.

Having now brought on our narra-
 tive to the culminating point of
 Schiller's life-history—the period at
 which he obtained the goal of his
 youth's ardent hope—we must glance
 rapidly over many passages of interest,
 and draw near the final close. Those
 passages are interesting to us more,
 perhaps, from their own nature than
 from their forming part of our poet's
 biography. Schiller's scholarship in
 the universal school was longer than
 that of most men; and, indeed, indivi-
 dually, he may be said never to have
 seen the horizon of his endeavour and
 of his hope. But to us, who know not
 the secrets of his inner life, his history
 henceforth is clothed in a tranquil uni-
 formity. It is not now progress, but
 rather repose. Schiller's literary la-
 bours were continued with interrup-
 tion. The "Horen," a monthly jour-
 nal, was commenced, and in this
 undertaking were associated with his
 the greatest names of Germany,
 Goethe, Herder, Jacobi, Matthison,
 &c. In the "Musen almanach," of
 which he was appointed chief editor,
 appeared some of his finest thoughts,
 either in poetry or prose; and mean-
 while "Wallenstein" was progressing.
 In the midst of these occupations he
 had the misfortune to lose, both in the
 same year, his father and youngest
 sister. Some time after, too, his
 mother also died. "Ah, dear sister,"
 he wrote, "so both the beloved parents
 are gone from us, and the oldest bond
 that fastened us to life is rent! O let
 us, we three, including his other
 sister, alone surviving of our father's
 house, let us cling yet closer to each
 other; forget not that thou hast a lov-
 ing brother. I remember vividly the

days of our youth, when we were all in all to each other. From that early existence our fate has divided us; but attachment, confidence, remain unchanged—unchangeable." About this time (1797) he purchased a garden, a little to the south-west of Jena, on the banks of the beloved Saale. The site commanded a beautiful prospect of the valley and the pine-covered sides of the neighbouring mountains.

"There, deck'd he the fair garden watch-tower; whence

Listening he loved the voice of stars to hear,

Which to the no less ever-living sense

Made music, mystic, yet through mystery clear."*

Here he wrote and studied during the summer months of 1797 and 1798. In the following year "Wallenstein" was brought out. The highest critics spoke and wrote warmly in its praise. "This work," said Tieck, "at once rich and profound, is a monument for all times, of which Germany may be proud; and a national feeling—a native sentiment—is reflected from this pure mirror, yielding us a higher sense of what we are, and what we were;" and Goethe, long after its publication, compared it to "a wine which wins the taste in proportion to its age."

The following years were signalised by the publication of "Marie Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," and "Wilhelm Tell,"—the two latter works in which the poet's highest characteristics are clothed in the noblest forms. Besides these, and sundry minor compositions, Schiller also executed several translations from the French and Italian. But, according to his biographer, his mind was long and earnestly engaged at this period with the most solemn of ideas. "The universe of human thought he had now explored and enjoyed; but he seems to have found no permanent contentment in any of its provinces. Many of his later poems indicate an incessant and increasing longing for some solution of the mystery of life; at times it is a gloomy resignation to the want and the despair of any. His ardent spirit could not satisfy itself with things seen, though gilded with all the glories of intellect and imagination; it soared

away in search of other lands, lured with unutterable desire for some and brighter home beyond the horizon of this world. Death he had no reason to regard as probably a mere event, but we easily perceive the awful secrets connected with it long been familiar to his contemplation. The veil which hid them from his eyes was now shortly, withdrawn, looked not for it, to be rent asunder."

At length, in the spring of 1804, after many warnings, Schiller stricken with his final illness, died, not long after its commencement; it became palpable that his death was near. In vain physicians; in vain anxious offices of affection; in vain ardent desire of still prolonged life—nothing could stay the progress of the disease; no human power could avert the fatal blow. The attack commenced on the 28th of April. On the 7th of May he wished to converse with his friends on the subject of his unfinished tragedy of "Demetrius." He begged them not to disturb himself with thoughts, but to keep quiet. "I," he answered with pathos, "now no one understands me, and I no longer understand myself, it is better I should be silent." Before this, the subject of his probable decease, he said, "Death can be no evil, for it is universal." On the 9th his disease reached a crisis; he grew insensible and even delirious. This, however, happily did not continue. "The canopy of physical suffering," he had bewildered and blinded his thinking faculties, was drawn aside, and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity, once again before it passed away for ever. Restored to consciousness, in that hour when his soul is cut off from human help, man must confront the King of Terrors on his own strength, Schiller did not faint or fail in this his last and sharpest trial. Feeling that his end was near, he addressed himself to meet it; it came him; not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with quiet unpretending manliness, which had marked the tenor of his life. His friends and family he took a tranquil but a tranquil farewell; he ordered that his funeral should be private without pomp or parade. Some inquiring how he felt, he said "Calm and calmer;" simple but manly

* Goethe. Prologue to the "Lay of the Bell."

expressive of the mild heroism man." About six he sank into a slumber. Awakening for a moment he said, "Now is life so clear! such is it made clear and plain!" and sank back into a sleep, which deepened and deepened till it changed that, from which there is no waking.

Schiller's death was presently known about Weimar, and the news spread over the whole of Germany. The sensation was universal—tens of thousands deep and sincere. To Goethe no one at first had the courage to mention the circumstance. He perceived that the people of his country were gloomy and embarrassed, and feared desirous of avoiding him. He hinted somewhat of the truth, and said, "I see—Schiller must

be very ill." That night the serene, unimpassioned, ever-collected man was heard to weep. In the morning he said to a friend, "Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?" The friend sobbed. "He is dead?" said Goethe. "You have said it." "He is dead!" repeated Goethe, and covered his face with his hands.

So lived and died Friedrich Schiller—one whose works will never cease to shed a glorious lustre on the literature of his country and of Europe—a man, the very memory of whom will arise afar off, like a towering landmark in the solitude of the past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility many lesser people, that once encompassed him and hid him from the near beholder."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

has filled her Northern readers with delusion." So writes one of her countrymen, on Mrs. Stowe's talked-of book. "She has struck a blow to slavery," cries one. "The blow will merely rivet the first retorts a second; and so on, one to another; and literally, in every old phrase, from the cottage to the palace, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is read and talked of; and wherever it is appears to be the key to open up the old and foul subject of slavery. A man mistake at whom the shaft has aimed. It went home too truly at. Therefore, the defenders of "peculiar institution," of which the Southern states of America are the field, do not attempt to impugn literary merits of the book, but at once a plaster to the sore, and to slavery. So that any adverse effect, upon Mrs. Stowe has run only, but naturally to a labourer in the cause of the "peculiar institution," any encomiastic article on the verge, on the other hand into a fight attack on slavery.

"South Carolinian," in one magazine cannot well deny the truth of Stowe's pictures, but declares that are the exception, and not the

rule; whilst a native of Alabama, in wishing to prove the truth of them, asserts that the early years of the author was passed among them. But, abolitionist and slave advocate have one other question,—“Who is Mrs. Stowe?”

That question we shall endeavour to answer.

She comes of a large family of writers. In a leading paper of that land, where women fulfil more public duties than they at present do here, and where literature has a plentiful company of followers among the softer sex, one may see the name of Mrs. Stowe, and of one of her family placed conspicuously amongst the list of contributors to its columns. This is in the "New York Independent," where occasional little crisp articles, bearing the initials, "H. B. S.," may every now and then be seen.

Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Mrs. Stowe, and of eleven other children, all celebrated in their way; of whom eight, exclusive of Mrs. Stowe, are authors, was born in New England, in 1774, consequently some years previous to the American revolution. He was the son of a blacksmith, and brought up to the trade of his father. In America, education is more generally spread than in England; and the

* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

son of the blacksmith found that his father's occupation was uncongenial to him. Still he continued in it till he could safely venture from the trammels of trade; and he was of a mature age when he entered upon his collegiate studies at Yale, Newhaven; a college which had the honour of partially educating Fennimore Cooper. After a severe course of probation, Dr. Beecher rose in fame as a pulpit orator. His style was simple and plain, but graphic and forcible, and came home to "men's business and bosoms."

He obtained a cure at Lichfield; and having published "Six Sermons on Temperance," became, through them, universally known; for they reached Europe, and were translated into foreign languages; he was called to, and accepted, the charge of the most influential Presbyterian church in the town of Boston; the inhabitants of which town are, by the way, noted for their particular and jealous regard to all matters relating to the pulpit. Over this church Dr. Beecher remained as pastor till the year 1832.

There had been at Boston and elsewhere a peculiar want felt, by the Presbyterian community, of some kind of collegiate institution, wherein to prepare and instruct those young members, who intended to embrace the calling of gospel ministry amongst them.

To meet this want, there had been for a long time antecedent, a project on foot, which, in the year 1832, was carried out by the foundation of the "Lane Theological and Literary Seminary;" and to enable the very poorest of their younger brethren to enter this, and prepare himself for the ministry, a system of manual labour was instituted whereby any young man of determined industry could himself defray a large portion of the expenses, necessarily attendant on his education. The principal of this college must of course be himself a self-educated man of energetic and truly Christian character; and such a one was found in the father of Mrs. Stowe.

To aid him, a large corps of professors, learned, and known in each particular department, were selected, and the doctor removed to the college in the immediate neighbourhood of Cincinnati, taking of course with him his family, and amongst them already known for a certain energy and depth

of character, his daughter Harriet at this time twenty years of age.

Cincinnati is situated on the banks of the Ohio, and is a very busy manufacturing and commercial town, containing at present about 125,000 inhabitants but eighteen years ago, at the time of the first settling of the Lane Seminary not quite a third of the number. On a high hill which overhangs the city on the east, Lane Seminary is situated. Near the buildings consisting of lecture rooms, dining hall, &c., are the houses occupied by the principal and the various professors, and immediately surrounding them, are other houses of greater pretensions, occupied by bankers, rich traders, and men who have made their fortune in the city. The little village is called Walnut Hills; and is esteemed one of the very prettiest in the environs of Cincinnati.

"For several years," says one who writes with authority, and upon whose facts reliance can be placed, "Harriet Beecher continued to teach in connection with her sister. She did so until her marriage with the Reverend Calvin E. Stowe, professor of biblical literature, in the seminary of which her father was president."*

Professor Stowe was, at the time of his marriage, well reported as a biblical *savant*. He graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, took his theological degree at Andover, was appointed Professor at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, and went thence to Lane seminary. After her marriage with this gentleman her life glided on happily enough, with that soft and gentle pleasure, which adds so calm a glow to the lives of the American clergy.

Mrs. Stowe does not appear to be what is called a "notable housewife," that part of wife-duty falling, it would seem, to the lot of a distant relative who has been her constant friend and guest, whilst the gifted authoress has devoted herself to the more genial occupations of educating her children, and of contributing occasional pieces to the newspapers and magazines. What she writes is marked with a highly religious and moral tone; on the production of an imaginative reli-

* Article in a late number of *Fraser's Magazine*, from which, amongst other sources, we have derived great assistance and information.

her work by her brother, the Rev. James Beecher pastor of Newark, N. Jersey. Mrs. Stowe was selected for the introduction: we say selected, for out of the nine authors of the family two of them are ladies, and, and Miss Catherine Beecher, her sister author of "Truth stranger than fiction," and other tales, was, until the publication of "Uncle Tom," esteemed the better writer of the two.

In this portion of the author's life among the scenes of various tales called "May Flower," and the "Two ways spending the Sabbath."

But a great work was preparing for Mrs. Stowe, and her experience became by degrees. She had long meditated upon slavery, and seen for years its horrors. Escaped slaves had come to the house of her husband, and received shelter and assistance, in the midst of their wounds fresh and their looks still raw with the lash; among children and orphans of these were the herself had educated, with her own children in default of any more. But not alone in this way was she gathering material for her work.

Running through Walnut Hills, and within a few feet of the door of the house, is a road which her tale has taken its own, and the principal use of it was somewhat remarkable. It was rather than the "underground" railway, called to be in "Uncle Tom," and had certain Quakers and abolitionists of other sects lived, and had made themselves into an association, for the purpose of fugitive slaves who were being. It was done thus. One day when he got out his waggon, clap net, and an exhausted fugitive slave, he covered him with straw or hay, and then he quickly as fast horses could galloped to the next abolitionist meeting place, where an association, who would go on with the same process till the land of freedom was reached.

It was at the dead of the night, in the still and early morning, Mrs. Stowe was watching by some sick man, when she heard the rattle of a waggon as they hurried past; and she upon them the tramp of over-laden horses on the frozen road, and that their pursuers were near. It needed not the imagination and the other such facts as these, to carry to the pen of truth. Let us see the findings.

"Phineas! is that thee?"

"Yes; what news!—they coming?"

"Right on behind, eight or ten of them, hot with brandy, swearing and foaming like so many wolves!"

"And just as he spoke, a breeze brought the faint sound of galloping horsemen towards them.

"In with you—quick, boys in!" said Phineas. "If you must fight, wait till I get you a piece ahead." And, with the word, both jumped in, and Phineas lashed the horses to a run, the horseman keeping close beside them. The waggon rattled, jumped, almost flew, over the frozen ground; but plainer and still plainer, came the noise of pursuing horsemen behind. The women heard it, and, looking anxiously out, saw, far in the rear, on the brow of a distant hill, a party of men looming up against the red-streaked sky of early dawn. Another hill, and their pursuers had evidently caught sight of their waggon, whose white cloth-covered top made it conspicuous at some distance, and a loud yell of brutal triumph came forward on the wind. Eliza sickened and strained her child closer to her bosom; the old woman prayed and groaned, and George and Jim clenched their pistols with the grasp of despair. The pursuers gained on them fast; the carriage made a sudden turn, and brought them near a ledge of a steep overhanging rock, that rose in an isolated ridge or clump in a large lot, which was, all around it, quite clear and smooth. This isolated pile, or range of rocks, rose up black and heavy against the brightening sky, and seemed to promise shelter and concealment. It was a place well known to Phineas, who had been familiar with the spot in his hunting-days; and it was to gain this point he had been racing his horses."

With the cruelties which drove them to run so hotly for their liberty, she has grown familiar by hearing, either from the slaves themselves or from others, narrations of which she has given no overcharged picture. Taking one day a collecting tour, her brother James Beecher, now engaged in commerce at Boston, met with a prototype of Legree; a brutal slave-owner, whose great argument with his slaves was a blow from his fist, which would fell an ox.

On hearing this James Beecher felt his abolitionist feelings rise, but knowing his powerlessness, merely opened his eyes wider with a horrified gesture. The planter took it for a movement of discredit. "Feel," said he, as a proof of his truthfulness, "feel my fist, its *calloused* with knocking the niggers heads about," and he stretched forth, said the narrator, "a heavy clenched hand like a blacksmith's hammer."

Not only personally did she witness these, but her husband—also a deeply-interested abolitionist himself—was collecting statistics against the inhuman trade. So that slavery was, in fact, a very hideous incubus on Mrs. Stowe's life, brooding for ever, poisoning with its noxious life the very gospel truths she read, since Christian professors themselves held and sold slaves. And this is the danger we all run—meeting with men who are above us so very much in profession, so much below us in practice. Going to church or meeting, she would hear, perchance, a minister—as did the Rev. J. C. Postell—declare, "1st, That slavery is a judicial visitation; 2nd, That it is not a moral evil; 3rd, That it is supported by the Bible; 4th, That it has existed in all ages."

"It is not a moral evil," said Mr. Postell. "The fact that slavery is of divine appointment, would be proof enough that it cannot be a moral evil. *So far from being a moral evil, it is a merciful visitation.*—'It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.'"

Or again, she sees the resolution in plain type and paper—how plain those letters will look upon the judgment-day—of the Harmony Presbytery of South Carolina, "that the existence of slavery itself is not opposed to the will of God, and whosoever has a conscience too tender to recognize the relation as lawful, is 'righteous overmuch,' is 'wise above what is written,' and has submitted his neck to the yoke of men, sacrificed his Christian liberty of conscience, and leaves the infallible Word of God for the doctrines and fancies of men."

Truly thinks mild and gentle Mrs. Stowe, as she hears such a sermon, or reads this real paragraph—"The Devil can quote scripture for his purpose." Other paragraphs there are in this same paper, which have a silent, but a searching and biting commentary, on

the reverend gentleman's sermon, and on that Harmonious Presbyterian resolution. As her eye wanders down the advertisements of the organ of the slave-owners, it meets such as these, which curiously confirm her in her heretical opinions, and wed her still more closely to "the doctrines and fancies of men:"—

"Ten dollars reward for my woman Siby, very much scarred about the neck and ears by whipping.

"ROBERT NICOLL, MOBILE, ALABAMA."

"Ran away from the plantation of James Surgette, the following negroes: Randal, has one ear cropped; Bob, has lost an eye; Kentucky Tom, has one jaw broken." Mr. Surgette having, it appears, distributed his favours pretty equally. But we will not prolong the brutal extracts. Now and then her eyes swim, and her heart beats more quickly, when she comes upon a trace of some poor original of Uncle Tom:—

"Ran away, a negro named Arthur; has a considerable scar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; *loves much to talk of the goodness of God.*"

"J. BISHOP, SOUTH CAROLINA."

These little paragraphs, somehow or other, disturb any nascent belief in Harriet Stowe's breast, in the doctrine of the Rev. J. C. Postell, as to slavery being "a merciful visitation." Disturbed somewhat by such readings, she will perhaps seek to take a walk, and, putting on her bonnet, takes one of her children with her, very likely to make, at the same time, some benevolent visit in Walnut Hills. The sun is hot and glaring, and the logs of wood on the underground railway, on which the waggon of the escaping slaves bounces, and jerks, and rattles so at night, have had the mud baked on them, till it has cracked and partially peeled off in the heat. But even at this time there is a slow, laborious bumping on the logs still heard, and, raising her parasol to see whence it comes, her eyes encounter some such a sight as this:—

"First, a little cart drawn by one horse, in which five or six half-naked black children were tumbled like pigs together. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings. Next, three men, bareheaded, half-naked, and chained together with an ox-chain. Last of

all, a white man on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as he passed, has the impudence to look at them without blinking. At the house they stop at, they learn that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner, to some of the more southern states."²

Truly our authoress cannot quite conform to the slave-owners' doctrines, and so, that in 1833, when the Abolition Society met at Philadelphia, and sent forth its reports to every part of America, which set on foot an agitation which has convulsed, and will convulse, America for years, it found a ready disciple in Mrs. Stowe, and, in fact, in the whole of the inhabitants of Lane Seminary.

Mr. Arthur Tappan, who was the president of the Abolitionist Convention, was at the same time one of the most honoured patrons and liberal donors of Lane Seminary, and as such, forwarded the addresses of the Convention to its principals. The young men, ardent and enthusiastic, and under such humane teachers as Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe, soon caught the abolitionist fever. They had been instructed with the idea of going on foreign missions, and of Christianizing the heathen. They found that at home—nay, in their own immediate neighbourhood, there was a still darker heathenism—a worse than Egyptian blackness.

Their sensibility grew rapidly into enthusiasm. Some amongst them, who were slave-owners," says a credible author, gave liberty to their slaves. Others collected the coloured population of Cincinnati, and preached to them. Some formed Sunday and evening schools, every one felt interested, and acted again to quote our authority, 'as if the abolition of slavery depended upon his individual exertions.'"

To keep this fire still alight, and to prevent such enthusiasm from falling down to a dull and formal protest, there needed some antagonism, and it was soon found. The traders of Cincinnati took the alarm, and, as interest was their tender point, feared for the loss of their southern trade. Through-

out the same feelings raged, with little less excitement. In Boston, the abolitionists' houses and stores were burnt, and one gentleman was hurried with a rope round his neck to be hanged, and only saved from that fate by the interposition of the authorities. In New York, the anti-abolitionists pulled down the houses, and burned an African church. When brought before the magistracy, the feeling of the court and judges was in favour of the rioters, and in most instances they were acquitted. Negro school houses were razed to the ground; now and then came an armed attack on the negro quarters, or the office of the abolitionist press, which would be broken into, the presses broken, and the type scattered. Even women were warred against. A Miss Prudence Crandall, somewhere in Connecticut, had set up a school, to which she admitted coloured children on terms of equality with her white pupils, in itself not so alarming a matter, but a number of the most pious and distinguished gentlemen of her state and neighbourhood, including a judge of the United States court, took an early opportunity to break up her school, and to send her out of the town. The excitement prevailed everywhere, with about equal violence, as the following quoted from an eye-witness, will testify:—

"From New York I passed on to Philadelphia, and thence to Washington. In every village and town on my way I heard the same execrations vented against the abolitionists, with accounts of new riots, in which they had suffered, or new attempts to subject them to more legal punishments. There seemed to be a general conspiracy against freedom of speech and freedom of the press. A learned judge of Massachusetts, after severely denouncing the abolitionists as incendiaries, proposed to have them indicted at common law as guilty of sedition, if not of treason. The accomplished governor of the same state said ditto to the judge, and added fresh denunciations of his own. Almost the only person in New England of any note, as I understand, who ventured to withstand the popular clamour, or to drop a word of apology for those unfortunate abolitionists, was Dr. Channing, whose writings have made him well known wherever the English language is read; but whose refusal, on this occasion, to

* "Faulding's Letters from the South."

to become, by silence, a participator in the outrages going on around him, had very nearly destroyed, at least for the time, his weight and influence at home."

So that from a little, and at first insignificant body of men, aided by the printing-press, such great consequences had arisen. Small tracts and papers from their press had made slavery the *question du jour*. It was these tracts that had thrown the whole south—planters, politicians, merchants, lawyers, divines, into an agony of terror, a terror with which even the people of the north so far sympathized, as to be ready to trample under foot, for the extinction of these horrible innovators, every safeguard of liberty hitherto esteemed the most sacred. Free speaking and free writing were not to be any longer tolerated. Throughout the United States, so far as related to the subject of slavery, they were to be suppressed by mob violence.

Cincinnati itself had borne, as we have said, a very prominent part in favour of abolition, but the discussion was felt to be dangerous, and though once encouraged by the President of Lane Seminary, he at last felt it incumbent on him to endeavour to put a stop to it. It was too late. The discussion still continued, and the anti-abolitionists increased in number and in violence. Slave owners came over from Kentucky, and urged on the mob to violence, and for some time there was a danger of Lane Seminary, and the houses of Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe, being burned or pulled down. At last the Board of Trustees interfered, and abolitionist discussions were strictly forbidden. To this necessary rule, the students gave a singularly laconic reply, by withdrawing *en masse*. The seminary was deserted, or but a handful of pupils left. The great object of the lives of Professor Stowe and Dr. Beecher entirely overthrown. For several years afterwards these faithful teachers still remained, endeavouring to raise the fallen academy, and to bring back some little of its prosperity; but in 1850, Dr. Beecher retired, and Professor Stowe gave up the fruitless attempt, and accepted the chair of Biblical Literature in the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts—"an institution which stands," says a contemporary, "to say the least, as high as any in the United States."

We have now seen that, by this period, Mrs. Stowe must have become fully aware of the workings of slavery, and must have known from her own maternal feelings how slave-mothers felt, when their offspring was taken from them. She had lost children, herself, and in the true spirit of

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco,"

she had gifted the oppressed slave with feelings as poignant as her own. She was right. Those who have of late decried her book, have presumed that the negro's affection is unnaturally blunted, and that a finer education educes feelings, which, in less civilized natures, do not exist. Such reasoning is both dangerous and false. Relying upon it, nothing great was ever done. Acting upon a knowledge to the exact contrary, by appealing to the finer feelings of the *mobile vulgus*, Cicero succeeds; and Cæsar, addressing the honor, touching to the quick that sense, in an otherwise brutal and revolted soldiery, quells a tumult with two words—"Ego, quiritès." It is useless to multiply examples: the universal voice has applauded, not condemned; and the coming years will endorse in bold characters the opinion of to-day.

Arrived at this point; this 1850, the most remarkable portion of the life of the authoress is reached. Her soul had revolted at the cruelties she had witnessed; and expression was not denied her. She had a plain tale to tell—one of suffering and endurance; and she told it. The very modesty and quietness of the appeal gave it a redoubled force; the mute look of the mendicant has more power than the urgent voice; the veiled face of Agamemnon bespeaks grief more deeply than the falling tear.

So that, when in that year, busy enough, and preparing for the coming fair of the world, the simple chapters of a simple tale first appeared in the "Washington National Era," there were ready ears to listen, and plenty willing to mark its teachings. Each successive number added to its strength and fame; but at first that fame grew but slowly. It is always so; and it is quite a mistake to suppose that any work of genius ever bursts suddenly upon the eye. They calculate the appearance of comets now-a-days, and give shrewd surmises upon Le Ver-

new planet. When the weekly issue of the columns of the paper were at an end there was, however, an universal and a re-appearance before the world. And it came. Then came the shout of applause, the clapping of hands, the rising in the pit, the tears, the laughter, and wild excitement; and the book was made. Critics absolutely seem to have lost themselves in reviewing it as much as the ordinary reader. They pronounced it at once "the story of the age," and one declares "that a hundred thousand families were either every day bathed in tears, or moved to laughter by the work."

Such eulogies strike our English ears as peculiarly American and vulgar; and they, moreover, by their extravagance, injure the book. We naturally suspect these wares which are too extravagantly cried up. We fancy the chapman has some extra per centage for being so voluble. The Quarterlies, we know, cannot afford so much praise, and we know also that certain country papers, happily not the whole, keep certain praiseful paragraphs in type, ready upon emergency for any work whatever. So hereon people grew suspicious, but "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did not stop, and increased in fame.

It excited such friends; but these roused the hostility of some of the better portion of the press; the better portion which were annoyed in the main by what Hazlitt was by the present took upon the "Pickwick" and "Peverell," when the "row" is raised, we can point to more than one literary man of high standing and ability, who had not read the book, and by the means we have mentioned, conceived a prejudice against it.

It is singular use of the "Times," and the "Times" against "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appear to us to bear an almost equal weight. There is very little to be said that the purest motives in the world move them; they propounded the question, and said to deny and to affirm. If the philosophic have been so believed, and have the matter to us, accusations of so many kind, against the earlier Christians, and their meetings for the purpose of observing our Lord's supper, are reported to be but a licentious and a libel for the indulgence of the passions which disfigure huma-

nity, how shall we wonder that in our own time we find men too ready to deny what is good, and to credit what is evil in humanity?

Besides this, there is a very great feeling in literary men against the too near approach of what is called evangelical religion. The celebrated John Foster has, in his *Essays*, noticed this. It has, for instance, a language peculiarly its own. Classical quotation, Dr. Johnson has told us, is the *parol* of literary men, and it is true; no less true is it that biblical quotations and biblical phrases are the *parol* of the lower classes of deep and earnest religionists, and just as much at this time as they were in the time of Cromwell and the elder Puritans. They have no other literature than the sacred pages of the Bible. Their mind has nothing to obliterate its deep and earnest teachings, and the very sympathy they feel with the trials of St. Paul, and the deep contrition of David gives them in the time of their trouble, a language which clothes their ideas in an eastern imagery, which is unsuited to the nature or idiom of our colder tongue. To them no teacher has said:—

"Inimic et versus, tecum meditare carceros."

In bitter allusion to the nonsense of the schools; for them Homer, even as a translation, is a sealed book; nor are they acquainted with the polished sarcasms of Pope, or the glittering heartlessness of Chesterfield or Rochefoucauld. Consequently their language becomes, as we have said, essentially biblical. The hypocrite observes this, and, seeking no further, he adopts this language as a cloak to his villainy, nay, he is so much the more earnest, voluble, and fluent, in such a tongue, in exactly the inverse ratio of his want of real belief and godliness.

Hence such language has become hateful to the world, and those who use it are for the most part condemned at once as hypocrites and knaves; and this is almost enough to excite a feeling of opposition against a work which contains a hero who is a type of the puritanism of which we have spoken. Taking this into consideration, we shall at once see how it is that the chief character of her book has been pronounced "too good," and overdrawn. There is yet another reason.

Great Britain, as a nation of traders, has an immense interest in a perfect peace with America; and when it is known that that republic is our best customer, the simplest intellect will understand why it would be unwise to irritate her. A great part of this trade is confined to the slave-holding states, and in exchange for negro-grown cotton, sugar, and rice; textile and hardware manufactures are sent out in great quantities. Abolish slavery, and for a time at least the supply ceases, and probably the relations of the two nations would become entangled. The "Times," ever far-sighted, saw this, and it is possible that in this way the views of the writer were biased. Consequently Mrs. Stowe's work was pronounced to be 'extremely exaggerated and mischievous. In her last new preface she has met these general accusations, and, as it is new to the reader, and an answer from the author herself, we print it here:—

"That great mystery which all Christian nations hold in common—the union of God with man, through the humanity of Jesus Christ—invests human existence with an awful sacredness; and in the eye of the true believer in Jesus, he who tramples on the rights of his meanest fellow-man is not only inhuman, but sacrilegious; and the worst form of this sacrilege is the institution of *slavery*.

"It has been said that the representations of this book are exaggerations. Would that this were true!—would this book were indeed a fiction, and not a close-wrought mosaic of fact! But that it is *not* a fiction, the proofs lie bleeding in thousands of hearts—they have been attested by responding voices from almost every slave state, and from slave-owners themselves, with express reference to the representations of this book. If more is wanting, we can point the whole civilized world to the written published slave-code of the southern states, where may be seen a calm, clear, legal crystallization and arrangement of every enormity and every injustice which despotic power can inflict on the soul and body of a fellow-man. Let any man read the *laws*, and he will never doubt the *results*.

"Since so it is, thanks be to God that this mighty cry, this wail of an unutterable anguish, has at last been heard!

"It has been said that the slave-population of America is a degraded race, utterly unprepared for and incapable of freedom, and that such characters as are described in this book are not to be found among them. Whatever may be true of the pure African race, it is a fact that the majority of the slave-population of America are a mixed race, in whose veins is circulating the blood of their oppressors; and characters such as that of George Harris and Eliza are not unfrequently found among them. Lest the character of Uncle Tom be considered merely a creation, with no type in reality, the author places beside it the following description of a favourite slave, from the published will of Judge Upshur, late Secretary of State, under the administration of President Tyler:—

"I hereby emancipate and set free my servant, David Rice, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him, in the strongest manner, to the respect, esteem, and confidence, of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relations to myself and family have always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, or even in an unintentional breach of the decorum of his station. His intelligence is of a high order—his sense of right and propriety correct, and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form; it is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him; in the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given nor had occasion to give him one unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellences than he."

"Such a character, of course, is not common, either in fiction or fact; but so much of degradation, obloquy, and of enforced vice, has been heaped upon the head of the unhappy African, that he is in justice entitled to the very fairest representation which may consist with probability and fact.

"It is not in utter despair, but in calm hope and assurance, that the cause of freedom may regard the struggle that now convulses America. It is the victory of the demon of slavery, which has heard the voice of the coming Jesus, and is rending the form from which at last he will not depart.

"It cannot be that so monstrous a system can long exist in the bosom of a nation which in all other respects is the best exponent of the principles of universal brotherhood. In America, the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, the Hungarian, the Swede, and the Celt, all mingle on terms of fraternity and equal right. All nations there display their characteristic excellences, and are admitted by her liberal laws to equal privileges; everything there is tending to liberalize, humanize, and elevate; and for that very reason it is that the contest with slavery there grows every year more bitter. The stream of human progress, widening, deepening, strengthening from the confluent forces of all nations, meets this barrier, behind which is concentrated the ignorance, oppression, and cruelty of the dark ages of barbarism and fangs, now at its height. Every year it has been stealing forward, and at last, with a rush like a flood, it will sweep the barrier away. Slavery is a crime against humanity, against every state in the union. The great majority has already emancipated the territory of the states from Texas to the Kentucky, Tennessee, and Maryland, at different times. Strong movements have been made for emancipation, movements which are in comparison of the progress of the free states, with the stagnation and sterility induced by a system which in a few years exhausts the fertility of the soil without the possibility of new growth. The time cannot be far distant when these states must be free of slavery-reservation; and when the new territory is added, the cause of slave population will ensure the triumph of emancipation in the near future.

"The point of the issue is the point of the struggle. The new slave territory is the point of the issue. If it is gained, it is a victory. Around this point political contest and manœuvre, and every year the battle waxed hotter.

"The internal struggles of no other nation in the world can be so interesting to Europeans as those of America; for America is fast filling up from Europe, and every European who lands on her shores has almost immediately his vote in her councils.

"If, therefore, the oppressed of other nations desire to find in America an asylum of permanent freedom, let them come prepared, heart, hand, and vote, against the institution of slavery, for they who enslave others cannot long themselves remain free. True are the great living words of Kossuth—

"No nation can remain free with whom freedom is a privilege and not a principle."

Owing to the still unsettled state of the copyright question, certain London booksellers have a kind of advanced guard established who are on the watch for novelties of value in the book way published on the other side of the water, which are then sent off, (posted wet from the press) and make their appearance over here as a new book, by which pleasant and equitable arrangement, the author gets nothing for his copyright, and the "enterprising publisher" is entirely secured from loss by undertaking only the works of such authors as have undergone the ordeal of publication and approval before another and critical public. It is but fair to state, and we do it in order to prevent our booksellers from getting all the praise due to this generous act, that the Americans were the first to begin, and are those mostly benefited, by such arrangements. Our Quarterlies and best magazines are reprinted by the Harpers (we were about to write *harpies*), as well as the works of our best authors.

Under such existing circumstances, we find it stated in an extraordinary advertisement, of an inflated nature, that Mr. Bogue, of Fleet Street, got the first copy of "Uncle Tom," which went the round of the trade without any purchaser. The reader will probably recollect that "Robinson Crusoe" did the same. "At last," says our authority, "a very reputable printer got hold of it, and sat up half the night reading it; then woke up his wife, who read it too, and was moved to tears thereby, whereon the printer, like Molière, who judged of his comedies by the effect they had upon

his old nurse, declared it was good, and forthwith published it.

Let not the reader think such anecdotes puerile. Boswell, (or Mrs. Thrale) have carefully packed up, and sent down to posterity the epitaph of the nine years old Johnson on,

"Good Master Duck,
That Samuel Johnson trod on
If he had lived and had been good luck,
For then we'd had an odd 'un."

And some may be curious to know upon how slender a thread, the popularity of a very famous novel depended.

But however veracious the advertisement may have been, certain it is, that the book lay comparatively still for nearly five months, and then the editions multiplied as fast as night-worked compositors and steam-power could make them. We are afraid to say how many there have been. They are of all prices from sixpence to ten and sixpence already, and one is advertised at a guinea. Looked at in a merely utilitarian point of view, the labour and employment, which that single production of a single mind, has created has been immense. The families of printers, type-founders, paper-makers, binders and artists have reason to thank it.

But we cannot go into the history of editions, printed in type as fine as Elzevirs, or as ragged as that of Catnach, with the book we have to do as an emanation from Mrs. Stowe, and as the central point of interest in her biography. The "Times" was astonished at the popularity of the work, and thought it worthy of a critique.

Now the critic or critics of the "Times" have peculiar minds. No one scarcely ever agrees with them, they are not generally clever, but from their position they have a certain weight, and they produce "reverberated thunder" elsewhere. The position that the critic took, in this instance, was a guarded one. The recent Fishery dispute had made the English fear a disturbance of peace between America and England, and the "Times" wrote, therefore, on the safe side of the question. It carried with it the quiet-
sts of the country.

"That she will convince the world of the purity of her own motives, and of the hatefulness of the sin she denounces is equally clear; but that she will help in

the slightest degree towards the removal of the gigantic evil that afflicts her soul, is a point upon which we may express the greatest doubt; nay, is a matter upon which, unfortunately, we have very little doubt at all, inasmuch as we are certain, that the very readiest way to rivet the fetters of slavery, in these critical times, is to direct against all slaveholders in America, the opprobrium and indignation which such works as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' are sure to excite. . . . The gravest fault of the book has, however, to be mentioned. Its object is to abolish slavery. Its effect will be to render slavery more difficult than ever of abolishment. Its very popularity constitutes its greatest difficulty. It will keep ill-blood at boiling point, and irritate instead of pacifying those, whose proceedings Mrs. Stowe is anxious to influence on behalf of humanity." The review concludes in the following words, "Liberia, and similar spots on the earth's surface, proffer aid to the South, which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more 'Uncle Tom's Cabins' engendering ill-will, keeping up bad blood, and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically placed men their own enemies, and the stumbling-blocks to civilization, and to the spread of glad tidings from heaven."

So that to reason by analogy, it is unwise to convince any one of the hatefulness of sin! lest he should continue in the "gigantic evil;" nay should "bad blood" being engendered by such preaching, go on to worse sins or to rivet the fetters of those which already hold him. If so, farewell to gospel ministry, and welcome the *Laissez faire* system of opposing and denouncing nothing!

The critique, which was considerably softened down by another, on a book of an opposite tendency, is not worth answering, except in one point. We allude to the attack upon the character of "Uncle Tom" himself, who appears to have been universally declared to be "too good." We who never heard of the black bishops of Carthage in the early ages of the church, seem surprised to find a negro drawn as a perfect Christian, and seem to think it almost a personal affair, that "Uncle Tom" should be so much better than we feel ourselves to be. But this, which some

take to be her gravest fault, the present writer takes to be her highest merit. She has brought home really evangelical and purely Christian religion to the common vulgar life of slaves, not to degrade but to adorn it. She has been no writer of a penny religious tract, which grows offensive in its morality, and whines in its every appeal to the Deity; but by the force of her genius, she has made the religion which does not choose many noble, or many great, or many wise, but chiefly the ignorant, the humble, and the meek, acceptable to the man of cultivated taste, and of classical learning. She does not only show us Tom a true convert to Christianity, whilst the elegant and refined St. Clair is yet ignorant of its comfort; but she shows us little Eva, the child, a minister unto her father, wise beyond his wisdom, learned in that lore which "to the Greeks was *foolishness*."

And for this she is condemned. Ah, brother reader, who shall set a bound to the mercy of our common Father? who shall know what wisdom and what thought is clothed in the rugged brow of the porter who carries your trunk, or the beggar who may sweep your crossing? Do not let you and I imagine we alone are wise. Great knowledge we may have, no doubt, and the weariness, which a wise king declared to come from many books, but knowledge alone is acquired, wisdom comes from God. If we believe that the black Adherbal "*exsul patriâ, dâno, solus et omnium honestarum rerum egenus*," nearly breaks his heart at Jagutha's cruelty,* why not credit that the black Uncle Tom has also feelings. If we view naturally, and almost poetically, Touissant L'Ouverture pining in that mountain prison, and dying of a broken heart, away from his beloved family, treacherously imprisoned, after having freed his country, and by his government and men, given proofs of the highest intellect, why should we deny the same faculties of endurance and affection to Uncle Tom, the field-hand of a Yankee planter? Let us beware how we judge of others as too good; the coward has an innate disbelief in bravery, the thief in honesty.

In regard to the pathos of the work,

few who have read it, more especially the death of Eva, or the part, where Aunt Chloe finds out the death of her husband, can for a moment dispute it; it is as perfect as that of Dickens or Thackeray, and as complete as that of Sterne, without the French tinge of sentiment; whilst the humour and wit have much of that complete and English air which Fielding possesses. The work itself is English in its nature, and we take it as a high compliment, that the author's tendencies are towards the English. Thackeray will not allow Swift, Irish born, to be an Irishman; "he had," he says, "nothing of the Irishman in him." So with Mrs. Stowe, the reader of delicate perception will find no Americanism, in the spirit of the book, although its scenes and characters are of the young republic. But as the reader has already been saturated, ere this, with critique, remark, discussion on, song from, and review upon, "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," we will mercifully spare him, and return to its author.

Since "*Uncle Tom*" she has written little, or at least no work of note. She has, however, a work in preparation, which will no doubt realise a large price, she having been offered, and having refused, the sum of ten thousand dollars for the copyright of her celebrated work.

In appearance Mrs. Stowe is described as being of the middle size, is lady-like and prepossessing, decidedly not handsome, the mouth large but expressive, the eyes deep and full of thought and feeling. "These eyes," says an authority, "are of blueish grey, and have an expression of intelligence and wit, which lights them up, and fairly sparkles in them." She has been the mother of a numerous progeny, five of whom are still living. To raise an earnest and deep feeling, which should, perhaps at once and proximately, or perhaps remotely, lead to the abolition of slavery, a deep and earnest soul was needed, which should know and feel the miseries it denounced. In the subject of this biography, such an one has been found, abundantly gifted with those qualities. Living for seventeen years in the midst of these cruelties, she has arisen and denounced them in a voice which rings through Christendom, and yet in no bitter or vengeful spirit, for it is not

* *Sallustii Jugurtha* xiv.

the least of Mrs. Stowe's merits that, whilst she has endeavoured to give freedom to the slave, she has at the same time brought pure and holy religion, and true Christianity to the

hearts of thousands of her readers, who will have abundant cause to bless the day when they took up—perhaps for idle amusement—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

SAMUEL HOPKINS,

THE EARLIEST ABOLITIONIST.

ALL the men who are capable of greatness do not achieve it. Not even all those who are both capable and worthy. Sometimes they devote themselves to the object of the hour, to some war of politics or controversy in theology, and, forgetting the future, ensure that the future shall forget them. Sometimes they see in the small circle of their daily life, things which must be done, if done at all, by earnest, patient men; and they do them, preferring duty to fame. Sometimes, but more seldom, they never find their places in the world, and, missionless and purposeless, wander on their weary way through that existence of which the end is the only thing certain.

"Who knows the name of Samuel Hopkins now? Whose eyes light up, whose heart beats faster, whose blood courses on with a warmer glow, when they read that homely designation? There are names such as are usually found in the pages of biographies, which, allied as they are to the world's history, cause the mind to teem with high associations; but Samuel Hopkins! Who is he? where did he live? what did he do? What acts of his give him a claim to the memory of the world?"

The birth-place of Samuel Hopkins was Waterbury, in Connecticut; the year, 1721. He appears—for the details on this head seem somewhat scanty—to have been born in the middle class of life, and of religious parents, who looked to placing their son in the ministry as the highest point of their ambition. His special training began in 1736, under the inspection of a neighbouring clergyman. In 1737 he went to college and pursued the ordinary routine of study. Shortly after this time Whitefield, Edwards, and Tennant went through the country, preaching their peculiar doc-

trines in a style which commanded attention. A hearing once gained, they took hold of the strongest minds, and impressed them with a conviction that there must be a revolution in forms of faith. They drew powerful distinctions between doctrinal and vital Christianity. They argued that there must be works, and not a mere barren belief.

Hopkins was now a young man. His was one of those natures which are more truthful than intellectual. His mind was firm rather than pliant. Hard to move, but when moved not soon stayed. More gifted with steadiness and perseverance than activity; and yielding to principle more easily than impulse. A mind of the true old Teutonic mould—sluggish, except under the influence of strong motives; lying little upon the surface, and requiring to be stirred in its depths by some deep-reaching voice.

In 1740, the celebrated Whitefield visited the college at New Haven, and preached there. The stagnant waters began to move. Whitefield did not in most minds produce conviction. In many he engendered opposition; but he awoke inquiry, and introduced doubt. The most conservative are compelled to destroy before they can rebuild. The next spring, Gilbert Tennant, the New Jersey revivalist, followed Whitefield. If not so subtle, he was more energetic, impressive, and powerful; and he produced a great effect. Men began to rouse themselves as though from a long sleep. They began to feel that knowledge was only one of the qualities required for the vocation of the preacher. Those who had looked to the ministry as a comfortable position, bringing at once respectability and subsistence, saw that to minister truly required patient, pains-taking charity; that it was a labour in which they must never weary;

at earnest men, if they would per-
sonally sacrifice self in untiring
effort. These reflections glanced
across the mind of Samuel Hopkins—
a youth which afterwards proved so
valuable to him; and it wavered be-
fore him. It was at this time
that David Brainard, who was a mem-
ber of the college, seeing probably the
struggle that was going on in the heart
of the young student, spoke to him
privately and friendly, and convinced him
that he had yet to learn what was the
object of Christianity.

Each and different as the web of
each religious man, as well as
of others, there is always one
which is woven into it. Of what-
ever phase of creed a man may
pass through no easy or plea-
sant period of life when he changes his

state. Samuel Hopkins was
troubled about like a helmless bark
in a raging sea—and he paints the
whole life-picture of agony as his
own—a picture with dim outlines
and faint colours, as though the veil of
mortal mystery were drawn across
the scene to the senses, but telling
to the imagination with all the force
of a revelation. In this condition
of mind he met a tall and tender na-
tive youth, who seemed for a guide
and comforter in the shadow. Fol-
lowing him, there came to New-
port a young man, Edward, one of the
first converts to the Indians in America
—a young man—and on his strength
Hopkins was obliged to rely for aid. So,
after a short time, and leaving his fa-
ther, he set out on horseback
to go to the place where the young man
resided. When the Puritan philosopher was
asked if he had a wife who, to
the comfort of his family, added that
of a devotedness and fervour of devotion
which he could not but have distinctly
perceived in her. She seeing
the state of the young truth-
seeker, begged him to remain, and
to stay with her, and led him on to
her father's house.

When the Edwards returned, and
the young man remained
with him as a minister, and was then
admitted to the university. His first
pastorate was at Great Barrington
(now called Sheffield), in the western
corner of the State of Massachusetts.

This was in the year 1743. The scene
of his labours was at some distance
from the residence of Edwards; and
the parting was a sore trial to both of
them; but in 1750 Edwards went to
Stockbridge, as a missionary to the
Indians; and until 1758 they were
again in close and constant communi-
cation. Then Edwards was again re-
moved to Princetown, and his death,
which Hopkins mentions as one of the
severest afflictions he ever had, soon
after took place.

At Sheffield he remained for sixteen
years, and then went to Newport, the
second town in point of importance in
New England, and in 1770 he became
the minister of the first Congregational
church founded there. The Congre-
gationalists, it may be remarked, have
produced some of the most energetic
and able advocates of the abolition of
negro slavery; and it is to that sect
Mrs. Beecher Stowe and her family
belong. Newport was then the great
slave-mart of the Northern States of
America; and here a new experience
came before Hopkins. He had seen
slavery as an institution—had been
familiar with it from his birth; he had
even shared in it himself by owning a
slave at New Barrington, and selling
him when he left that place; but he
had never thought of the origin of the
system or of its rightfulness. Here he
was brought into contact with it in its
very beginning, and in its most fearful
form. The sailors who manned the
ships talked freely—boastfully, per-
haps, of the process of slave-catching.
They joked over the horrors of the pas-
sages—the crammed hold, out of which
day by day black corpses, bearing the
marks of suffocation, were dragged—
the fever amid the crowd—the dead
and dying together, and no escape for
the healthy—the baffling calms of the
tropics, the scarcity of water, and the
pent-up wretches under the burning
sky parched to madness, and flung
overboard to end their torments. All
this Hopkins heard; and time after
time he saw the captured slaves emerge
from the ship, woe-begone, emaciated
skeletons. All this Hopkins saw. A
new view of slavery was opened up,
before which his heart sank, his spirit
faltering, and his soul shrunk terror-
stricken. What an institution, he
thought, for a free country.

From the cruelty to the wrongful-
p

ness of the practice was but a short step. Could it be right, this outrage on the affections—this buying and selling of human life—this bartering of God's creatures. Brain and heart answered, "No, it is a foul crime against humanity—a dread sin against the faith of the Cross!"

What was he to do? He asked that of his soul—and we must now recall the time and the circumstances in which that one man—a poor man too—put to his inner self that solemn query. There was no movement against slavery. His was one of the first hearts into which the solemn voice had come, denouncing it. The command which he felt to wash his hands of it, sounded as hard as that olden injunction, "If thy right eye offend thee, put it out." The cry of, "Freedom for the slave!" had not yet gone forth. It pealed through him; but where was he to find a responsive echo—where rouse one? In England, there was as yet no movement. In all Christendom, there was no pity for negro suffering and wrong. In all America, the institution was established. He was alone—a weak man before a gigantic evil—face to face with a foe out of all comparison with his apparent strength. Nay more, his own friends were slave-traders, so were his own congregation; slave-trading was the commerce of the place—the foundation and the support of its wealth and prosperity. To do his duty, he, isolated as he was, must stand up against all this. Well might he hesitate before the magnitude of the attempt and its dangers. Well might that question, What was he to do? echo through his heart, awaking among its fears solemn thoughts. It was for Hopkins—a life question, and, what was more, he felt it to be so.

Aye, what was he to do? In that self-asked question he had raised a spirit which would not be laid. How was he to answer it?

He was to answer it as he ought to answer it—as he did answer it. He had made up his mind that slavery was cruel, wrong, antichristian; and as a Christian man, above all as a Christian minister, he felt not only that he could not countenance it, but was bound to denounce it. He thought long and anxiously over the best course to pursue, and at length he resolved

upon preparing a sermon upon subject. Over that sermon many neat days and nights were spent; at length it was ready. The sab came: the minister stood face face with his flock. Hopkins has fear now. The sense of danger not enter his mind. The great which possessed it left no space for smaller or meaner ones. He ready to sacrifice not only his position his congregation, his church—but itself, so that he might once, only, bear testimony against a vast appalling wrong. The sermon began and went on, and the preacher searching eyes watched the face the congregation. He had taken not to say bitter things, in bitter words to men, for the first time to be true to a true sense of their own acts. He spoke "more in sorrow than in anger." He did not strive for eloquence though high truth, unadded to, needs, "like perfect music joined noble words," have been eloquent. He did not raise any subtle theological point, but, taking his own doctrine of the sect he founded, which has since perished, he insisted that the essence of Christianity consisted in unselfish, disinterested violence, totally inconsistent with act of reducing human beings to condition of slaves, and utterly opposed to the cruelties with which slave trading was accompanied.

Apart from its success or was success, that sermon was one of the finest efforts of moral heroism performed in the world. It was a grand act, bearing all the merits of devotion, all the chivalry of sacrifice. What a lesson to the thousands of men who, filling American pulpits to-day, tolerate, defend, justify slavery, try to reconcile it with Christianity, for fear of losing their influence. If they were really followers of Christ—truly ministers of him—knows no distinction between bond and free; and if, like Samuel Hopkins, had the manliness, the truthfulness, the courage, to take the right side, slavery could not endure for a year.

The congregation did not show indignation. Their first emotion was that of surprise, when they heard which they had till then never dreamed anything but a righteous, legitimate traffic attacked. But as the pre-

deed with his subject, and gave force to his words, deep attention was first aroused, and then serious thought. They had seen in them—those old puritans, of that earnest, down-right olden which is now so scarce in the land. They had strong energies and a will, which made them firm, or ferocious, when they were set either for good or evil. Among them there was not much of wit or refinement; but when they thought or set their hearts went with their hands and hands. Many a rich merchant, who sent his ships to the African coast—many a wealthy trader, who bought slaves by droves, went away that day from that old Newport arch with down-cast eyes, and sad and chastened step; and if he lay and sell slaves the next day, it was with some inward misgivings—the prickings of conscience, as the pastor that sermon rang in his ears.

After the writer has said eloquently and truly, "It well may be asked whether, on that sabbath day, angels of God, in their wide survey of the universe, looked down upon a more sad state than that of the ministers of the church, rising up before his congregation, and declaring the name of the Highest, the Father of the captive, and the Father of the prison-dooms to the people of the land?"

After the sermon was produced, Hopkins left the man to let it register its own work. Again and again he met the attack. He appeared at the congregation in behalf of the oppressed, but in aid to the oppressors, in the name of suffering; he endeavored to turn their own sakes, to the right, from that wrong which they were doing, to a greater wrong and then to the right, to abandon the wrong, and through the degradation of the world down step by step to the right, and he came to the conclusion that God was not with the man who was to come to the right, those who showered the curse of the world. A congregation of men, to shine their self-interest in the world; there was no more to be said; and he said it. It was not a test the proud and the proud greater than the test of the world; and the king's brow of

carrying with him his church, the members of which passed a notable resolution. Notable, we say, as being the work of one man standing alone and uplifting his voice for "God and the right;" notable as being passed by a body of slaveholders; notable withal as being the first, the key-note of that eternal protest which, sounded in heaven by the hand of divinity, will never cease to echo on earth in human hearts against men being sold by man into bondage.

Here it is:—

"Resolved, That the slave trade and the slavery of the Africans, as it has existed among us, is a gross violation of the righteousness and benevolence which are so much inculcated in the Gospel, and therefore we will not tolerate it in this church."

There spoke out the true God-fearing, man-defying, wealth-deserting, conscience-loving old puritan spirit. That spirit which, in old times, would not submit to be tolerated; which sent men away from house, kindred, and civilization, across the Atlantic, when the ocean was a path of danger; which led them to a desert shore tenanted by savages. Brave old spirit, that which the world would be better for now! Plain enough indeed, "We will not tolerate it." Grammatically considered, somewhat deficient, those bold words of Samuel Hopkins and his puritan church members, but, morally considered, how all-sufficient! What a visible, distinct, line of demarcation it draws between the men who had consciences worth saving for eternity and those who had none of more value than money-bags.

A noble sight it must have been the church meeting at which that resolution was put and carried; a noteworthy debate that as any in "Hansard," but unreported withal. A grand assembly, too, those great-headed, broad-browed, square-faced, strongly-marked elders, with their priest chairman. A few speeches, grave, short, slow, with ponderous words and quaint antique phrases, and then the decision. They did not waste words when their minds were made up, but acted out their thoughts in deeds. Slavery may endure for years; it may sink yet deeper into the corruption of the hot south; it may, if that be possible, aggravate its horrors; but its end is

but a question of time, for that decision, pronounced upon earth and ratified in heaven, sealed its ultimate doom.

Samuel Hopkins did not rest content with that resolution, nor confine his exertions to his own church or locality. He sought out men, both in his own country and in Europe, who held opinions similar to his own, and with them kept up an active correspondence. Among his fellow clergymen too he was unwearied, and he had a practical mode of proceeding well illustrated by the following anecdote, told by an American biographer. Among his clerical friends was one Doctor Bellamy, who had a slave. To him went our abolitionist, and told him of the sin of slave-holding. Dr. Bellamy replied, justifying it by custom, by Bible quotations, and finally, when driven from those points, by the plea that the man was so faithful and attached that he did not want to be free. That brought the argument to a point where theory ceased and fact became possible, and Hopkins seized the turning point.

"Will you," said Hopkins, "consent to his liberation, if he really desires it?"

"Yes, certainly," said Dr. Bellamy.

"Then let us have him up," said his guest.

The slave was at work in an adjoining field, and, at the call of his master, came promptly to receive his commands.

"Have you a good master?" inquired Hopkins.

"O, yes, massa; he berry good."

"But are you happy in your present condition?" queried the Doctor.

"O, yes, massa; berry happy."

Dr. Bellamy here could hardly suppress his exultation at what he supposed was a complete triumph over his anti-slavery brother. But the pertinacious guest continued his queries.

"Would you not be *more* happy if you were free?"

"O, yes, massa," exclaimed the negro, his dark face glowing with new life; "berry much more happy!"

To the honour of Dr. Bellamy he did not hesitate.

"You have your wish," he said to his servant; "from this moment you are free."

It is evident that Dr. Hopkins looked (as the friends of the slave still look)

to something being done in Africa, for he was instrumental in forming a society for the purpose of educating black missionaries for that country, and in 1773, and again in 1776, Dr. Ezra Stiles issued an appeal to the Christian community for assistance to carry out the project. One black pupil he himself educated. Dr. Gardner went from Boston to Africa as a missionary twenty years after his old teacher had died. Gardner was a native of Africa, a slave of Captain Gardner of Boston. His own name was taken from the place and the designation of his master. The captain allowed him to work during his overtime for himself and the negro toiled all the harder because he laid by his earnings for himself and his family for a future day. Sometimes, by working harder than usual (or was required), he would earn a whole day. Still the amount accumulated but slowly, and the poor man in his despair resolved to pray. He gained a day, and instead of labouring shut himself in his hut and spent his time unceasingly to Heaven in his petition for freedom. He had communicated his intention to Dr. Hopkins and two other friends, and while praying the doctor was with him, entreating him to give up his liberty. His persuasions prevailed, and the captain sent for the slave. He was told that the slave had died that day. "No matter," said the doctor, "I must see him." And Dr. Gardner, giving up his prayer with reluctance, expecting, perhaps, to be scolded or punished for so conscious fault, the doctor sent him his freedom and that of his family put into his hands. It seemed that his prayer was answered from heaven; and though we have no record of the human agency of Heaven who shall say that the All Just and Merciful did not lend an ear to the bondsmen's supplications.

We have before mentioned when at New Barrington, Dr. Gardner owned and sold a slave. When he became aware of the wrong of which he would not retain the price of the blood, and devoted the money to the education of some negroes. After, he gave for like purposes out of all proportion to his means.

The War of Independence for some time interrupted the labours of Samuel Hopkins. The island on which he resided was in 1776 taken possession of by the English troops; and he passed the year 1777 preaching at Newburyport. About the time of his going away, he published his "Dialogue concerning the Slavery of the Africans;" showing it to be "the duty and interest of the American States to emancipate all their slaves." This was dedicated to the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was re-published and widely distributed by the New York Abolition Society, in 1785. He returned to Newport early in 1780, but found a desert where was once the garden of New England. The hand of war had been laid heavily upon his congregation, which, once wealthy, was now poor and cast down. Worse than all the scenes they had gone through had changed their natures for the worse. The commerce of the place was gone. His meeting-house had been converted into a barrack, the pews and seats used for fire-wood, and the bell stolen. Here the character of the man showed itself. He was offered appointments at other places which would have given him both influence and competence; but he thought that there was so much need of him there, that he stayed, and taking up his abode in a small house, he lived till the day of his death without regular salary, subsisting upon such voluntary offerings as the flock could afford to bestow. Thus

he preached on till he was eighty-three, one of his habitual hearers being William Ellery Channing, who ever had the deepest reverence for the devout beauty and earnest, sincere strength of his character. Differing as they did as theologians, they both held the same doctrine of unselfish benevolence, being the essential element of Christianity. Hopkins's last sermon was preached on the 10th of October, 1803, and on the 12th of November, "full of years and of honours," he was gathered to his fathers. He ended calmly, or rather joyfully, a life well spent, saying to a friend, "I am feeble, and cannot say much;—I have said all I can say." And adding, "Now I am going to die, and I am glad of it." He was buried in the ground adjoining the meeting-house, and the funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Hart, a life-long friend, nearly as old as himself.

We have taken but little notice of the theologian in this sketch. His works in that character—worthy of attention as they are as the utterances of a sincere, earnest man—are passing into oblivion. But when the religionist shall have been utterly forgotten, many a lover of freedom will venerate the memory of the early opponent of slavery, and call down blessings on him who formed that Newport resolution, which must ever be associated with the name of Samuel Hopkins, the first of the Abolitionists.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

The royal message which recalled Lord Canning from his place of exile, and for India to take the post of Foreign Secretary in the British Cabinet, on the death of Lord Castlereagh, August, 1822, reached him at the residence of Sir John Gladstone, a wealthy Liverpool merchant. From the year 1818, North House, Canning Street, was his abode, and his biographer as looking out upon the sea that he supposed was to separate him—perhaps forever—from the Europe whose destiny he was unconsciously about to influence by and any man of his day; while, standing on the beach below him,

were the three sons of his host, the youngest of whom, William Ewart Gladstone, is now M.P. for the University of Oxford, Privy Councillor, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

On the rule invariably observed in the BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, of writing only the public lives of living men, we abstain from saying, and make no pretence of knowing, more of Mr. Gladstone's private history than may be found in the "Parliamentary Companion," or other ephemeral compilation of particulars that might be extracted from the register of the parish in which he was born or married.

and of the schools and colleges he attended. Our information under this head may be given in a couple of lines. —He was born at Liverpool, in the year 1809; was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford; and, having spent a short time in continental travel—after the manner of young gentlemen from time immemorial—he entered Parliament, in 1832, as member for Newark. It is from this latter point that we will pursue his career—as yet short, but eventful and suggestive.

It will be remembered that the general election of 1835 took place on a dissolution of the first reformed Parliament by Sir Robert Peel, on his hurried return from Italy to take the Premiership. It is significant either of the paucity of Sir Robert's materials for the construction of a ministry, or of the early promise of young Mr. Gladstone, that, immediately on his re-election, he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, having the new Premier (the Earl of Aberdeen), for his chief. This able and promising government fell before a hostile majority on the Irish Church question, in May of the same year. Mr. Gladstone, of course, went over with his party to the opposition benches, proved himself one of its most frequent, though not obtrusive, speakers, and was re-elected for Newark on the same interest (the Duke of Newcastle's), at the general election consequent on the death of William the Fourth.

In the following year he distinguished himself by a speech on the Abolition of Negro Apprenticeship, defending the planters from the imputations upon them; but far more by the issue from the press of an octavo volume, "The State in its Relations to the Church." There can be no more satisfactory proof of the ability and influence of this work, than the fact that it was honoured, so early as April 1839—when it had already reached a second edition—with an elaborate notice in the "Edinburgh Review,"—an article immediately recognized as Mr. Macaulay's; included in the authorized collection of his "Historical and Critical Essays;" reprinted, with the article on "Ranke's History of the Popes," in "The Traveller's Library;" and usually considered as the conclusive reply of the party opposed to Mr. Gladstone, to his doctrine and argument.

The judgment of so high an authority as Mr. Macaulay, is so essential to a just estimate of Mr. Gladstone's public character and position, that we will take the trouble to condense and copy the opening passages of the article in question:—

"The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanour have obtained for him the respect and good will of all parties. His first appearance in the character of an author is therefore an interesting event; and it is natural that the gentle wishes of the public should go with him to his trial.

"We are much pleased, without any reference to the soundness or unsoundness of Mr. Gladstone's theories, to see a grave and elaborate treatise on an important part of the Philosophy of Government proceed from the pen of a young man who is rising to eminence in the House of Commons. There is little danger that people engaged in the conflicts of active life will be too much addicted to general speculation. The opposite vice is that which most easily besets them.

"We therefore hail with pleasure, though assuredly not with unmixed pleasure, the appearance of this work. That a young politician should, in the intervals afforded by his parliamentary avocations, have constructed and propounded, with much study and mental toil, an original theory on a great problem in politics, is a circumstance which, abstracted from all consideration of the soundness or unsoundness of his opinions, must be considered as highly creditable to him. We certainly cannot wish that Mr. Gladstone's doctrines may become fashionable among public men. But we heartily wish that his laudable desire to penetrate beneath the surface of questions, and to arrive, by long and intent meditation, at the knowledge of great general laws, were

much more fashionable than we at all expect it to become."

Mr. Gladstone seems to us to be, in many respects, exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and indeed exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of a kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the Chorus of *Clouds* affected the simple-hearted Athenian.

ὁ γὰρ τοῦ ἑστῆματος, ὡς ὑπὸν, καὶ σμῦρον,
καὶ τὰ ἄλλα.

When propositions have been established, and nothing remains but to amplify and decorate them, this dim magnificence may be in place. But if it is admitted into a demonstration, it is very much worse than absolute nonsense: just as that transparent haze, through which the sailor sees capes and mountains of false sizes and in false bearings, is more dangerous than utter darkness. Now, Mr. Gladstone is fond of employing the phraseology of which we speak in those parts of his works which require the utmost perspicuity and precision of which human language is capable; and in this way he deludes first himself, and then his readers. The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttresses of adamant, are made out of the flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations. This fault is one which no subsequent care or industry can correct. The more strictly Mr. Gladstone reasons on his premises, the more absurd are the conclusions which he brings out; and, when, at last his good sense and good

nature recoil from the horrible practical inferences to which his theory leads, he is reduced sometimes to take refuge in arguments inconsistent with his fundamental doctrines, and sometimes to escape from the legitimate consequences of his false principles, under cover of equally false history.

"It would be unjust not to say that this book, though not a good book, shows more talent than many good books. It abounds with eloquent and ingenious passages. It bears the signs of much patient thought. It is written throughout with excellent taste and excellent temper; nor does it, so far as we have observed, contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian. But the doctrines which are put forth in it appear to us, after full and calm consideration, to be false, to be in the highest degree pernicious, and to be such as, if followed out in practice to their legitimate consequences, would inevitably produce the dissolution of society."

The question with which Mr. Gladstone had ventured to deal, was pre-eminently the practical question of the day, as it has been one of the loftiest subjects of speculation, with philosophers and statesmen, in every age. The problems that Plato had undertaken to exhibit, in his "Republic," in a state of solution, so to speak, were substantially the same which the Dis-senters of Nottingham and Manchester discussed in public meeting, and of which Daniel O'Connell attempted to compel the settlement, for at least one branch of the empire, by a thinly disguised display of physical force. In the debates on the Irish church, commenced with, and protracted through, every session of the Parliaments that sat from 1832 to 1838, there was involved, to the consciousness of thoughtful men, a profoundly deeper and far more difficult question than was apparent to "the Parliamentary rabble," or the turbulent agitator, or the excited public. It was a sense of this that brought Dr. Chalmers to London, to deliver his lectures on church establishments—perhaps the most eloquent and least satisfactory of his voluminous performances; for they contained little that had not been advanced by Hooker, Warburton, or Paley, and that little had an air of commercial utilitarianism, which Mr.

Gladstone would probably feel degrading to the theme. The "Student of Christ Church and M.P. for Newark,"—as Mr. Gladstone wrote himself on his title-page—was content neither with the "judicious Hooker's" notion of an ecclesiastical polity, nor with Warburton's theory of a contract; whilst Paley's argument from utility he pronounced to be "tainted by the original vice of false ethical principles," and Dr. Chalmers's refutation of the supply and demand scheme he deemed "questionable." He boldly climbed to the altitude of what he deemed an absolute moral truth, and thought to bring down thence express authorization for established churches—or rather, to lay upon the conscience of rulers the obligation of maintaining that co-relation of naturally opposite systems, known as the alliance of church and state. He thus states his general proposition, which, he thinks, "must surely command universal assent:—"

"Wherever there is power in the universe, that power is the property of God, the King of that universe—his property of right, however for a time withholden or abused. Now this property is, as it were realised, is used according to the will of the owner, when it is used for the purposes he has ordained, and in the temper of mercy, justice, truth, and faith which he has taught us. But those principles never can be truly, never can be permanently, entertained in the human breast, except by a continual reference to their source, and the supply of the Divine grace. The powers, therefore, that dwell in individuals acting as a government, as well as those that dwell in individuals acting for themselves, can only be secured for right uses by applying to them a religion."

"The powers that dwell in individuals acting as a government," he elsewhere describes by resembling the magisterial to the parental character. In other places he expressly declares, "The governors are reasoning agents for the nation in their conjoint acts as such;" and denies that the people are entitled to more than a beneficial use of the funds raised by taxation.

In these two sentences we have indicated the prominent characteristic—Mr. Macaulay would say the fundamental errors—of the book;—the con-

founding of individual with corporate functions, and the self-deluding use of analogical, in the place of inductive, reasoning.

It is obligatory on a man that he be religious,—it is therefore obligatory on any body of men that *they* be religious. Such, we believe, is a fair epitome of Mr. Gladstone's "argument for the obligation incumbent on governors as men." Now, if by this be meant, that associations, like individuals, are morally bound to act from the purest motives, and to the highest ends, the assertion is merely a truism. But the proposition, as it stands, is one of those plausible errors—so logical in form, while utterly illogical in spirit—that are best refuted by pushing them into the realms of active life. This is what the Edinburgh Reviewer has done. By a great number of supposititious examples, vividly presented, he shows that society would go to pieces if this rule were attempted to be enforced. But, we think that with any intelligent definition of religion itself, the proposition is incompatible. *A priori*, as well as practical, considerations, are fatal to it. In the atmosphere of common sense, it cannot draw a single breath. Even by a change of expression, the thing intended is instantly destroyed. Put the sentiment, for instance, in this form—Whatever is incumbent on a man in one capacity, is incumbent upon him in any capacity;—and the absurdity of the conclusion sought to be established is evident at once. Yet is there no unfair exchange of phraseology; for it is only because man is a social being, that he has more than one capacity of action. Even in the most rudimentary forms of combination,—in the relation of parent and child, of master and servant, for example—new duties, with their corresponding rights, immediately arise. If religion be a personal obligation—if it be anything more than the practice of unmeaning ceremonies—if it be a certain state of intellect and heart—the father or the employer can have no business to enforce religious observances upon his household; for he thereby invades that private right which is necessarily involved in the private obligation. The influence of example and of solicitation is the only force which he can legitimately put into operation; and he must remember how

secret belief, or that they have no other basis than a religious. Thus, then, we may say, with an opinion for or against union of Church and State—that the grounds on which Mr. Jew defends that union, is at any rate sound reasoning, and not a ready reduction to absurdity, by the misplaced employment of such delusive analogies, that we can not see as Mr. Gladstone is to take up these indefensible ones. The paternal character of the Government is one of those mocking ones—"national personality" is one. Ignoring the earliest, but not the fact, of history, and the visible nature of existing politics, he persists in representing rulers as divinely invested with power, in a sense somewhat different from that in which it may be said that a man is divinely endowed with understanding or wealth—Government as a divine institution, not as a marriage may be said to be so, as if actual dynasties, like life-ones, were "made in heaven"—not as the offspring, instead of as the author, of the State. The ruler he is bound to do whatsoever he deems best for the people under him. He represents the natural objection to this, in its most startling form—"Then, it is the duty of a Christian govern-

ment, the gravest of consequences—namely, that he is responsible for their religious training and exercises—he proceeds to deal, as with "broad facts," with another purely rhetorical entity, and mere poetic influences:—"There is," he says, "a real, and not merely supposititious, personality of nations, which entails likewise its own religious responsibilities. The plainest exposition of national personality is this:—That the nation fulfils the great conditions of a person—namely, that it has unity of acting, and unity of suffering—with the difference, that what is physically single in the one, is joint, or morally single, in the other. National influences form much of our individual character. National rewards and punishments, whether by direct or circuitous visitation, influence and modify the individuals who form the mass. National will and agency are indissolubly one, binding either a dissentient minority, or the subject body, in a manner that nothing but the recognition of the doctrine of national personality can justify. National honour, and national faith, are words in every one's mouth. How do they less imply a personality in nations than the duty towards God, for which we now contend? They are strictly and essentially distinct from the honour and good faith of the individuals composing the nation. France is a person to us, and we to him. A wilful

gospel system are infinitely beyond any to which the word "national" can be applied; that, in short, while France and England may harmlessly and conveniently personify each other, it is an unreasonable and incalculably mischievous thing so to personify the moral relation to the Divine Being of any number of his creatures. It is the distinction of Christianity from the Judaism which it came to supersede, and the Paganism which it came to overthrow, that it makes no account of nationalities, in any other sense than as a *congeries* of human beings, individually responsible and spiritually equal. While the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman writers, abound in allusions that show they regarded even Jehovah, or "Jove Best and Greatest," as differently affected towards the people of different countries—no trace of that sentiment can be found in the gospels or epistles, but much that is antagonistic thereto. Again, therefore, we say, without pronouncing any opinion upon the general question,—this division of our author's argument does not exalt our idea of his logical power, nor promise an adequate defence of the institution he undertakes to defend.

More original, but not less lamentably inconclusive, are the arguments by which Mr. Gladstone breaks the force of his own principles; and by limiting the duty of rulers to the *encouragement* of religious faith, seeks to guard the exercise of private judgment and the enjoyment of toleration. It would be an easy explanation of his singularly inconsequential propositions on these points to say, that he is too good a Protestant altogether to deny the great Protestant doctrine, and too amiable a man to approve the naked hideousness of downright persecution;—but this explanation is neither respectful nor sufficient. We prefer to regard the controversial curiosity we are about to exhibit, as the legitimate offspring of an intellect more subtle than powerful, of an understanding which partakes of the nature of a morbid conscience. As respects the right of private judgment, he explicitly denies that the church of England ever taught "that men were free to frame any religion from Scripture which they pleased: or to form a diversity of communions. . . . The act of her reformation," he proceeds, "established the claim of the nation to

be free from the external control of any living power in matters of religion, but not from Catholic consent. It is a strange fiction to say that the English Reformation was grounded on the doctrine of private judgment." He appeals, in proof of this startling assertion, to the Twentieth Article, to the Canon of 1571, and the prelates Cranmer and Jewel. The historical truth of this representation, we are not concerned either to deny or admit. We have only to point out how vital a position it must necessarily hold in a man's churchmanship and statesmanship. With the same object, we must add, that our author admits there is an irreconcilable hostility between his own view of the rule of faith, and the mildest popular idea thereof. He seems to limit the function of reason in religious matters to a scrutiny of the general evidences of Christianity—beyond that, he lays it down, a man "should prefer adopting the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*,"—the utterance of the faithful, in divers times and places—"to his own conclusions from the sacred text."

One would suppose that, in proportion as the sphere of free inquiry is narrowed, pains should be taken to preserve its inviolability. That is to say,—if only concerning the outworks of revelation may we freely investigate and canvass, there should be presented no worldly motive to influence the decision; while it might be proper to reward or punish for obedience or disobedience to an authority once admitted. But the very opposite of this rule is that adopted by Mr. Gladstone. Conformity to the church of England, as the purest embodiment of the Christian religion, is the one and only thing which he requires the state to reward—nonconformity, the summary of offences it is called upon to punish by discouraging. He denies the right of the state to persecute; not, however, because religious freedom—the correlative, according to his own admission, of religious responsibility—is the right of man, as man, but because it has not "pleased God to give to the state or to the church this power." Then comes the most curious feature of this curious piece of argument:—"For it was with regard to chastisement inflicted by the sword for an insult offered to himself, that the Redeemer declared His king-

not to be of this world, meaning, exactly, in an especial manner, that should be otherwise than after this life's fashion in respect to the sanction by which its laws should be maintained. We must refer the reader to Macaulay's celebrated essay for an account of the error of this general exegesis; and a vivid and keen refutation of the sophism, that delusion is not persecution—for the all remaining portion of our space must be devoted to this part of our task, we will occupy with some of concluding passages of the work—read as well for their impassioned power, as for the indication they afford of deep and pious earnestness in the writer:—

Will it be said, 'All this anxiety is so much disproportioned to the case; we are sincere in your belief, that we are safety within the church as an ark which shall float on the waters in the fountains of the great deep human Desire are broken up?' It is true that we have nothing to fear her, who bears a charmed life that no weapon reaches. She pursues her equal way of confession, adoration, atoning, intercession, and divine communion, concentrated alike for the past and the future, upon one object of regard—her Lord in heaven. This is of the church of Christ. And in the church of England we find all the essential features unimpaired, which make her to be a fruit-bearing tree in the vineyard of God. The scriptures faithfully guarded, liberally dispensed, universally possessed and read; the chief bulwarks of the faith, the edifice, and the sound doctrine of the Bible, consent, maintained; the apostolic succession transmitting, with consecration of the Spirit, those vital truths which effectuate and assure the sinner; the pure worship; the open and acknowledged fertility in sacred learning which, when faithfully used, is to the truth what the Jewish arms were to the ark; and everywhere reviving and extending courage, love: these are the signs which may well quiet apprehensions as to the ultimate fate of the church of England in the breast of the most kind of her sons. But we need not be alarmed, with all this, to feel deeply and anxiously for our country. For at state, which, deriving its best

energies from religion, has adorned the page of history, has extended its renown and its dominion in every quarter of the globe, has harmonized with a noble national character, supporting and supported by it, has sheltered the thickset plants of genius and learning, and has in these last days rallied by gigantic efforts the energies of Christendom against the powers and principles of national infidelity, bating no jot of heart nor hope under repeated failures, but every time renewing its determination and redoubling its exertions, until the object was triumphantly attained. For this State we may feel, and we may tremble at the very thought of the degradation she would undergo, should she in an evil hour repudiate her ancient strength, the principle of a national religion. We do not dream that the pupils of the opposite school will gain their end, and succeed in giving a permanent and secure organization to human society upon the shattered and ill-restored foundations which human selfishness can supply. Sooner might they pluck the sun off his throne in heaven, and the moon from her silver chariot. What man can do without God was fully tried in the histories of Greece and Italy, before the fulness of time was come. We have there seen a largeness and vigour of human nature such as does not appear likely to be surpassed. But it does not comfort us that those opposed to us will fail. They are our fellow-creatures; they are our brethren; they bear with us the sacred name of the Redeemer, and we are washed, for the most part, in the same laver of regeneration. Can we, unmoved, see them rushing to ruin, and dragging others with them, less wilful, but as blind? Can we see the gorgeous buildings of such an earthly Jerusalem, and the doom impending, without tears? Oh, that while there is yet time, casting away every frivolous and narrow prepossession, grasping firmly and ardently at the principles of the truth of God, and striving to realise them in ourselves and in one another, we may at length know the 'things which belong to our peace!'

We have dwelt thus at length upon this book—(of which we may further say, in a parenthesis, that in the British Museum Library is a copy of the first edition, copiously annotated by his

Royal Highness the late Duke of Sussex; and that for the third edition, which appeared in 1841, a great part of the work was re-written, without, however, any modification of the argument)—because it not only lies at the foundation of Mr. Gladstone's reputation as a thinker and writer; and may be supposed to exhibit, if not his final convictions, yet his entire capabilities; but because it has had a serious practical influence on his whole subsequent career as a politician. It was first mentioned in the House of Commons, by Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) and the late lamented Mr. Charles Buller, in the course of the education debates of 1839. Its author then declared his readiness, as a legislator, to stand by what he had therein written as a private individual; and accordingly expressed a feeling akin to horror at the proposed intermingling of Jewish and Christian children in public seminaries. In 1841, on arguments of a similar character, he led the opposition to Mr. Divett's bill for admitting Jews to municipal offices; and drew from Mr. Macaulay the satirical remark, that if the casuists of Oxford would only impart some of their ingenuity to the Jews, they would doubtless make any declaration required of them. He returned to office with Sir Robert Peel in 1841, in the double capacity of Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In January, 1845, he threw up that post; and, at the opening of the session, accounted for so doing in a speech of which the following is the substance:—"I took upon myself some years ago, to state to the world, and that in a form the most detailed and deliberate, the views which I entertained on the subject of the relation of a Christian state in its alliance with a Christian church. Of all subjects which could be raised, this I treated in a manner the most detailed and deliberate. I have never been guilty of the folly which has been charged upon me, of holding that there are any theories which are to be regarded under all circumstances as immutable and unalterable. But I have strong conviction, speaking under ordinary circumstances, and as a general rule, that those who have borne solemn testimony on great constitutional questions, ought not to be parties to material departure from them. Now, my right honourable

friend at the head of the Government, alluded towards the close of last session, to inquiries he was about to make into the possibility of extending academical education in Ireland, and indicated the spirit in which that important matter might be dealt with. I am not in possession of the mature intentions of the Government. In regard to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, I know nothing beyond what my right honourable friend then said. But those intentions were at variance with what I have stated as the best and most salutary principles. I therefore held it to be my duty, whenever such a measure came before the house, to apply my mind to its consideration, free from all biassed or selfish considerations, and with the sole view of arriving at such a conclusion as upon the whole the interests of the country and the circumstances of the case might seem to demand. I feel it at the same time my duty distinctly to declare, that I am not prepared to take part in any religious warfare against the measures of my right honourable friend." Whilst all admired the exquisite conscientiousness of the course thus announced, there were many who felt, with Mr. Plumptre, that its explanation was not very intelligible—and that feeling was strengthened when Mr. Shiel, lamenting that "the statesman should be sacrificed to the author," quoted from Mr. Gladstone's book a passage to the effect, that if the imperial parliament had contracted for the maintenance of Maynooth, the contract should be fulfilled with dignified generosity. Still more inexplicable, upon ordinary rules of action, was Mr. Gladstone's ultimate procedure. In the debate on the first reading of the Maynooth College bill, he took no part, and in the division gave no vote. On the motion for the second reading, he came out as a supporter of the measure. Not, however, upon the hypothesis recalled by Mr. Shiel, and urged by the premier. Repudiating the reasons put forward on either side as inadequate to their object, he defended the increase of the grant upon the ground that the Irish were too poor to provide religious teachers for themselves—that those who paid taxes had a right to share in the benefits of their expenditure—and that to object to it on religious grounds, was to confound the principles on which men should act individually with those on

was the right noble-urabile gentleman—surely for upon this very question he voted all ways. He voted first and then in favour of the grant, went out of office because the grant was to be increased. When the measure giving the increased grant came to be read, he did not vote at all. At the second reading, he is presumed to vote in favour of it. And is it sure—is the right honourable gentleman himself quite sure—that upon third reading he will not find equally good reasons for voting against the measure? (Laughter and cheers.) It is hardly incomprehensible, to vulgar ears, that was Mr. Gladstone's course in the Jewish disabilities question, notwithstanding his opposition to Mr. Peel's bill in 1841, he gave his silent assent to a similar measure, when proposed and carried by the Government in 1845, and in 1847, just after his election to the University of Oxford, he had the grace to reply to the speech with which his colleague (Sir R. H. Inglis) carried petitions from that venerable body against the admission of Jews to the University as proposed by the then Master Lord John Russell. The substance of his speech on this occasion Mr. Gladstone has published, and prefixed to it a preface from which we get clearer notions of his new position than from anything he has elsewhere written or said. It is briefly

clusion to which he labours to bring his fellow-churchmen is this—"that as citizens, and as members of the church, we should contend manfully for her own principles and constitution, and should ask and press without fear for whatever tends to her own healthy development by her own means and resources, material or moral, but should deal amicably and liberally with questions either solely or mainly affecting the civil rights of other portions of the community."

That this recommendation was made with understanding and earnestness is amply evinced by Mr. Gladstone's subsequent conduct as a politician and as a churchman. Thus, in conformity with one half of his counsel, he is found resisting the issue of the Oxford University Commission, and advocating, in parliament and through the press, the restoration of active powers to convocation, the admission of laymen to synods, and the permission of synodal action to colonial bishops. The other half might seem to have been uttered in prophetic anticipation of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. As a High Churchman, and therefore jealous of the titular honours of the English episcopacy—as a son and representative of the University of Oxford, and therefore the natural organ of clerical sentiments—he might naturally have been expected to insist on the prompt and decided repression of what was almost universally con-

was supported, and closes in a strain of pure and lofty eloquence seldom reached in the House of Commons—where sparkling personalities and party hits are more keenly relished than the luminous enunciation of great principles, or touching appeals to noble sentiments. In this speech, the orator showed himself able to excel in the former, but delighting in the latter. After turning upon Lord John Russell one of his lordship's own most effective perorations, Mr. Gladstone proceeded thus: "My conviction is, that the question of religious freedom is not to be dealt with as one of the ordinary matters that you may do to-day and undo to-morrow. This great principle which we (the opposition) have the honour to represent, moves slowly in matters of politics and legislation, but though it moves slowly, it moves steadily. The principle of religious freedom, its adaptation to our modern state, and its compatibility with ancient institutions, was a principle which you did not adopt in haste. It was a principle well tried in struggle and conflict. It was a principle which gained the assent of one public man after another. It was a principle which ultimately triumphed after you had spent upon it half a century of agonizing struggle. And now what are you going to do? You have arrived at the division of the century. Are you going to repeat Penelope's process, but without Penelope's purpose? . . . Show, if you will, the pope of Rome, and his cardinals, and his church, that England as well as Rome has her *semper eadem*; that when she has once adopted the great principle of legislation which is destined to influence her national character and mark her policy for ages to come, and affect the whole nature of her influence among the nations of the world—show that when she has done this, slowly and with hesitation and difficulty, but still deliberately and but once for all, she can no more retrace her steps than the river that bathes this giant city can flow backward to its source. . . . We, the opponents of this bill, are a minority, insignificant in point of numbers. We are more insignificant because we have no ordinary bond of union. But I say that we, minority as we are, are sustained in our path by the consciousness that we serve both a generous Queen and a generous people, and that

the generous people will recognise the truth of the facts we present to them. Above all, we are sustained by the sense of justice which we feel belongs to the cause we are advocating, and because we are determined to follow that bright star of justice beaming from the heavens whithersoever it may lead."

Mr. Gladstone's second important work appeared in 1840, under the title, "Church Principles Considered in their Results." It is virtually the supplement of his former production, developing, and largely arguing, views there only incidentally, if at all expressed; of greater interest to theologians than to politicians. It treats of the institutions or doctrines of the church, as regards their authority and operation—especially of the sacraments and of apostolical succession. The author's views on the first of these two points may be thus summed up in his own words: "In the midst of all the threatening symptoms of tendency towards unbelief and disorganization with which the age abounds, we are led to regard the sacraments as the chief and central fountain of the vital influences of religion when the church is in health and vigour, as their never wholly obstructed source when she is over-spread with the frost of indifference, as their best and innermost fastness, when latent infidelity gnaws and eats away the heart of her creed, and of all her collateral ordinances." On Apostolical Succession he is equally decided. His sense of the value of a question which to many is only one of "vain genealogies," is fairly expressed in the following clause of a sentence, too long for quotation entire:—"It is to us nothing less than a part of our religious obligation to seek the sacraments at the hands of those who have been traditionally empowered to deliver them in their integrity; that is, with the assurance of that spiritual blessing which, although it may be obstructed by our disqualifications in its passage to our souls, forms the inward and chief portions of those solemn rites." Venturing to transfer ourselves from the "dim religious light" of our author's diction, into the clearer atmosphere of popular phraseology, we may say:—he holds that the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper are veritable means of communicating grace, not merely the symbols of its communication; and that

legal ministers, historically connected with the apostles, are the only ones needed and the more effective, administrators of the second ordinances. To trace

Mr. Gladstone's corollaries from these positions, would be to overstep the province of a non-theological magazine, and to impute to him conclusions which he may possibly repudiate, would be to impute one of the worst though not the most of controversy.

In Maynooth question having been cleared out of his way, Mr. Gladstone entered the ministry in December, 1851, receiving the post of Colonial Secretary, vacated by Lord Stanley on account of Sir Robert Peel's resolution against the corn laws. In the year of the previous year he had done important service to the country by the publication of a pamphlet, "Remarks on Recent Commercial Legislation," exhibiting in elaborate detail the beneficial working of the tariff of 1842. Probably none of the arguments to the free-trade doctrine required a greater sacrifice of personal and political than did Mr. Gladstone. Not only his father and brothers bitterly attacked him, but the late lord Melbourne so successfully exerted his influence over Newark, as to prevent Mr. Gladstone's re-election; thus leaving the premier at his ablest, and through the memorable commercial struggle of 1846. At the general election of 1847, however, Mr. Gladstone was compensated for this loss by his election from the House of Commons, and by the bestowal of an important position as assistant to the prime minister. He was praised as nobler than any statesman of his age, and as more devoted to his own or people's interests than any of his contemporaries. It was the heaviest personal sacrifice to conviction—his representation of Oxford, and his labours there, were appreciated and rewarded by the election of the year 1852. He was elected from the University of Oxford, and his election was a triumph for the cause of the free-trade doctrine, and for the cause of the people, in the face of the party and pride of the aristocracy.

This "hope" was in some danger of disappointment. The Low-church and Anti-tractarian parties, elated by several consecutive triumphs in the University, vehemently opposed Mr. Gladstone on account of the sentiments advocated in this very work, and in that on "Church Principles." They set up against him, in conjunction with Sir R. H. Inglis, Mr. Round; but Mr. Gladstone triumphed by a majority of some two hundred votes over the latter candidate. In the course of the late parliament, he incurred the risk of displeasing alternately both sections of his supporters—the liberals, by his opposition to University reform, and his speech on Mr. Disraeli's motion for the relief of agricultural distress; the conservatives, by refusing to take office with Earl Derby, in February, 1851, and inflicting on the late Government the only material defeat they experienced through the session of 1852. He was, therefore, exposed to a determined opposition at the last general election; when Dr. Bullock Marsham polled more votes than Mr. Gladstone himself in the previous contest. He has just emerged from a still more vexatious and protracted struggle. By taking a very prominent part in the recent free-trade and budget debates—gaining, indeed, the most signal rhetorical success of the whole conflict—and accepting office in the new coalition ministry, he at once exasperated his old opponents, and alienated some of his warmest supporters.*

We come now to an episode in Mr. Gladstone's career which has conferred upon his name a world-wide reputation, and gained for him the admiration of millions. In the winter of 1850, he went to Naples, actuated only by such motives as carry thither annually hundreds of our affluent countrymen. He came in contact, however, with circumstances which converted his visit of pleasure into a "mission" noble as was ever undertaken by any knight errant of humanity. Naples had been con-

* The following are the numbers of votes polled for each of the respective candidates in 1851:—

Sir R. H. Inglis	150
Mr. Gladstone	560
Mr. Round	821
In 1852	
Sir R. H. Inglis	160
Mr. Gladstone	1108
Dr. Bullock Marsham	708
In 1853	
Mr. Gladstone	1022
Mr. Bullock	508

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD:
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Mr. Gladstone 1022
Mr. Bullock 508

spicuous in the tragic drama of Revolution and Reaction. In January, 1840, a constitution was spontaneously granted to the kingdom of Naples, sworn to by the monarch with every circumstance of solemnity, accepted by the people with universal and peaceful joy. Under this constitution, a Chamber of 164 deputies was elected by about 117,000 votes. On the 15th of May following, a collision took place, or was assumed to have taken place, between the authorities and the citizens. The former were victorious, and made ferocious use of their victory. Nevertheless, the constitution was solemnly ratified, and the King conjured the people to confide in his "good faith," his "sense of religion," and his "sacred and spontaneous oath." On Mr. Gladstone's arrival in Naples, about two years and a half from the date of this address, he heard repeated the assertion of an eminent Neapolitan, that nearly the whole of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies (the Chamber itself having been abolished) were either in prison or in exile. He deemed this statement a monstrous invention; but was convinced, by the sight of "a list in detail," that it was under the truth—that an absolute majority of the representatives were either suffering imprisonment, or avoiding it by self-expatiation. The knowledge of this terrible fact led him on to the investigation of other and yet more horrible statements—that there were ten, twenty, thirty thousand political prisoners in the kingdom of Naples; that many of these unhappy persons were of eminent station and of unimpeachable loyalty; that few or none of the *detenus* had been legally arrested or held to trial; that, nevertheless, they were suffering intolerable wretchedness—sickness, hunger, suffocation, and irons; that, in short, the government was "the negation of God erected into a system." Having with his own eyes tested as many of these statements as admitted of verification, and found the horribleness of reality to exceed the horribleness of rumour, Mr. Gladstone determined—despite his strong conservative prejudices against interfering in the affairs of other nations, and especially of even seeming to side with republicans—to make an effort for the abatement of such gigantic atrocities. Immediately on his return to England, therefore, he addressed a

written letter to Earl Aberdeen, as ex-Foreign Secretary, reciting what he had witnessed, and suggesting a private remonstrance with the government of Naples. That remonstrance having proved ineffectual, Mr. Gladstone published, in July, 1851, that and a supplementary letter. Never did pamphlet create a more profound sensation. Fifteen or twenty editions sold in less than as many weeks; newspapers multiplied its revelations a million-fold; and Lord Palmerston presented copies to all the continental ambassadors, for transference to their respective governments. Only one English *litterateur*, Mr. Charles Macfarlane, could be found to indite an "Apology" for the power thus formally impeached at the bar of universal opinion; and that performance was justly deemed so unsatisfactory by his clients, that an "Official Reply" was put forth. Mr. Gladstone briefly rejoined; and his facts, by almost unanimous consent, stand equally unimpeachable with his motives.

That he is "a member of the *Conservative* party in one of the great families of European nations," is alleged by Mr. Gladstone as one of his reasons for doing the very thing which has procured for him the sympathetic admiration of English and European liberalism. "Your deviation from the *Conservative* principles of finance will be followed by a late but ineffectual repentance," was his final appeal against the budget of a tory minister. These circumstances are strikingly significant—the explanation of his apparently vacillating career, and of his present anomalous position. He is emphatically a Conservative-Liberal—Conservative in conviction and sentiment, Liberal by the pre-sence of his intellect and the generosity of his nature. One of the hereditary princes of commerce, he is also one of the elected chiefs of the republic of letters; having early set himself to win distinction in the quiet walks of scholarship, and in the noisy arena of intellectual strife. Content with no less than a triple crown, he would add to the reputation of the schoolman and the philosopher, that of the politician. He enters the senate as the champion of prescriptive power, at the moment when innovation is elate with triumph, and impatient for renewed struggle;—yet in the only decisive struggle which has since occurred, he bled and con-

and sorrow which in the abolition
system, for the loss of which he is
not sure those who benefited
thereby, not be compensated;—yet
that very position is embodied in
himself, for this is the hand put forth
to demand it, and to no one attributes to
him an egotistic motive. He avows
no formal alliance with the es-
tablished governments of Europe,—yet
endeavours to make them hateful,
more feeble, than any one of
their ordinary chiefs. He framed a
new social relations which requires
the members of a Government some-
times to maintain faith and a corpo-
rate system, yet takes his seat in
parliamentary councils with men whose
views are the antipodes of his,
and whose conscience has dictated
the opposite of his, on
the most important moment;—
and he calls him unprincipled.
Even a man of most honour, he
goes to a society in which he is in-
directly sworn, and can have little con-
sistency with it, because, all are
under the name it bears, and
which it represents. Holding, as
Gladstone does, that government is
a natural arrangement, necessitated
by human imperfection, but a divinely
sanctioned power,—though designed for
a good end, not originating in the
evil will—he is necessarily a Con-
servative. Believing, too, that it is the

intestinct, to that side of public affairs
which we are agreed to call the aristo-
cratic. Further, the natural bias of his
mind, strengthened by the direction of
his studies, is towards an undue rever-
ence for the past. Thus we find, that
all his arguments are based, in theology,
upon revelation—in politics, upon pre-
cedent; all his appeals addressed to
the religious prepossessions or histo-
rical knowledge of those whom he
would persuade. He never takes his
stand upon the immutable facts of our
nature, the inalienable rights of man—
never rises to those prophetic heights
whence pictures of social perfection may
be discerned. But over against all this
must be set that rectitude of intellect
which makes him anxious to understand
both sides of a controversy,—that keen-
ness of perception, which detects the
entrance of a question upon what he
calls its "fluent state"—and that deli-
cacy of conscience which will permit
him to inflict no known injustice, nor
gain for his party any unfair advantages.
A philosopher among statesmen, he is
also a purist among politicians. It
would be most hazardous to predict the
career of a man so thoroughly indivi-
dual; but, reviewing the incidents of a
career chequered but unblemished, we
may confidently anticipate, that as that
future lengthens out it will yield only
honour to him, and chiefly service to
his country. W. W.

upon the stage, did not intend his son for the same profession: but he determined to give him a first-rate education, and some say, intended him for the church, but others with more truth assert that he was brought up with the intention of practising at the bar. For this end he, after having been the usual time at a private academy, was removed to Rugby school in Warwickshire, and received his education under the celebrated Dr. Arnold, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, whose early death must be regretted as a public loss. Certain circumstances (probably his father's failure, the elder Macready having become a bankrupt at the Manchester Theatre in the year 1800,) altered the determination of his after life. The law was abandoned, and before he had attained the age of 17, William Charles Macready made his debut at Birmingham in the year 1810. His success was great, and determined him upon the course he had taken; after fulfilling his engagement at Birmingham, he visited the principal towns in which his father managed, and in 1813 and 1814, performed with undiminished success at Newcastle, Dublin, and Bath, where he immediately became a great favourite. His fame preceded him to the metropolis, and he was solicited by the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre to accept an engagement, this temptation he wisely declined. Most people have probably forgotten that Mr. Macready, not satisfied with following his father as an actor, attempted authorship as well, and produced on May 20, 1814, at Newcastle, a romantic play founded on Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Rokeby," the principal part in which he performed himself. We may add *en passant* that another actor, Mr. George Bennett, has produced a play from the same source called "Retribution." After an engagement at Bath, overtures were made him by the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, amongst whom were Lord Byron and the Hon. Mr. Kinaird; the theatre being governed by amateurs. This engagement was never concluded, and Mr. Macready remained in the provinces. At last on Monday, the 16th September, 1816, the rising actor had the honour of making his first appearance before a London audience at Covent Garden Theatre, as *Orestes* in Phillips's tragedy of "The Distressed Mother." Hazlitt and other

distinguished theatrical critics pronounced him to be the best actor had appeared since J. P. Kemble: "The Theatrical Inquisitor," a journal of the day, thus speaks of him: "Macready's performance of *Orestes* in many parts very fine; not used to a large theatre, allowance be made for his voice being occasionally too low—some of his tones resemble those of Mr. Elliston, who we apprehend has been Mr. Macready's model. Those who recollect Mr. Holman in *Orestes* will be delighted with the superior performance of this young man's performance. His love, his apprehensions, his hope, his despair, were admirably depicted, and his mad scene was a natural picture of insanity."

On the announcement of Mr. Macready's name for re-appearance he received with three distinct rounds of applause—the foreign and absurd custom of calling before the curtain—not then in vogue. Mr. Hazlitt, was then considered the first theatrical critic, thus speaks of him. We give the passage, as it will serve to give readers an insight into Macready's powers at the time:

"A Mr. Macready appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday and Tuesday, in the character of *Orestes*, in *Distressed Mother*, a bad play for display of his powers, in which, however, he succeeded in making a decided favourable impression upon the audience. His voice is powerful in the highest degree, and at the same time possesses harmony and modulation. His fire is not equally calculated for the stage. He declaims better than anybody we have lately heard. He is accusatory, being violent, and of wanting passion. Neither of these objections is true. His manner of delivering the first speech of the play was admirable, and of want of increasing interest after that was the fault of the author rather than of the actor. The fine suppressed to which he assented to *Pyrrhus's* command, to convey the message to *Monime* was a test of his variety of power and brought down repeated acclamations from the house. We do not much stress on his mad scene, though that was very good in its kind; for mad scenes do not occur very often, when they do, had in general better be omitted. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that Mr. Mac-

any they have in understanding
other. We think it wrong in any
of great merit (which we hold Mr.
ready to be) to come out in an am-
us character, to save his reputa-

An actor is like a man who
himself from the top of a steeple
He should choose the high-
place he can find, that if he does
succeed in coming to the ground,
he break his neck at once, and so
himself and the spectators out of
pain."

At *Orestes*, his most successful
part was that of *Gambin*, in "The
in which, by a vivid delineation
he confirmed the most sanguine
of his talent, and succeeded in
ing a position on the metropolitan

He was next cast for *Othello*;
sustaining the part of *Iago*;
last, in conjunction with Charles
de in *Pescarn*, in "The Apostate,"
quote the words of an authority,
as forth as an original genius.
his talent was conceded on all

like Richard Lalor Shiel had
a powerful tragedy, which was
acted at Covent Garden in Febru-
ary, under the name of "Evadne."
in play the part of *Ludovico*, which
Macready sustained, and on which
side of the play hinges, appears to
been written for our actor, and
entrusted to his care, was most

but although admirably acted, it was
not permitted by the audience to be
announced for repetition. *Rob Roy*
was also another popular character of
Macready, and rendered by him with a
deep feeling, and a wild, free, and care-
less step, and confident bearing, which
realizes the admirable portrait drawn
by the powerful pen of Sir Walter Scott.
It was a conception of the mind both
vigorous and poetic, and by it the young
actor achieved one of his earliest and
greatest triumphs.

As yet, however, our hero had not
grappled much of the creations of our
elder and better dramatists, and this he
determined to do. In January, 1820,
he enacted *Coriolanus*, but unsucces-
sfully. In February, *Othello*, which was
brilliantly successful; and in April of
the same year, *King Lear*. In the
same month, Morton's comedy of
"Henri Quatre" was produced at Co-
vent Garden, in which Mr. Macready
greatly distinguished himself as the
hero. This play came out most oppor-
tunately, for at the rival theatre of Drury
Lane, Edmund Kean was playing the
whole round of his characters previous
to his departure for America.

A short time previous to this it is
said that Kean had himself suggested
to Mr. Sheridan Knowles, that the death
of the Roman maid Virginia would
form a fit subject for a tragedy. The
suggestion, such as it was, could not

The production of this play was a new era in dramatic art; the legitimate drama was at a low ebb; Shakspeare's plays, however fine, and however popular in the country, had been acted so often that a London audience grew tired. To bolster up the sinking theatre wild melodramas and wilder farces had been used in vain; but Knowles's tragedy, caused an echo amongst the noblest feelings of humanity, elevated their sentiments, purified their thoughts, and added life to feelings which had become *blases* and outworn. The great success of this play had such an effect on the Drury Lane visitors that Mr. Kean, instead of sustaining any of his celebrated characters for his benefit, which took place in June, 1820, was compelled to have recourse to novelty, or to play to comparatively empty benches. This upon the eve of his departure for America was somewhat disheartening, and a play of the name of "Admirable Crichton" was got up solely for his benefit, at which Mr. Kean sang, danced and fenced, and was advertised to have played harlequin, which he would have done, had he not sprained his ankle. On the 17th September, he took his farewell of Drury Lane Theatre, and set out for Liverpool, preparatory to his embarkation for New York. Thus on the reopening of both theatres in October, Mr. Macready and the other actors at Covent Garden were left in undisputed possession of the field. Macready took the place of Kean as the first actor of the day, and on the 25th October, only fourteen days after Kean had sailed, he made his appearance as *Richard III.*, a difficult part, in which he was most anxious to appear; but in the personation of which he fell somewhat below the scale in which, his admirers had anticipated he would have been placed. To appear in this character so shortly after Cooke, Kemble, Kean, and Young, who had engrafted on it their peculiar excellence, was a bold attempt; the result proved that it was not too presumptuous; he did not, indeed, electrify the audience by touches of genius such as Kean showed. Coleridge has well remarked, that Kean's acting was somewhat like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning; by vivid touches Kean was able to throw a sudden light upon the play which revealed the whole part to the imagination of the audience, this was the work

of a genius, perhaps the most brilliant if the most uneven, which the stage produced; but in Macready there was none of this; in the scene with *Anne*, which has astonished the rest of Shakspeare, that a woman so devoted to her husband should yield to the citation of his murderer, Kean's was such that we have heard those who have often wondered at and admired the scene as played by him, declare they could forgive a woman who yielded to such passionate and intense emotion. In Macready there was too much reserve, there was none of that insinuating address which characterized the admirable performance of Edmund Kean. Macready made a wife forget all injuries, subtle fascinations of the man. The present scene, on the contrary, was excellently acted, and called forth great approbation. Few examples could surpass this effort, and his portrayal of the terrors which "shook the guilty *Richard*," was pronounced perfect.

On the 15th of May, 1821, "The Pest," was revived, as an opera, over being the *Prospero*; he exerted himself but slightly, and the opera was a failure. On the 28th of the same month *Monarch and Pythias*, retouched and adapted by Shiel, was produced. Macready was pronounced to be a brilliant throughout; he had as yet been seen in no play to more advantage his delineation of the character of him as the hero of what is called romantic drama. In this sphere deep and subtle powers of analysis and of portraying the mind which pervades a character, were perceived and acknowledged by the critics with surprise and applause. On the 2d June, "Henry IV., Part 2," was revived. Mr. Macready in his personation of the aged and dying monarch parted great judgment and diction to the character. He played *Hamlet*, *Mirandola*, in Cornwall's tragedy of that name, and *Romeo*; at the close of the Covent Garden season his engagement terminated, and he proceeded on a tour to the provinces. Whilst playing at his father's theatre in Birmingham, in August, 1823, after leaving the theatre it is said, passed a house in which, whence, we may record to his honour that he rescued a child from a horrible death. The record of the which appeared in the local

from production, obtaining many laurels in history and other subjects, was telling in an English audience that Macready made a triumphant display of his powers in melodrama, assisted by Mr. Shiel, and adapted Massinger's fine play, "The Fatal Dowry," from the late R. W. Elliston, on May 1st, 1833, his first appearance as *Macbeth*, he was supported by many as *Prince Hal*. The play was very successful and well appreciated. Before the close of the season Macready assumed the difficult part of Jacques in "As You Like It," and in the parts of *Deiaval* and *Sir Francis Kestrel*. He now made a visit to France where he was attended by greater success than in England—Macready had no recollections to forward in comparison with his acting and hailed him as the greatest actor of the day. After this great trans-atlantic applause, he returned in 1828, where he was considered second only to Francis Kemble, and this proud position was granted to him after Kemble and Kean had been coldly rebuffed. The truth seems to be, that the opinion of Mr. Macready is due to the Parisians; without any feeling which only nature could produce which must proceed en-

Tales" by Miss Lee, whole passages are merely chopped up into deca-syllabic verses of the most ordinary kind. The merits of the play are owing rather to the situations than the skill of the dramatist. At the close of the season of 1832, Mr. Macready absented himself from the metropolis, and formed a long engagement, an engagement in fact for life, with a Miss Kitty Atkins, who had been for some time a member of his father's company, and with whom he has, for more than twenty years, lived happily;—the lady has recently deceased.

Edmund Kean's last appearance took place on the 25th of March, 1833, on which occasion he sustained the character of *Othello*, his son, Charles Kean, playing *Iago*. As the great actor uttered the line,—"Othello's occupation's gone," he fell back in his son's arms, totally unable to proceed; he was led off the stage, and the late J. P. Ward was substituted to conclude the part. The great actor died on the 13th of May following, a victim to his passions and to intense dissipation.

On the opening of the season at Drury Lane, October 1st, 1835, Mr. Macready made his appearance as *Macbeth*, on which occasion Miss Ellen Tree attempted the part of *Lady Macbeth*, and failed. On the 17th February following, Mr. Macready had a son and

him with an enthusiasm which has seldom been equalled or surpassed.

In the spring of 1837, Mr. Macready produced at the Haymarket (where he had formed an engagement with Mr. B. Webster) "*The Maid's Tragedy*," adapted for representation by Knowles and himself, under the title of "*The Bridal*;" Mr. Macready enacting the part of *Melantius*, supported by the late Mr. Elton, as *Amintor*; there had not been for some time past anything produced on the boards of the Haymarket half so dramatic as the interviews between *Erastus* and *Melantius*, her brother. They were considered the perfection of histrionic art, and elicited repeated and long-continued plaudits. Mr. Macready next commenced the lesseship of Covent Garden Theatre, and endeavoured to restore dramatic art to what it should be; to do this, all things before and behind the curtain stood in need of a thorough reformation. Under Mr. Macready's management, to quote the words of Mr. W. J. Fox, "a great change began to be perceived and felt. The art of Stanfield commenced the creation of a noble gallery of paintings. A strong company was collected, including the best talent that could be obtained in London or from the provinces; by frequent and careful rehearsals the mind of the great master was made to pervade the entire performance. Aspiring actors learnt to co-operate, and not to sacrifice the spirit of a scene for individual prominence. The public felt the harmony of the representations thus produced—people went to see a play—theatrical favouritism and partisanship merged in the recognised presence of dramatic poetry."

On the rising of the curtain, Mr. Macready's appearance to speak the opening address was hailed with the most enthusiastic applause. The address was written by Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, and the opening piece was a splendid revival of Shakspeare's play of "*The Winter's Tale*;" Mr. Macready personating *Leontes*; Mr. Jas. Anderson, *Florizel*; and Miss Taylor, *Perdita*.

But Mr. Macready was not satisfied with making the merely dramatic portion of the theatre perfect. He was determined to cleanse it, and it was an Augean task, from its vice and its licentiousness. Other managers had added to their attractions the stimulus of licentiousness, and with them the

saloon, thronged with characters too base to mention, formed a portion of the theatre. The old Puritans had seen this end, and from Prynne downwards had denounced, and justly, the immorality of the stage. Their accusations cannot be denied, the licence of theatres had become notorious; in Charles' days the young nobility had regarded it as a vehicle whereby to gratify their lust. Mistresses were chosen from the actresses, and Nell Gwynne herself, King Charles' favourite, had been taken from the stage. Infected with this vice, the writers, instead of aiding morality, turned their pens to aid the vice which was destroying, and has destroyed, the public love for the drama. The comedies of Congreve, of Wycherly, and Vanburgh, and of Mrs. Centlivre, are so notoriously impure that they cannot be read with any pleasure, although they abound in the most striking and glittering wit; at last this shamelessness grew to such a height, that the ladies who frequented the theatre were obliged to go masked, lest something in the representation should be of so immoral a character, of such open indecency, that it might even cause their callous cheeks to blush. From the stage itself the sin rose higher, the novels and works of fiction were permeated with the same vice; and books were openly read by matrons and unmarried ladies, for which the publishers would now be prosecuted. Sir Walter Scott somewhere relates, that his grandmother hearing that he collected old literature, begged him to bring her a novel which she recollected had been popular in her youth, and which she had heard read publicly in the presence of ladies. He did so with some reluctance. The next time he saw the old lady she returned the book: "Tak' your bonnie books awa'," said she, "and burn them, yet I mind the time when even girls read them." So it was, from open and public licentiousness on the stage, a plague like a thick cloud arose, which cast a more than Egyptian darkness over the whole region of religion and morals. A saloon had become associated with the name, and was deemed essential to the prosperity, of the theatre. Privileges and tickets were bestowed to secure the attendance of those whose presence was a bane to all. The most reputable managers believed themselves under the necessity of making this

2. Mr. May, Nov. 20, 1838, "Othello"
 and "Hamlet," Mr. Macready,
 1839, Mr. Vandenhoff; and Decem-
 ber, 1839, Mr. Williams. On the 7th of
 the following year, a successful play by
 Henry and Lytton Bulwer, called "Ri-
 chard the Third," supported by Mr.
 Phelps, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Anderson,
 Mr. Talbot, and on June 10th of
 the following year, Shakspeare's play of
 "The Merchant of Venice" was magnificently revived.
 The exertions of Mr. Macready in the
 drama, and the drama awarding a
 determination in the country
 the first the lovers of the drama
 to him with a testimonial; the
 at was a design in silver of the actor
 the drama—the arts and muses
 to render him their
 the chiefs of celebrated scenes
 the base, and the form of
 the crown—the summit—the
 the names of the day were
 the list of contributors, and the
 Cambridge presided at the pre-
 Just before this, Mr. Mac-
 reign at Covent Garden
 in consequence of the
 not granting him a
 Mr. Macready was
 afterwards engaged by Mr.
 the Haymarket, for two
 In October 1839, he produced
 play of "The Sea Captain,"
 was decidedly success-ful; and
 a record of his characters.

and Galatea" by Handel, and Douglas
 Jerrold's "Prisoner of War," Lord By-
 ron's "Marino Faliero," and Mr. Westland
 Marston's fine play of "The Patrician's
 Daughter." He also produced a new
 play by Mr. Browning, called "The
 Blot on the Scutcheon." The Queen and
 Prince Albert patronized Drury Lane
 Theatre and visited it on the 12th June,
 1843, and on the following Wednesday,
 Mr. Macready closed his second season
 of 183 nights, 93 of which were devoted
 to the plays of Shakspeare. In his
 address, he declared that his actual
 loss during the two seasons amounted
 to near £10,000; and calculating his
 salary as an actor and manager, and
 the abandonment of his provincial
 engagements, the loss would be little
 less than £20,000. The theatre closed,
 and one of Macready's best actors, Mr.
 Elton, proceeding by sea to a provincial
 engagement, was drowned. On the 5th
 of September following, Mr. Macready
 again sailed for the New World, where
 he pursued a brilliant but troubled
 career. He then went to Paris, where
 he performed before Louis Philippe,
 and on January 19, 1845, that king, out
 of respect for his genius, presented him
 with various magnificent gifts, besides
 three bank notes of 1,000 francs each
 to defray his travelling expenses. He
 again appeared in London at the Prin-
 cess's Theatre; and, at the same theatre
 June 1846 he produced Mr. White's

usage, I appear once more before you. Even if I were without precedent for the discharge of this act of duty, it is one which my own feelings would irresistibly urge upon me; for as I look back on my professional career, I see in it but one continuous record of indulgence and support extended to me, cheering me in my onward progress, and upholding me in my most trying emergencies. I have therefore been desirous of offering you my parting acknowledgments for the partial kindness with which my humble efforts have uniformly been received, and for a life made happier by your favour. The distance of five-and-thirty years has not dimmed the recollection of the encouragement which gave fresh impulse to the inexperienced essay of my youth, and stimulated me to persevere when struggling hardly for equality of position with the genius and talent of those artists whose superior excellence I ungrudgingly admitted, admired, and honoured. That encouragement helped to place me, in respect to privileges and emolument, on a footing with my distinguished competitors. With the growth of time your favour seemed to grow; and, undisturbed in my hold on your opinion, from year to year I found friends more closely and thickly clustering around me. My ambition to establish a theatre, in regard to decorum and taste, worthy of our country, and to have in it the plays of our divine Shakspeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seeds have yet been sown; and in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers, we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unseemly presentations of past days will never be restored, but that the purity of our great poet's text will henceforward be held on our English stage in the reverence it ever should command. I have little more to say. By some the relation of an actor to his audience is considered slight and transient. I do not feel so. The repeated manifestation, under circumstances personally affecting me, of your favourable sentiments towards me, will live with life among my most grateful memories; and, because I would not willingly abate one jot in your esteem, I retire with the belief of yet unfailing powers,

rather than linger on the scene, to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years. Words—at least such as I can command—are ineffectual to convey my thanks. In offering them, you will believe I feel far more than I give utterance to. With sentiments of the deepest gratitude I take my leave, bidding you, ladies and gentlemen, in my professional capacity, with regret and most respectfully, farewell."

On the Saturday following, March 1st, the farewell dinner was given to him in the Hall of Commerce. There were present,—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. (the chairman), Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., the Marquis of Clanricarde, John Foster, Esq., A. Fonblanque, Esq., Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A., W. J. Fox, Esq., M.P., the Chevalier Bunsen, Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A., W. M. Thackeray, Esq., Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., C. Landseer, Esq., R.A., Thomas Landseer, Esq., R.A., D. Maclise, Esq., R.A., C. Dickens, Esq., Lord Ward, Charles Kemble, Esq., Lieut-General Sir John Wilson, Captain Sir George Back, R.N., George Robert Rowe, M.D., &c., &c. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, the chairman, made an eloquent speech, the concluding portion of which we give:—

"More than all this, Mr. Macready has sought to rally round him the dramatic writers of the day, and thus brought him (the chairman) from the merits of the actor to the merits of the manager. He recurred to that brief but glorious time when the British drama promised to revive under Mr. Macready's management, and gave brighter hopes to the future; when by the exercise of taste, the gorgeous scenery and magnificent appointments, those revivals were attempted which displayed the extraordinary agencies employed by the all-powerful Prospero, or when the Knight of Agincourt exhibited again the pomp of the feudal ages. But not only had Mr. Macready understood the value of representing such gorgeous scenes as those; he had also purified the audiences, and for the first time since the reign of Charles the Second, the father of a family might safely take his children to that gentleman's theatre, where the same decorum was observed as at the residence of a friend—(applause)—and well had that effort been appreciated! It was

that his houses were overcrowded, that the chambers rent charged, the exactness to which he was subject, made the difference between the richness. It was not for him to make the state of things which existed upon that subject now. It involved considerations with regard to matters that were given to certain persons for the alleged purpose of maintaining the metropolis, the legitimate law which it tended in reality to establish. (Hear, hear.) He would speak of Macready as a man. Of qualities which adorned him, and which were known only in secret, it would not be place to speak upon the subject; yet there were some things which were not called "private."

Macready a man everywhere, a man an essential part of his character; these it became them to speak of as they had met that day to speak to their guest, to encourage him to pure ends, to acknowledge his ambition and manly independence, and to testify their appreciation of that honour which had never been lost. They could not disguise from themselves that a great prejudice existed against actors, but in their noble feelings they had a man who had never admitted the weakness of an actor, and who never stooped to court the applause of the great, but had obtained it from an accomplished gentle-

man, for that night, all selfish regret, and think only of the brightness of the sun which was about to set. He called upon them to drink with full glasses, and fuller hearts, 'health, happiness, and long life to William Macready.' "

In his reply Mr. Macready professed to be overcome by the kindness and honour they had done him, and gave a noble estimate of the position which the intellectual actor should hold.

"I am really too much overpowered, I am really too much overcome, to attempt to detain you long, but with the reflection, and under the conviction that our drama is the noblest in the world, and that it can never lose its place from the stage while the English language shall last, I would venture to express a parting hope that the rising actors would keep the loftiest look, and would hold the most elevated views of the duties of their calling. I would hope that they would struggle to elevate their rank, and with it raise themselves above the level of the player's easy life to public regard and distinction. To effect this creditable purpose they must bring resolution, energy, untiring labour to their work. They must be content to spurn delight, and live laborious days. The oak must sink in the stubborn earth its roots ere it lifts its branches to the skies. This, I am sure, was the doctrine of Siddons and of Talma, and this is the faith which I have ever held

I conceived that the proprietors should have co-operated with me. They, however, thought otherwise, and I was reluctantly compelled to relinquish, on disadvantageous terms, my half-achieved enterprise. Others may take up that incomplete work, and if inquiry be sought for one best qualified to undertake the task, I should seek him in a theatre which, for eight years, he has raised from its degraded condition—in that theatre which he has raised high in the public estimation, not only as to the intelligence and respectability of the audiences, but by the learned and tasteful spirit of his productions. With a heart more full than the glass which I raise to my lips, I return you my most grateful thanks for the honour you have done me."

It would be unjust to take leave of Mr. Macready, without enumerating the original plays which he has been, either directly or indirectly, instrumental in producing,—and estimating thereby the amount of benefit which the new drama of England has received from his patronage. Earliest on the list is, we believe, the tragedy of 'Mirandola,' by Barry Cornwall,—and next Sheridan Knowles's 'Virginus.' Then comes Haynes's 'Damon and Pythias,' Shiel's 'Huguenot,' Miss Mitford's 'Julian,' Knowles's 'Caius Græchus' and 'William Tell,' Byron's 'Werner,' Knowles's 'Alfred the Great,' Browning's 'Stafford,' Byron's 'Sardanapalus,' Lovell's 'Provost of Bruges,' Talfourd's 'Ion,' Bulwer's 'Duchess de la Valliere' and 'Lady of Lyons,' Knowles's 'Woman's Wit,' Byron's 'Two Foscari,' Bulwer's 'Richelieu' and 'Sea Captain,' Haynes's 'Mary Stuart,' Talfourd's 'Athenian Captive,' and 'Glencoe,' Serle's 'Master Clarke,' Bulwer's 'Money,' Troughton's 'Nina Sforza,' 'Gisippus,' by the author of 'The Collegians,' Darley's 'Plighted Troth,' Byron's 'Doge of Venice,' Marston's 'Patrician's Daughter,' Knowles's 'Secretary,' Browning's 'Blot on the Scutcheon,' White's 'King of the Commons,' and Taylor's 'Philip Van Artevelde.'

Of these, how many have retained possession of the stage?—"Virginus," 'Damon and Pythias,' 'William Tell,' 'Werner,' 'Ion,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Richelieu,' 'Money,' and 'The Patrician's Daughter.'—nine out of a list of thirty-three. Of Mr. Macready's own managements at Covent Garden and

Drury Lane, extending over four seasons, only three pieces survive; and indeed, not many more were attempted—spectacular revivals substituting original production. These three plays gave two new authors to the stage, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and Mr. Marston; the first, one who had previously commanded a position on it,—the second, a young and untried poet, who has since amply justified the manager's preference. The only living writer, besides who owes his present dramatic existence to Mr. Macready, is Sir Thomas Talfourd.

We have not mentioned, as almost unworthy of record, the very serious disturbance in America, occasioned by the admirers of Mr. Forrest, offering a violent opposition to Mr. Macready in his performance. But the quarrels of authors have been recorded, and those of actors should have a Parthian glance thrown at them ere we close. Suffice it to say, that in New York, Mr. Macready had such a riotous opposition in the Theatre from the partizans of Forrest, that he was driven from the stage, and obliged to seek safety in flight. Nor did the affray end here. The military were called out, and were obliged to fire upon the mob, occasioning, we believe, loss of life. Mr. Macready in disguise reached his hotel, and immediately sailed from those shores, which had in every other instance proved to him so hospitable.

Mr. Macready's personal appearance is striking: his forehead is broad and high; his eye small, but full of fire; his nose is the most faulty feature of his face; his lips are constantly compressed, giving to his face a determination, which is borne out by an abrupt and somewhat harsh manner. His figure, though tall, is not graceful, and he appears to disadvantage in modern costume.

On the retirement of Mr. Macready from the stage, the newspapers were full of sketches of his life, and of criticisms on his acting. The majority of these papers were laudatory, and perhaps too much so. But on the other hand, some severely commented on his behaviour to his brother actors, and especially on his *hauteur*, and distant and proud bearing towards the younger professors of his art. With this kind of criticism we have nothing to do, but the ablest purely critical paper we insert, recom-

needed as it is
and poetical as
ever by a per-
son, and opportunities which
others could have had.

A career of thirty-four years as
of many vicissitudes; we can re-
member the whole of Mr. Macready's, th-
many years his junior. We have
known him entirely as amateur and
actor; and may have said in a slight
degree to have participated in it.
We have seen him on and off the stage
have enacted a Shakespearian part
him; have seen him in the green room
have constantly criticised him in a
new part, and studied him in the
and have thus so intimate an acqu-
aintance with his stage life as is well
fit for a public writer to have.
We have no quarrel with him, for we never
were in a position to quarrel; we
are particularly, for we only know him
as an artist. Thus sure, if truth is
found in criticism, it might be hoped
for in this memorial; and we are
desirous to record an opinion that
based by either a base or a gen-
tlemen'ship, shall give a faithful
picture of one who has filled so pre-
sented a part in theatrical matters.

It is now only to consider the oft-
asked question,—is Mr. Macready a
Shakespearian actor? Or, in other
words, is he an actor of the highest
order? To this we must reply in the
negative; and our reason is, that he is
essentially a man of great and culti-
vated talents but has little impulsive
power. To elucidate Shakespeare re-
quires something of the same plasticity
of imagination, the same wonderful
facility of conception,—a facility mis-
taken and keen in its operation, but
not as 'a chattering gnat'; as bound-
less as full of spirits, as graceful, as
vigorous in the richness of its fancy, as
true to himself. No actor can study
himself into Shakespeare. He must
have the lightning flash which reveals
all at a glance. There is no reducing
the poet's creations to an analytical
process. Now truly, it seems to us
that Mr. Macready is denied plasticity.
He has not the essential attribute of an
actor. He cannot personate. He has
not a particle of the Protean power.
Instead of being subdued to the char-
acter, he subdues the character to
himself. Like Le Brun he can give
you certain abstract passions, but of

the only a limited number: grief on
one side, rage on its demoniac,
and affection, but all modifica-
tions of himself, not representations of
others. All his performances
are only variations of
characteristics, such as
for rage, and a defiant
Now this generalizing
is the mode of the old
of our vague and
on them. There-
but not the
Shakespeare's cha-
racter. A per-
son as we had known
No mere tyrant, no
youth. Shakespeare
it was his in its full
; and probably will so

"It is in answer to the
of personification,
has a great deal of
is logically correct.
we want imaginative truth,
and it is true *Macbeth*
of man shaken
he goes to *Duncan*, but he
is very different from a cowardly bur-
glar. *Leor* is a chieftain, barbaric chief,
but he would not bully every one he
comes near. *Iago* is a designing ruffian,
but he is not an exaggeration of deceit.
No rationale in the world will supply
the want of an entire and perfect im-
aginative conception. Neither Brown
nor Dugald Stewart could supply lan-
guage nor logic to make *Hamlet* com-
prehensible to a mere mathematical
mind. For these reasons we must say,
as Godwin said of James I., Mr.
Macready has chosen a wrong trade.
It is true he has professionally suc-
ceeded; but he has not artistically. He
has won his way to a high position;
by what means principally, we have
shown. He has commanded admirers;
and to a certain extent, deservedly, we
do not deny. But it is not for his
powers as a personator—as an actor;
but for merits and demerits that are the
very contrary of those of a great or true
actor. He is a capital reciter; he has
a vehemence that kindles emotion. He
has strong powers of declamation. He
appears thoroughly in earnest. He
knows how to suddenly introduce a
reality of action or tone, that surprises
the unreflecting and the unimaginative
into admiration. Still it is Mr.

Macready we hear, see, and know under that phase. He has the power of a declaimer, an orator, a rhetorician, but not of an actor. His self-consciousness is of a most robustious kind. His personality is utterly unsubduable. He is a very clever man who has a perfectly logical perception of the author's utterance; but has no power to embody that and lose himself. As, however, the vehement religious enthusiast excites the generality of the audience who hear him, because emotion of whatever kind is contagious, so do all vehement actors. Such expression may not convey the idea intended by the author, but if it call up a strong sensation it will pass for excellence. Most persons like to be mentally excited; and are careless of the means. And those not easily excited are led frequently by a common-place logic, and banishing the idea of illusion, or being impervious to it, make an analysis of the performance, and are satisfied if the facts cohere rationally. Neither of these states answer to that which the appreciator of Shakspeare must be in. To him must be awarded some portion of that plastic imagination belonging to the poet himself. The suggestive power of the dramatist leads him to weave for himself the pictures and the characters before him. He is neither carried away by a spurious enthusiasm, nor misled by the untimely contagion of some abstract emotion; nor is he the slave of a low logic which turns the action of the piece into an arithmetical problem. But the play and the performance is as a fine strain of music; as a noble and a cohering stream. It is never thought of as a reality. The vision is perfect as the creation of magic, and melts away into the same unsubstantiality. It is a thing of the soul and not of the body.

" These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirit, and
Are melted into air, into thin air." . .

Unless poetry be read and played as such it is incongruous nonsense, or mere prose upon wheels.

"Such being our notions of acting and the drama, we have never been able to see in Mr. Macready the true Shakespearian power. But we have always acknowledged in him strong prosaic talents. Capacity to kindle and move mixed audiences by an abstract expression of some of the passions, considerable acquirements, stage intelligence, and the utmost comprehension of his author that a highly-cultivated understanding could give. But we must conclude, as we began, by saying that his imaginative power is small, and that consequently he lacks entirely the power of personification; and that he is consequently rugged, disjointed, fragmentary, and inharmonious; a forcible declaimer and expounder, but not a poet, and consequently not an actor."

In reviewing the past life of a man who has won so high a position and in so arduous a profession as Mr. Macready, we cannot but be struck with admiration and gratitude when we consider that he has never done anything to degrade but on the contrary everything to elevate his art—he has endeavoured in every way to depress any vicious tendency which exists either on the stage or in the lives of those who are devoted to it; he has shown by his own conduct that an actor has a profession which is elevating, instructive, and moral, and which, if rightly professed, might be brought to the aid of the pulpit itself. Schlegel has well remarked that "the life of an actor is but the record of his art," and if this life presents few romantic incidents, no great contrasts of poverty or wealth, no vivid struggles to emancipate a people, or deep study to reform the laws, it yet shows the earnest devotion of one to a noble, though a misunderstood art, and his continued and unremitting attempts crowned with a partial success, to rescue it from the contempt and degradation to which professors less worthy than himself had reduced it.

H. G.

ser whose pleasant sallies have so often set the table in a roar." He is remembered while amusement is born out of his studies, while his lightest words are heard in peals of laughter, and while even the mere rolling of his eye is a provocation of merriment; but time, sickness, or age have lain their fingers upon his brow, or the tomb has been laid upon him, he rarely occupies the foremost place in the memory of his former admirers. Hook formed an exception to this rule. He was the "heart of a season," praised, flattered, and snubbed, but when he vanished, the temporary inconvenience occasioned by his loss was remedied by less gifted and equally amusing successors. In the mad whirlpool of fashion and pleasure he had been hurrying round year after year, drawing closer to the fatal rock, and when at last he was engulfed beneath the tide, the waters receded on as rapidly and as laughingly as before.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was born in London on the 22nd September, 1788. His father was for many years musical director of Vauxhall Gardens, and composed the music of upwards of 100 songs for operettas, vaudevilles, and other light dramatic pieces of that day. An elder brother of Theodore was ordained for the church, took holy orders, and became Dean of Worcester,

and it would appear that no malicious spirit influenced the deed. It was merely done, at the suggestion of Lord Byron, then a mischievous inmate of the School. Fortunately, a broken pane of glass was the only damage occasioned by the act. Theodore Hook did not prove an attentive scholar, and obtained no distinction by his studies. He confesses that he had no application; that tasks which could be done quickly he could do well; but that to devote himself assiduously to any study, especially that of languages, he was quite unable. What progress he might ultimately have made, what effect upon his nature the stimulus of rivalry might have exerted, it would be idle now to discuss. Unfortunately the death of his mother, to whom he was deeply attached, prematurely terminated his school life. He went home, his father found relief from sorrow in the lively conversation of his young son, and would not hear of his return to Harrow. Theodore had no desire to revisit that seat of learning. He preferred to remain with his father. Town talk was better than school teaching. The last new song at Vauxhall was worth the whole Latin Dictionary, and we suspect he went little farther into that language than the *exempla minora*. Accordingly Theodore remained at home; but he was not altogether idle. Secretly, and no doubt

immediately. He was appointed Comptroller of the Exchequer at the Mauritius, with a salary of £2000 per annum, and setting sail from England, entered upon his duties in 1813. Why Theodore Hook was selected to occupy a position for which he was in no degree qualified by habits or education, appears rather surprising. His knowledge of accounts must have been small. His familiarity with the intricacies of colonial finance could not have been extensive. Even his intimacy with practical arithmetic might have been open to dispute. But no thoughts of his own unfitness disturbed his mind. He evidently went out under the impression that his labours would consist in seeing somebody else perform his duties; in killing time as he best might, in receiving his salary by quarterly payments. Of course, he led an easy untroubled life. The stern realities of office were but as shadows which scarcely for a moment flitted across his path, and dimmed the light which streamed upon it. "We breakfast," said he in a letter to Mathews, "we breakfast at eight. Always up by gun-fire. Five o'clock bathe and ride before breakfast. After breakfast lounge about. At one have a regular meal except a tiffin, hot meat, vegetables, &c., and at this we generally sit through the heat of the day, drinking our wine, and munching our fruit; at five, or half-past, the carriages come to the door, and we go either in them, or in palanquins to dress; which operation performed, we drive out to the race ground and the *Champs de Mars*, the Hyde Park Lane, till half-past six; come into town, and at seven dine, where we remain until ten, and then join the French parties, as there is regularly a ball somewhere or other every night. These things blended with business make out the day and evening."

The only business which Hook is recorded to have performed, consisted of occasionally signing his name in the account books, playing off most unofficial jokes upon visitors, and receiving his salary at the intervals before alluded to. But this butterfly life was destined to meet with a harsh interruption. In 1817, a new governor was appointed to the island, and some formal investigations into the state of the Exchequer were made. The accounts were pronounced correct, the examination satisfactory. Scarcely, however, had these

announcements been made when a serious charge of misappropriation of the public money, to the extent of 37,150 dollars, was brought against Hook, by one of his subordinates who a few days afterwards committed suicide. Although it was proved that the man was insane, the accusation was of too grave a nature to be entirely passed over. Another scrutiny of the books was commenced. Accounts which only a few weeks before had been examined and passed, were now found to be teeming with errors. A deficit of 62,717 dollars was discovered. Hook was arrested at midnight; placed in confinement; the whole of his property sold by the Crown, and he himself, shortly afterwards, sent prisoner to England. The voyage was a long and trying one. Nine months at sea, and during a portion of that time, with bad provisions doled out in small quantities, Hook, despite the buoyancy of spirit which he continually exhibited, must have spent many weary hours reflecting upon his carelessness. That he was guiltless of everything except extreme inattention, has been placed beyond all doubt; indeed on his arrival in England, he was at once acquitted of any criminal act, and set at liberty. But the mystery of the deficit had yet to be explained, and Hook, summoned before the Colonial Audit Board, underwent many disagreeable and perplexing examinations. It was to but little purpose. He could explain nothing. His signature, the supposed guarantee for correctness, was appended to accounts of the most confused and irregular description. Some mistakes were evident almost at a glance; others were discovered only after a long and wearisome examination, but mistakes there were in abundance. Amounts entered on the debtor side of the page instead of the creditor—bills confused with notes—dollars with rupees, and altogether such an incoherent jumble of figures that the experienced accountants of the Audit Board became as thoroughly confused as even Hook himself.

The ex-Comptroller of the Mauritius Exchequer found himself compelled to begin the world anew. He had arrived in England penniless, and he now commenced working hard for existence, by contributing to magazines and other periodicals. It was at this time, and when residing in a small house in the outskirts of London, that he formed an

was given up, and a large and fashionable house in Cleveland Row engaged in its stead. In 1829 he produced the third series of his "Sayings and Doings;" and in the following year "Maxwell," a novel. For each of these works he received £1,000. Now was the time, it might have been thought, for Hook to prove that early experience had not been lost upon him; that past recklessness had taught him lessons of prudence; but his mind seemed to scorn the teachings it had received. He had plunged into a whirl of excitement and gaiety. He had again become a lion of fashionable society. He was again welcomed to great men's houses. He was again that "dear Theodore," who years before had sung himself into the hearts of the beauties of May Fair. Notwithstanding the large income he was now making, his reckless mode of life and his profuse expenditure soon began to make serious inroads upon his finances. Salary was anticipated; money borrowed at any rate of interest; but debts accumulated with fearful rapidity, and after struggling on until 1831, the fashionable house was at last given up, and suburban seclusion once more sought.

The necessity now for working hard with the pen, in order to battle against the debts which attacked him on every side, stimulated Hook to great exertion. He was not an indolent man, and he now first began to show it. In 1832 he produced "The life of Sir David Baird," in two large 8vo. volumes. In the following year he wrote six volumes: "The Parson's Daughter," three vols., and "Love and Pride," three vols. In 1836 appeared "Jack Brag," in three vols. In the same year he commenced editing "The New Monthly Magazine," with a salary of £400 a year, exclusive of sums to be paid for original compositions. In the pages of this periodical "Gilbert Gurney" appeared, and afterwards "Gurney Married." In 1839 he wrote "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," for which he received £600; although the book scarcely paid expenses. But his labours were but of little use. He worked hard, and received large sums, but they were almost immediately squandered away. He was still to be seen, night after night, in the houses of his aristocratic admirers, amusing the heartless circle by the variety and excellence of his amusing powers, and early dawn too often found him engaged

in the maddening excitement of the gaming table. Such a fevered life could be sustained only by artificial aid. Powerful stimulants were resorted to. The remembrance of the previous night's losses had to be effaced by ardent spirits in the morning. Preparations for the evening demanded a renewal of the same assistance. His constitution, naturally strong, now began to give way. His mental energies felt the shock. Years of excitement and dissipation were leaving their marks upon the mind; writing their tale of triumph upon the tablets of the brain, and crushing the moral and material man in one common ruin. The pen trembled within the shaking hand. The ideas that might have given it strength and firmness trembled also. Hook wrote but little more. In 1840 he published a series of papers, under the title of "Precepts and Practice." A portion of "Peregrine Bunce" followed. He projected a History of the House of Hanover, and a life of his friend, the comedian Matthews, but owing to some misunderstanding, did not commence the former work, and finished only the first chapter of the latter. He was rapidly going down the hill of life, and becoming unfit for any mental exertion. "Ah, I see I look as I am," said he, at a fashionable party at Brompton, while surveying himself in a mirror, "done up in purse, in mind, and in body too, at last." He was right. In a few days he was compelled to take to his bed, and on the 24th August, 1841, after a short but painful illness, Theodore Hook, in the fifty-third year of his age, was numbered with the dead. He was buried in the church-yard of Fulham.

The long dormant claim of the Crown was now enforced, and all the personal property which Hook had left was seized and sold. His children and their mother were not suffered to remain in want. A subscription was immediately raised, and although but few of the wit's titled friends contributed to it, a considerable sum was obtained without their assistance. To the honour of a very high dignity of the Church of England, a bishop, not unknown, and not without this detractor, it may be mentioned, that he was the last at the bedside of the dying wit, and the only one of the titled friends who did not desert him. Through the influence of this bishop, the children and

DANIEL WEBSTER.

At a time when the relations between England and America are looked at with interest, and when that vast and increasing country is regarded as our natural ally, in the event of a combination of the despotic powers against us, it was not unnatural that the death of one of her greatest statesmen, and of one who was brought immediately into contact with our government in the important settlement of the Oregon question, should be looked at with interest, and the events of his life should be inquired after with some curiosity.

On the other side of the Atlantic ocean his loss was felt as national. The whole of the press teemed with memorials and reviews of his life; and what was more honourable to him, even those most opposed to him politically, —and America it must be remembered is a country wherein party spirit runs high,—were the first to offer their testimony to his talent, his integrity, and his thorough political honesty.

A man who could so interest a vast country, so pervade the hearts of his fellow men, must needs be remarkable; and such indeed was DANIEL WEBSTER. In tracing his life, we shall find how unvarying an accompaniment is success to industry and determination, and we shall read some useful lessons, in the history of one who commenced life as a schoolmaster, and rose to Secretary of state, to our own too exclusive and aristocratic government.

One of the very first settlers in New Hampshire was Thomas Webster, who had himself come originally from Scotland, and whose character, earnest, stern and unbending, seems to have fallen upon his descendants. From this same Thomas proceeded in the direct male line, Ebenezer Webster, an old revolutionary soldier, serving as a captain under Major-General Henk, and who finally died whilst performing the duties of the judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in New Hampshire; leaving by his second wife, Abigail Eastman, a lady of a Welsh family, five children, three daughters and two boys, Ezekiel and Daniel Webster.

The younger of these, and the subject of this paper, was born on the 18th of January, 1782, in the town of Salisbury, Merrimac county, New Hamp-

shire. In a speech delivered by him in 1840, at Saratoga, Mr. Webster himself alluded, with evident pride, to his birthplace, a very humble farm-house, and to the lowly condition of his family at the time:

“It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early as that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man’s habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for *him* who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years’ revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a better condition than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind.”*

His earlier youth appears to have been entirely spent under the guidance of his mother, who, on account of his weakness, herself superintended his education at that period. His father, like many other American gentlemen, turned, it would appear, every possible source of income to account, being himself but a poor man: a fact, which made him also take out his son to help him in his business, when he should have been at school. But by this Webster lost little, as the following anecdote will testify:

“Near his birthplace and in the bed of a little brook are the remains of an

* Webster’s Speeches, 6 vols. Boston.

as assistant, were valuable. But time was not mispent or misapplied. In setting the saw and hoisting the mill and while the saw was passing through the log from end to end, which occupied from ten to fifteen minutes for the board. Daniel was usually seen sitting attentively the books in the study of history and biography which he was permitted to take from the house. He lived in that old saw-mill, surrounded by forests, in the midst of the noise which such a mill makes, and thus, too, without materially neglecting his task, he made himself familiar with the most remarkable events recorded by the pen of history, and with the names and characters of the most celebrated persons who had lived in the past time. He has never forgotten what he read there. So tenacious is his memory, that it is said by those who have read dreary long passages from, and state with accuracy the contents of, even the old books which he read in and had scarcely looked at since. * Even at so early an age, there seemed in the future statesman, a perfect consciousness of the value of life, and, as to his stranger possibly to us than his own countrymen, where boyish sports are not uncommon, a complete aversion of the ways by which that was to be made rich, honourable, and successful; for he himself has told us,

that the utility of domestic manufactures mounted upon the least valuable of his father's horses, the one which could best be spared from the farm, and the whole of his wardrobe and library deposited in two saddle-bags. Through rain and storm the student proceeded on his slow-paced nag, unmindful of the weather, being obliged to join at the commencement of term, and arrived at last in a very piteous condition. He joined his class the next day, and at once took his position, as a first-rate man, a position which he has since held in the intellectual world.

He went through college in a manner creditable to himself, and gratifying to his friends. He graduated in 1801, and it was thought that he would receive the additional honour of the Valedictory; but this honour was bestowed upon some other, less distinguished in after life than his less fortunate rival. He received, however, a diploma, which "common-place compliment," to quote from one who knew him well, only displeased him. This authority indeed adds a story of his assembling his class-mates on the college green, and tearing up the honorary document with the exclamation, "My industry may make me a great man, but this miserable parchment cannot;" an act which, if true, redounds by the way, very little to his credit.

On his return from college, his lead-

of his father, who was acquainted with the circumstances of the family. His school was quite large, and his salary 350 dollars, to which he added a considerable sum by devoting his evenings to copying deeds in the office of the county recorder, at twenty-five cents per deed. He also found time during this period to go through with his first reading of Blackstone's Commentaries, and other substantial works, which have been so good a foundation to his after fame. At the drudgery of engrossing he laboured a great part of the night, and there now exist in his handwriting two large folios as proofs of his labours and industry. By economy at the end of the first year he was enabled to pay 100 dollars to support his brother at college. To add to this, Ezekiel taught an evening school for sailors at Boston as well as a private school.

In the year 1805, and of course in the twenty-third year of his age, Mr. Webster was tendered the vacant clerkship of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Hillsborough, New Hampshire. His father was one of the judges of court, and the appointment had been bestowed upon his son by his colleagues as a token of personal regard. The office was worth some 1500 dollars, which in those days and that section of country, was equal to the salary of secretary of state of the present day.

That son was then a student in the office of Mr. Gore, in Boston. He received the news with sensations of gladness that he had never before experienced. With a throbbing heart he announced the tidings to his legal counsellor and friend, and to his utter astonishment that far-seeing and sagacious man expressed his utter disapprobation of the proposed change in his pursuits. "But my father is poor, and I wish to make him comfortable in his old age," replied the student.

"That may all be," continued Mr. Gore, "but you should think of the future more than of the present. Become once a clerk and you will always be a clerk, with no prospect of attaining a higher position. Go on and finish your legal studies; you are indeed poor, but there are greater evils than poverty; live on no man's favour; what bread you do eat, let it be the bread of independence; pursue your profession; make yourself useful to the world and

formidable to your enemies, and you will have nothing to fear."

The student listened attentively to these sound arguments, and had the good sense to appreciate them. His determination was immediately made; and now came the dreaded business of advising his father as to his intended course. He at once sought him and finding him alone spoke gaily about the office; expressed his great obligation to their honours, and his intention to write them a most respectful letter: if he could have consented to record anybody's judgments, he should have been proud to have recorded their honours', &c., &c. He proceeded in this strain till his father exhibited signs of amazement, it having occurred to him, finally, that his son might all the while be serious. "Do you intend to decline this office?" he said at length. "Most certainly," replied his son. "I cannot think of doing otherwise. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen; to be an actor, not a registrar of other men's actions."

"For a moment Judge Webster seemed angry. He rocked his chair slightly, a flash went over his eye, softened by age, but even then black as jet, but it soon disappeared, and his countenance regained its usual serenity. 'Well, my son,' said Judge Webster finally, 'your mother always said that you would come to something or nothing, become a somebody or a nobody; it is now settled that you are to be a nobody.' In a few days the student returned to Boston, and the subject was never afterwards mentioned in the family."*

Not long after this, and in a surprisingly short time to a European mind, who do not consider how rapidly things are carried forward in a new country like America, we find Mr. Webster accumulating sufficient money from his legal practice to pay the debts of his father; and after another short interval we find him in possession of a large practice at Portsmouth, "doing the heaviest law business of any man in New Hampshire," retained in all the important causes, and but seldom appearing as a junior counsel. His powers as an advocate were at once conceded; but his manners at the bar were by some thought to be a little too severe and sharp, but there was no question

* March's Reminiscences of Congress.

separate children, and by whom
had four children, Grace, Fletcher,
and Edward; only one of these
survive him, Fletcher, a naval officer.
The time was now fast approaching
in Webster was to distinguish him-
self in a larger sphere than that of a
lawyer, however well known, and
over large his fees, and these latter
very heavy; he had, in fact, be-
come so much sought after that his
business was difficult to be obtained.
His power of oratory was so well
known that counsel dreaded to
oppose him against them.
When he was of thirty, in May 1813, he
was elected as representative in Con-
gress, and soon distinguished himself.
After the adjournment of Congress he left
his residence in Portsmouth, and estab-
lished himself in Boston. Towards the
end of the year 1822, the inhabitants
of the city determined to be represented
by one who should reflect a credit on
the city, and they so strongly urged
upon Webster that he allowed him-
self to be put in nomination, and was
elected after being absent from the
Massachusetts Legislature for a term of six
years. In 1823, he delivered perhaps
the most powerful speech he had yet
made, in a proposition looking to an
early recognition of Greek independ-
ence. A part of this speech, which we
quote below, will let the reader partly
into the secret of Webster's success in

we must more especially withdraw our-
selves from this place, and the scenes
and objects which here surround us, if
we would separate ourselves entirely
from the influence of all those memorials
which ancient Greece has transmitted
for the admiration and benefit of man-
kind. This free form of government,
this popular assembly, the common
council held for the common good,
where have we contemplated its earliest
models? This practice of free debate
and public discussion, the contest of
mind with mind, and that popular elo-
quence, which, if it were now here on a
subject like this, would move the stones
of the capitol—whose was the language
in which all these were first exhibited?
Even the edifice in which we now as-
semble, these proportioned columns,
this ornamented architecture, all re-
mind us that Greece has existed, and
that we, like the rest of mankind, are
her debtors." Not contented, however,
with an illustration, at once so beau-
tiful and so appropriate, the orator,
warming as he proceeded, showed his
audience that the Greeks claimed a
sympathy above even that of a grateful
pupil to its teachers, the sympathy of one
Christian nation to another. "The Greeks
address the civilized world with a pa-
thos not easy to be resisted, they invoke
our favour by more moving considera-
tions than can well belong to the con-
dition of any other people. They stretch

way, might well have been applied to certain wives and children sold in slavery in their own free land—throughout their vast continent, and in the glow of admiration excited by it Webster was said to equal Burke, and superior to Chatham. In the same year he consistently favoured the acknowledgment of South American independence; and in 1824 made what is called his great Free-trade speech, which was deemed the ablest ever delivered on the subject.

In the same year, John Quincy Adams was put forward by the New Englanders for President. To this election Webster, although it was known that he was no admirer of Mr. Adams, gave his unflinching support, from the belief that Mr. Adams would do well for the country. Daniel Webster and John Randolph were tellers on the occasion, and Quincy Adams was elected by the vote of thirteen States to eleven; Webster became one of the ablest supporters of the administration of Adams and Clay. In 1826 he was chosen a Senator of the United States, and took his seat in the Upper House. Towards the close of 1827 his first wife died, whilst he was on his way to Washington to take his seat in the Senate. The next year, 1828, was signalized by the defeat of John Quincy Adams, and the accession of General Jackson to the Presidency.

During the session of 1829-30, occurred the memorable debate on Foote's resolution respecting the Public Lands, wherein Mr. Webster, in replying to Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina, vindicated his right to rank first among living debaters. It is hardly too much to say of his great and lesser speech on that occasion, that they rescued the Federal Constitution from a construction fast becoming popular, which, once established as correct, must have proved its destruction. The constitutional right of any State of the Union to nullify an act of Congress, whether by its ordinary legislature, or by a convention specially called, once admitted as legal, would strip the federal authority of all just claim to be considered a government, and throw us back upon the inefficiency and semi-anarchy of the old Continental Confederation. Yet that doctrine of nullification, so frankly propounded and ably defended by Colonel Hayne, in a debate with Webster, claimed, with much

plausibility to be based upon, and clearly deducible from, the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and 1799, which are known to have been drafted respectively by Jefferson and Madison, and repeatedly reaffirmed as containing the democratic creed respecting the powers of the Federal Government, and their rightful limitations. Mr. Webster inexorably demonstrated the incompatibility of this doctrine with any real power or force in the federal government, and, admitting fully the right of revolution as superior to all governments, showed that a state could not remain in the Union and assume to nullify acts of Congress upheld by the supreme court; that the contrary assumption was condemned by the Constitution itself, and utterly at war with the public tranquillity and safety. Mr. Webster's speeches arrested the Jackson party on the brink of committing itself irretrievably to the doctrine of nullification—a committal which would have proved an act of suicide.

In the Senate he also advocated the recharter of the second United States Bank, opposing the re-election of General Jackson, and supporting Mr. Clay in opposition to him; vigorously opposing nullification when attempted to be put in practice in 1833; opposing the tariff compromise of that year, the removal of deposits, &c. He was candidate for the Presidency in 1836, but received the 12 votes of Massachusetts only. In 1839 he visited Europe, where, with the exception of some weeks spent on the Continent, he passed his time in England, where he was received by our statesmen, and by all with the greatest attention and civility.

He continued in the senate warmly advocating General Harrison's election, and upon that event taking place was called to fill the place of Secretary of State, or head of the Cabinet. This he continued to fill after Harrison's lamented and untimely death, and remained in it till 1843. During his administration the relations of England and America seemed likely to become embroiled through a disputed line of boundary. This dispute was known here as the Oregon question. Oregon extends from 42 deg. to 54 deg. 4 min. north lat., and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The terri-

so vast and valuable from its products as the north of the Columbia River, south of the parallel of 49 deg. N. that which was in dispute between the governments of Great Britain and the United States. The first negotiation that took place about this disputed territory was in 1844, but the discussion was left open. Britain would seem, claimed more than that for which her claim was valid. A convention was made which reserved for a term of ten years the disputed land to the subjects of both Great Britain and America. On this, tried to get the territory as quickly as possible so as to make her claim national. In 1846 Mr. Canning and Mr. Webster proposed that a boundary should be drawn along the 49th parallel of latitude from the Rocky Mountains to the north eastern branch of the Columbia River. America refused to agree to this, and made a proposal which Britain would have been satisfied from the Columbia River, the mouth of which was indispensable for commerce. This was rejected. In 1847 the convention was renewed for an indefinite period. Throughout the whole of this time the claims of America seem to have grown larger and more numerous. In 1847 the claim was enlarged to the 49th deg. N.; and in 1848 it was further enlarged his claim to the 54th deg. N. embracing the territory up to the 54th parallel; and throughout the States, in England some were in favour of arbitration. In 1849 Lord Ashburton proposed that the matter should be referred to arbitration. Webster more efficient than any other American, under the circumstances, with the aid of his history adviser, without any compromise, and on the 13th of October the boundary was finally settled by the Convention of 1846. The boundary should be drawn along the 49th parallel from the mouth of the channel of the Columbia River from Vancouver to the mouth of the channel and thence to the Pacific Ocean. The result of this was to us in the most remarkable action of the Webster administration. Lord Ashburton, Secretary of State for Great Britain, and Mr. Webster had settled the boundary of Maine, New

Brunswick, and Canada. The treaty being signed in 1842, and terminating a dispute which, through a Mr. Macleod setting fire to an American vessel, had threatened the worst consequences to the two nations. On March the 7th, 1850, while the country and congress were agitated by questions connected with the organization of territories recently acquired from Mexico, and the proposed interdiction of slavery therein, Mr. Webster made a very eloquent speech, taking stand in favour of a compromise respecting the territories and against any act or proviso by congress aiming to exclude slavery therefrom. He argued that such an act was wholly uncalled-for; that the law of God had interdicted slavery therein, and needed no re-enactment by man. Previously to this he had been opposed to the Mexican war on the principle that the acquisition of so vast a territory would weaken rather than strengthen the United States. When he found that he was in the minority in regard to the invasion, he did not withhold his support from the government in voting sufficient supplies, thinking that the war, if carried on at all, should be carried on efficiently. In American parlance, Mr. Webster "invested a son" in this war, who was appointed Major in the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers; but the fatigue, coupled with the enervating and distressing climate, proved fatal to the promising young officer.

Upon the accession of President Fillmore, Mr. Webster again became Secretary of State, in which office he continued till his death. At the Baltimore convention, to elect in the room of Fillmore, he was nominated to the Presidency, but the delegates gave him but 33 out of 293 votes. This, and it is said having personally to congratulate the President elect, killed the ambitious man. It became evident that his life was drawing to a close. He himself was aware of this, and had the male members of his family and his only surviving son, Fletcher Webster, sent for. He desired them to remain near his room, and more than once enjoined on those present, who were not of his immediate family, not to leave Marshfield till his death had taken place. Re-assured by all that his every wish would be religiously regarded, he then addressed himself to his physicians, making minute inquiries as to his own con-

dition, and the probable termination of his life. Conversing with great exactness, he seemed to be anxious to be able to mark to himself the final period of his dissolution. He was answered that it might occur in one, two, or three hours, but that the time could not be definitely calculated. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I suppose I must lie here quietly till it comes." The retching and vomiting now recurred again. Dr. Jeffries offered to Mr. Webster something which he hoped might give him ease. "Something more, Doctor—more; I want restoration." Speaking to an old friend, Mr. Peter Harvey, he said, "I am not so sick, Harvey, but I know you, and love you, and call down heaven's blessing upon you and yours. Harvey, don't leave me till I am dead—don't leave Marshfield till I am a dead man." Then, as if speaking to himself, he said: "On the 24th of October, all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more." He now prayed in his natural, usual voice—strong, full, and clear—ending with "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus."

At half-past seven o'clock, Dr. J. M. Warren arrived from Boston to relieve Dr. Jeffries, as the immediate medical attendant. Shortly after, he conversed with Dr. Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for him than to administer occasionally a sedative potion. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I am to be here patiently till the end. If it be so, may it come soon!"

Between ten and eleven o'clock, he repeated somewhat distinctly the words, "Poet, poetry, Gray, Gray." Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of the elegy: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." "That's it, that's it," said Mr. Webster, and the book was brought and some stanzas read to him, which seemed to give him pleasure. From twelve o'clock till two, there was much restlessness, but not much suffering. The physicians were quite confident that there was no actual pain. A faintness occurred, which led him to think that his death was at hand. While in this condition, some expressions fell from him indicating the hope that his mind would remain to him completely until the last. He spoke of the difficulty of the process of dying, when Dr. Jeffries repeated the verse: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow

of death, I fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

Mr. Webster said immediately: "The fact, the fact. That is what I want: Thy rod, Thy rod—Thy staff, Thy staff."

A lethargy followed, from which he soon after aroused, his countenance animated, and his eye flashing with its usual brilliancy. He exclaimed, "I still live," and immediately sank into tranquil unconsciousness. These were the last words of the world-renowned Daniel Webster. His breathing now became fainter, and his strength seemed entirely gone. He lingered in this condition until twenty minutes before three o'clock, when his spirit returned to God.

So died, after a long and useful life, Daniel Webster, who, if we are to believe the eulogies of the journalists published immediately after his death, was the greatest, or almost the greatest, statesman ever produced by America. Their leading journal contained on the day after his death these words:

"Who is there left behind to fill his place? Who shall venture to occupy that lofty intellectual eminence? One of the mightiest lights of the age has gone out; a light whose radiance was seen and admired, not only in the New World, but the Old—everywhere throughout the earth where Civilization has planted her altars, and erected her shrines, and where liberty, and letters, and oratory, and eloquence are known and appreciated. The name of Daniel Webster and his fame are indeed world-wide."

And a poetess of no mean power addressed him in the following lofty strain of hyperbole:

"The honeyed words of Plato still
Float on the echoing air;
The thunders of Demosthenes
Egean waters bear;
And the pilgrim in the Forum hears
The voice of Tully there.

And thus thy memory shall live,
And thus thy fame resound,
While far off future ages roll
Their solemn cycle round;
And make this wide, this fair New World
An ancient classic ground.

Then with thy country's glorious name
Thine own shall be entwined;
Within the Senate's pillared hall
Thine image shall be shrined;
And on the nation's law shall gleam
Light from thy giant mind."

Furthermore she would prognosticate

men, yet sways more willing subjects than the greatest, by its talent, its energy, and its wisdom. We quote from the *English Times*: "He is known in America almost as Peel is spoken of in England. The journals of the States appear in mourning for the departed statesman; writers of all nations concur in eulogistic remarks, and the reception of the body here in every town of the Union is marked with uniform testimony to the popularity of the subject."

The writer then goes on with a valuable, deep, and wise analysis, to show the grounds of this reverential regard. The passage is marked by a knowledge of the people of America. "To him they saw an American who had not only carried American interests and guided the discussions of Congress, but who had met the diplomats of Europe, on fair grounds had discredited, and who enjoyed in England of the Old World a distinction which in other cases was limited to the towns of the Union." But in the midst of this lavish praise and love, cannot be denied that the questions of the Bay Fisheries and the Lobos were in which he had only looked for immediate profit of America, not for honour placed the departed statesman in no favourable light either as a minister or a civilian. In his

his support might be confidently anticipated by the supporters of right and reason."*

But possibly the greatest renown and worship was won for Daniel Webster by his oratory, and this was greatly aided by his personal appearance. All who saw him on his visit to England were struck with his intellectual appearance and his manly and somewhat English carriage. He had about him a certain "presence which was not to be put by," and this in the exaggerated expression of the Americans was termed godlike. His features were dark, so dark as to be almost swarthy in some lights, but yet delicately chiselled, although extremely large. His thin lip was ever firmly closed when the orator was not speaking; and his large, dark brilliant eyes, deeply set in his head, were surmounted by a towering and broad forehead which gave much nobility to his expression.

He had the good fortune before he went to Congress, to have established for himself a first-rate reputation as an orator at the Bar, or before literary and popular assemblies; and hence from the first he was listened to in the senate with attention. His style was peculiar to himself, and to his country. Cool, well-arranged, and clear; perfectly intelligible, seldom warm in the beginning, but frequently rising into the highest poetry in the peroration, his

deration, and on that full, perfect, and exhausting. In the few specimens which we give, and the reader must remember that the whole of his speeches fill six octavo volumes, there will be yet enough to judge of the effect of the oratory of Daniel Webster. Sorry enough must be the chronicler of his life, to find that this oratory was time-serving, and used both for and against, that traffic which is the curse of America. In 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock he declaimed as follows:

"I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt,—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon: and in sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this trade; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visage of those who by stealth and at midnight labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England.

Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

But yet on the 7th of March, 1850, thirty years afterwards, a space of time which should have made so great a man wiser and more humane, he could reverse all this, and plead for the Fugitive Slave Bill. Well can we sympathise with the indignation of Theodore Parker on such a theme.

"You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; then it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America became a legal kidnapper by that bill. He pledged our Massachusetts to support it, and that with alacrity. My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March—you know how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news. They could not believe the lightning; you know how the Whig party and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster 'seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect.' You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect that, eighteen days after his speech, 983 men of Boston sent him a letter telling him that he had 'pointed out the path of duty, convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience of the nation;' and they expressed to him their 'entire coincidence in the sentiments of that speech,' and their 'heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union.'"

More than this, he declared that "discussion on slavery ought to be suppressed," and at a dinner after the toast, and sentiment (?) of "*The Fugitive Slave Law*—on its execution depends the perpetuity of the Union," Mr. Webster said distinctly, "You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves, as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce." The audience answered this with six-and-twenty cheers!!! This

President. That was all of it. He contemplated the South. This was bid for the Presidency—50,000 square miles of territory and 10,000,000 dollars to Texas; four new Slave States; slavery in California and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and 400,000 dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of colour to Canada.

He never so laboured before, and was always a hard-working man. His speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Annapolis! What letters he wrote! His intellect was never so active before, nor gave such proofs of such vast power. The fountains of great deep were broken up—he and forty days and forty nights, and sent a flood of Slavery over this land: it covered the market, and factory, and court-house, and warehouse, and the college, and rose higher than the tops of the tallest steeples! The ark of freedom went on the top of the waters—above the market, above the court-house, above the factory, above the college, higher than the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure—above the religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts sent it in."

At the time came when this venal great man should be punished for his crime, when the wicked which he

scoffed and jeered at the 'higher law?'—or at Capron Springs who 'laughed' when he scoffed at the law higher than the Virginian Hills? Where were the kidnappers? The 'lower law' men, and the kidnappers, strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-three votes. Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote. No. Not one! Northern friends—I honour their affection for the great man, there was nothing else left in them for me to honour—went round to the South and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went with tears in their eyes, and in mercy's name asked that crumb from the Southern Board. But the cruel South—treacherous to him she beguiled to treason against God—she answered, 'Not a vote!'"

We turn from such a humiliating lesson, deeper from the contrast, to a speech on the Presidential Protest, delivered in 1837, which is replete with a manly good sense which does honour to the statesman, and which contains a lesson to the ultra reformers of any country or time.

"Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but all

gently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; and this is our liberty if we will rightly understand and preserve it. Every free government is naturally complicated, because all such governments establish restraints as well on the power of government itself as on that of individuals. If we will abolish the distinction of branches and have but one branch; if we abolish jury trials and leave all to the judge; if we then ordain that the legislator himself be that judge; and if we place the executive power in the same hands, we may readily simplify government. We may easily bring it to the simplest of all possible forms, a pure despotism."

In the same speech there is a figure which has often been quoted, but which is so beautiful that we shall lay it before our readers. It is, the reader will perceive, an expansion of a well-known expression, but more beautiful than the original: Webster is speaking of England as "a power to which Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military hosts, *whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.*"

It was such passages as this which caused men to hang delighted on the lips of Webster, and another cause was his thorough nationality, which, like that of Shakespere, seemed ever to pervade his words, for America, the one whole and undivided nation, he would have perilled everything,—how well he could declaim on the beauties of union, the following, from a speech at a dinner given to him in 1851, and at which Sir H. Bulwer was present, will testify:

"The support of the Union is a great practical subject, involving the prospects and glory of the whole country, and affecting the prosperity of every individual in it. We ought to take a large and comprehensive view of it; to look to its vast results, and to the consequences which would flow from its overthrow. It is not a mere topic for ingenious disquisition, or theoretical or fanatical criticism. Those who assail the Union at the present day seem to be persons of one idea only, and many of them but half an idea. They plant

their batteries on some useless abstraction, some false dogma, or some gratuitous assumption. Or, perhaps, it may be more proper to say, that they look at it with microscopic eyes, seeking for some spot, or speck, or blot, or blur, and if they find anything of this kind, they are at once for overturning the whole fabric. And, when nothing else will answer, they invoke religion and speak of a higher law. Gentlemen, this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still; the Alleghany higher than either; and yet this higher law ranges farther than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghany. No common vision can discern it; no conscience, not transcendental and ecstatic, can feel it; the hearing of common men never listens to its high behests; and therefore one should think it not a safe law to be acted on, in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the fanatical and factious abolitionists of the North.

"The secessionists of the South take a different course of remark. They are learned and eloquent; they are animated and full of spirit; they are high-minded and chivalrous; they state their supposed injuries and causes of complaint in elegant phrases and exalted tones of speech. But these complaints are all vague and general. I confess to you, gentlemen, that I know no hydrostatic pressure strong enough to bring them into any solid form, in which they could be seen or felt. They think otherwise, doubtless. But, for one, I can discern nothing real or well-grounded in their complaints. If I may be allowed to be a little professional, I would say that all their complaints and alleged grievances are like a very insufficient plea in the law; they are bad on general demurrer for want of substance. But I am not disposed to reproach these gentlemen, or to speak of them with disrespect. I prefer to leave them to their own reflections. I make no arguments against resolutions, conventions, secession speeches, or proclamations. Let these things go on. The whole matter, it is to be hoped, will blow over, and men will return to a sounder mode of thinking. But one thing, gentlemen, be assured of, the first step taken in the programme of secession, which shall be an actual infringement of the Con-

and country. An age which
 has not more than any other
 counted upon riches
 to lead it and
 to guide it to a
 great man should be
 with a fine conscience,
 great in affliction,
 in his religion, and
 on his God. Daniel Web-
 ster has been in his last days
 that intellect, and intellect
 busy and bustling kind
 leading to expediency,
 the eternal law of right;
 the Presidential chair, he
 to his nobler
 sought to aggrandize
 the misery of his fellows.
 grave faults; but even those
 in the eyes of the world, are
 in charge. "A senator of the
 States," says Theodore Parker,
 was pensioned by the manufac-
 turers of Boston. Their gifts in his
 how could he dare be just?
 speeches smelt of bribes."
 the student of history is not
 by recalling the rapacious-
 of Raleigh, and the venality of
 Bacon, or the blot which a
 fixed upon the name of Sid-
 Webster is one more fallen from
 and brilliant beginnings,
 an example that the heaven

die, and died better in good honest
 truth, than latterly he had lived. We
 have not touched upon his private vices,
 nor will we; his neighbours loved him
 for his farmerlike manners and kindly
 presence and voice, and there are few
 more touching scenes than that which
 follows:

"He had started small and poor, had
 risen great and high, and honourably
 fought his way alone. He was a farmer,
 and took a countryman's delight in
 country things—in loads of hay, in
 trees, turnips and the noble Indian corn,
 in monstrous swine. He had a patri-
 arch's love of sheep—choice breeds
 thereof he had. He took delight in
 cows—short-horned Durhams, Here-
 fordshires, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He
 tilled paternal acres with his own
 oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder.
 It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen.
 And but three days before he left the
 earth, too ill to visit them, his oxen,
 lowing, came to see their sick lord, and
 as he stood in his door his great cattle
 were driven up, that he might smell
 their healthy breath, and look his last
 on those broad generous faces that were
 never false to him."

We have told how he died, broken and
 worn with storms of state and wrecked
 ambition, and after his death all his
 backslidings were forgotten, and the
 people mourned for him as they might

for the loss, as for a departed father or dear friend. The funeral procession contained no carriages, nor were there any ladies, but to such a length did it extend, that the corpse had reached the grave before scarcely two-thirds had left the house. The burial took place exactly at half-past two o'clock, and an eloquent prayer was offered up by the Rev. Mr. Olden, the parish minister. The funeral was attended by upwards of 10,000 persons; among whom were (Gen. Franklin Peirce, (now President,) Governor Massy, the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, the Hon. Edward Everett, the Hon. Charles Ashman, Chancellor Jones, &c. The whole of the proceedings were solemn, appropriate, and affecting. Mr. Webster was buried on his own grounds, by the side of his children. At New York a general feel-

ing of mourning was perceptible; the ships of all nations lying along the course of the north and east rivers displayed their flags at half mast, and minute guns were fired throughout the day. And so passed away from amongst his people Daniel Webster, bearing once the proud title of "Expounder and Defender of his Nation's Laws;" and if accomplishing little, yet revered as he was for his intellectual power, leaving a great name which will long be heard of in America.

Hurl'd into fragments by the tempest blast
The Rhodian monster lies; the obelisk
That with sharp line divided the broad diae
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast:
And where these stood, no remnant trophy stands,
And even the art is lost by which they rose;
Thus with the monuments of other lands,
The place that knew them, now no longer known.
Yet triumph not, O Time; strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away! :

THE CARICATURISTS.

It is much to be regretted that to many minds certain objects which excite mirth, should be looked upon as weak, frivolous, and beneath notice, as if Heraclitus were the true philosopher, and Democritus none. Books which are amusing have been too often set down as the very reverse of instructive, and dry uninteresting treatises have been deemed the proper garb of science. Yet few dogmas have less of truth in them than the foregoing; Horace perceived this long ago, and boldly asks,

"Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"

and some bold spirits in our own day have absolutely made knowledge interesting, and planted flowers along the dusty high way of the schools. At first they were laughed at; one who amused his readers was declared not to be profound, just as Wordsworth, when he called a bird a nightingale, and not "Philomel," and left off styling the sun "Bright Phœbus," or "Apollo's golden fire," was thought by many to be very unpoetical. A fault which he quadrupled by writing, poetically, of "the Cumberland Beggar," "the Idiot Boy," and "the Female Vagrant." How could an idiot, a vagrant and a beggar, things essentially unpoetical in themselves, be

written about poetically? asked the scoffers; and so they scoffed down Wordsworth, whilst they allowed poetry to a pirate as, in "Lara," or a rake as "Don Juan." But Wordsworth won the battle which he fought, and brought poetry to the humblest hearth, and we are rapidly winning ours. The truth is, that wisdom is sometimes clothed in the jester's motley, and as deep morality and meaning lies in the gibes of the gravedigger, or the jests of Yorick, as in the melancholy of Hamlet.

These remarks will perhaps be found necessary to introduce an article upon "Caricature" in a work intended for the student and the closet; we shall find that many grave affairs have been brought about by the pencil of a Gilray, and many a lesson taught by the etching point of a Cruikshank, whilst to the Historian, such notices illustrating as they do a very important portion of our history, will not be found uninteresting.

But, whilst thus insisting upon the dignity of our paper, we must not be thought to countenance in any way undue, stupid and frivolous levity. A wit of our own day has endeavoured to render history comic. The grand legends of Rome have been made the vehicle for word-play and pun; and the

the tortments of our fathers, their
 blood-shedding
 martyrdom and im-
 mense have been made the vehi-
 cle of the smart sentence and the inane

Nothing could be more odious to
 the young
 proceeding: how could
 the past ages, their early
 with which began with
 could they worship a
 had been a subject of
 is not the purpose of
 much dullness is indeed
 but unbounded levity,
 the case of a modern revo-
 of impiety and

subject
 to be derived from
 world, *caricature*, to overload,
 caricature has been well
 overloaded, overcharged repre-
 sentation in painting,
 in poetry. Burlesque in poetry,
 caricature would bear
 to Raphael's picture
 as Butler's Hud-
 as an epic
 defines caricature, as
 consists in pre-
 proportions
 the dis-
 Such,
 which
 we have
 state of
 pro-
 per-
 little

of a satiri-
 instructions
 with
 is, it has
 thing, and
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 of the
 early
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 piece of
 and
 of the
 sure. But
 under r
 Engraving
 but the art of
 from the
 the
 was unknown. The

discovery of the printing press carried
 its boon to the caricaturist as to every
 one else; by it impressions could be mul-
 tiplied indefinitely; and it was there-
 fore during the latter part of the 16th
 and more than ever during the 17th
 centuries that caricatures became the
 potent weapons which they are in poli-
 tical warfare, and formidable instruments
 in working upon the feelings of the
 populace.

But the reader must not fall into the
 common mistake of regarding this art
 as entirely comic. Nothing can be far-
 ther from the truth. In their earliest
 period they were seldom, if ever, pictures
 merely to provoke a laugh, but were
 serious affairs, frequently of a very sa-
 vage nature, and made subservient to
 the political warfare which was then
 going on, the character of which they,
 of course, partook. The chief of our
 English caricatures were imported from
 Holland, and they first came into ex-
 tensive circulation and notoriety after
 the revolution of 1688, which happily
 placed the third William upon an En-
 glish throne. No doubt, this arose
 from the fact of England possessing no
 artists of sufficient skill to enable them
 to produce the plates rapidly and effec-
 tively. The caricatures, of which there
 were plenty which satirized the Protec-
 tor Cromwell, were executed chiefly by
 the Dutch; and in the flood of this
 kind of pictures, which that stirring
 time of speculation, the days of the
 South Sea Bubble gave rise to, the large
 majority came from the Dutch. Their
 character was totally different to what
 we now understand by the same
 term. They were chiefly emblematical,
 and in a folio volume of them all relating
 to the speculating mania, which pre-
 vailed both in Holland and France at
 the time of Law and his Mississippi
 scheme, and which was published under
 the title of "*Her groote Tafelrol de
 Deventshed*," (The great Picture of
 Folly,) some of them are so difficult to
 divine and have so very little point, that
 an authority on the subject has sug-
 gested that the great sale of caricatures
 made the booksellers look up old plates
 published upon totally different sub-
 jects, and after adding new inscriptions
 and new explanations publish them as
 caricatures on the Bubble.

• Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., "History
 of the House of Hanover."

This dulness and emblematical character seemed for a long time to pervade the artists of the day, and even Hogarth, when he turned his skilful pencil to this kind of art, seems to have been unable to disengage himself from the prevailing fault. In his second scene of the election, the "Canvass," the British Lion is represented as swallowing a golden fleur-de-lis, an emblem, we take it, of French gold being used plentifully as a means of bribery; and in the third plate, the "Polling," the carriage of Britannia is represented as overturning, whilst the coachman and footman on the box are playing at cards; another emblematic representation of the gaming propensities of the ministers, a madness shared by the whole aristocracy. But these are mild and favourable instances. Two celebrated publications of this artist, which are undoubted caricatures, "The Times," and drew upon the designer much odium, contain more glaring examples of this fault than those we have quoted.

After Hogarth, the art of modern caricature appears to have taken its rise from the pencils of a number of known and unknown amateur artists, (amongst whom we may mention the notorious George Townshend,) who were actively engaged in the political intrigues of George II. These carried on the attack and defence for some time; in the earlier years of his successor, the rage for this kind of pictures became great, and then for a while died out; to grow brighter, stronger, and more popular than ever, under the pencil, and by the conceptions of the fertile Gilray. This artist was succeeded by others who have not let the art die, and who have carried down the chain of caricaturists to our own day. So that all of their works collected and arranged with accompanying explanations would form a better and more copious political history of the time than any we have at present.

In writing the biographies of a class of men who have produced, or rather who have greatly assisted in producing such memorable events as have the caricaturists, it would be an omission not to include the name of WILLIAM HOGARTH, but it would also be an injustice to assume that he was nothing more than a mere caricaturist, for although he dealt largely in that spe-

cies of humorous composition, his finer works are so far removed from it, that they should rather be held as fine and deep satires upon humanity, satires moreover partaking more largely of Tragedy than of Comedy. "Recollection," says Charles Lamb, "of the manner in which his prints (the Harlot's and Rake's Progresses) affected me, has often made me wonder when I have heard Hogarth described as a mere comic painter, as one whose chief ambition was to *raise a laugh*. To deny that there are throughout the prints I have mentioned, circumstances introduced of a laughable tendency, would be to run counter to the common notions of mankind; but to suppose that in their ruling character they appeal chiefly to the risible faculty, and not first and foremost to the very heart of man, its best and most serious feelings, would be to mistake no less grossly their aim and purpose. A set of severer satires (for they are not so much comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine satires,) less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal, or the satiric touches in Timon of Athens."*

Bearing the foregoing in mind, we will proceed.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was born on the 10th of December, 1697, in the parish of St. Bartholomew, London. He was descended from a Westmoreland family, which had borne the name of Hogard, or Hogart; his father being the youngest of three brothers, the eldest of whom lived and died as a yeoman, the second as a farmer, whilst the third, Hogarth's father, came up to London, being, perhaps, more educated and having more learning than the two eldest, and earned

* Swift, who might just as well be set down as a merely comic (i. e. that which is understood by the modern and somewhat peurile word *funny*) writer, as Hogarth solely as a caricaturist, seemed to have entertained the same ideas as Lamb.

"How I want thee, humorous Hogart!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art!
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted;
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them
From their features while I give them.
Draw them like for I assure-a
You'll need no caricatures,
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face."

A Character, &c., of the "Legion Club," 1736.

was living as a corrector for press. He married one whose name has been mentioned; kept a school in Ship Court, Old London, and having in vain sought distinction as an author, sank under disappointed hope and incessant labour, and died in 1721, leaving one son and two daughters, Ann and Mary.

As soon as William could be properly called master of his name, he, the post-Millesh, who called himself "the author Foe," who imitated the "De" before his name, tried to improve its euphony by substituting an "h." The troubles of the father had an effect upon the boy who cannot regret. The father was a scholar and a man of varied accomplishments, but the son refused to make use of his own. "I saw," he says, "the father under which my father laboured, the many inconveniences he suffered from his dependence, living only on his pen; and the cruel treatment met with from book-ellers and printers."

It was therefore contrary to my own wishes that I was taken from school, and served a long apprenticeship to a silver plate engraver.

He was apprenticed to Ellis James Smith, in Cranbourne Street, St. James's Square. The place was not far from the recent improvements in the sale of Cranbourne Street, the spot where it stood. He was naturally an embraced companion of the engraving spoons and the engravers or explorers, but also of the larger and more important plates and in engraving he learned the memorial bearings of the heraldic art. It includes, therefore, a knowledge of his own position on the silver engravers' ladder, and also the heraldic emblem.

Henry Clark, the author of the first treatise on heraldry, was a silver engraver, and the nobility were his customers. Many of the nobles of the silver.

He wrote himself are now in the hands of the factors, regarded as of great value and curiosity. Hogarth had to choose between a profession was manifested at a very early age, when a mere child was capable of every possible opportunity of making drawings. He was not only writing, but to "draw" the pictures with great correctness, and

he adds, "my exercises at school were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them than for the exercise itself. In the former I soon found that blockheads, with better memories, would soon surpass me; but for the latter I was particularly distinguished."

With such an intuition the choice he made was a happy one. Demi-lions, griffins, hydras, cockatrices, and sea-monsters, and all the fabulous monsters of heraldry exercised his young hand, and gave it facility and precision. Before his apprenticeship, the long term of seven years, had expired, he had gone beyond these things, and had conceived the great ambition of being an engraver on copper-plate. "Engraving on copper was at twenty years of age my utmost ambition. To attain this it was necessary that I should learn to draw something like nature." To arrive at this desired end, he scouted the common path of continually copying other men's works, which he considered was like pouring wine out of one vessel into another; he therefore early practised himself in acquiring and retaining in his memory, we use his own words, perfect ideas of the things he meant to draw, considering that he "who could do so would have as clear a knowledge of the figure as he who can write freely both of the twenty-five letters of the alphabet, and their infinite combinations." Filled with this, he began to turn every opportunity to account, and to sketch almost everything he had seen, carrying the idea away in his retentive memory. If, however, a very singular face struck him, he would, rather than lose its expression, copy it on the nail of his thumb, and carry it home to enlarge upon at leisure. Like the present *Præ-Raphaelites* he went at once to nature. "Instead of burthening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eye with copying dry or damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of obtaining knowledge in my art." We quote these sententious and linger thus upon the threshold of his life, in the hopes that they may perhaps inspire some young devotee of art with a determination of following out so good a plan, and may strengthen a preconceived determination to go to the fountain of originality and excellence, Nature herself.

Keeping strictly to this determination,

Hogarth did not let slip any opportunity of exercising his art, under the tutorship of nature. On one occasion, he, in company with Hayman, the painter, strolled into a low pot-house, where two loose women were drunk, and quarrelling. One of them filled her mouth with brandy, and dexterously spirted it into the eyes of her antagonist. "See! see!" cried Hogarth, and taking out his note-book, sketched her. This figure afterwards was put to use, and forms a principal one in his "Modern Midnight Conversation." Such an anecdote as this offends many, as it did Horace Walpole, who from it has presumed that the painter was a man of loose habits and low conversation, an idea very far from the truth; but the conscientious biographer must chronicle a fact which throws a light upon the *modus operandi* of the artist.

After his apprenticeship was served, Hogarth had some difficulty in maintaining himself. "Owing," he says, "to my desire for qualifying myself for engraving upon copper, &c., I could do little more than maintain myself till I was near thirty;" and he adds a sentence which does him honour: "but even then I was a punctual paymaster. . . . I remember the time when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling, but as soon as I have obtained ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied forth again with all the confidence of a man who has thousands in his pockets." So it ever is with rising talent; at first hard to be distinguished, it wins for its owner a scant and precarious existence; but when acknowledged it reaps, as it should do, the harvest which it deserves. The nature of Hogarth was too confident and bold to sink under difficulties which would have daunted others. Richard Wilson repined and grew melancholy under the pressure of misfortune, and in another walk of art, young Chatterton destroyed himself; but Hogarth, confident in the future, bore his disappointments manfully, and finally triumphed over them.

The first work of much merit which appeared from his graver, was called "The Taste of the Town," published in 1724. This was a legitimate caricature, and the prevalent follies were terribly lashed. Young satirists are always severe. The print is now termed "Bur-

lington Gate." Those vicious amusements, then very prevalent, masquerades, are held up to ridicule: multitudes are represented as crowding to one of those assemblies, led by a figure, appropriately tricked out with cap and bells. On the summit of the gate, the *arbitrer elegantiarum* of the day, William Kent,* an architect and artist, much in vogue, is brandishing his pencils, with Michael Angelo and Raphael for his supporters. But a more important personage, no less than Alexander Pope, also suffers from the artist's satire. The poet is introduced as "A. P.—pe, plasterer, whitewashing and bespattering;" drawn as a deformed dwarf, Pope is mounted on a scaffolding, whitewashing the gate, whilst, by his awkwardness, he sends a shower of dirt on a coach below, and with his foot he is overturning a pail, and spilling the contents on a passenger beneath, who is explained as "any one that comes in his way." This is in allusion to the very free way in which that great poet placed any one who offended him in his satires.

Soon after the appearance of this plate the booksellers began to employ him as an illustrator, and draughtsman of embellishments and frontispieces. He illustrated Moutraye's "Travels," Apuleius' "Golden Ass," and Beaver's "Military Punishments." He engraved, moreover, subjects very foreign to his power, viz.: his illustrations to Milton's "Paradise Lost." In 1726, he was employed to illustrate Butler's "Hudibras;" little of the genius of the poet seems to have descended upon the illustrator. The plates are common enough to this day, but the figures are certainly clumsy and awkward. At this time Hogarth was in such indifferent circumstances, that he sold to Bowles, the print-seller, some plates just then completed by weight, at the rate of *half-a-crown a pound, avoirdupois*. He next published a print of a curious nature, the trial of Bambridge, the jailor of Newgate. This man was tried and found guilty of cruelty to his prisoners, of extortion, and breach of trust. The figure of Bambridge has

* Kent's judgment was considered paramount in all things. Walpole relates that "so impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed on him to design their birthday gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders of architecture; the other like a bronze, in a copper-coloured satin with ornaments of gold."

is highly praised by Horace Walpole for the expression of villany, fear, and working of conscience it contains. "This was a portrait," says Walpole, "is the most striking ever painted—it was not, it is still finer." Another feature of his old enemy—Kent, proved Hogarth the friendship of Sir Thornhill, who regarded Kent as an enemy, and in 1829, on the 23rd of Feb., our artist, then in his 82nd year, married Jane, the only daughter of Sir James. This match, not an incident on the part of the lady, who passed the bloom of youth, was undertaken without the consent of her parents, and her father was offended. The time Hogarth was scarcely considered a painter, and Sir James was a great and history-painter to the king, he therefore considered the match beneath his daughter's rank. Two years, however, and Hogarth's increasing fame, served to appease Thornhill's anger. The entreaties of his wife, the high reputation of his son-in-law, were arguments which prevailed. Hogarth laid aside his satiric designs, took house in Leicester Fields, and commenced the profession of portrait painter—an art in which, to say the least, he was not qualified to succeed easily, wanting grace and prettiness in his portraits, and being "a man whose talent was certainly not flattered, nor his talent adapted to look on life without a sneer." His facility in catching likenesses, however, drew him a considerable quantity of business in some time, and he also added facility to his art by painting small conversational pictures, which he says he needed for a few years, but even then he says, was "but a less kind of idleness, and as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, I make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of back-cloth and drapery painters, it was sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required." The last of the portraits he painted at this time, is perhaps, that of Captain Coram, philanthropic founder of the London Hospital.

Captain Coram, as represented in Hogarth's portrait, has a dignity and great benevolence in his face, which we hear from contemporary authority is not in the original; yet the portrait

is wonderfully like. This excellent man having laid out his entire fortune in acts of benevolence, was reduced to great poverty in his old age. To the honour of the nation, an annuity of one hundred pounds was purchased and presented to him. On receiving it he said, "I did not waste the wealth which I possessed in self-indulgence or vain expense, and in my old age, I am not ashamed to own that I am poor." A second portrait of remark is that of Fielding, the novelist, painted from recollection, from a paper cutting, and from the mimicry of Garrick dressed in the departed author's clothes. So runs the story. Fielding himself, a rare instance among men of any celebrity, never sat for his portrait. A third portrait brings us closely home to our subject, and is that of the notorious John Wilkes. It has been styled a caricature, but is in fact so little so that Wilkes himself owned the likeness. "I am growing," he writes, "every day more and more like my portrait by Hogarth." The portrait is the work of a genius, and speaks for itself. The notorious author of the "Essays on Woman," the chairman of the "H—L—fire Club," and one of the most profane, yet able men of the day, is seated in an easy and not ungraceful attitude, with a wand in his hand, at the top of which is a Phrygian cap, bearing that word which was by the mob so often coupled with his own name, "Wilkes and Liberty." The portrait is correct, but the touch of the artist has preserved scarcely anything human in the face, which reveals only the sensualist and the fiend. The sinister eyes, the slightly open mouth, the wig, with its curls so placed as to look like horns, all proclaim sensuality and hypocrisy, and the demon stands confessed. Wilkes has lately had his champions, and there is little doubt that he was not so deeply sunk in every vice as some have represented him, but that he was a profligate and abandoned man there is little doubt, and the portrait by Hogarth will, to use the words of Pope, transmit him to posterity.

"Damned to everlasting fame."

The last portrait which can be mentioned here is that of "Garrick as Richard III." After working for some time at these, he designed and etched the first portion of the "Harlot's Progress,"

so much to the gratification of Lady Thornhill, that she advised her daughter to place it one morning in Thornhill's dining room. Mrs. Hogarth did so, the *ruse* succeeded. "Very well! very well, indeed," cried Sir James, "the man who can do these, does not need a portion with a daughter." There, was perhaps, a touch of avarice in this speech, but they were soon afterwards completely reconciled, and Sir James soon afterwards became generous to his son-in-law and daughter.

The "Harlot's Progress" was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a series of six plates in 1734. The public received it with general approbation, and the money which it produced relieved Hogarth from any fear of troubling his father-in-law. No one can look upon the plates without being struck with their boldness, force, and originality. They are full of truth, and are very far indeed from being overloaded or caricatures. Yet in them many living characters are severely satirised. Colonel Chartres, of whom Pope had written that a good man might wonder that

"Some old temple nodding to its fall"

did not

"For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall."

Parson Ford, Kate Hackabout, and Mother Needham have therein their portraits preserved. The success of this series of plates was so great, that the proceeds lifted the painter from the slough of mean condition in which he was, till then, plunged. He took a house for a summer residence in Lambeth Walk, and the vine which he is said to have planted is still shown there. About this time, he had the temerity to attempt subjects which were far, very far out of his style: on the great staircase of Bartholomew's Hospital, he painted two Scripture stories, — the "Pool of Bethesda," and the "Good Samaritan," with figures seven feet high. "These," he writes in some MS. notes left by him, "I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show, that were there any inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting of them more easily attainable than is generally imagined." An inscription which adjoins these pictures tells us they were painted and presented by the artist in 1736;

but the pictures themselves will but mean suit the advanced taste of our own day. Hogarth himself writes of it very complacently, but no man judges of his own works. Milton preferred "Paradise Regained" to greater and earlier poem, and the of Hogarth frequently recurring to classical style, leaves us but little to doubt but that he, in his own opinion, fancied that he could equal the masters; for it must be recollected his genius was of a most self-confident nature. But his keen sense of character and the very power which made what he was prevented this. "He ambitious," writes Horace Walpole distinguishing himself as a painter in History, but the burlesque turn of mind mixed itself with the most serious subjects. In his 'Danaë,' the old man tries a coin of the golden shower with teeth; in the 'Pool of Bethesda' a servant of a rich ulcerated lady back a poor man who has sought the same celestial remedy."

The first of these incidents is a beyond truth, and although very curious is without thought. Surely we believe the shower to be divine would not test the gold; the scene contains a severe satire upon humankind a satire no less true, than it is as Hogarth had by the "Harlot's Progress" won the good will of those whose opinion was worth winning. Saville dedicated a work upon rural sports to him, and Fielding continually referred to him in terms of the highest respect both in his paper of the "Covent Garden Journal" which he then edited in the admirable novel of "Tom Jones."

In 1734, he lost his father-in-law James Thornhill, to whom he had ever kind and attentive, and who appears really to have looked to admiration. Hogarth wrote the obituary of Sir James in the "Gentleman's Magazine." In the following year he lost his mother, who lived near Court in the Strand. Mrs. Hogarth lived to see her son famous, he had always been to her tender and respectful, and had aided her in every way he could, this aid was now to be extended to his sisters who were both unmarried and who were left with little to sustain them, but luckily in trade in a small made clothes-shop in Little Britain.

The "Harlot's Progress" had been successful, that the next work came

[illegible]

seized by the bailiffs, and owes his temporary liberty to the goodness of the very woman whom he had betrayed and cast off, and at last comes the fruit of all this riotous living, this "blazing out of life," as Johnson in his "Life of Rochester," has forcibly called it. The prodigal has no father or home to return to. His friends, all save one, have left him, and he dies mad in Bedlam, a victim to his own vice, extravagance and folly.

The fame of the painter now attracted certain pirates of prints, which kind of property was in those days unprotected by copyright. The whole of the eight prints of the "Rake's Progress" were pirated by Boitard, and printed on one large sheet, and issued a whole fortnight before the originals appeared. To do this, Boitard must have had some understanding with the printer who took proofs of Hogarth's engravings, and must have obtained surreptitiously the very proofs, which were worked off the artist's plates. The whole affair reveals to us a system of rascality which certainly does not place the honesty of the "good old times" in a very favourable light. The eight plates of the "Rake's Progress" were not, on the whole, so favourably received as their predecessors had been, and this, coupled with the pirating, stirred on Hogarth very naturally, to endeavour to turn the whole of the profits to himself. To do this he applied to parliament, and obtained an act "for recognising a legal copyright in designs and engravings, and for restraining copies of such works from being made without the consent of the owners." This was in 1735. To commemorate this act, the artist drew and etched an allegorical plate, wherein a royal crown sheds rays upon bishops' mitres and lords' coronets, upon the mace, the speaker's hat, and the great seal; by which loyal symbols he typified the united wisdom of "lords and commons assembled," and the gracious sovereign, under whom they guided the nation. Underneath the subject are words no less loyal than the plate itself, whereby Hogarth, not faintly but strongly, leads the Imperial Parliament for the measure which they had taken to secure him his rights.

In the next year, that is in 1736, the industrious artist again amused the town with a plate which, though full of most cutting and truthful satire, yet

borders in its quaintness upon caricature. It is called "The Sleeping Congregation," and represents a very monotonous and heavy parson promoting to the utmost of a very large ability, the happy endeavours of a singular audience to sleep. The very church itself seemed steeped in slumber, reminding one of the metamorphosis of the cottage of Baucis and Philemon into a church, the very pews are sleepy. The artist must have had Swift's lines in his mind:

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load;
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The only person in the congregation at all awake is the clerk, "a sleek and oily man," who has one eye kept open, by glancing in too worldly a manner upon a very fine young servant maid who is most pertinaciously asleep on his left hand. The clerk is in that ridiculous state when a person is conscious of going to sleep, but endeavours very vainly to keep himself awake. The effect is ludicrous in the extreme. The author of the "Philosophy of Drunkenness," Mr. Macnish, has also written an able treatise on the "Philosophy of Sleep;" in one chapter he has treated very scientifically, upon the strong temptation which all are subject to of sleeping in church. He might have illustrated his subject by an allusion to Hogarth's print.

In or about the same year, (for the plate is without a date,) Hogarth published another, called "Southwark Fair." It has the usual busy scene of such a subject, and is no doubt a very faithful transcript of those who thronged to fairs in those days, treated in a Hogarthian spirit. Next came another very celebrated piece, the "Modern Midnight Conversation," wherein nothing can exceed the drunken revelry of the assembly. A parson in the midst, said to be a portrait of the celebrated Orator Henley, the subject of Pope's satire—

"O orator, of brazen face and lungs,"

is the chairman of the drunken crew. According to Mrs. Thrale, the portrait is of another celebrated parson, Parson Ford, who was a relation of Doctor Johnson, and whose ghost—*credat Judæus!*—used to haunt the Hummums

in Covent Garden. The group is pervaded with a drunken spirit of life, which is indeed admirable, and which could only proceed from one pencil. This print has carried the name and fame of Hogarth into foreign lands. It is a great favourite in Germany, in France, and in Russia. His next work was no less full of life and motion—it was the "Enraged Musician." A professor of that art, evidently foreign from his dress and air, is interrupted in his practice by a concourse of noises, which are brought together with great ingenuity. The musician can bear it no longer, but, throwing up the window and placing his fingers to his ears to shut out the discord, appears to be vainly endeavouring to obtain a bearing and to put a stop to the terrific noise. But it still continues; a dustman cries "dust, oh!" a milkmaid (sweetly drawn, and full of freshness and innocence) cries out "milk above, milk below;" a fishmonger cries in linked sweetness, long drawn out, "c—e—ls;" a ballad singer chaunts the monotonous story of "The Lady's Fall;" a little French drummer drums; a paviour rains the stones; a post-boy blows his horn; and a sweep from the top of a neighbouring chimney raps his brush against the pot, and shouts out that "he has done;" but this is not all, the picture, like Prospero's island, is "full of noises,"—a cutler grinds a butcher's cleaver; and "John Long," a pewterer, in a shop close at hand, adds to the turmoil the clink of many hammers. In addition to this, the animal creation is called in, and an ass brays, whilst two cats squall and fight on the tiles of the houses; altogether the print well deserves the genial criticism of a wit of the day: "This strange scene," said he, "deafens one to look at." This print was published in November, 1740, and was intended as a companion to the "Distressed Poet," published sometime before.

"The Four Times of the Day," four prints which described what they pretended: Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, were the next productions of Hogarth. The student of history and of the manners and customs of the day, will find these prints teach him more than many chapters in history. The state of the streets at night before gas was dreamt of, and when the watchmen were of the true Dogberry and

representation of a comedy, formed
 the publication; and the contrast
 between the *drumatis persone*, who
 are of the first order of heathen
 gods, the *Iu majorum gentium*, and
 the representatives in the barn, is
 both comic and satirical. Juno is
 seated on an old wheelbarrow, which
 serves, no doubt, as a triumphal
 chariot, dressed in a spangled robe,
 pulling her stocking; and the Tra-
 chine is cutting a cat's tail to draw
 her royal blood, no doubt for thea-
 trical purposes. On a Grecian altar
 stands one of the attendants of
 the feast, just lifted a pot of beer, is a
 tobacco-pipe, and a tobacco-pipe with
 a string hanging from it. Apollo and
 Diana are endeavouring to reach down
 their stockings, which are hung
 on a cloud to dry, but Cupid's wings
 are of no avail, and his godship is
 obliged to have recourse to a ladder;
 the most startling is the cup-bearer
 of the symposium, Ganymede, who is about
 to show "a raging tooth" by a glass of
 wine.

An excellent critic has well re-
 marked that there is positively no end
 to the folly. Into the darkest nook
 of the picture has put meaning, and there is
 no touch of sarcasm in all that he
 has introduced. This wonderful pic-
 ture was sold to Francis Beckford, Esq.
 in 1743. The gentleman thought
 it was too much, and the artist re-

the public paid little attention to the
 sale at all. The paintings of the two
 "Progresses" sold at fourteen guineas,
 and twenty-two guineas each picture;
 the Rake's fetching the largest price.
 Modern artists have realized, over and
 over again, more money for a single
 picture, than Hogarth obtained for the
 whole. His wit and humour, which
 were ever ready to flow, had induced
 him to issue, in addition to the con-
 ditions, a strange ticket to this sale,
 which was no less than "the Battle of
 the Pictures," an idea probably caught
 from Swift's "Battle of the Books,"
 which Sir William Temple's essay had
 given rise to. The card is a satire on
 the passion for old masters, which was
 then prevalent. Hundreds of copies of
 the Bull and Europa, of Apollo and
 Marsyas, and of St. Andrew on the
 Cross, are ranked in order; and from
 these hostile ranks certain pictures ad-
 vance and charge literally *through* pic-
 tures of Hogarth, which are placed in
 a row on the ground. All this, although
 some critics profess to be puzzled at it,
 seems to us to be merely typical of the
 injury which a passion for second-rate
 copies of the old masters was doing the
 native artist.

Chagrined at the result of his sale,
 Hogarth returned to his studio to work,
 and in April, 1743, advertised the series
 which, perhaps, reflects most honour

gance and pride in building and adorning his estate, has impoverished himself, finds it necessary to recruit the income which will devolve upon his son, the viscount Squanderfelt, by marrying him to the daughter of a rich and sordid goldsmith. The bride and father are equally despised by the proud and careless young nobleman, and misery is the result. The bridegroom runs a career of vice and extravagance, and neglects his wife for the company of gamblers and courtezans. The lady, stung by this neglect, listens to the promptings of a designing lawyer, who after leading her to those empty and vicious frivolities of the higher classes, which were then so much frequented, the faro-table and the masquerade, completes his villany by seduction. In the very midst of their guilt, the enraged husband bursts in upon them, and after a few passes, receives a mortal thrust from the sword of his wife's seducer. Nothing can be more striking or vivid than this scene; the kneeling and horror-stricken wife, the dying man whose knees are giving way with the weakness of death, the open window through which the murderer is escaping, and the terrified valet approaching with the Watch, all tell a tale of guilt and horror which must affect the most hardened. The concluding scene is soon told, the wife dies at the house of her sordid father, who is removing her wedding-ring. She has perished by her own hand, as the empty vial testifies, and at her feet lies the last dying speech and confession of her seducer and her husband's murderer. These prints at once became popular. A drama was founded upon them, and Dr. Shebbeare interwove the scenes in a novel called the "Marriage Act;" every author since that time has, almost without exception, praised and admired them.

Soon after the publication of the prints, Hogarth advertised the original pictures for sale, with a bill almost as quaint as the first. But the sale was to be another failure. Mr. Lane, who purchased them, was the only one present on the day, and these six noble pictures, in frames worth four guineas each, only realised, exclusive of the frames, nineteen pounds six shillings. They are now the property of the nation, and the nation is justly proud of them. Colonel Cawthorne, who inherited them from Mr. Lane, sold them

in the year 1797 for £1381. They came into the National Gallery by the bequest of Mr. Angerstein.

The pride of Hogarth was deeply wounded, nor can we wonder at it, at this neglect. He knew how the foreign singer and dancer were patronised, whilst he was neglected; and he revenged himself by a little bit of legitimate caricature upon these puppets of fashion. Two little figures, dancing and twirling about, exhibit the *gracefulness and decency* of the favourite amusements of the aristocracy.

Another work, which was intended to teach the young, and which has been much admired by the staid citizens of London, next appeared by our artist. This was "Industry and Idleness," wherein two apprentices to the same master embrace different courses, and exemplify in their different endings the wisdom and the folly of the choice. The one who is industrious marries his master's daughter, and becomes Lord Mayor. The other, to use Hogarth's own words, "by giving way to idleness naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally." The moral lesson was welcomed by the citizens of London, who hung them in the halls of their companies, for a special warning to those who were bound 'prentice. But it seems to us that the moral is imperfect: the race is not always to the strong; not every honest or industrious apprentice can hope to be so rewarded, or even after much hard work realize a competence. In this world the best are often severely tried, and in confining his rewards and punishments to mere mundane means the moralist has failed.

That old Jacobite, Simon Frazer Lord Lovat, who lived in the rudest state of regal barbarity in the Highlands, was rather foolishly betrayed into open rebellion, and expiated his treason upon Tower Hill. Hogarth met him on his way, at St. Albans, and took his likeness. A printseller offered the artist, so popular was the rebel chief, the weight of the plate in gold. The impressions could not be taken off fast enough, although the rolling press worked at them, without intermission. The plate produced, it is said, about twelve pounds a day for several weeks.

The war, which had been of some duration betwixt England and France, was concluded by a treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, and Hogarth was amongst

the "travelling English" who flocked over there. His visit was not of long duration, for having dared to take a sketch of the gates of Calais, he was arrested as a spy, and conveyed back to England. The artist tried to avenge himself for this affront, by a print which he termed "The Roast Beef of Old England." The print comes, one can well see, from the hands of an angry man. It is very absurd and ridiculous, no doubt, to be ragged and ill fed, but as few people would submit to such unpleasant fortune if they could help it, the satire upon those weaknesses falls to the ground. We have now, happily, outlived the times when our most bitter rant against a Frenchman was the malignance of his diet. Upon this vulgar prejudice, Hogarth's print hinges; it is not worth description. In the year 1791, he presented to the Foundling Hospital a picture of "The Finding of Moses," which is perhaps the best of his serious works. This painting, with others presented by other artists to the same Institution, used to be exhibited for the benefit of the Foundlings,—a proceeding which gave rise to the present Royal Academy. Hogarth was the earliest and amongst the largest of those who, by their paintings, thus contributed to so deserving and meritorious a charity. The next works of the artist were, "The Four Stages of Drunkenness," which are revolting in the first and last, and a ludicrous picture of the "March of the Guards to Finchley." In 1796, Charles Edward, the darling of the French ministry, and the hope of a restoration of the then British nation, had begun a successful campaign by two or two bold strokes, and was advancing upon London. The guards of the Hanoverian prince, who occupied the throne, are advancing to meet him; and the drunken and reeling rout of the French do not badly represent the army which spread over all parts of the country. In the gossiping pages of *Tom Jones*, we shall find the true state of the country concerning this invasion of the Chevalier, and in the *Journal* of Fielding's Covent Garden Journal, we find the fear and alarm vividly depicted. Hogarth has probably truly caricatured the scene he beheld, but the drunken panic and disorder, the hurried march, the carousing and swaggering, and thorough carelessness of discipline, had, without doubt, some

foundation in truth. The print was inscribed to George II.; but when the proof was laid before his Majesty, he did not quite understand the joke. "Does the fellow," said he, "mean to laugh at my guards? Take his trumpery out of my sight." The picture was removed, and the dedicatory inscription erased; and Hogarth dedicated his print to the king of Prussia, from whom he received a handsome acknowledgment. The original painting was disposed of by the kind of lottery which at present is known by the name of the "Art-Union;" every purchaser of a print receiving a ticket. Some chances which remained were presented to the Foundling Hospital, and one of these latter tickets carried away the prize. This plan was more beneficial to the painter than his sales: "a lottery," he observed, "is the only chance a living painter has of being paid for his time." "Beer Street," and "Gin Lane," two works, one of which has, no doubt, great admirers amongst the temperance societies, next appeared. Their logic is weaker than their execution. The imbibers of beer are very joyous, pleasant people; the gin drinkers are no doubt copied from nature, and amongst them, the only being who thrives is the pawnbroker. Two national prints, called "France" and "England" followed; and ridiculed the fear which was then as now, (and probably ever since the Dauphin landed at Dover, in King John's reign,) very prevalent, namely, of the French invasion. Both pictures belong properly to historic caricature, and both are in their way overloaded. The French soldier in the first print, who has spitted five frogs upon his sword, and is roasting them at a bivouac fire, was a popular element in national ridicule, which would now be scouted at Astley's, or the lower theatres, whereat highly coloured nautical dramas are popular. Some scenes called "The Cockpit," followed this pair of prints, and are broad satires upon that cruel sport. The satire fell harmlessly. Lords and gentlemen, as well as blacklegs and butchers, continued to indulge for years after, in the noble sport of "cocking." The next series was "The Election," in four plates. The bribery and corruption of such a scene had, perhaps, never been placed so prominently before the eyes of the world. To the polling, the lame,

blind, dead, and deaf, are carried up to record a vote for one or the other member. A doctor by the side of a sick man, has him borne along to vote for a favourite client. This incident is a fact, and is related of Dr. Barrowby. The patient expired at the hustings. The fourth scene is the "Chairing of the Member," who resembles in his person the celebrated Bubb Doddington, raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Melcombe Regis. He is seated in a chair, raised aloft by four brawny constituents. The pictures are full of expression and life, and are finely painted, merely to speak of their mechanical execution. Foes mingle, however, in his *cortège*, but a blow from a flail prostrates one of his bearers, and is about to overthrow the member. The pictures are now in the museum of Sir John Soane, which he bequeathed to the nation; whilst looking on them, and remembering recent scenes of bribery and riot in our own days, the reader will sigh to think how little we have politically improved, since the days when Hogarth published the election scenes of the honourable and immaculate member for Guzzledown. David Garrick bought these excellent pictures for £200.

The time now came when Hogarth was to come forward as an author; that is to say, for it has been denied that the book was written by him, he published a book called the "Analysis of Beauty," a work containing many new notions on his art, and only probably interesting to artists. The chief point on which it insists, being in the undulating line, called the line of beauty and grace, and which Hogarth had some time before introduced upon his palette in his own portrait. Of this line, he claims to be the discoverer, and asserts with truth, that nothing beautiful in nature is stiff or angular, the line of grace being found in the undulating hills, in the shape of the flower, and in the beauty of man and woman, bird and beast. With one or two exceptions, such as the leaves of the holly, the thistle, and the various cacti, this is true, but some denied the discovery, and asserted that the principle was known to Michael Angelo. A book from so universal a satirist as Hogarth, was sure to be assailed, and assailed it was by writers from Wilkes to Walpole. Every part of the work came in for a share of rough

treatment, and the prints and illustrations which accompanied it, were not left untouched. Hogarth, who seems to have had like most great men in his art, a considerable share of vanity, was not undisturbed by these attacks; he had endeavoured—the work of a giant—to fix the principles of taste, and he failed, yet his book has its merits, and it has been highly commended by a president of the Royal Academy, Sir Benjamin West, whose judgment was vastly superior to his powers as a painter.

In 1759, Hogarth, about to discontinue painting, determined to enter into competition with a painting said to be by Correggio. His wife, who was a very handsome woman, supplied the model, and the artist produced his "Sigismunda." The picture was painted for Sir Robert Grosvenor, but the gentleman refused the picture, when it was completed, and it remained on Hogarth's hands. The answer of Sir Robert was, besides this, unmanly and insulting, for age was growing upon Hogarth, and a refusal should not be coupled with insolence; he refused the picture because, he writes, "the performance is so striking and inimitable, that constantly having it before one's eyes, would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise in one's mind, which a curtain's being drawn before it would not diminish in the least." The artist gave no answer to the insult, and the picture, as we have said, remained on his hands, attacked and laughed at by all his enemies.

Of these Wilkes and Churchill were the bitterest, and those who made their anger the most felt. Hogarth in a print called the "Times," published in 1762, when he was sixty-five years old, ridiculed the opponents of the Ministry and the friends of Wilkes, as agitators. Wilkes, although not included in this political caricature, wrote a furious North Briton attack (in number 17 of his paper) on "the King's Sergeant Painter, William Hogarth," in which he accused him of being a vain, greedy and treacherous hanger-on, of a corrupt court. Hogarth replied with his pencil, and the print of Wilkes, which we have before described, appeared, and was sold by thousands. Wilkes felt now the sting of the satirist, and Churchill the poet, who appears to have been sincerely attached to the demagogue,

to his rescue, in a personal satire, the "Epistle to Hogarth." The only shows how furiously angry could abuse each other; both and Churchill had been personal with the artist, and now they only abused him. The world has to regret in the loss of so vigorous as Churchill, from the fact of ing led away to vice and dissipation.

The satirist whom Cowper owned a master, and who has much of only freedom and masterly ease yden was an ally on the side of of whom the best might be . Alas, that he spent his talent personal abuse, or in vain regret. attacked Hogarth as Pope attacked s, upon his old age, and declared malice led him to satirise Wilkes.

in (who, disappointed of her end, her to work the bone of foe or friend, can herself, and driven to the stake, a victim that revenge she means to take) killed there, tottering on Life's utmost verge,

WILKES and LEWARTY escaped thy scourge.

in, hastard, to thy closet, shut thee in,

all the symptoms of assured decay, age and sickness pinched and worn away; a bundle of men, to shame and sorrow fly, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

ely it is no crime to be sick and feeble and weak with disease. rth might have retorted upon that ume which proceeds from dissipation more cutting probably was the on to Hogarth's failure.

r-Higiemenda! what a fate is thine! len, the great High Priest of all the nine and thy name, give what a muse could give, in his numbers bade thy memory live; 'how fallen! how changed!"

! Higiemenda now devoted stand, Helpless victim of a dancer's hand!"

at these attacks wounded Hogarth lessened his decline, there can be doubt. He retorted on Churchill, caricature called "The Bruiser C. shall, (once the Rev.) in the char of the Russian Hercules regaling off after having killed the monster satira, that so galled his virtuous t, the 'heaven-born' Wilkes." shall was drawn as a canonical bear, a pot of porter and a knotted club, ng on the various knots "Lye I, t, and so on, by his side Hogarth's tangles on his "Epistle to Ho." The intrusion of the painter's y the side of the "Russian bear" counted for by Hogarth in the folle manner: "having an old plate

by me, with some parts ready sunk, as the background and the dog, I began to consider how I could put so much work laid aside to account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

Hogarth speaks thus lightly of the fray, but it probably broke his spirits and hurt his health. Churchill, who was an unfrocked clergyman, and a man of the loosest life, was unworthy of notice. A short time after he writes thus heartlessly of the old and failing painter. "—— (naming his mistress) tells me with a kiss, that I have already killed him. How sweet is flattery from the woman we love;" and again, even more heartlessly, the malevolent satirist says—"he has broken into the pale of my private life, and has set the example of illiberality *which I wanted*, and as he is dying from the effects of my former chastisement, I will hasten his death by writing his elegy." Even Wilkes, debauched as he was, was more generous than Churchill: he remarked of his squinting portrait, "that he did not make himself," and therefore might be excused for being so very ugly, but Churchill exulted over the painter's failing health, and when he heard of his death, rejoiced that it was imputed to the terrors of his satire.

We are now to chronicle the last work of Hogarth, which we think shows a failing power, and an exaggeration of which the painter was not always guilty. It is termed "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism," and seems to be intended by the artist to show the effects of a low conception of religion, and also the idolatrous tendency of pictures and prints in churches or in books. A fierce preacher seems to be condemning with terrific energy the whole world to perdition, such is the fury of his looks and gestures. His congregation are in a terror of alarm, and are thrown into various gestures typical of their state, and in the corner the notorious Mrs. Tofts, whose imposture is unequalled in the annals of credulity, seems to have added a quantity of monsters to the scene. At the window a Turk, calmly smoking, looks in at the window, apparently drawing

a very satisfactory parallel between the workings of his religion and that which he witnesses. The aim of Hogarth was no doubt good, but it is not too clearly perceived in this curious print, and those who sneer at religion, sometimes allude to this engraving as a proof that Hogarth sneered too, which is very far indeed from the fact.

The time had now come when he was to find a consolation in religion. He had bought a small house at Chiswick, which yet remains; it is not very far from the one occupied by the Duke of Devonshire, and is still called Hogarth House, and to this he retired; at that time indeed it might have been called retirement, for it was very prettily situated, and the garden contained many fruit-trees, and in it he had buried his favourite dog, the headstone of whose grave, standing in a corner of the garden, close against the wall, still remains. The cottage has since been inhabited by another man of genius, the Rev. Henry Cary, the translator of Dante. It was in this cottage that Hogarth felt death coming upon him, but his spirits did not desert him; he seems to have summed up his actions of past life, and to have been as much as most men at peace with the world, and with his Creator. "I can safely assert," he writes, "that I have invariably endeavoured to make those about me tolerably happy; and my greatest enemy cannot say, that I ever did him an intentional injury; without ostentation I could produce many instances of men who have materially benefited by me. What may follow, God knows." This reasoning is scarcely satisfactory to the Christian, alas! That many men have materially benefited by our weak endeavours to do good is not sufficient; the better the man, the less confidently will he look back upon his past life; the great Newton talked sorrowfully of wasted time, and Coleridge, weeping, confessed that even then, in his last few days he, who had been praying all his life, scarcely knew "how to pray."

On the 25th of October, 1764, Hogarth left Chiswick, and returned to Leicester Square. He was very weak, but at the same time extremely cheerful, and his mental powers were as perfectly unimpaired as ever. Physicians do not appear to have been with him, and of the nature of his complaint he himself was unaware. Having re-

ceived an agreeable letter from a friend, he wrote a rough draft of an answer, and finding himself weak, postponed writing the letter, and lay down upon his bed. He had lain but a short time when he was seized with a vomiting, and starting up, he rang the bell with such violence that he broke it. An affectionate female relative came to his aid, and after two hours' intense suffering, he expired from a suffusion of blood among the arteries of his heart.

So lived and died William Hogarth, a genius entirely English, and master of a style of which he might have said with Swift,

"Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use."

And in which, although he has had many imitators, he has not had one worthy successor. His great success in his own peculiar style, and his entire difference from other painters, seems to lie in this, that he paints perfectly dramatically, and takes care to let his own peculiar mind pervade his pictures. No painter ever told a story better than Hogarth. He is not entirely a painter, he may be called an author, and viewed in that light we shall understand the answer given by the gentleman who, Charles Lamb tells us, being asked which book he preferred most, said, "Shakspeare," and which next, said, "Hogarth." Most of his admirers have felt the truth of this; they read his pictures, at those of other painters they merely look. Great draughtsmen and fine colourists some artists may be, but they do not throw the soul into their pictures which Hogarth did. In the painted illustrations of the "Waverley Novels," or of "Gil Blas," or of the "Vicar of Wakefield," we see various figures over and over again, to represent the "Vicar," or "Gil Blas;" but in painting the "Rake" or "Councillor Silvertongue," or "Viscount Squanderfelt," Hogarth has indelibly fixed them on our minds, and they will bear no second impression. All his pictures are of this kind. The puzzled face, rather indeed prosaic, of the distressed poet, we never forget; the vivid face of the young nobleman, the conceit of the Italian singer, are to us as much matters of fact and reality, as the madness of Don Quixote, or the burlesque cowardice of John Falstaff. More than this, Hogarth stands alone, he is *sui generis*, and with-

Chiswick, and his wife raised a monument to his memory, bearing the following inscription: "Here lieth the body of William Hogarth, Esq., who died Oct. 26th, 1764, aged 67 years." A mask, a laurel wreath, a palette, pencils, and book, inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," are carved on one side of the monument, with some verses, which, by the way, are not worth quoting. Dr. Johnson wrote four lines which are somewhat better, but which are certainly not worthy of the Doctor, or of the painter:

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential forms of grace.
Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

One must not omit to add that the latter days of Hogarth, himself a caricaturist, were wearied out by attacks by anonymous brothers of the art. After the publication of his "Analysis of Beauty," a great number of caricatures were launched forth against him, and every possible means taken to annoy and disturb him. His ridicule of the absurd idolatry shown to the ancient masters by those who, with pretended taste, formed large collections of *copies*, called forth a large print, wherein he is represented in the act of undermining the sacred monument of all the best painters, sculptors, &c., in imitation of the Greek Erostratus, who, in the distance, is seen firing the Temple of Diana: other caricatures represent him in his studio, where are hung parodies of his paintings. The artists of these works are anonymous, but we cite them—and we have not mentioned a tythe of the prints launched against Hogarth—to shew that when he died, in October, 1764, he left many behind him to follow in the career of political caricaturists. His greatest persecutor, if we except Wilkes, Charles Churchill, did not long survive the victim whose death he rejoiced to have caused. He died at Calais in November of the same year.

Caricature was carried on after the death of Hogarth by various hands, the most noted of whom was

JAMES SAYER,

the son of a captain merchant, at Yarmouth, and after being articled to an attorney, passed his examination, and was entered on the roll. Sayer, however, did not need to follow the laborious and dry study of the law. His

father had left him a small fortune, and this placed him in a position which gave him leisure to indulge in talents, which he had manifested at an early age. These were caricaturing and song-writing. Even at school he had shown extraordinary talent in turning to ridicule any prominent feature of those who annoyed him. But this is a story related of almost every clever boy,—a story which has furnished very many pictures of rebellion to scholastic authority, which it were better, perhaps, altogether to repress. The world seems too satisfied in taking scholastic insubordination as a proof of talents. When Sayer grew up he soon gave a proof of his talent, and finding that the majority of the caricaturists were upon the side of the people, and few or none upon that of the government, he appears to have been partly biassed by early predilections, and partly by interest, in taking the ministerial side in the warfare of political pasquinade, song, and print. He appears to have, in his earliest specimens, courted the favour of the Right Hon. William Pitt, who was then, by his extraordinary genius, astonishing the nation, and alarming the opposition. On May the 7th, 1782, Mr. Pitt made his first motion for the reform of the representation,—a motion which procured him considerable popularity, but which was defeated by a small majority. Under the Shelburne administration, Mr. Pitt held office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the alliance of the Whigs and Tories drove this ministry from office. Another body, similar in construction to this, seceded from Lord North, and professed themselves the friends and supporters to the court, in opposition to the new ministry. Of these Pitt was the recognised and powerful leader in the House of Commons, and James Sayer, the volunteer caricaturist in the print shops of London. One of his earliest productions is a large caricature published on the 5th of May, 1783, founded upon a speech made by one of the opposition Lords, in the Upper House, immediately after the formation of the new ministry, who, speaking of Lord North, had expressed himself as follows:—"Such was the love of office of the noble Lord, that, finding he would not be permitted to mount the box, he had been content to get up behind." The new Whig coach, with Fox's crest on

quato rival. Just like their fathers, Mr. Pitt has brilliant language, Mr. Fox solid sense, and such luminous powers of displaying it clearly, that mere eloquence is but a Bristol stone when set by the diamond reason."

The opponents of this India Bill declared that it was an infringement of the Company's rights, and that it would give immense influence to ministers. Some said that Fox aimed at a sort of supreme India Dictatorship, and on this account they gave him the title of "Carlo Khan." Out of doors the caricaturists were at work as busily as ever. Caricatures, squibs, and pamphlets, were showered down upon him fast and furiously. Sayer came out on the 25th of November with a print called "A Transfer of India Stock," wherein the minister is represented as carrying the India House on his shoulders to St. James'; a hint of course of the transfer of power. Sayer appears to be assiduously courting the notice of William Pitt, and on the 5th of December issued his most famous production, a caricature which is very inferior to most of his works, but which had an extraordinary sale; and which accomplished the end for which it was intended. It bears the title of "Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street," and represents Fox as Carlo Khan, seated upon the back of an elephant, the face of the animal being that of Lord North. The elephant is led by the celebrated Edmund Burke, as Fox's imperial trumpeter; Burke having been the loudest supporter of the India Bill in the House of Commons. A bird of ill omen on the top of a neighbouring house is crouching forth the impending doom of the monarch.

"The night crow cried foreboding luckless time."

Fox is said to have acknowledged that his India Bill received its severest blow in public estimation from this caricature, which had, as we have before said, a prodigious sale, and the effect of which was increased by a multitude of pirated copies and imitations. On the 17th of December the bill was thrown out by a majority of nineteen, and on the night of the 18th, the King dismissed his ministers, and gave the seals into the hands of Lord Temple. When Pitt came into power, he rewarded the caricaturist with a profitable place,

(the offices of marshal of the Court of Exchequer, receiver of the six-penny duties, and cursitorship,) and the artist to gratify his patron, came out with a triumphant set of plates, "The Fall of Phaeton," wherein Fox is represented as falling headlong from the car of state, the reins being snatched by royalty, the influence of the King being used to throw out that great minister. In another, published the 12th January 1784, Sayer has attempted a parody of Milton's passage descriptive of the assembling of the fallen angels, exhibiting Fox as the political Satan, surrounded by his satellites Lords Portland, Carlisle, Cavendish, Keppel, and North, and also Edmund Burke; all his followers have rueful countenances, but Fox encourages them; he

"With high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears."

Leaving James Sayer, comfortably enjoying his place, and passing in affluence a life, presenting no other remarkable occurrence than the issue from time to time of a strong political lampoon, or a smart caricature, we must now proceed to take up the thread of caricature history as exemplified in the life of Gilray. We are moreover almost obliged to pursue this course, because the most notable instances in both lives run parallel with each other.

JAMES GILRAY

has perhaps the most famous name in political pasquinading in the world. His life being passed in a most exciting period, when the world was undergoing such a transition as possibly we shall not see again, he had a greater opportunity of influencing the mass, ignorant and excitable as most of the populace then were, than any modern caricaturist can hope for. His father, who bore the same name as himself, was born Sept. 3rd. 1720, at Lanark. He enlisted early in life, and was present at the famous battle of Fontenoy, where he lost an arm; on his return to England, he became an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, and in order to add something to the very small dole which the government afforded to its veterans, became sexton to the Moravian burial ground in that parish. He married, but who or when, we are not told. His celebrated son was born about the middle of the last century.

down watching the strokes of his sword, and when he now found that he escaped from one kind of drudgery only to enter on a worse. The hardships and the nature of the mean and disagreeable shifts which the strollers are to go through in the way of life, so different from the glowing pictures before them, totally destroyed the illusion and would have unrooted any man who had had for the life of an artist. He returned to his father, and was named as one of the students of the Royal Academy. His style of work vigorous, free, and masculine, and will witness that he did not get his lessons. He appears first in a framed work from the book-plate of the illustrated Goldsmith's edition of 1781. His master in art was most likely Ryland, a well known artist of the time. Ryland, however, was soon found to be a cheat, and he very early gave up all of his powers. In 1779 he began as far as we can ascertain, his career, which appears to be an echo of the very successful Sayer, the great artist's monogram. This is called "Paddy on Horseback," and shows a horse which at that time, perhaps, was, namely, of an animal riding with his back to the world and the horse, moreover,

able tale of "Barnaby Rudge," Charles Dickens has already made that period of history popular. The caricaturists did their part in ridiculing the rioters, and in throwing the whole proceeding into contempt. An anonymous print probably gives us a very good specimen of what sort of men these rioters were. The "no popery man" appears to have been of the lowest kind of rabble, and has his hat ornamented by a cockade, on which is written, "No Popery." The subscription of the plate is entitled, "No Popery, or the Newgate Reformers." The rioter is in the act of shouting, "Down with the Bank," a consummation which was indeed devoutly wished by a great majority of the concourse of thieves and low people, who formed the supporters of Lord George.

The riot went on with fury for some days, but on Saturday, 8th June, 1780, after a great many of the rioters had been killed by the soldiery, and a yet greater number had perished through excessive intoxication, and some by being left helplessly drunk in the burning houses, tranquillity was restored. On the following Saturday, Lord George Gordon was committed to the Tower, whence he was subsequently brought to trial for high treason. He escaped conviction, and was committed to Bedlam, having shown sufficient proofs of insanity. Lord Abberst, who after the

kneeling before an altar, and wearing the dress of a monk; a picture of the Pope hangs above the door, on one side, whilst on the other a print of Martin Luther is dropping in neglected fragments from the wall. To the fanatical ultra-Protestant party, the great Burke had also made himself particularly obnoxious, on account of his advocacy of the Catholic emancipation. With the mob he obtained credit for a character under which he was often pictured; namely, that of being a concealed Jesuit. In another of these humorous prints, we shall find that the personification of John Bull, under which the British nation at the present moment is so often typified, was not yet (1780) invented, or rather since it is taken from the satirical fable of Swift and Arbuthnot, had not become popular: Britannia, with her faithful lion and her red-cross shield, supplies his place. We meet this latter figure in various plates, and in many different attitudes. Sometimes she sits dejected and weeping, at others exulting. The different political views of the caricaturists inducing them to clothe her in regal purple or in rags; or to represent her as victorious, or destitute and about to be executed. But shortly after this time we have a faint gleam of the coming glory of the effigies of John Bull. In the month of April, 1780, an unpopular ministry had been defeated, and a caricature called "The Bull over-drove; or the Drivers in Danger," represents the British bull in a rage kicking at the ministers: the kings of France and Spain are standing by, and the latter exclaims, "I wish I was out of the way, he beats the bulls of Spain."

Parallel circumstances call forth similar ideas, the history of caricatures is not free from plagiarism any more than any other art; our readers will recall many touches in *Punch* similar to that of the "Bull over-drove;" but in 1784 we have a subject from the pencil of Gilray, which has since been repeated by Mr. Leech, in *Punch*. Pitt in the character of the infant Hercules, is strangling the two serpents of the coalition, Fox and Lord North. The coalition must have been extensively unpopular, from the multitude of songs, pasquinades, and pictures, which were published against them. There seems to be in the nature of such connections, something extremely disagreeable to the English nation. A bold and forcible

print by Gilray, represents the probable fate of the obnoxious Ministers; it is called "Britannia aroused," and the genius of the country has hold of Fox by one leg, and of Lord North by the shoulder, and is about to dash them to pieces in her ire. Another, bearing the old title of "a long pull, and a strong pull," represents King George the III. and Fox, pulling each different way, by the halters of an ass, which is laden with packages like sand-bags, labelled taxes. The ass, of course, typifies the British nation. The road to which Fox would take the animal leads to "Republicanism," the other to "Absolute Monarchy;" republican being a term of reproach applied to Fox's party; they, however, had their caricaturists, and from the style of some of these it would seem that Rowlandson worked for them.

In March 1784, the dissolution of the unpopular ministry took place, and William Pitt, then only in his twenty-fifth year, was firmly established as prime minister of England. His colleagues were those who were well known as the "King's friends," and he united in himself the offices of First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The royal hand was shown in many ways, in turning out the coalition, and in establishing the Pitt ministry, and for once the nation and the monarch were on the same side. "Addresses were poured in upon the Crown, thanking the king for exerting his prerogative against the palladium of the people," writes Walpole, and the great whig families were, in the election which ensued, turned out of seats which they had hitherto regarded as their own.

But the most remarkable contest perhaps ever witnessed in the history of elections took place at Westminster. It had been represented previous to the dissolution by Sir Cecil Wray and Fox. Wray deserted his side, and turned to the Court, and the king resolved to turn Fox out, and place Admiral Hood in his seat. The poll was opened on the 1st of April, and continued without intermission until the 17th of May, 1784. For the first few days Fox was in the minority, but eventually he was returned, by a majority of 236 over Sir Cecil Wray.

No political event seems to have given birth to a greater number of songs, quibs, and caricatures, than this election. Sir Cecil had, in the far-

or parliament, proposed a tax upon
great males. This was a point not
to be neglected, and innumerable satiri-
cally represented "Judah," as Wray
was called from his desertion of Fox,
were busy interfering with our do-
mestic affairs in the songs the ladies,
and the extraordinary election were
more active in their endeavours than
before, and wanted not to solicit votes

process the stamping of notes,
the tax collector's office;
the tax collector's office;
the tax collector's office;

[illegible]

as bribing a butcher with a kiss. In another, she is seeing a cobbler's wife with gold, whilst the husband mends her shoe. In a third, Fox is represented as the successful candidate carried triumphantly upon the back of the Duchess. The papers were even less civil. Hints and innuendos were thrown out, which are no less disgraceful to the writers than to the time in which they appeared. In fact, few can look back upon the political features of the age, the faction, hatred, bribery, and intimidation manifested at an election, without feeling thankful that we have, if not quite, yet in a great degree, escaped the contagion.

The election of 1784, which made the caricaturists so busy, threw out no less than 180 of Fox's most staunch supporters, who, on this occasion, received the burlesque title of "*Fox's Martyrs*." The number of members entirely new to the House gave rise to some ironical observations from Fox, and Pitt, in defending his supporters, grew angry enough. The prints of the time give us the portrait of Fox as "Catiline reprehended," sitting, with his face almost hidden by his hand and hat, listening to one of these Philippics. Pitt, of course, being the eloquent Cicero. The print is by Sayer. A companion to it shews us the philosophic Burke sending the whole house to sleep by his rather too discursive harangues. The print is a voucher for the truth of Goldsmith's assertion, that Burke

Kept on refining,
And thought of convincing, whilst they thought
of dining.

It is entitled, " . . . on the Sublime and Beautiful."

The thoughts and attention of the nation were now again turned on the thoughtless extravagance and riotous living of the Prince of Wales. Separated from the family of the King, and surrounded by such *bon vivants* as Captain Morris, and others of the same stamp, the Prince's natural impulses to vice received an impetus which he had little wish or power to resist. The caricaturists of the day let us know something of his private life at this period. He is frequently represented with Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Lord North, and Captain Morris. In the summer of 1786, his debts had become so great that he was on the point of borrowing a large sum of money from the Duke of

Orleans, old *Egalité*, father of Philippe. Dissuaded from this, he terminated to commence a life of economy, suppressed the works at Carlton House, shut up his state apartments, and his race horses, hunters, and even horses, and, at the same time, invested £40,000 per annum, out of an income of £50,000, for the payment of his debts. This determination rendered the Prince far from unpopular, and his frugality trumpeted the action far and wide. The Government caricaturists published scenes of his promiscuous amours in very decorous prints. In one, by Gilray, he and his friends are pictured as Jovial Crew; or, the Merry Beggars, in another he is shown as having arrived at Botany Bay; he is carried ashore by two convicts, and supported on either side by Fox and North. His attacks were continued from this time, just as particulars of the tedious life of this Prince came before the public. In 1787, Gilray represents him as "The Prodigal Son," he is seated on the ground by a hog trough, and animals are devouring the Prince's feathers. There is fine satire in the touch which shows us the Prince's head all but devoured, of the motto on the word "*honi*" is visible. In another we see him pictured as receiving alms from the Duke de Chartres. A bitter satire, the Prince is represented as fat and bloated, but the motto on the feathers is "*Ich starre*."

In 1787, on the recommencement of the parliamentary session, Burke brought forward his impeachment of Warren Hastings. It is not my province to enter upon that (to me) theatrical trial. We want some and uninterested historian to write an account of an affair, which made so much noise at the time, and was so easily seized upon by Burke and Sheridan for oratorical display, let it suffice my present purpose to say that neither the pencils of Gilray or of Sayer are idle. One of the most celebrated prints of the former represents "The poor Banditti, assaulting the Saviour of India," the person designated by title being Warren Hastings. He fires a blunderbuss at him in front, Fox endeavours to stab him from behind, while Lord North robs him of his money-bags. Hastings, however, defends himself with the "shield of honour." On the other side, the

to circulate every single work of
as an industriously fertile and industri-
ous nation, we are contemplating forms
part of the past of this work; I must
therefore let appear a large *hiatus*,
perhaps *valle de lachry*, and hasten
the latest period of the life of the
English artist, James Gilray.

It was about the time of the terri-
ble French Revolution, when the
ideals of the English were kept at al-
most a stand-still, by various appeals to
loyalty, their patriotism, or their

Mr Cobden's recent pamphlet
known very successfully. I think,

the French nation did not seek at
period to quarrel with, and revolu-
tion in Britain. But there were no
less violent propagandists who would
go any length to have established
the doctrines of Republi-
canism over the world. The opinions
were evidently a contemptible mi-
nority, promulgated by the English
liberty and aristocracy as those of
the French nation. The aristoc-
racy of England were fearful lest their

might be that of those of France;
the wild and insane speeches of the
notorious partizans, but worst enemies
of an ideal republic, were weapons in
their hands which they well knew how
to use.

But the ministry and the opposition
and of one mind in regard to the

France. In calling this behaviour atro-
cious, I do not seek to defend the pecu-
liar religious tenets of either of these
men; but their political belief should
have been held as sacred from mob vio-
lence, as was their religious creed.
Younger and better men than they,
world-famous now, drank eagerly of the
same draught of liberty: Southey the deep
scholar, Wordsworth the poet of na-
ture, and Coleridge, philosopher, meta-
physician, and bard; than whom possi-
bly flourishing at one period, three
greater cannot be found, had imbibed
these doctrines, and were at that time
ardent republicans. Yet Sayer could
produce plates, representing the belief
of these men as demoniacal; and Fox
and North, clad in shirts and boots, but
veritable *sans-culottes*, force obnoxious
liberty down the throat of John Bull.
Gilray, whose continued drunkenness
had by this time produced fits of insa-
nity, seems to have gone mad for the oc-
casion, and his plates, wild, bloody, and
fiery, exhibit some of the worst scenes
which took place in the worst days in
Paris. The guillotine, the pike, the
bleeding and severed head, the firebrand,
and the extempore gallows (*la lanterne*),
bloom in hideous profusion all through
the series. One side of the Channel
presents of course a flattering contrast
to this noise and turmoil: a plate by
Sayer of the 10th of December, 1792.

John ! there ! I see them, get your arms ready, John ! there's ten thousand sans culottes on their way, and there ! the Irish and Scotch have caught the itch, and have begun to pull off their breeches." John is terribly alarmed, but his common sense whispers a better way than fighting. "Where's the use of firing now ? What can us two do against them hundreds of millions of thousands of monsters ? *had we not better try if they won't shake hands with us and be friends ?*" The nation was too alarmed to take this hint. The aristocracy and the young farmers rushed to militia bands, felt proud of their uniform, and clumsy leather fire-man's helmet, and the land bristled with bayonets, and the coasts of Kent were white with tents. Church, king, and laws were appealed to : a king whose hot and ungovernable temper had lost us America ; a church, pure in doctrine, but corrupt and persecuting in her practice ; and laws which permitted Old Sarum, and pocket-boroughs, and legalized judicial murder for a petty theft.

Ye Britons be wise, as you're brave and humane,
You then will be happy without any Paine ;
We know of no despot, we've nothing to fear,
And this new-fangled nonsense will never do here.

Then stand by the church, the king, and the laws,
The old lion still has his teeth and his claws ;
Let Britain still rule in the midst of her waves,
And chastise all those foes who dare call her sons slaves,

Derry Down.

The success of these song writers and caricaturists was complete. Britain strove to chastise France, but in the struggle suffered too. In turning over the crimsoned productions of mad old Gilray, we are reminded that for some time we are to undergo the saddest province of the historian, and to contemplate, like the shipwrecked wretch of Lucretius, the mad turmoil, the blood, the tears, and wounds, occasioned by that saddest of all infectious diseases, the martial fever of nations. The thousand gentle charities broken off, the sweet intercourse interrupted, the flowers of peace uprooted, the industry of the merchant thwarted, his ruined family and bankrupt state, the scholar unheard amongst this din of war, and more than all these the sharp calls of the weakest and poorest of mankind for justice, reform and progress neglected and passed by, start up and haunt these plates like ghosts. Some millions slain, and a few names broidered in glistening tinsel

upon a flaunting flag, are all we have to show for what we might have done.

The caricaturists began the attack by ridiculing Fox, Paine, and Priestley. The author of the "Rights of Man," who had been a stay-maker at Thetford, was by no means a pure or unassailable subject. Gilray brought out a print, on the 10th Dec. 1792, called "Tom Paine's Nightly Pest," which represents the English republican stretched upon his pallet of straw, dreaming of judges' wigs, and all sorts of horrors and punishments. On the 2nd of the following January, another print by the same hand, represents Paine fitting Britannia with a pair of French stays. The lady objects to the republican tight-lacing, and clings to the British oak for protection. Meanwhile, the object of these pictorial satires had, by advocating leniency to the unfortunate king, incurred the odium of his fellows, and was at Paris, thrown into a dungeon by Robespierre and his associates. In prison he wrote the most blasphemous of his books, the "Age of Reason." All readers know the strange accident, which looks almost like the interposition of Providence, which saved him from the guillotine ; but neither prison nor the strange escape taught him humility or veneration, he went to America, and there lived, publishing harmless slanders against religion and his native country, till death put an end to the strange freaks of "Citizen Paine."

"The Republican Soldier," "False Liberty rejected, or no fraternizing with the French cut-throats," and others mark the temper of the nation at the time ; meanwhile Fox's affairs were getting more and more involved, and the great statesman was reduced to a condition of absolute poverty. His friends held a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, and the popularity which he still enjoyed was proved by a large subscription, by which an annuity was purchased. This Gilray ridiculed as "Blue and Buff Charity," in a print wherein Fox is receiving aid from Priestley, Horne Tooke, Michael Angelo Taylor, Earl Stanhope, and Mr. Hall, the son-in-law of that eccentric nobleman. Mr. Hall had been an apothecary in Long Acre, and is represented as ragged and poor, with a phial in his hand. Stanhope had sincerely embraced republican principles, and had married his daughter to a plebeian to prove his sincerity.

John Bull is frequently represented as taking a "friansee a la Nelson," composed of a course of French ships; and Buonaparte, mostly if not always in a ridiculous attitude and costume, appears disputing the world with John Bull. The Irish union, which took effect on Jan. 1, 1801, is chronicled by Gilray in a print called the "The Union Club," wherein Britannia and Hibernia, distinguished by their Shield and Harp, give each other the kiss of peace.

The fashions of the day may be seen in all their elegance or monstrosity by reference to some of the works of Gilray, but we can but refer to them, as they would not be understood, unless accompanied by illustrative cuts. Ballooning figures as "Folly in a new shape" in 1785, and the rage for masquerades, and the inordinate passion for gaming which some ladies of title indulged in, such as Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Luttrell, and Lady Archer, were severely and justly dealt with by the caricaturists. Other subjects which we meet with, thereby commemorated are, the "Infant Roscius," the management of Drury Lane, the O. P. riots, and Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery. A glimpse into the passing follies of the day, is by no means the least instructive or amusing lesson which may be gathered from the pages of the caricaturists.

ROWLANDSON, an artist of eccentric power, but notorious for a vulgar and almost Dutch freedom of drawing, had made his appearance on the field of politics, in 1799, but Gilray for some years afterwards bore off the greater share of work. In 1802 the peace which took place between France and England was celebrated by that artist, as "The First Kiss these ten years:" a French citizen is embracing a fair English dame, and saying, "Madame, permit me to seal on your divine lips everlasting attachment." This caricature enjoyed vast popularity, many copies were sent to France, and Buonaparte was, it is said, highly amused by it. In 1803, the first consul again declared war with England, and prepared to invade her. Gilray's print on the question represents Pitt on one side the Channel and Buonaparte on the other; the latter distinguished by his immense sword and enormous cocked hat. The print is called, "Armed Heroes," and both the personages are terribly afraid of each

other; Mr. Pitt, in fact, although he puts on a bold countenance, is represented as almost sinking to the ground in his fright. In other prints, however, the conqueror of the greater part of Europe was represented as a mere pigmy compared to King George and his valiant Britons. In one, King George holds the Lilliputian hero in his hand, and looks at him with a magnifying glass; the print bears the name of "The King of Brobdignag and Gulliver." Our readers will recollect that Mr. Leech repeated the idea in *Punch* some two or three years back, by representing the Duke of Wellington, looking at General Tom Thumb dressed as Buonaparte; the print was called the "Giant and the Dwarf."

From this period to his death, the great majority of the works of Gilray satirize the Emperor Napoleon; one of them, published towards the latter end of 1803, is called the "Hand-writing on the Wall," and predicts the approaching downfall of Napoleon; his empress, his sisters, and his generals are bitterly satirized by its forcible drawing, and it is said that few things annoyed the great conqueror so much as a copy of this print which was shewn to him. Pitt in opposition, the new coalition, the volunteers, and other events make up subjects of the numerous plates of the indefatigable artist. The approaching death of Fox did not shield that great statesman from these pictorial attacks; a plate, called "Visiting the Sick," published on the 28th July, represents Fox on the bed of death, mourned over by few, and insulted by others. The 13th of September found that great man no more; he was succeeded as foreign secretary by Lord Grey, then Lord Howick. The name of that statesman, and of Sir Francis Burdett, in the field of politics, and of the elder Cruikshank, and of Rowlandson in the field hitherto so industriously occupied by Gilray himself, brings us down to comparatively recent times.

Gilray's labours to the last turned against Napoleon, representing him as entering into the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" in his struggle with the northern powers; how truly and clearly foreseen, we need not here remark; as bound in chains to the triumphal car of Great Britain; and as suffering every possible misfortune which the artist could invent. In 1809, the pencil of

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In March 1784, the dissolution the unpopular ministry took place William Pitt, then only in his twelfth year, was firmly established prime minister of England. His leagues were those who were well known as the "King's friends," and he took in himself the offices of First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The royal hand was strong in many ways, in turning out the ministry, and in establishing the Pitt ministry, and for once the nation and monarch were on the same side.

His dresses were poured in upon the Court, thinking the king for exerting his prerogative *against* the palladium of the people," writes Walpole, and the whig families were, in the election of 1784, turned out of seats which had hitherto regarded as their own.

But the most remarkable contest perhaps ever witnessed in the history of elections took place at Westminster in 1784. Fox had been represented previously to the dissolution by Sir Cecil Wray, and Wray deserted his side, and turned to the Court, and the king resolved to place Fox out, and place Admiral Hood in his seat. The poll was opened on the 1st of April, and continued without intermission until the 17th of May. For the first few days Fox was in a minority, but eventually he was returned by a majority of 236 over Sir Cecil Wray.

No political event seems to have given birth to a greater number of songs, squibs, and caricatures, than this election. Sir Cecil had, in the

parliament proposed a tax upon
himself. This was a point not
yet made, and an inveterate satiri-
cal paper called "Judas," as Wray
acknowledges his desertion of Fox,
was busy interfering with our do-
mestic affairs. At the same time the ladies,
in the extraordinary election were
more than the men successful than
any other party to solicit votes

→ ... from the stamping of notes,
→ ...
→ ...
→ ...

of the Court against the King in a very extraordinary manner. The King received intelligence of the progress of the election of the electors; and the royal household very freely to secure the King at Hush. On one side of the household troops and the other a body, as household troops, of the King's household troops, on the same side, with this, the minister, who they were not to be a popular disturbance, and to serve as a party of the household troops.

[illegible][illegible]

...of the ... Way and ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

two court candidates with placards of a virulent nature, and with caricatures of a humorous and of an insulting kind. In one Wray was represented as driven away by a maid-servant's broom, and a pensioner's crutch; in another, he was flying from a crowd, bearing on their banners, "No tax on maid-servants;" in a third, he was riding a race, mounted upon a slow and obstinate ass, whilst the successful candidates upon spirited horses are far in the distance.

The other side were not idle. Their caricatures came forth sheet upon sheet, holding up to scorn gambling, the besetting sin of Fox. And we now first perceive the unhappy difference which took place between the Prince of Wales and his father. Incensed, it is said by Pitt's haughty bearing towards him, the young Prince became a warm partizan of Fox, and a most determined opponent of Pitt. An early caricature by Gilray, represents the heir to the throne "Returning from Brooke's," in a state of drunkenness, and supported on one side by Fox, and on the other, by "Sam House," an ardent admirer of the latter. This "Sam House," was a publican, and a character of his day. During the election, he kept open his house for Fox's supporters at his own expense, and was gratified by the company of many of the Whig aristocracy. He was remarkable for a clean, a perfectly bald head, on which he never wore hat or wig. He dressed in nankeen breeches, and brightly polished shoes and buckles. His waistcoat he wore open, displaying remarkably clean and fine linen. His legs, often bare, were when clad, covered with the finest silk stockings. When asked who he was, at the canvassing booth, he answered, as he gave his pumpkin for Fox, "a Puffin and a To-puffin." He was continually engaged in his canvassing, and his name was therefore a prominent one in the caricatures of the day.

But the most successful of Fox's ploys was the very beautiful Georgian Sophia Pinche, of Devonshire. As Fox and her mother as she was fondly called, and though had she entered was present at the court, and attended by several noble ladies, if time went by personally solicited with Fox. The success she had greatly irritated the Tories, and their papers and attacks were most stinging to the Duchess. In one she is represented as (according to a current report of the day)

as bribing a butcher with a kiss. In another, she is seeing a cobbler's wife with gold, whilst the husband mends her shoe. In a third, Fox is represented as the successful candidate carried triumphantly upon the back of the Duchess. The papers were even less civil. Hints and innuendos were thrown out, which are no less disgraceful to the writers than to the time in which they appeared. In fact, few can look back upon the political features of the age, the faction, hatred, bribery, and intimidation manifested at an election, without feeling thankful that we have, if not quite, yet in a great degree, escaped the contagion.

The election of 1784, which made the caricaturists so busy, threw out no less than 180 of Fox's most staunch supporters, who, on this occasion, received the burlesque title of "*Fox's Martyrs*." The number of members entirely new to the House gave rise to some ironical observations from Fox, and Pitt, in defending his supporters, grew angry enough. The prints of the time give us the portrait of Fox as "Catiline reprehended," sitting, with his face almost hidden by his hand and hat, listening to one of these Philippeas. Pitt, of course, being the eloquent Cicero. The print is by Sayer. A companion to it shows us the philosophic Burke sending the whole house to sleep by his rather too discursive harangues. The print is a voucher for the truth of Goldsmith's assertion, that Burke

Kept on refining,
And thought of convincing, whilst they thought
of dining.

It is entitled, " . . . on the Sublime and Beautiful."

The thoughts and attention of the nation were now again turned on the thoughtless extravagance and riotous living of the Prince of Wales. Separated from the family of the King, and surrounded by such *bon vivants* as Captain Morris, and others of the same stamp, the Prince's natural impulses to vice received an impetus which he had little wish or power to resist. The caricaturists of the day let us know something of his private life at this period. He is frequently represented with Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Lord North, and Captain Morris. In the summer of 1786, his debts had become so great that he was on the point of borrowing a large sum of money from the Duke of

Orleans, old *Egalité*, father of Louis Philippe. Dissuaded from this, he determined to commence a life of economy, suppressed the works at Carlton House, shut up his state apartments, and sold his race horses, hunters, and even coach horses, and, at the same time, invested £40,000 per annum, out of an income of £50,000, for the payment of his debts. This determination rendered the prince far from unpopular, and his friends trumpeted the action far and wide, but the Government caricaturists published scenes of his promiscuous amours in not very decorous prints. In one, by Gilray, he and his friends are pictured as "*The Jovial Crew*;" or, the *Merry Beggars*;" in another he is shown as having just arrived at Botany Bay; he is carried on shore by two convicts, and supported on either side by Fox and North. These attacks were continued from time to time, just as particulars of the licentious life of this Prince came before the public. In 1787, Gilray represents him as "*The Prodigal Son*," he is seated on the ground by a hog trough, and the animals are devouring the Prince's feathers. There is fine satire in the touch which shows us the Prince's garter all but devoured, of the motto only the word "*honi*" is visible. In another, we see him pictured as receiving money from the Duke de Chartres. With a bitter satire, the Prince is represented as fat and bloated, but the motto under the feathers is "*Ich starve*."

In 1787, on the recommencement of the parliamentary session, Burke again brought forward his impeachment of Warren Hastings. It is not my province to enter upon that (to me) very theatrical trial. We want some new and uninterested historian to write an account of an affair, which made so much noise at the time, and was so eagerly seized upon by Burke and Sheridan for oratorical display, let it suffice for my present purpose to say that neither the pencils of Gilray or of Sayer were idle. One of the most celebrated prints of the former represents "*The political Banditti, assaulting the Saviour of India*," the person designated by that title being Warren Hastings. Burke fires a blunderbuss at him in front, and Fox endeavours to stab him from behind, while Lord North robs him of his money-bags. Hastings, however, defends himself with the "*shield of honour*." On the other side, the Go-

to demand every single work of man, and not only fertile and industrious, but also contemplative, forms part of the plan of this work; I must, therefore, not appear a huge *hiatus*, perhaps even *defenda*, and hasten to the next period of the life of the royal coadjutor James Gilray.

First I notice revolution, when the minds of the English were kept at almost a fever heat, by various appeals to exalt their patriotism, or their rage. Mr. Colcland's recent pamphlet was very successfully, I think, in the French nation did not seek at all to quarrel with, and revolution in Britain. But there were no ardent propagandists who would go any length to have established the doctrine of Republicanism over the world. The opinions were evidently a contemptible minority, promulgated by the English clergy and aristocracy as those of the French nation. The aristocracy of England were fearful lest their manners be that of those of France; and the wild and insane speeches of the numerous partizans, but worst enemies of a free republic, were weapons in the hands which they well knew how

use.

attacked and burnt, and Paine fled to France. In calling this behaviour atrocious, I do not seek to defend the peculiar religious tenets of either of these men; but their political belief should have been held as sacred from mob violence, as was their religious creed. Younger and better men than they, world-famous now, drank eagerly of the same draught of liberty: Southey the deep scholar, Wordsworth the poet of nature, and Coleridge, philosopher, metaphysician, and bard; than whom possibly flourishing at one period, three greater cannot be found, had imbibed these doctrines, and were at that time ardent republicans. Yet Sayer could produce plates, representing the belief of these men as demoniacal; and Fox and North, clad in shirts and boots, but veritable *sans-culottes*, force obnoxious liberty down the throat of John Bull. Gilray, whose continued drunkenness had by this time produced fits of insanity, seems to have gone mad for the occasion, and his plates, wild, bloody, and fiery, exhibit some of the worst scenes which took place in the worst days in Paris. The guillotine, the pike, the bleeding and severed head, the firebrand, and the extempore gallows (*la lanterne*), bloom in hideous profusion all through the series. One side of the Channel presents of course a flattering contrast to this noise and turmoil: a plate by

John! there! I see them, get your arms ready, John! there's ten thousand sans culottes on their way, and there! the Irish and Scotch have caught the itch, and have began to pull off their breeches." John is terribly alarmed, but his common sense whispers a better way than fighting. "Where's the use of firing now? What can us two do against them hundreds of millions of thousands of monsters? *had we not better try if they won't shake hands with us and be friends!*" The nation was too alarmed to take this hint. The aristocracy and the young farmers rushed to militia bands, felt proud of their uniform, and clung to leather fire-man's helmet, and the land bristled with bayonets, and the coasts of Kent were white with tents. Church, king, and laws were appealed to; a king whose hot and ungovernable temper had lost us America; a church, pure in doctrine, but corrupt and persecuting in her practice; and laws which permitted Old Sarum, and pocket-boroughs, and legalized judicial murder for a petty theft.

Ye Britons be wise, as you're brave and humane,
You then will be happy without any Paine;
We know of no despots, we've nothing to fear,
And this new-fangled nonsense will never do here.

Then stand by the church, the king, and the laws,
The old lion still has his teeth and his claws;
Let Britain still rule in the midst of her waves,
And chastise all those foes who dare call her sons slaves.

Derry Down.

The success of these song writers and caricaturists was complete. Britain strove to chastise France, but in the struggle suffered too. In turning over the crimsoned productions of mad old Gilray, we are reminded that for some time we are to undergo the saddest province of the historian, and to contemplate, like the shipwrecked wretch of Lucretius, the mad turmoil, the blood, the tears, and wounds, occasioned by that saddest of all infectious diseases, the martial fever of nations. The thousand gentle charities broken off, the sweet intercourse interrupted, the flowers of peace uprooted, the industry of the merchant thwarted, his ruined family and bankrupt state, the scholar unheard amongst this din of war, and more than all these the sharp calls of the weakest and poorest of mankind for justice, reform and progress neglected and passed by, start up and haunt these plates like ghosts. Some millions slain, and a few names broided in glistening tinsel

upon a flaunting flag, are all we have to show for what we might have done.

The caricaturists began the attack by ridiculing Fox, Paine, and Priestley. The author of the "Rights of Man," who had been a stay-maker at Thetford, was by no means a pure or unassailable subject. Gilray brought out a print, on the 10th Dec. 1792, called "Tom Paine's Nightly Pest," which represents the English republican stretched upon his pallet of straw, dreaming of judges' wigs, and all sorts of horrors and punishments. On the 2nd of the following January, another print by the same hand, represents Paine fitting Britannia with a pair of French stays. The lady objects to the republican tight-lacing, and clings to the British oak for protection. Meanwhile, the object of these pictorial satires had, by advocating leniency to the unfortunate king, incurred the odium of his fellows, and was at Paris, thrown into a dungeon by Robespierre and his associates. In prison he wrote the most blasphemous of his books, the "Age of Reason." All readers know the strange accident, which looks almost like the interposition of Providence, which saved him from the guillotine; but neither prison nor the strange escape taught him humility or veneration, he went to America, and there lived, publishing harmless slanders against religion and his native country, till death put an end to the strange freaks of "Citizen Paine."

"The Republican Soldier," "False Liberty rejected, or no fraternizing with the French cut-throats," and others mark the temper of the nation at the time; meanwhile Fox's affairs were getting more and more involved, and the great statesman was reduced to a condition of absolute poverty. His friends held a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, and the popularity which he still enjoyed was proved by a large subscription, by which an annuity was purchased. This Gilray ridiculed as "Blue and Buff Charity," in a print wherein Fox is receiving aid from Priestley, Horne Tooke, Michael Angelo Taylor, Earl Stanhope, and Mr. Hall, the son-in-law of that eccentric nobleman. Mr. Hall had been an apothecary in Long Acre, and is represented as ragged and poor, with a phial in his hand. Stanhope had sincerely embraced republican principles, and had married his daughter to a plebeian to prove his sincerity.

John Bull is frequently represented as taking a "fricassee à la Nelson," composed of a course of French ships; and Buonaparte, mostly if not always in a ridiculous attitude and costume, appears disputing the world with John Bull. The Irish union, which took effect on Jan. 1, 1801, is chronicled by Gilray in a print called the "The Union Club," wherein Britannia and Hibernia, distinguished by their Shield and Harp, give each other the kiss of peace.

The fashions of the day may be seen in all their elegance or monstrosity by reference to some of the works of Gilray, but we can but refer to them, as they would not be understood, unless accompanied by illustrative cuts. Ballooning figures as "Folly in a new shape" in 1785, and the rage for masquerades, and the inordinate passion for gaming which some ladies of title indulged in, such as Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Luttrell, and Lady Archer, were severely and justly dealt with by the caricaturists. Other subjects which we meet with, thereby commemorated are, the "Infant Roscius," the management of Drury Lane, the O. P. riots, and Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery. A glimpse into the passing follies of the day, is by no means the least instructive or amusing lesson which may be gathered from the pages of the caricaturists.

ROWLANDSON, an artist of eccentric power, but notorious for a vulgar and almost Dutch freedom of drawing, had made his appearance on the field of politics, in 1799, but Gilray for some years afterwards bore off the greater share of work. In 1802 the peace which took place between France and England was celebrated by that artist, as "The First Kiss these ten years:" a French citizen is embracing a fair English dame, and saying, "Madame, permit me to seal on your divine lips everlasting attachment." This caricature enjoyed vast popularity, many copies were sent to France, and Buonaparte was, it is said, highly amused by it. In 1803, the first consul again declared war with England, and prepared to invade her. Gilray's print on the question represents Pitt on one side the Channel and Buonaparte on the other; the latter distinguished by his immense sword and enormous cocked hat. The print is called, "Armed Heroes," and both the personages are terribly afraid of each

other; Mr. Pitt, in fact, although he puts on a bold countenance, is represented as almost sinking to the ground in his fright. In other prints, however, the conqueror of the greater part of Europe was represented as a mere pigmy compared to King George and his valiant Britons. In one, King George holds the Lilliputian hero in his hand, and looks at him with a magnifying glass; the print bears the name of "The King of Brobdignag and Gulliver." Our readers will recollect that Mr. Leech repeated the idea in *Punch* some two or three years back, by representing the Duke of Wellington, looking at General Tom Thumb dressed as Buonaparte; the print was called the "Giant and the Dwarf."

From this period to his death, the great majority of the works of Gilray satirize the Emperor Napoleon; one of them, published towards the latter end of 1803, is called the "Hand-writing on the Wall," and predicts the approaching downfall of Napoleon; his empress, his sisters, and his generals are bitterly satirized by its forcible drawing, and it is said that few things annoyed the great conqueror so much as a copy of this print which was shewn to him. Pitt in opposition, the new coalition, the volunteers, and other events make up subjects of the numerous plates of the indefatigable artist. The approaching death of Fox did not shield that great statesman from these pictorial attacks; a plate, called "Visiting the Sick," published on the 28th July, represents Fox on the bed of death, mourned over by few, and insulted by others. The 13th of September found that great man no more; he was succeeded as foreign secretary by Lord Grey, then Lord Howick. The name of that statesman, and of Sir Francis Burdett, in the field of politics, and of the elder Cruikshank, and of Rowlandson in the field hitherto so industriously occupied by Gilray himself, brings us down to comparatively recent times.

Gilray's labours to the last turned against Napoleon, representing him as entering into the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" in his struggle with the northern powers; how truly and clearly foreseen, we need not here remark; as bound in chains to the triumphal car of Great Britain; and as suffering every possible misfortune which the artist could invent. In 1809, the pencil of

he had ceased from his labours. Spirit had already given over, and others were rising, but none with the graphic force of Gilray; he would have still monopolised the field, had not his own care destroyed him. He had an almost insatiable thirst for spirits, and left his own publisher with whom he lodged, in Bond-street, frequently, to sell plates to Fops, in Piccadilly, for the purpose of procuring ardent drink with the money. His last work is dated 1811, after that he sank into a state of mingled delirium and imbecility, and attempted suicide, by endeavouring to throw himself out of window. For four years he lingered in this state, and finally died on the first of June 1815, and was buried in the churchyard of St. James's, Piccadilly, near the rectory house.

James Gilray had occupied the public almost incessantly with his plates from the year 1779 to the year 1811. His drawings have force, great skill, and display an immense power of invention. He lived in a stirring political time, and seems to have hit upon popular subjects with an unerring sagacity. His politics were most probably liberal, but as he sold the efforts of his pencil, and perhaps cared most for the side which paid best, it is somewhat difficult to judge. He was a man who had, however humble some may deem his weapon, an immense influence on his fellow countrymen, and through them on the world, and in looking over, even casually as we have done, his numerous works, we cannot but endorse the opinion of Croker, expressed in his "New Whig Guide," "that political caricatures are parts of political history. They supply information as to the personal habits, and often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."

To trace the lives of Howlandson and of Isaac Cruikshank, to give such particulars of Woodward and of Bunbury, would be no easy task, neither, it must be confessed, would it be a grateful one. But there is one man whom we must not omit, and whose works are the most universal of any caricaturist who has yet existed, one whose works and name are a synonym for popularity, and who has exercised the very great talent he possesses, not alone in creating laughter and dispersing care, but also for the moral improvement and

elevation of his countrymen. That man is

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

The name, the reader will at once perceive, is Scotch. A generation of the Cruikshanks flourished in the '45, and the grandfather of the present artist went out with Charles Edward, and, like that once popular prince, finished his campaigns on Drummossie Moor. Tradition states that members of the artist's mother's family, were also active in aiding the young fugitive, and in shielding and hiding him in his many perilous escapes. These circumstances no doubt impoverished his family, and the father of Isaac came from Edinburgh to London, like hundreds of his countrymen, bent upon trying his fortune. He left his son an orphan in London, and there, in the parish of Bloomsbury, his son George was born, in the year 1794. He was the second son of Isaac Cruikshank, caricaturist and engraver, having for an elder brother Robert, a follower of the same art, and once known popularly as the illustrator of Coleridge's "Devil's Walk," and of "Monsieur Tonson," about the eccentric author of which Jerdan discourses pleasantly in his recent autobiography.

In that art in which he was to gain distinction, George Cruikshank had little or no instruction. He picked up his knowledge by seeing his father work, and once in his early life made a drawing from a cast, as a specimen to obtain his admission as a student of the Royal Academy, under the superintendence of Fuseli, a learned professor, who with his nine languages, might well claim to be classed amongst those who are accredited.

Well versed in Greek, deep men of letters.

The classes of such a professor were sure to be well attended, and when Fuseli received the drawing of Cruikshank the room was crowded. He examined the drawing, was well pleased with it, and sent down the following characteristic message to the draughtsman, "Tell him, he may come up, but he must fight for a seat." The young artist did fight for room that evening, but engagements which brought in money, occupied his time fully, and he neglected to go any more. While upon the subject we may as well mention that the second drawing for admission to the Royal

Academy as a student, was made a few weeks ago, by the indefatigable artist, who mindful of the time of life at which Cicero acquired Greek, seeks for admission to the schools of the Academy for the purpose of studying from the life.

Cruikshank was soon after this well known, and he with the enthusiasm of youth was bitterly satirizing the then ministry, whom he believed in his ardent attachment to liberty to be some of the worst men under heaven, whilst the demagogues of the day were the best, when he applied to Fuseli. The Orders in Council, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Perceval were objects of his artistic ire, but above them all, the giant of his hate, towered Buonaparte. For some years, the artist has himself told the writer, he lived upon that great usurper Buonaparte; one feat in which he at the time particularly delighted, was that he buried the Corsican in snow, this was on the outset of the Russian expedition. The prophecy was a shrewd one. Not so successful, however, was one wherein he had left the emperor dead with cold, and about to

Fatten all the region kites.

He also made caricatures for a satirical publication called "The Scourge;" and before he had attained his twentieth year published, in conjunction with a literary friend of the name of Earle, a half-crown publication called "The Meteor." The negligent habits of his literary friend, habits which on account of the uncertainty of the profession are too often acquired by the *littérateur*, led to the failure of this work after an existence of some few months.

The main characteristics of his etchings at this time Cruikshank has retained; they were distinguished by boldness and power, free drawing, and an excellent knowledge of the use of the etching point. His works were very popular, and he supplied in himself the place of H. B. and *Punch*; consequently when Mr. Hone, the publisher, approached George Cruikshank, he did it with the respect which publishers know how to use towards a successful artist, either of the pencil or pen. Hone was decidedly an original, a man of talent, and moreover somewhat eccentric, and our hero and himself soon became friends.

Hone, at the time, was not very rich,

and being a thorough liberal, which embraced at that time the worst qualities of the present free-thinker, he determined to make a short road to fortune, by publishing what he thought would be extensively popular; namely, parodies on the liturgy of the Church of England. No churchman himself, (his father was a presbyterian,) but yet having that respect for the religious opinions of every sect which every sensible and deep thinking man has, Cruikshank was hurt and alarmed at this proceeding, and remonstrated with the publisher. "Take my word for it," said he to Hone, "you will be prosecuted for this, withdraw it." "I do not care," was the reply, "the children must have bread to eat," and the remonstrance failed, and the book appeared. It was soon seen how truly Cruikshank had spoken. A notice came from the attorney-general, for Hone to prepare for his arraignment for blasphemy, and the bookseller repented bitterly his rejection of his friend's advice. He consulted Cruikshank, who dictated a letter to the attorney-general, begging him not to commence proceedings, which he sent by one of his little children to his private house. The boy found that crown officer but just arisen from bed, and was admitted to him whilst he was shaving. He opened and read the letter, and said, "Tell your father, my boy, that I'm very sorry for him, but the action must go on."

The action proceeded. Cruikshank did not desert his friend; in his studio he rehearsed Hone's trial, and the two together concocted the defence. The government were astonished to find that they had prosecuted a man who was deeply read in all that related to the particular subject in hand. Hone appeared to be deeply shocked at the bare accusation of being blasphemous; and his defence, full of curious reading and learning, was listened to with deep attention. The result of three separate trials was that he was acquitted; no jury would convict him, and by a chance, that which should have crushed the bookseller, brought him the notice of the whig opposition, and made him, from an unknown man, one of the most popular in England. No sane man can now applaud Hone's conduct, or that of his partizans, and as a proof of how much the taste of our countrymen

published his illustrations to Peter Schemmild a German story of one who sold his shadow to the Prince of Darkness. One illustration wherein the Evil One detaches and wraps up the shadow which he has purchased, is full of excellence; the chuckle upon the face of the fiend seems at the same time to denote the worthlessness of the purchase, and yet the inconceivable misery which the want of the shadow would occasion to his victim.

In 1825 Cruikshank illustrated "Popular German Stories," and a book called "Mornings at Bow Street." The latter was in some sort the off-spring of "Life in London." The young men of the day had taken it into their very empty heads that to imitate the actions of Corinthian Tom and Bob Legie was very great and glorious, and to carry out this ideal they began assailing the watchmen, in their slang, *the Charleys*, at a very great rate. A Mr. Wight, who had been, we believe, a merchant at Liverpool, was at that time the reporter to the *Morning Chronicle*, and used to head his reports of these assaults with the words MORE "LIFE." It says, perhaps, little for the taste of the age, that these were read eagerly, and that by them the circulation of the Chronicle was raised from 600 to more than 7000. Mr. Wight obtained the editorship of the paper, and a promise of a partnership from Mr. Thwaites, which the latter gentleman did not live to fulfil. Of the reports themselves we must in justice say that they were often humorous and seldom vulgar, but readers of the present day, accustomed to a more refined and polished wit, will find in them little to amuse or even to repay perusal. The sale of the paper being so effectually improved, Mr. Wight naturally presumed that the reports published separately and illustrated by the first artist of the day, would be no bad speculation, a selection was made, and published under the title of "Mornings at Bow Street," and the sale of the book answered the expectations of the proprietors. The illustrations of the work are excellent, and some of them were the best that Cruikshank had at that time done. Those bearing the titles of "A Cool Contrivance," "Jonas Tunks," "Bundling up," and "a Dun at Dinner Time," are perhaps the best. There is one also of a very pathetic nature called "A Distressed Father." The report

which it illustrates is told simply and is of itself deeply pathetic.

Illustrations to "Hans of Iceland," a wild story by Victor Hugo, and some few plates to the *Dublin Magazine*, an extinct periodical, formed the occupation of Cruikshank during 1825. In the next year he illustrated a book called "Greenwich Hospital," a collection of sea stories, by Lieut. Barker.

In 1830, he produced the plates of a work which has survived to this day, and which is worthy of more reputation than it has. This was "Three Courses and a Dessert." The three Courses consisted of west country, Irish and legal stories, and a *mélange* of prose and verse by way of Dessert. The book was, written by a Mr. William Clark, a solicitor, which would account for his excellent legal stories. He came from the west of England, and we should presume from the excellence of the Irish stories had spent some years in that country. It is high praise to the illustrations and the text to say that they were worthy of each other. The cuts, in number more than fifty, exhibit a lightness of fancy and imagination which have never been excelled; the head and tail pieces are especially to be commended.

In quick succession after this book Cruikshank illustrated "Tales of Other Days," from the pen of a Mr. Akerman; and "the Gentleman in Black," a novel by one of the writers in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The illustrations of both these are very good. The tales are of *drollerie*, and of wild German fancy, and the cuts which illustrated them of a very different calibre to the later works of the same artist. Next came illustrations to Fielding's "Tom Thumb," so excellent that they should never be separated from that work, and as a pendant to them, the like number of cuts to the Burlesque of "Bombastes Furioso." The artist was then engaged upon "Sunday in London," a fine work which with one or two plates re-drawn, for the fashions have somewhat altered in more than twenty years, would do good service if reprinted now. The parts of the decalogue therein illustrated are turned to bitter satire: a bishop just alighted from his coach (the mitre glitters on the hammer-cloth), is about to enter a fashionable church, to preach no doubt a charity sermon; the inferior clergy wait at the porch to bow him in, and a

essence which is evidently about to enrich his guests magnificently; there is perfect plethora of cooks; one fat fellow carries a roasted joint; another, Frenchman, tastes with the air of a connoisseur, something from a stewpan, and is applauded for an *entremet*. The "Country-Squire Muscade," the "Parks and Sunday," the "Gun Temple turned at Church time," and a plate called the "moral workings of the *Spirit*," over its drunkards, male and female, maddened in their intoxication, are glowing with a demoniacal hatred, are a deeply moral satires which leave sad, but improving, reflections in the mind. We must not omit two cuts, the one a view of Primrose Hill, with a crowd of pedestrian holiday makers, and another a Jew in a very fashionable coat, full of highly dressed and exceedingly well-fed people, the fat renter to be having his be-ringed hand dancing conspicuously over the door; the first entitled "*Miserable sinners*." Indeed the whole work is fruitful in painful but moral suggestions, and gives rise to feelings which are sometimes "too deep for tears."

Cruikshank next worked upon Fielding and Smollett's novels, some also by Deane and Goldsmith; supplied illustrations for the forty-eight volumes of the "Waverley Novels," and wrote plates for Scott's "Demonology."

Tilt at once jumped at the idea, and in the course of a conversation, persuaded the artist to change the name to the "Comic Almanac," verbally agreeing, at the same time, to bear part of the expenses and to share in the profits of the work. But by a stroke of publishers' strategy, assisted by the fact that the name of the Comic Almanac was Mr. Tilt's copyright, the originator had not, from the very first issue, any participation in the profits of the work, which were very great indeed, but became merely the artist engaged to illustrate the production. In this work, which has been carried on without cessation for eighteen years, are many of Cruikshank's happiest hits. Though not so carefully finished as his more elaborate productions, there are here also some very refreshing plates, when, bounding out from the comic, the artist has given us some homely country scene. Such is "May-Day in the olden time." In an elaborate review in one of the quarterlies, written by our greatest living author, Mr. Thackeray, then indeed not so much known, great praise is very justly attributed to the designs in the Almanac. As we have mentioned Mr. Thackeray's review we may as well tell a curious anecdote connected with it. The reviewer had declared Cruikshank to be so intensely national that he was

Sykes," are wonderful in their dramatic effect and vividly personify the author's writings. From his own face, in a mirror, charged with feelings which he imagined might be those of a condemned criminal, the artist drew the plate of Fagin. Its truth was at once seen, and it has, besides, the popularity which it gave to the magazine (for who could look at the plates without a desire to read the text?) the honour of giving a *sobriquet* to the greatest living soldier. From his hook-nose, his fierce eye, and his general resemblance to the print, Sir Charles Napier is universally called, by his Indian officers, "Old Fagin." A determination on the part of Mr. Bentley, which bore slightly upon the quality of liberality—a quality not lacked by publishers—made Mr. Dickens relinquish the conduct of a magazine which he, in conjunction with Cruikshank, had raised to a large circulation. For some time the publisher had probably no reason to repent the step he had taken, for Mr. Ainsworth, who then became editor, wrote his novel of "Jack Sheppard," a work which Cruikshank illustrated, *con amore*, and which the reading public so far appreciated that it raised the magazine seven hundred copies in circulation above the number it had attained with Mr. Dickens. One may well doubt the morality of the novel, but not the excellence of the accompanying plates, they are full of spirit, and wonderfully attractive. Some them, such as "Sir Rowland Trenchard in the Well," you cannot easily forget. The smaller illustrations of "Jack's Progress to Tyburn," and his execution, with their multitude of figures, will bear comparison with the etchings of Jacques Callot.

Another determination on the part of Mr. Bentley, led Messrs. Cruikshank and Ainsworth to set up a periodical for themselves; and "Ainsworth's Magazine" was started, which contained in succession, the "Tower of London," "Windsor Castle," and the "Miser's Daughter." Cruikshank illustrated all these; and the effects of light and shade, and the fine pointing in some of the plates, remind us of Rembrandt. He still continued to work for Bentley, his name being printed on the wrapper of that magazine; on ceasing to do so, the artist started a periodical of his own, called the "Omnibus," which was edited by the late Laman Blanchard. The title page, "De Omnibus rebus," is a

remarkable plate, containing a view of the world, with a multitude of people on it. There was also a creation of his own, a Mrs. Toddles, a little woman, who is never in time for the "Omnibus," but who just rushes in as it is full and about to drive off, which has a great deal of fun in it; and a wood-cut of deeper import, called a "Monument to Napoleon," wherein that Corsican is standing on a pyramid of human skulls, himself a skeleton, distinguished by his cocked hat, jack-boots, and sword.

About this time, he furnished plates for a work, which contains some of his happiest efforts in a serious style. We allude to the "History of the Irish Rebellion," by Maxwell. "The Battle of Ross," with an insane rebel rushing forward and thrusting his wig into the mouth of the cannon of the military, and shouting to his fellows, "Come on, boys, her mouth's stopped;" the "Camp on Vinegar Hill," the "Defeat of the Rebels," and one or two other plates, he has never, in our opinion, surpassed.

After the completion of the "Omnibus," there appeared, in 1845, a similar magazine, the "Table Book," edited by G. A. A'Becket, which had some very fine plates in it, of a larger size, and perhaps more carefully finished than in the "Omnibus." One was called, "A Reverie," wherein the artist, with a dog in his lap, is portrayed as sitting before the fire with subjects floating around him. The portrait was, at the time, striking. Another was called, the "Folly of Crime;" and a third bore heavily upon the insane railway speculations of the year.

The next important work which Cruikshank produced, by some deemed the most important of his life, was brought out in 1847. It was intended to set, in the strongest possible light, the folly of an addiction to what teetotallers emphatically term, "strong drink." It consisted of a series of eight large plates, produced by glyphography, and published at the remarkable price of *one shilling*! If the effect were equal to the sale, it must have been immense. We do not doubt the capability of the work in deterring sober people from drinking, but we doubt reformed drunkards; but there can be no doubt as to the excellence of the plates, or of their perfect suitability to the class to which they were addressed. From the first, wherein the decent young mechanic

habits, have scarcely abated. He seeks admission as a student to the Royal Academy, and determines, we believe, ardent as Cicero, when at sixty he learnt Greek, to turn his talents to a new field.

The talent which he possesses has certainly never been abused. Whilst he was making the people laugh, he was generally teaching them. He has carefully avoided anything which could even by implication sanction vice. He has assailed sin in the palace equally as in the cottage, and it is great praise to say that although in his younger days he caricatured those in power, he has since refused a great price for work which would cost him little labour because

he should offend none personally. He attacked the vice and not the men. He is no mere caricaturist, he is that and something more; he has the higher qualities of an originator and of an inventor, and moreover is a moral teacher, which Gilray or Rowlandson seldom or never attained to. His greatest praise is that he seems ever to have worked with the knowledge that he must some-day give an account for the use of the power granted him; he has therefore attained position, fame, and independence by the use, not abuse of his genius, and long may he live to enjoy that which he has acquired.

JAS. H. F.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

To all who feel a curiosity about eminent men of their own country and time, in whatever department they may have attained their celebrity, the present brief outline of the history of one, who has left behind him a reputation as a successful practical surgeon, surpassed by none—who has been reckoned, and not unjustly, one of the most instructive surgical teachers the world has ever seen, cannot, there is abundant reason to believe, fail to be acceptable. The subject, however, which occupies the few following pages, has been selected, in preference to others,—which probably on strictly professional grounds, may have superior claims upon our attention, not, because it can be affirmed with any degree of correctness, that Sir Astley Cooper was a man of genius, or even, in a high sense of the term, a man of science, or worthy of being classed with the great luminaries of his own branch of the medical profession; but simply for the reason that his career affords, probably, one of the most striking instances on record of what indefatigable industry, coupled with merely a more than ordinary amount of professional skill and intelligence, can sometimes accomplish for its possessor, in the shape of worldly fame, wealth and honours. If, therefore, there is but little to be found in the career of this remarkable man to command the admiration, and still less to enlist the

sympathies of the general reader, there is much in our opinion to be deduced therefrom in the way of instruction.

Sir Astley Cooper was born at Yelverton, in the county of Norfolk, on the 23rd of August 1768. The gentleman, who has furnished the reading world with his "Life," in a couple of somewhat formidable looking volumes, gravely assures us, that Astley's father, the Rev. Samuel Cooper, D.D., was wont to drive to the parish church of Yelverton aforesaid, of which he was the incumbent, every Sunday morning, in a coach drawn by "four powerful, long-tailed, black horses!" This equestrian display was no doubt excessively magnificent in its way, and must have hebdomadally impressed the Yelvertonians with a ponderously solemn sense of the official dignity and ecclesiastical importance of their parson—but it is highly questionable that their piety was very much improved by the exhibition. As described, however, the Rev. Doctor's weekly cavalcade and appurtenances thereto attached, partakes so largely in its character of the style and taste of the modern undertaker, that it is perhaps worthy of a passing notice, if only to show that "there is nothing new under the sun." Most of our readers doubtless, like ourselves, will be still more surprised to learn, on the same authority, that the mother of Sir Astley Cooper was the veritable authoress of several novels,

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friend and companion, is ascribed the selection of Sir Astley's walk in the business of life. From Sir Astley himself, however, we have it, that at Norwich, *two or three years later*, he chanced to visit the hospital, where he saw a Mr. Dance successfully perform the difficult operation of lithotomy; "and it was this," he says, "which inspired me with a strong impression of the utility of surgery, and led me to embark in it as my profession." An opportunity soon presented itself for his so doing.

In 1781, his uncle, Mr. William Cooper, an eminent London surgeon, and lecturer in Guy's Hospital, paid his annual visit at Dr. Cooper's parsonage, and a proposal that the nephew should be articled to himself, and accompany him to town, was unanimously approved of by the family party. To London, Astley, now in his seventeenth year, accordingly travelled, where, we gather, that, during several months, there was a pretty constant succession of squabbling in the uncle's establishment, in consequence of the nephew being more smitten with the freedom and gaieties of a metropolitan life, than with the charms and attractions of anatomical science.

At this period, indeed, the youth appears to have been quite of the "Bob Sawyer" order of students, and his remarks were sufficiently numerous and indiscreet, to have entitled him to the highest honors of that particular school. With a staid, business man, like the lecturer of Guy's Hospital, however, such state of things could not possibly endure, and the connection with his uncle received its standing stroke from an encounter to which I thus related:— "One day he had obtained the uniform of an officer, and in this disguise was walking about town, when, on going along Bonmarket, he suddenly observed his uncle advancing towards him. Not having time to avoid meeting, he determined the better of the affair, should not make him recognise him. Mr. Cooper, however, was so quick to decide in his mind whether it *was* his nephew or not; that soon he concluded that it was he, and thus, one of his pinks, he went up to him, and commenced a somewhat angry address about his idleness and waste of time. Astley, remaining quite with turned aspect, and changing his voice, replied that he must be making some mistake, for he did not understand to

whom or to what, he was alluding. 'Why,' said Mr. Cooper, 'you don't mean to say that you are not my nephew, Astley Cooper?' 'Really, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing any such person. My name is——, of the——th,' replied the young scapegrace, naming with unflinching boldness, the regiment of which he wore the uniform. Mr. William Cooper apologised, although still unable to feel assured he was not being duped, and bowing, passed on." Soon after the detection of this very theatrical piece of imposition, which cannot fail to remind our readers of a precisely similar incident in Bouffault's comedy of "London Assurance," we are informed that the articles of indenture were transferred from Mr. William Cooper to Mr. Cline.

This translation seems to have had a wonderfully salutary effect upon the youthful masquerader, and henceforth his genius for adventures appears to have taken quite a new turn, and displayed itself solely in the acquisition of "subjects" for experiment. These consisted principally of purloined dogs, and in the "Life" already referred to, we are complacently furnished with several anecdotes of the reformed Astley's painstaking system of scientifically torturing these poor animals, which, however, with a little more respect for the feelings of our readers, we shall refrain from introducing here. Astley speedily acquired great favour with Mr. Cline for the zeal and earnestness with which he took to the practice of dissection, and ere long, under that great surgeon's tuition, he made rapid progress in all the knowledge requisite for his profession. In the year 1787, being then nineteen years of age, he spent one winter at Edinburgh. He had good introductions, and, besides attending diligently on Dr. Cullen's medical course, Eyre's anatomical lectures, and Black's chemistry, found time to be rather an active member of the "Speculative Society," a debating club then and afterwards of considerable celebrity and influence. His notes make us acquainted with some of the connections he formed here, and which must have been highly useful to him. Amongst others, besides those of his medical teachers, he mentions the celebrated names of Dugald Stewart, Adam Smith, Lord Meadowbank, and Charles Hope. Of Dr. Gregory, from a variety of others, we select the following beautiful and touching anecdote.

"It was the custom for each professor to receive at his own house the fees from the new pupils. One day Dr. Gregory, thus engaged, had used all his blank tickets, and was obliged to go into an adjoining apartment to procure another for a student whom he left sitting in his consulting-room. The accumulated money was lying on the table, and from this sum, as he was re-entering the room, he saw the young man sweep a portion, and deposit it in his pocket. Dr. Gregory took his seat at the table, and, as if nothing had occurred, filled up the ticket, and gave it to the delinquent. He then accompanied him to the door, and, when at the threshold, with much emotion said to him, 'I saw what you did just now; keep the money. I know what must be your distress; but, for God's sake, never do it again, it can never succeed.' The pupil in vain offered him back the money, and the Doctor had the satisfaction of knowing that this moral lesson produced the desired impression upon his mind."

After making a tour into the Highlands on horseback, in the following summer, Cooper returned to England, and resumed his attendance at the best schools in the metropolis. He now studied under John Hunter, and that eagerly, and with vast profit; and to his bold adoption and clever exposition of the doctrines of this illustrious preceptor, are mainly to be attributed the subsequent distinguished rank which he himself took, and the fortune he made as a lecturer and surgical teacher. In 1789, he was appointed demonstrator at St. Thomas's Hospital; and in 1791, Mr. Cline paid him the high compliment of procuring his nomination as joint-lecturer with himself in anatomy and surgery. From this date his career was one of rapid and uninterrupted advancement. In December of this year, we hear of his marriage with a Miss Anne Cock, the daughter of an intimate friend of Mr. Cline, a rich retired merchant, who inhabited a villa near Tottenham, but who, strange to say, died upon the very day that had been first settled for the wedding. Mr. Bransby Cooper thus relates the sequel: "A short time subsequent to this bereavement the friends of the young people considered it advantageous that their marriage should be no longer deferred. In December a christening was to take place from the house of Mr. Cline, and he thought that

the University. After lecture he went to his study, which was pure, which he was anxious to himself if the happy day of his daughter's marriage, had but a short time to be in a house purchased, and shared by them. In June of the following year, the memorable 1892, the opportunity presented to Paris. The object of this hospital excursion was, it would appear, in so far as Mr. Cooper was concerned, twofold. Along with his friend Cline's anatomical instruction, he had also imbibed that gentleman's peculiar political principles. He was a democrat, living in friendship with Horne Tooke, and Cooper was one of the most promising, and about as good, probably one of the most enthusiastic of their disciples. His visit to Paris, therefore, was, in the first place, with a view to gratify his curiosity in relation to the debates of the National Assembly, &c.; and secondly, of acquiring his professional knowledge by comparing the Parisian practice of surgery with our own, than for the sake thereof of charge or amusement. During a term of three months he remained in Paris, as is said to have attended the lectures daily, decorated with a democratic badge, which ensured his personal safety in the streets. He witnessed the 10th of August and the 2d of September, and comprehending the many atrocities

which were committed, and abandoned for the future all participation in the strife of politics and party; a pledge to which he faithfully adhered. Fortune seems to have delighted in favouring him, for about this time he also succeeded to a great share of Cline's lucrative city practice, the latter having removed to the west end of the town. Mr. Cooper now occupied the spacious premises in St. Mary Axe, which Cline had vacated; and as yet, the great merchants of London, had not, generally speaking, abandoned the old custom of having their town-residences in connection with their places of business, he found himself in the centre of a most intelligent and opulent society, and soon became accustomed to multifarious fees. For example, one ancient merchant, Mr. Hyatt, when pronounced all right again, tossed his night-cap to the surgeon, who, bowing politely, put it into his pocket, and, on entering his chariot, found pinned inside a bank-note for £1000!—Others regularly paid him liberal annuities. A Mr. Coles, of Mincing Lane, for a long course of time, gave him £600 every Christmas. While on the subject of fees, it may be somewhat encouraging to struggling practitioners, as well as interesting to our readers generally, to insert here the following curious statement from Sir Astley's fee-book:

"My receipt," says he, "for the first

secting room, winter and summer, by six o'clock at the latest, by eight he was dressed for the day and at the service of gratuitous patients, who usually occupied him till half-past nine, an honourable custom which he never abandoned, fond as he was of money. His breakfast with his family occupied but a few minutes, and by ten his waiting-rooms were thronged with patients, who continued to stream in by the dozen until one o'clock. To the right of the hall were two large rooms occupied by gentlemen patients; two drawing rooms, immediately above were appropriated to the reception of ladies. The hall had generally servants waiting for answers to notes, the ante-room was for the one or two patients next in succession. The farther room on the right was full of gentlemen waiting their turn. These were anxious perhaps, but still, in a much less pitiable state than the occupants of the first to the right. All in this room had undergone some operation, which unfitted them for the present to leave the house. These patients used to remain in the room until either their pain had ceased, or Mr. Cooper himself dismissed them after completing the operation to which they had been subjected. Sometimes the people in the hall and ante-room were so numerous and importunate that he dreaded the ordeal of explaining the necessity for his departure. He was in the habit, under such circumstances, of escaping through the back yard into his stables, and so into the passage by the side of Bishopsgate church. He would run round past his carriage, standing at the front door, into Wormwood Street, to which place his coachman, who well understood the *ruse*, would immediately follow him. He was in a few minutes at Guy's, where a hundred pupils were waiting on the steps. They followed him into the wards of the hospital and from bed to bed until the clock struck two, then rushed across the street to the anatomical theatre, and the lecture began. At three he went to the dissecting-rooms, and observation, direction, and instruction kept him busy here for half an hour. Then he got into his carriage, attended by a dresser, and his horses were hard at work until seven or half-past seven. His family were assembled, dinner was instantly on the table, and he sat down apparently fresh in spirits, with his attention quite at

the command of the circle. He ate largely, but cared not what; after twelve hours of such exertion, he, as he said, "could digest any thing but saw-dust." During dinner he drank two or three large tumblers of water, and afterwards two glasses of port, no more. Then he threw himself back in his chair and slept. He seldom required to be roused, but awoke exactly as the allotted *ten minutes* expired, started up, "gave a parting smile to every body in the room, and in a few seconds was again on his way to the hospital." There was a lecture every other evening during the season, on the odd nights, however, the carriage was equally at his door by eight, and he continued his round of visits till midnight, often till one or two in the morning. His carriage was well lighted, and by night as well as by day, in passing from one house to another, his attendant was writing to his dictation—the chronicle of each case kept pace with the symptoms. "And Sunday shone no sabbath day for him." Such, we are told, for full fifteen years was the existence of the great surgeon of Broad Street, St. Mary Axe.

The following portrait of him is from the pen of Mr. Travers, one of the most distinguished of his pupils: "Astley Cooper, when I first knew him, had decidedly the handsomest, that is, the most intelligent and finely-formed countenance and person of any man I remember to have seen. He wore his hair powdered, with a queue, then the custom, and having dark hair, and always a fine healthy glow of colour in his cheeks, this fashion became him well. He was remarkably upright, and moved with grace, vigour, and elasticity: nor was he altogether unconscious of the fine proportions of his frame, for he would not unfrequently throw his well-shaped leg upon the table at a lecture, when describing an injury or operation of the lower limb, that he might more graphically demonstrate the subject of his discourse. He would look at particular or urgent cases before and after lecture, and he generally went round *à loisir*, as a florist would visit his *parterre*, with two or three elder students on a Sunday morning." Dr. Roots says of him: "From the period of Astley's appointment to Guy's, until the moment of his latest breath, he was everything and all to the suffering and afflicted; his name was a host, but his

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however, had a greater right to the natural satisfaction of reflecting that human suffering had been largely relieved by his ministry.

In 1815 Mr. Cooper removed from Broad Street in the city, to New Street, Spring Gardens, in the neighbourhood of the Court, as he had now come into very great practice among the nobility and gentry of London. About the same time also he retired from his professorship at the Royal College. Some time after taking up his residence at the west end, although not on the Royal establishment, he was chosen by George IV. to remove an "ugly tumour from his head." It was rumoured abroad at the time, that on this occasion the great anatomist's nerves failed him, and that Mr. Cline, who was present, performed the operation. This, however, we believe to have been but "a weak invention of the enemy." And the story receives a sufficient confutation from the fact of the king soon afterwards making Mr. Cooper his serjeant-surgeon, and, in due time, conferring upon him also the title of baronet. This latter circumstance completed the change which time and prosperity had been gradually working in his political sentiments. There are some interesting passages in his Notes of this period; and they are for the most part not only entertaining, but well written. The following is not perhaps one of the best, but it is a fair average specimen, and possesses, besides the additional recommendation to us of being shorter than most of the others. Sir Astley writes of the king, "He often awoke early, and read from five or six o'clock in the morning until nine or ten, and thus he became acquainted with all the new books of every description which he read, novels, pamphlets, voyages, travels, and plays. And he liked to talk of them. He usually received me at from ten to eleven o'clock, in his bed, chatted with me for half an hour or an hour, and was generally very agreeable, although now and then irritable. He was not strictly attentive to facts, but *embellished all his stories* to render them more amusing, so that it would not answer always to repeat his sayings of others. When ill the king would never allow that it was caused by his own imprudence. One morning his tongue was white, and he was much heated. By G— said he it was very extraordinary that I should be thus

heated, for I lived very abstemiously, and went to bed in good time. I must have some *beaucoup de vie*, sir.' When we went out of the room, W— said, 'you must not professionally act upon what his Majesty said, he was drinking maraschino at two o'clock this morning.' He was a good judge (continues Sir Astley) of the medicine which would best suit him. He bore enormous doses of opiates, *one hundred drops* of laudanum for instance. In bleeding, also, I have known from twenty to twenty-five ounces taken from him several times. He was irregular in his times for eating and drinking. 'Bring me cold chicken,' he would say at eleven, before he rose. 'Yes, sire.' 'Bring it, and give me a goblet of soda-water.' Soon after he ate again, and at dinner largely; but he did not in general drink much at dinner, unless tempted by the society of men he liked."

"This is, in all conscience, but a sorry picture of regal life and manners; it bears, however, the impress of fidelity, and our readers, no doubt, will gladly turn from it, to this sketch of an illustrious lady, but recently passed from among us, which is equally remarkable for its unexaggerated truthfulness. Sir Astley was also sergent-at-law to King William IV., and thus he speaks of the late Queen Adelaide: "We often saw the Queen, who appeared a most amiable lady, elegant but simple in her manners, and sensible in her conversation. She was, in truth, an excellent person, and, though gracing the dignified position which she occupied, would equally have made an admirable clergyman's wife, and in such a situation have employed herself among her parishioners in acts of kindness and benevolence from morning to night." As a specimen of parrot-like twaddle, which it would be impossible to surpass, we cannot refrain from also extracting what follows: "The abilities of George IV., were of the first order. He would have made the first physician or surgeon of his time, the first lawyer, the first speaker in the House of Commons or Lords, though, *perhaps*, (hesitatingly observes Sir Astley,) not the best divine. As a king he was prosperous, for he had the good sense to be led by good ministers, although, however, he did not like them all." The last sentence will be puzzling to those who endeavour to extract any other meaning or information from it,

than they are in the habit of receiving from the most common-place nonsense. However, *revenons à nos moutons*. It will be almost a superfluous piece of intelligence to make known that Sir Astley was by this time very rich, and he now affected more silkiness of manners and finery of habits than he used in his early days. He also indulged himself by purchasing a considerable estate in Hertfordshire, with a handsome mansion and grounds, to which he often retired for repose and relaxation. By degrees, it is said, he became extremely fond of the place, and usually spent three days of the week there. For a full and particular account of the sports and pastimes most in vogue at the medical Baronet's rural retreat with himself and the brother sportsmen and visitors, who at different times shared his hospitality, those who feel any curiosity on the subject are referred to Mr. Bransby Cooper's book. The guests, however, we may remark by the way, consisted principally of physicians or surgeons of renown; (with accomplished men beyond his own calling Sir Astley, indeed, never seems to have held nor desired to hold much social intercourse.) And as an illustration of how little it took to entertain them, we make room for the subjoined fragment, which will also serve as a mild sample of the staple run of anecdotes with which Mr. Cooper has tastefully enlivened the greater portion of his narrative. "It rarely happens," says he, "but that one or two of the dogs which we had out with us, had been submitted by Sir Astley to some operation or experiment, which, in some measure, accounted for their inferiority as sporting dogs! Some amusement was always afforded by the timidity which these animals manifested when near my uncle." Just so, what the dogs were deficient in for sport in one way they made up for in another—humane guests! wonderful uncle! sensible nephew! As a kind of set-off to this, however, it would be unfair not to mention a more becoming feature in Sir Astley's Hertfordshire pursuits. With that keen eye to the main chance which characterised him so strongly throughout his life, he now spent a considerable part of his time as follows: Michael, his coachman, having informed him that the horses sold at Smithfield were almost all cripples, "my uncle," (says Mr. Bransby,) "desired him to go

on him for pecuniary support to themselves, and pensions to their families." Perhaps as the law then stood, it may reluctantly be admitted that it was impossible for any man who was ambitious of becoming a great anatomist, to accomplish his object, without occasionally conniving at such unhallowed practices. The less, however, that is said, under that view of the case, the better. Sir Astley in his time is stated to have instructed no fewer than 8000 surgeons—and some idea may be gathered from this, of the extremely fearful extent to which he must have had recourse to the odious services of these malefactors. The recklessness with which he employed them, and the liberal encouragement he gave to them, cannot be palliated, however, by any plea of necessity, and we gladly turn from the contemplation of a most nefarious, and iniquitous business, which, as systematically fostered and upheld by him, must for ever sadly lower him in the estimation of every man who is not utterly destitute of all sense of social, moral, and religious obligation.

From the brief abstract of his career now before them, however, our readers will be enabled to form their own opinion of Sir Astley Cooper. They will have seen what proportion of his great wealth and honours was due to his own undoubted qualifications for the profession of his choice,—to his unwearied industry in practice,—to his zeal and attention as a lecturer,—to the incessant pains he bestowed upon the cultivation of the practical part of the surgical art,—and lastly, to the unquestionable skill which in time was the inevitable result of this application. They will also have seen for how much of his success in life he was indebted to the good offices of his early friend and benefactor, Mr. Cline. Through that gentleman's friendly instrumentality he received his first appointment as a public lecturer—Mr. Cline, again, helped him to a rich wife,—and subsequently, Mr. Cline turned over to his favourite pupil a share of his most lucrative practice. In Sir Astley's case there seems to have been no struggling with difficulties, on the contrary his path upwards to fame and fortune was thus rendered comparatively smooth and easy, and entirely freed from those

disheartening obstacles and privations with which, at the outset of their career, many men of equal skill and superior talents have had to contend. Yet there is nothing upon record which indicates that Sir Astley ever evinced or felt anything like a lasting gratitude for the unmistakable benefits thus from time to time conferred upon him. Indeed the reverse of this is almost made manifest, and were we to judge from the alacrity with which, when he saw it expedient to do so in order to attain a highly coveted object, he publicly made known his intention of relinquishing "the companionship and intimacy of his late democratical friends," we should incline to the belief that gratitude occupied as diminutive a space in the composition of Sir Astley Cooper, as either refinement of intellect or benevolence of disposition. "Number one," was his motto through life: the "main chance," his most prized maxim. Slice after slice of good luck fell to his share, only still further to stimulate his faculty of acquisitiveness, and his untiring powers of perseverance. A busy, bustling, plodding, lucre-grasping existence his, with scarcely a pause, nothing in the shape of a lull or a rest worth mentioning from beginning to end. To the last he strove, never content, still strove to make more money. Medicine as a science is indebted to him for no new discovery, and practical surgery for little else, save, probably, a few extra flourishes and novel graces of the scalpel. The most it is feared that can be said in his praise, is that he was an unprecedentedly popular practitioner, more so perhaps than any other who has ever lived—and—that he left a large fortune behind him—a kind of medical king, just as George Hudson is ycleped a railway king, and for precisely similar reasons, the unwieldiness of his coffers, and the obesity of his bank-books. To the appellation of a great surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper is, we will allow, most indisputably entitled; but to the far higher accompanying distinctions of having been also a noble-minded and humane man, and a good Christian, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the opinion, that he possesses the remotest shadow of a claim.

W. M. R.

sold as slaves or made to toil in the public works.

This state of affairs remained till 1815, when America took an Algerine frigate and brig, and abolished all tribute paid to the Dey, besides making that potentate pay 60,000 dollars, compensation for the ships which had been plundered; and at the Congress held at Vienna in 1816, it was at last determined by the European powers to put an end to Christian slavery. This was effected by Lord Exmouth, who bombarded the city and reduced the Dey to terms upon that and other subjects. For eleven years subsequent to the bombardment the Algerines appear to have been sufficiently humbled; but in 1827 an insult was offered by Hassan or Hussein Pacha, the last Dey, to the French Consul, which led to the capture of Algiers by that power. This took place in 1830. The Dey capitulated to General Bournont; abdicated and retired to Europe, and on the 4th of July, 1830, the French became possessed of the "city of Algiers, and the forts and harbours depending on it."

The "Napoleon of Peace," as he proudly styled himself, Louis Philippe, wanted to secure his throne; and to direct the attention of the fickle people he governed elsewhere, some external excitement was needed. In this he was gratified by the acquisition of Algiers. France had always dreamt of colonization. That by nature she is unfitted to be the mother of many and flourishing colonies was no matter to her. If *la perfide Albion* boasted of colonies and dependencies in every habitable portion of the globe, it was thought reasonable enough that *la belle France* should outstrip her. France then, to use the words of her historian, seized upon Algeria with "an admirable instinct." The minds of the revolutionary and dangerous classes were filled by constant rumours of conquest and aggrandizement. A portion of that immense army which is the bane of the country was kept employed, and underneath the cloak of foreign conquest the wily son of *Egalité* consolidated his power at home.

There was one, however, who proved a great obstacle in the way of French conquest, and this was Abd-el-Kader. His biography is the history of the successes and the reverses of the French in Africa, and the two subjects are natu-

rally interwoven. He was born in the environs of Mascara, in the commencement of the year 1807, and was therefore in the first glow of youthful vigour and enterprise, when the government of Charles X. undertook in 1820 the Algerian Expedition.

At the commencement of this enterprise they declared, as all people will declare and have declared, even in the most shameful oppressions, that they only intended by the expedition to exercise "a moral influence," by a striking and astounding victory. In answer to a question of the English minister, M. de Polignac avowed that the "only design of the expedition was to destroy piracy; and that end being accomplished, the "evacuation of Africa would be determined by an European congress." We have seen how the promise was kept, the occupation of Rome was undertaken under a somewhat similar pretext. Will it hereafter be declared, that France seized upon that city with "an admirable instinct?"

To hold in subjection a country stretching for two hundred and fifty leagues along the coast, from Morocco to Tunis, and of a breadth of from sixty to eighty leagues, bounded by the desert, and peopled by fierce hordes, the descendants of the Numidians, a race of Kabyles, bold, determined, and energetic, was not an easy task. The towns were few and had little sympathy with or authority over, the inhabitants of the plain; they were peopled by a mixture of Jews and Moors, two races equally feeble and degenerate, and therefore although easily reduced were of little use in the hands of the victors. Besides this, it was necessary in case of an European war, not to displease England, and consequently the French, in sending Marshal Clausel to Africa, enjoined him to remain almost in a state of inaction ("d'agir le moins possible.")

The inhabitants, seeing the French shut up in Algiers, began to doubt their invincibility. Of the three Deys, one only, that of Oran, submitted to them. The other two entertained far less peaceable intentions. Achmet Bey maintained himself in Constantine, and defied the Christians to approach him; whilst the Bey of Tittery, who was near to their territory, thought it incumbent on him to deal the first blow; he preached a religious war, and

embarrassments of a country occupied by a foreign army, the French concluded with Abd-el-Kader a treaty which constituted him sovereign of the province of Oran, with the rights of monopolising the whole of the commerce of the country, in the same way in which Mehemet Ali did in Egypt. The Arabs were forbidden to trade with the Europeans except through the agent of the Emir, who himself fixed the price of their goods, which he resold to the European merchants. The treaty was divided into two parts, the Arabian and the French agreement; the first part only Desmichels communicated to his government, upon which a misunderstanding arose between the Governor-general Voirol and Desmichels, which the Emir knew how to turn to his own advantage. But as every ambitious chief has other enemies than those he meets in the open field; the coldness of his partisans, the revolt of some and the jealousy of others at his elevation, so it happened with Abd-el-Kader. Many *Kaids* declared against him, and on the 12th of April, 1834, Mustapha Ben Ismaël, chief of the *Donaires*, raised the standard of revolt, and, in spite of a determined resistance, overthrew him, put him to flight, and would have taken or slain him had it not been for the devotion of one of his men, who raised and remounted him. This time Abd-el-Kader was indebted to the French for assistance. Desmichels refused the friendship of Ben Ismaël, one of the most faithful allies of his nation, assisted Abd-el-Kader in repulsing him, and sent to that Emir a supply of powder and muskets. By this aid he recovered his position, and in his ambition of extending his dominion, he conceived the project of overrunning the whole of the provinces of Algiers and of Tittery; he crossed the *Chelif*, entered into *Medeah* as a victor, and placed over the tribes he had conquered friends of his own, and returned triumphantly to his own territory. This was too bold a stroke to be pleasing to the French, and General Trezel, who had superseded Desmichels, marched against the Emir to chastise him. Their forces met at Macta, the Arabians being much more numerous than the French, and the battle, which commenced favourably to the latter, terminated in their total defeat, on the 28th of June, 1835. Surprised in a

narrow pass at Macta, the squares which enclosed the wounded and the baggage were broken through, and the slaughter was immense. All the wounded were put to the sword, and their heads, stuck upon the long lances of the Arabs, were pushed, gashed and bleeding, over the bayonets of the infantry into the very faces of their comrades. After having left upwards of 500 heads (for the custom of decapitation taught the French thus to number their dead) in the hands of the enemy, and after having performed prodigies of valour, General Trezel effected his retreat.

The news of this reverse changed the policy of the French. They no longer dreamt of remaining even partially inactive. Marshal Clausel was sent expressly to take signal vengeance (*une éclatante revanche*) upon Abd-el-Kader. He marched without any resistance upon Mascara, the capital of the Emir, which he found abandoned and in ruins. After having destroyed it entirely, he returned to Oran, and, on the 8th January, 1836, recommenced the campaign. He then basely turned his arms against the friendly tribes who had absolutely first applied to the French for assistance, and effected a most cruel *razzia* on the *Conloughis*. Even in France this useless cruelty was condemned, and in England the papers wrote ferrently against it. After two of these *promenades*, to use the French term, during which Abd-el-Kader hovered on his flanks without coming to any decisive engagement, the Marshal returned to Algiers, persuaded, if one may judge from the bulletins which he issued, that he had entirely destroyed the power of the Emir. Soon after, General d'Arlandes, conducting a convoy of provisions from Oran to Tlemisen, was attacked by the Emir, and overthrown with considerable loss, on the 24th April, 1836. This check, added to the failure of an expedition on Constantine, made the French still more energetic. General Bugeaud was ordered to effect the retirement of Abd-el-Kader, either by treaty or by arms. A new expedition was sent against Constantine, which this time was successful, and the town was carried by assault, but with immense loss to the French; and repulsed in pacific overtures, Bugeaud met the Emir, on the 6th of July, 1833, at the Pass of Sikak, where he attacked

2. with the greatest vigour, and over-
 whelm. Abdel-Kader retiring from
 the battle, a loss of from 1,200 to
 1,500 were killed and wounded. In-
 stead of taking advantage of this vic-
 tory, he remained inactive, gave
 no orders to recover himself, to re-
 store some of his authority; and,
 some time afterwards, admitted him
 to the French, took most advantageous
 terms, and gave to Abdel-Kader
 500,000 francs of Algeria, the provinces
 of Tlemcen, and a part of that of
 Constantine, granted him a faculty of
 carrying arms, and arms in France.

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the first of the new year, the Government of the Republic of Korea has announced that it has decided to accept the American offer to supply it with the atomic bomb. The Government of the Republic of Korea has announced that it has decided to accept the American offer to supply it with the atomic bomb. The Government of the Republic of Korea has announced that it has decided to accept the American offer to supply it with the atomic bomb.

making their enthusiasm subservient to his administration; and secondly, to give to the population a vigorous military constitution, so as to prepare them for the task of expelling, by an energetic and unanimous effort, all Christian sway from the soil of Africa. Nor did he rest here. He made a second line of defence, in the rear of the towns of the interior on the borders of the smaller desert. To the south at Médéah, he established a post, and to the south of Mostaganema, at Boghar, he created a military depôt. His influence extended as far as the Desert of Sahara; and finding on every hand that the tribes were prepared for a holy war, he sent word of his intentions to General Vallée; and on the 14th of December, 1830, gave the signal for a deadly struggle. For this the French were unprepared. The colonists of Mitidja were surprised by the Hagouts; their warehouses were pillaged and burnt, and in a short time from the commencement of the campaign, the soldiers of the Emir had penetrated as far as the fortifications of Algiers, and had recovered from their enemies all the territory, save that which was inclosed by stronger fortifications.

The news of this disastrous campaign struck the French nation with amazement. The Duke of Orleans, heir to the throne, hastened over to take part in the war. He was accompanied by his brother, the Duc d'Angoulême, and disembarked at Algiers on the 13th of April, 1810. Operations on a vast scale were at once commenced, but after twenty engagements, wherein great valor was shown on both sides, and among which we must not omit the capture of Mazafran by a handful of soldiers, no decisive result was obtained. The two parties distinguished themselves by their coolness and intrepidity, and the French army, generally, impressed their opponents with a very high opinion of their courage. This, without any further result, was unsatisfactory to the king, being attached to General Vial, Marshal Bugeaud was sent in December 1810, to replace him, with an express mission to destroy the power of Abd-el-Kader, and to reduce the whole territory of Algeria. With great spirit and he followed up these instructions, that in a few months after the commencement of the campaign he had already destroyed Tekendempt, Bou-

ghur, and Thaja, new fortresses built by Abd-el-Kader; had taken Mascara: haddriven away the flocks, and destroyed the crops of the hostile tribes, and had by his agents occasioned many defections in the ranks of the Emir. In the following campaign in 1842, he placed General Lamoriciere in occupation of Mascara, who having fortified it, sallied from thence on every side. The enemy was reduced to the defensive, and in the speech from the throne in the same year, Algeria was pronounced to be "henceforth and for ever a territory of France."

From this time Abd-el-Kader was treated, not as a sovereign prince, but as a rebel. But his genius and his courage seemed to grow stronger than ever in this last contest. Towards the middle of 1842 he had, after a vigorous resistance, lost five-sixths of his territory, all his forts and military depôts, nearly the whole of his regular army, and what was even of more consequence, that faith which the Arabs before had in his courage and his fortune. But still undaunted, he went from tribe to tribe endeavouring to relight in the hearts of his countrymen the spirit of resistance. "Would you abandon," cried he, to the reluctant and wavering tribes, "the faith of your fathers, and deliver yourselves, like cowards, to the Christians? Have you not sufficient courage to support for a few more months the evils of war? Resist your enemies but for a short time longer, and you shall crush the infidels which soil our land. But if you are not of the True Believers, if you shamefully abandon your religion, and all those rewards which the Prophet has promised you, do not think that you will obtain repose by this cowardly and unmanly weakness. As long as I have breath in this body, I will make war on the Christians. I will follow you like a shadow. I will reprove you for your cowardice, and I will break upon your slumbers by the sound of my cannon, pointed against your Christian protectors."

By the rapidity of his movements the Emir seemed to multiply himself, and to his enemies and to the submitted tribes to be in two places at a time. Wherever he was least expected there he appeared, carrying away the cattle and decimating the tribes which had

submitted. Amongst these, fear naturally spread, and they repaired to General Lamoriciere and supplicated him to assist them. He answered that they must defend themselves, and that he had more important work in seeking to disperse the remnant of the army which was still faithful to the Emir. Engaged in this, the two armies met almost accidentally at Isly, in November, 1842, and Abd-el-Kader was again defeated with great loss, and narrowly escaped being taken captive, the very horse which he rode falling into the hands of the French.

The indefatigable chieftain, escaped from this danger, found a new element of resistance amongst the mountaineer tribes of the Kabyles of Borgia. But Bugeaud, aided by the Duc d'Aumale, penetrated in the middle of the winter to the mountainous regions of the Jura, and dispersed the enemy. The French also kept up incessant *razzias* on the tribes who yet withheld their submission, occasionally inflicting unheard-of cruelties, and perpetrating such barbarities as were a disgrace to any nation calling themselves civilized, and a stigma on Christianity itself. One of these *razzias* ended in smothering the remnant of a tribe, consisting of upwards of ninety persons, men, women, and children, who had taken refuge in a cave. The French heaped faggots and straw at the entrance, and with the points of their lances forced back the shrieking wretches, who strove to break through the burning heap. Such measures as these struck terror into the hearts of the tribes, and after the combat of Oued-Malah on Oct. 11, 1843, where in the Emir lost the flower of his infantry, and his bravest lieutenant, the one-eyed Sidi Embarek, Abd-el-Kader was forced to leave his country, and to take refuge on the frontiers of the empire of Morocco.

But even in exile the brave Emir was not at rest. He fermented a war between Morocco and France, which was, however, soon brought to a close by the successes of Marshal Bugeaud at Isly, and of Prince de Joinville, by sea, at Tangiers and Mogador.

After the battle of Isly, there were two courses open to the French, either to leave the capture of their great enemy to chance, or to force the Emperor to deliver him up; trusting on the antagonism in the characters of the Emperor

tions were successful. Abd-el-Kader, finding that escape was impossible, sent forward two of his most devoted adherents to apprise the general that he would submit to him. The lieutenant who commanded the first detachment of *spahis*, spoke with the Emir himself, who delivered to him a piece of paper with his seal attached to it, but the wind, the rain, and the darkness of the night had prevented him from writing anything upon it. He demanded a letter of safe conduct from the General, for himself and for his companions, but the reasons which prevented the Emir from writing also prevented Lamoriciere, the General therefore sent him his sabre and a seal, as a token that his request was granted.

Such is the account of the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, from the general who effected his capture. On the 23rd of December, the Emir personally yielded himself and family to the "generosity of France." On the 24th he was received at the Marabout of Sidi Brahim, by Colonel Montauban, who was soon afterwards joined by the Generals Lamoriciere and Cavaignac. He was then taken to Djemma-Gazouat, where he was presented to the Governor-general of Algeria, the Duc d'Annale. The Governor-general ratified the promise of safe conduct given him by Lamoriciere; a promise which declared that Abd-el-Kader should be conducted to Alexandria or to St. Jean d'Acre, "with the firm hope that the French Government would sanction that promise." On the 25th of February, Abd-el-Kader embarked at Oran; from Oran he proceeded on board a French ship of war to Toulon, where he arrived on the 29th with his family and suite. On his arrival at Toulon, the pain of captivity was increased by being kept for some time in quarantine. When landed he was transferred to Fort Lamalgue, whence he was sent for some time (with his suite) to the castle of Pau, and although he supplicated the Government to remember the promise of the Duc d'Annale, he was confined without hope of release. On the revolution of February he reminded the new Government of the promise made at the time of his submission, and of the conditions upon which he did so; but the answer he received was, that all they could do at the time was to make his captivity as little rigorous as possible. November,

1848, he was transferred from Pau to the Chateau d'Amboise, near Blois. His family and himself were treated with great attention, but the Desert Chieftain was evidently sinking under his confinement, when he was released by the present Emperor of France, when President, on his return from a tour through France, in October of last year.

This prince, we are told, had promised the Marquis of Londonderry that he would at an early period liberate the ex-Emir, and had actually said to him, "Tôt ou tard, je le mettrai en liberté;" he kept his word. The *Moniteur* of Oct. 15th, 1852, thus records the act:

"The Prince has marked the end of his tour by an act of justice and natural generosity, he has restored Abd-el-Kader to liberty. In returning to Paris, the Prince stopped at the Chateau d'Amboise, and having seen Abd-el-Kader, informed him of the end of his captivity in the following terms:—

"Abd-el-Kader,—I come to inform you of your liberation. You are to be taken to Broussa, in the states of the Sultan, as soon as the necessary preparations shall have been made, and you will receive there, from the French government, an allowance worthy of your former rank. You are aware that for a length of time your captivity has caused me real affliction, for it incessantly reminded me that the government which preceded me had not observed the engagements entered into towards an unfortunate enemy, and nothing in my eyes is more humiliating for the government of a great nation than to misunderstand its force to such a point as to fail in its promise. Generosity is always the best counsellor, and I am convinced that your residence in Turkey will not prove injurious to the tranquillity of our possessions in Africa. Your religion, like ours, enjoins submission to the decrees of Providence. But if France is mistress of Algeria, the reason is, that God willed it to be so, and the French nation will never give up that conquest. You have been the enemy of France, but I am not the less willing to do justice to your courage, your character, and to your resignation in misfortune. This is the reason why I consider it a point of honour to put an end to your captivity, having full confidence in your word.

"These noble words deeply moved the Emir. After having expressed to

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May God reward you! and also his happy Lordship, the President of the Republic, and his Lordship the Minister of War, whose generosity procured me the honour of your visit and the favour of your letter.

* Beginning of Redjib, year 1267.

"This is written according to my intentions."

"Abd-el-Kader Ben Makh El-Djoud."

The above will give some idea of the style of the Emir's conversation, which, like that of all those of Eastern origin, is ornamented, and abounds in imagery, parable, and metaphorical expressions. "You perhaps suffer from cold?" said the prefect who received him. "Oh no," said the Emir, "the warmth of your friendship has dispersed the cold."

After his release from Amboise, and pending the negotiations which were to transfer him to the dominions of the Sultan, he visited Paris, where his presence excited quite a *foirer*. The ladies of Paris, as we learn from the newspapers, vied with each other in sending to the Arab chief, various little presents and *billets doux*. He visited the opera, saw many reviews got up in his honour, received presents from the Emperor elect, and was the lion of the day. In return for his liberalities he acted as a powerful traitor, and part in claiming the right to vote, and for this very has been sent to the Bastille. He readily consented that the poet was torn to shreds and dismembered. And ask how our daily monarch him at, will certainly look upon the acts of the poet and the paper with a very unfavourable eye. He is, with his peculiar notions of French literature, and of the poets and the papers, as good as a traitor to his country, and a deserter from the ranks of the French literature.

He is 17 years old, has been married 10 years, has two children, 10 years and 12 years old. His wife is 16 years old, has been married 10 years, has two children, 10 years and 12 years old. He is a member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Local 100, and is a member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Local 100, and is a member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Local 100.

long *kutik* of brown serge, which allows his bare arms to be visible.

The *znuda* (family and suite) of the Emir, on his arrival in France, numbered ninety-six persons, that is thirty-four men, thirty-two women, and thirty children. The whole suite had to observe the greatest economy, having but their own clothes and a few livres. The Emir brought with him into France a few thousand francs, the produce of the sale of his horses. Yet from this small sum he gave on quitting Pau three hundred francs to be distributed amongst the poor of the town. Each day at three o'clock, his suite and himself performed their devotions in common, the prayer is followed by a portion of the Koran being read aloud. The

chieftain passed the rest of the time in reading or in meditation.

Such is Abd-el Kader. In releasing him Louis Napoleon acted wisely. He drew a marked contrast, which the nation felt, between the conduct of the English towards Napoleon, and his own towards his captive. Set at liberty in the manner he has been, and arrived in Broussa, on friendly terms with the Sultan, he may probably forward the designs of the Emperor, or he may lead the armies of the Sultan against Russia, should a disturbance between those powers ensue. But these are mere speculations; certain it is, that he is less dangerous when free and on *parole*, than when incarcerated at Amboise.

F.

COLA DI RIENZO.

IN the earlier half of the fourteenth century the condition of Italy presented one of those anomalous phenomena which sometimes arise in the history of nations. While it was the wealthiest, the most commercial, and the most enlightened of all the kingdoms of Europe, it was at the same time the most disturbed and the most distracted, internally, of any. A prey to two contending factions, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines (terms Italianized from the German words "Wolf" and "Waiblingen," it had become the arena of every species of dissension and violence. The Guelphs, in some degree, zealous for the independence of their country, fought under the papal standard, while the Ghibellines flocked round the German eagle, the imperialists having usurped the titles and prerogatives of the empire of Charlemagne, which the French, through their weakness and pusillanimity, had been unable to retain. Perhaps, had the patriotism of either party been sincere, the conflict would have been brought to a decisive issue, and the power of the various states might have been permanently consolidated under one rule—whether papal or imperial it would have signified but little to the harassed population. As it is plain, however, that the adverse factions were swayed infinitely more by personal motives,

both interested and vindictive, than by genuine patriotic feeling, we need not marvel that the whole country became a prey to all the horrors of intestine warfare. So much was this the case, that the roads and rivers throughout the entire peninsula were impassable to travellers who should venture to traverse them without a powerful military escort. The castles of the powerful barons who fought on either side, instead of being garrisoned by disciplined soldiers, in regular pay, were in the hands of a savage banditti, who as the sole recompense for their services in war, were permitted to levy contributions upon all, of whatever party or profession, who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. Violence, rapine, and murder passed unpunished and unjudged, unless indeed the victim of outrage had friends or partisans sufficiently powerful to avenge his wrongs, because both the judicial and executive powers were at the disposal of the very parties against whom they ought in justice to have been directed. Even in Rome itself the barons had fortified all the strong places and castles of the ecclesiastical states, and had taken forcible possession of all the palaces belonging to the popes. The papal court, it will be remembered, was, by Clement the fifth, removed to Avignon in 1309,

grammaries were to be established; the poor were assured of alms; and the magistrates bound to administer justice according to law.

These laws were enthusiastically received by the people, and Rienzo was invested with the sovereign power to put them into execution. Colonna, the senator, on hearing of this, returned in haste to Rome with his followers. Cola, the next day, sent him an order to quit the city: the old man contemptuously tore it in pieces and threatened to have the Tribune thrown out of window. On this Rienzo rung the alarm-bell, assembled his followers, and attacked the quarters of the baron, who had barely time to escape to his castle at Palestrina with a single servant. The rest of the barons thought fit to quit the city when ordered to do so; and their strong places were consigned to the guardianship of companies of militia. The bands of bravoes and plunderers were made over to justice, and Rienzo was hailed as the liberator of his country.

Having thus delivered the city from her cruel and despotic plagues, the Tribune turned his attention to the surrounding districts. He sent orders to all of any rank to repair to the Capitol, to swear fealty to the constitution. One of the young Columas, who had come to Rome from curiosity, found it prudent to take the oath. Others soon arrived, of either faction, and the constitutional oath was administered to all alike, even to merchants, private gentlemen and citizens.

After the long reign of anarchy and terror, the Romans were delighted with their newly-recovered liberty. Meanwhile the Tribune sent ambassadors to the Pope to demand his approbation; and zealous partisans among the learned at the pontifical court were not wanting to his cause. The security restored to the highways was hailed as a benefit to the whole Christian world, at a time when the passion for pilgrimages universally prevailed. The couriers of Rienzo were favourably received in all the neighbouring states, and the authority of the man of the people was generally acknowledged. Petrarch corresponded with him, and wrote in his praise. The Florentines sent him a hundred horsemen, and offered more; the Perugians sent him sixty men-at-arms; the Siennes, fifty; and the whole

of Italy appeared prepared to second his enterprise.

Rienzo, now at the height of his greatness, began to show the first symptoms of that vanity which ultimately caused his ruin. He assumed the title of the August Tribune and Illustrious Deliverer of the Republic. He has, however, been wrongly blamed for severities at this period of his career, which were nothing more than acts of strict justice. If he cleared the Roman territory from cut-throats, ravishers, and plunderers, the circumstances of the times clearly admitted of his doing so by the most summary process.

Having at length succeeded in reducing the nobles to a state of submission, he made a report of their humiliation to the pontifical court at Avignon, that he might appear at least to act with the concurrence of his holiness.

But the height which he had climbed turned his head; and, dizzy with the grandeur of his exaltation, he gave the reins to his vanity, and lost by the most paltry and contemptible of the human passions all that he had acquired by the exercise of the noblest qualities. He strove to augment his importance by gawgaw processions and public spectacles, gorgeous robes, banners and standards. He paraded the city with a globe in his hand, as a symbol of the destined sway of the empire. He multiplied fêtes and ceremonies from the sheer love of pomp; and debased his greatness by aping royalty. He was served by lords, and his wife was waited upon by the ladies of the court. He kept a luxuriant table, and launched into the most unqualified extravagance. All this scandalized that idea of propriety of which even the vulgar have a keen sense, and substituted ridicule for reverence in the popular mind. Rienzo's relations, connected with the wine-shop and the wash-tub, when raised, as they were, to the highest dignities, reaped reproach rather than respect for the airs they assumed. When the populace saw his uncle, the barber, equipped with sword and helmet, instead of razor and basin, and attended by an escort of the magnates, whose chins he had so lately shaved, they indulged in a laugh—ominous of the future. As a crowning absurdity, Rienzo must needs be made a knight—a title utterly at variance with that of Tribune. The ceremony, however, took place, and was

and the columns to Rome—
Benedict IX. of Bavaria and Charles
Korin to show their right to the
and declared the whole of the Italian
to be free, and conferred the rights
Roman citizenship upon them all;
then called the world to witness that
the city of the Roman emperor be-
came the city of Rome, to its peo-
ple and to all Italy; with that, drawing
sword and striking the air with it
he exclaimed, "This is mine!
this is mine!" Directly
he despatched his summonses
to the Pope and the two emperors.
The Pope's vicar, the bishop of Or-
vieto, though thunderstruck, as he
was at this boldness, protest-
ed through a notary that the Tribune
used such power without his consent
that of the Pope; but Cola drowned
the protest with the din of the drums
and trumpets. A magnificent banquet
followed this ceremony, at which the
Pope did not refuse to attend, and
sat at a marble-table with the
bishops, who were presided at the new
city at the head of the wives and
daughters of the nobility.
All this feasting and feasting wasted
the revenues, and raised alarm
among the people. At one of Rienzo's
banquets shortly after, the old Colonna
had threatened to throw him out
of the city, and on an occasion gently to

him, now conspired together, fortified
the castle of Marino, and collected con-
siderable forces before Rienzo could
anticipate their measures. They raised
the standard of revolt, overthrew a num-
ber of strongholds, and carried devasta-
tion to the gates of Rome. Rienzo was
no warrior. For a long time he tried
the virtue of proclamations and threats;
but at length, forced to arms by the
clamours of the people, who suffered the
loss of their crops and cattle, he was
compelled to call out the militia. At
the head of more than 20,000 men, he
marched forth, and laid waste the ter-
ritory of Marino. After a week's cam-
paign without fighting, he led back his
forces to the city. Here he proudly
assumed the Dalmatian mantle, the
costume of emperors, and received the
Pope's legate who had arrived at Rome
for the purpose of vindicating the au-
thority of the pontiff.

In the mean time revolt had broken
out at Palestrina, under the conduct of
the Colonnas, who, relying on the aid of
their partisans in Rome, advanced at
the head of 10,000 men to within four
miles of the city gates. Rienzo, though
in command of considerable forces, had
not courage to sally forth, but contented
himself with haranguing the citizens
within the walls. Bravado rather than
courage seemed indeed the prevailing
quality on either side, and threats, abuse,
and denunciations were exchanged in-

to the corpses of the Colonnas. Instead of following up his advantage, he wasted his time in idle pageantries, and incensed all parties by his extravagance.

By this time the papal court, whose hostility had been effectually aroused by his insolent conduct, began to recover from the panic which had possessed them, and to meditate vengeance. Towards the end of August one of his couriers arrived with despatches; instead of being received with honour, as before, he was arrested near Avignon, and not allowed to enter the town; his letters were taken from him and torn to pieces, and himself sent back to Rome with ignominy; where he returned to find the public feeling outraged by another mad act of the Tribune, who had expelled the female relatives of the slain Colonnas from the church of Santa Maria, whither they had resorted to perform the funeral obsequies of their kinsmen. It was plain to all sensible persons that the popularity of Rienzo was waning fast, and that the Holy Church had become his mortal enemy.

At this juncture a dangerous and enterprising foe appeared against him. This was Giovanni Papino, Count of Minerbino, a Neapolitan exile and a freebooter. Entering Rome with his associates, he formed an alliance with the Pope's legate and the family of the Colonnas, and in spite of Rienzo's order to quit the city, fortified himself in the quarter where the Colonnas had their palace, from whence he sent back with contempt all those who came with orders from the Tribune. Cola attacked his barricades, but to no purpose, the Romans declining to combat for him; they were weary of his pomp and prodigality, and could not be excited by his eloquence to enthusiasm for one whose weaknesses had long been the butt of their ridicule. In vain he exhausted the resources of his rhetoric, and desecated on the good he had done and still intended to do; in vain he smote his breast, and sighed, and wept, and appealed to their slumbering patriotism; they could not be moved to grant him that assistance which would have guaranteed him an easy victory. Seeing this, he at length gave up the attempt, and concluded his speech by declaring his intention of resigning his authority. Not a single voice opposed his resignation. After this he arrayed himself in all the gaudy badges of his

office, and accompanied by the few friends still attached to him, traversed every quarter of Rome heralded by the sound of the silver trumpets, and at length shut himself up in the castle of St. Angelo.

In three days after his retreat the factious nobles had resumed the strong places from which they had been expelled, and the city was plunged into a worse state of anarchy, rapine, and confusion than that from which Rienzo had delivered it.

After remaining shut up in the castle of St. Angelo above a month, Rienzo escaped in the disguise of a monk. He wandered for a considerable time through the cities of Italy, Germany, and Bohemia, in the vain hope of tempting the ambition of some bold adventurer to aid him in the recovery of his power. He mingled at Rome with the pilgrims of the Jubilee, himself in a pilgrim's garb—decamping and concealing himself in times of danger among the retired passes of the Appenines. He resolved at length to appeal to the generosity of the noblest of his enemies. Hastening to the court of Charles the Fourth, at Prague, he solicited and obtained audience as a stranger, and revealed himself to that sovereign as the ex-Tribune of the Roman republic. Whatever were his hopes he was made captive, a character which he supported with independence and dignity; and he obeyed with becoming reverence the summons of the pontiff to appear and answer the charges made against him at the papal court. He was despatched in careful custody from Prague to Avignon, which he entered in the character of a malefactor; he was imprisoned, and chained by the leg to the floor of his apartment, and judges were appointed to investigate the charges of heresy and rebellion which were brought against him. His trial, however, seems never to have taken place. His misfortunes and magnanimous spirit excited the pity and esteem of the reigning pontiff, who caused him to be more humanely treated. Henceforth he was kept in easy and comfortable confinement, and indulged with the use of the classical authors upon the study of whose works he had formed his taste; in the perusal of Livy and the Bible, it is said that he experienced a consolation for all his misfortunes.

Pope Clement the Sixth died in 1352;

and a new and more seemed annihilated in a moment. The Senator Egidio Bertoldi Ursini, had been formerly a bravo, and since his death he had been appointed, as a reward, secretary to the Senate. A brilliant man, but devoid of any talent or principle, had been in profiting the populace to what they had before done to the office of Tribune; but he turned himself of his exaltation to his private revenge, and had been finally put to death in return for his excesses.

It was not possible to put a stop to the violence, desolated the ancient city, and the emperor Innocent despatched a Cardinal to Rome, absolved from all taxes and censures, and fully empowered to restore the government of the city to the laws. Further, he sent another Cardinal after him into Italy, and intended to establish him as governor of the city under the title of Cardinal. But Rienzo, desirous of being absolute, turned a connection with the Cardinal for the famous Chevalier of Malta, whom he met with at his own way to Rome, and who accompanied him with both money and arms, and attached themselves to his side. When attended, he made a triumphant entry into the ancient city.

He was not long as a senator, his first

mission of the treasure which he had amassed. Nor was this the only deed of blood justly laid to his charge.

Having exhausted all the wealth he had, in the vain attempt to reduce the Castle of Palestrina, he was compelled to send away his troops for want of money to discharge their arrears of pay. In this emergency he levied a new tax upon the citizens, to which they refused to submit, but rose in insurrection. The insurgents traversed the various quarters of the city, crying, "Long live the people—death to Rienzo." As they advanced to the Capitol, the senator found himself suddenly deserted by his guards and followers, and left with only three remaining friends to encounter the fury of an enraged mob. He caused the gates of the palace to be closed; but the rabble fired the building. The flames, however, barred access to the staircase, and thus separated him from the assailants. He now accoutred himself in his knightly armour, grasped the standard of the people, and appearing in the balcony, besought, by signs, an audience of the crowd. If he could have obtained it, he would in all probability, such was the magic power of his eloquence, have appeased the rage of the multitude; but they refused to hear him, and greeted him with a shower of stones which drove him back into the palace. He made a second attempt to harangue the mob from the terrace of the Chancery, which

discovery, but he was stopped at the third by a Roman soldier who demanded where he was going. Losing his presence of mind, he no longer attempted concealment. He was led to the foot of the stairs of the Capitol, in front of the lion of porphyry, where he had himself aforetime passed so many sentences of death.

At his appearance a profound silence succeeded to the furious outcries of the rioters, not one of whom had the courage to touch him. With his arms crossed upon his breast he awaited their decision, and availing himself of their silence, he was about to address them, when Cecco del Vecchio, an artisan,

fearful of the effect of his redoubtable eloquence, ran him through the body. This was the signal for a general assault, and the ex-Tribune soon expired beneath the blows of a hundred weapons. His head was cut off, and his mutilated trunk dragged disgracefully through the city.

Thus perished Cola di Rienzo, the last of the Roman Tribunes—a man whose undoubted patriotism renders him a subject of interest as well to the historian as to all lovers of their country, who can but mourn over the crimes and follies which, originating in boundless vanity, were consummated in death and ruin.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

SINCE antiquity no man ever influenced more powerfully the intellect and the feelings of his country than JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. Since antiquity no man has been more libelled or more admired. Half a century of criticism, wherever literature is known, has exhausted all the forms of apology and all the resources of vituperation to clear or to calumniate his name. A third, stream has broken from the confluence of these hostile tides, to receive the truth of both; but in a war of ideas few eyes are turned upon the neutral ground. The moderators remain obscure while the enemy and the advocate attract the observation of mankind. In one respect, however, there is a universal harmony of opinion. Rousseau possessed, it is acknowledged, a mind which rose above the level of his age like Caucasus over the plains of Asia. They who describe this mighty genius of the Alps as making of a whole nation his proselytes and his victims, speak of him, nevertheless, as an imperial master of language, as one whose declamation, passionate as it was, ornate with the richest imagery, and modulated to a lyrical sweetness, was frequently inspired by pure sentiments, and ruled by perfect reason. The bland persuasion of his pen, indeed, could almost change an illusion into a reality; but in his most fantastic reveries there were often grand speculations on truth, and amid the moral chaos of his mind a knowledge and a reverential love of virtue.

Of such a man, whose life was like a storm in the torrid zone,—half cloud, half fire, with lulls of unimaginable peace, and episodes fraught with the very spirit of romance, it is not easy to describe the idiosyncrasies, or to relate the story. Even if a narrative of his acts and thoughts were faithfully given, the summary of his character as a whole, would be a difficult task. There is so much that is strange to be comprehended, so much that seems contradictory to be reconciled, so much that appears unintelligible to attribute to its true cause, that the colours become confused, and the light, flashing through the shade, leaves a picture which art considers grotesque, and philosophy can scarcely understand.

If, however, there be still doubt and controversy about Rousseau, it is not that the records of his life are few. He is the priest of his own shrine, the interpreter of a mystery created by himself. It was his vanity to believe that nature, after making him, broke the mould in which he had been formed; that whether he was better or worse than other men, he was at least unlike them, and that the sincere explanation of his acts would be a lesson of eternal value to the world. From his cradle, therefore, almost to the approach of his tomb we have his career reflected in his own estimate of his own deeds, passions, and ideas. Whatever our judgment may be, Rousseau's defence remains as immortal as his fame; and when his critics are in-

He was, however, the first to hear the words, "I am a man," and long remained dumb with the thought when forty years later he was in the arms of a mother. His sister took care that he should be tenderly treated, but the sickly state which he was in did not leave him hope of his recovery.

He was not long to emerge from the childish and innocent innocence of infancy. He felt before he thought, as if he had been stimulated his feelings at the dawn of life by the excitement of passions, which his father often read him at night, until startled at sunrise by the crowing of the birds. By a hasty process he acquired not only an acquaintance with books, but a familiarity with the passions which produced them to be the sport of every emotion known to the human breast. But when he had every feeling active, he had no ideas. The picture of man's nature, therefore, which suggested itself to him was one fantastic and grotesque one, never entirely dispelled by the operations of his later years. This succession of visions, however, did not prevent him from his whole intellectual progress. In 1719 at an age when other children spin their first top, and fly their first kite, he began a new series of studies,—modern history and geography. He read the eloquent dis-

course and an eager promoter, spoken in his childhood, and then, as usual, severely treated when a boy. For him he felt a strong affection, and willingly suffered to spare him from punishment; but at length the young fellow ran away, disappeared altogether from sight, and left Jean Jacques in the position of an only son. Like most only sons he was idolized by all around him, and like most children similarly treated gave way to wanton habits and the impulse of weak desires. He became greedy, and indifferent to the truth; he became mischievous, and even inclined to steal; but he was humane, and never maliciously injured another. Thus the morning of his existence passed, and loving his friends as well as beloved by them, the future star of those Alps rose faintly above the horizon of infancy. His aunt was a woman of gentle character, not to be forgotten in history, because from her Rousseau derived that taste for music which afterwards developed into one of the passions of his mind. But this serene course of his early life was interrupted by an occurrence which strongly influenced all the rest. Isaac, the watchmaker, in consequence of a quarrel, exiled himself from Geneva, and Jean Jacques was left under the tutelage of his uncle, an engineer. By him he was placed, with a little cousin of the same age, at a school at Boissey, under a minister,

close. The power of feeling which made him peculiarly susceptible of innocent as well as criminal pleasures, rendered him keenly alive to insult, suffering, or disappointment. An unjust punishment inflicted on him at Boiséy rankled in his breast. The place was the same—beautiful, serene, with orchards, gardens, and pleasant walks, but it was Eden without innocence, and the whole charm of it was gone. With his little cousin Rousseau became a rebel against the authority of Monsieur and Mademoiselle Lambereier. He became sly, he disobeyed, he uttered falsehoods to conceal his faults. They became weary of him, as he of them, and after a residence of many months, he went back to his uncle at Geneva.

There he passed two or three years, while his friends concerted how to dispose him for the great experiments of life. His cousin was studying to become an engineer, and with him Jean Jacques took lessons, though he never displayed so fine an aptitude for this as for that other science which taught him how to undermine and blast a throne. The persons he was with aided little in guiding his pursuits or elevating his desires. His uncle was dissipated and careless; his aunt devoted to superstition, and more charmed with the psalter than with training to good the minds of the children. Rousseau and his little companion therefore enjoyed a licence, which encouraged them in indolent habits, or rather habits of frivolous activity. They made cages, flutes, kites, tambourines, huts, and bowers; they imitated the marionettes brought to Geneva by some strolling Italians, and Jean Jacques wrote comedies for representation. Thus a glimmering of his genius was already visible, and the author of the "New Héloïse" may be imagined declaiming as a child the earliest effusions of his pen among those lakes and mountains which gave to him his inspiration. There too, among his playfellows, he might have been seen attempting to redress the wrongs of any that were injured, and to be a paladin in perfection he must engage in some amorous adventures to emulate the chivalry of the Crusades. There was a Madame de Vulson, who caressed him sometimes, and with her this half-grown boy played the part of a tyrannical lover. And then as a Dora to this Agnes there was Mademoiselle Goton,

with whom he held brief and secret interviews, as the more playful passages of his early sentimentalism. With her he felt like a Turk or a tiger, if she dared to spare a smile for any one else. With the other he was a stern, subdued, and peremptory despot, and so in these fantastic follies, colouring his mind with every unnatural hue, forcing his feelings to a preternatural growth, and rendering him a stranger to the common crowd of his own race, Rousseau spent a part of his life which might have been dedicated to a fruitful education.

But this illusion was not of long existence. The friends who had neglected him till now, at last determined on his career, and he was apprenticed to M. Ducommun, a metal-graver of Geneva. His master was a rough and violent young man, who appeared resolved to break the spirit of his new servitor into a humility consistent, as he thought, with his condition. All elegant acquirements were now forgotten—Latin, history, romances,—and were replaced by the manipulations of the engraver. Still, this was not altogether repulsive to the youthful Rousseau. He had a talent for designing, and since the requirements of his craft were very limited, hoped to arrive at a speedy perfection. In this probably he would have succeeded had not the brutality and despotism of his master entirely quenched the aspiration. Instead of steady application to the legitimate branches of his art, he soothed his *ennui* by kindred occupations more congenial to his mind. He engraved medals to imitate the decorations of chivalry, was detected by Ducommun and savagely punished, because, as the petty tyrant pretended, he was coining base money and forging the arms of the Republic.

The invariable influence of tyranny is to corrupt. Rousseau was corrupted by the tyranny of his master. He went to his service with a determination to act honourably, but the treatment he received disgusted him with his own resolve. He began by idleness, he went on to falsehood—from a liar he degraded himself into a thief. With his father he had been free and high-spirited; with his schoolmaster independent; with his uncle cautious and discreet; but now he became timid, cunning, intriguing, "lost already," according to his own confession. He had been ac-

stood I to an equality with all around me, I stood in all they had; to enter into their misadventures; but now he was resolved to consent to have that contest of the past was over, to submit to the command, whether reasonable or not, to refrain from entering with them, as he is left. The results are inevitable. They were also not surprising. I believe in that they are inevitable, but they were inevitable and necessary. Many a character, and a great many from such an education, that played from such an education, and to the command respect and to the influences so continually in the society. But the young poet, he had not and not within him that understanding in virtue, which is the foundation of respect; he had not the power to go for its own sake, but for the revenge, and the satisfaction of other men. When he is left, he is injured himself still, and he is injured always with the same power over himself.

[illegible]

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are obese has increased by 50 percent. And, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, the number of people who are obese in the United States is expected to increase by 50 percent again by the year 2010. The increase in obesity is a result of a combination of factors, including a sedentary lifestyle, a diet high in fat and calories, and a lack of exercise. The increase in obesity is a public health problem because it is associated with a number of health problems, including heart disease, diabetes, and high blood pressure. The increase in obesity is also a social problem because it is associated with a number of social problems, including discrimination and poverty. The increase in obesity is a complex problem that requires a multifaceted approach to address it. This approach should include a combination of lifestyle changes, dietary changes, and social changes. The increase in obesity is a public health problem that requires a multifaceted approach to address it.

to be in time. Coming within sight of the postern he saw the platoon of soldiers moving down to close it. He fled forward, cried aloud, and was all but on the drawbridge when it reared backwards, and its ponderous iron arms were flung up into the air.

Rousseau, in a convulsion of that passionate rage, which was a symptom of his character, flung himself on the glaçis, and ground the dust between his teeth. Then starting up, he swore never to enter again his master's house. To his companions he made an adieu, telling them to confide in his cousin the place of his flight, and then he turned his back upon Geneva. Had it not been, he solemnly avers, for the cruelty of his master, he would never have gone thence; he would never have resigned his country, or forgotten his religion, or exchanged the life of a simple republican burglar, for that of an assassin, pouring out against the rulers of earth an imperial eloquence from the midst of a desert of his own creation.

There was Jean Jacques quitting his country, his parents, his means of living, to plunge, though still a boy, into an unknown labyrinth of adventure. He was not yet sufficiently skilled in his calling to gain a livelihood by it; but he was free, independent, full of heart and soul and he struck out boldly upon the wilderness of the world. Wealth, pleasure, excitement, friends ready to serve him, he was glad to smile on him—these were the pictures of his reveries; not a moment was a vision of all the human delights, but one light, brilliant, happy, ecstatic in the air. Someone to respect, and someone to love, and someone to be tenderly encircled by—this was the replenished star that glimmered in the off-early dawn of the horizon of his life.

For some days he remained near the village, in the cottages of peasants who knew him well, and he suitably entertained him. Then he went to the house of M. de Pontverre, the minister of the department of two leagues from Geneva. There, at once, he first spoke to him of the subject of disputes, and he resorted to general flattery by an invitation to dine with him. The magnificent stranger did not decline, but had little to say; he was too concerned to be asked these questions. And he resorted not willingly to the arguments he had brought against the Reformed Church, which prepared him

for an apostacy to the superstition of Rome.

M. de Pontverre directed his young friend to go to Annecy, where he would find a charitable lady, a new convert to Catholicism, who, living on a pension from the King of Sardinia, shared it with the needy. Rousseau was humbled by the necessity to obey. He desired to be provided, but not by alms; and the acceptance of these was not the less painful, because they came from a religious devotee. Nevertheless he went to Annecy, walked up to the chateau, and sang a song under the most attractive window. There was a sort of madness of romance in his mind. He expected that some beautiful maiden would be in the chamber above, soothing her heart by listening to the modulations of his voice; or that some train of stately ladies would appear and invite him to partake of the hospitality of their abode.

It was the day of a religious festival, in 1723. Rousseau stood trembling between excitement and timidity. Who that, looking at that humbly attired youth, trilling madrigals under a window, could have prophesied that his genius would vibrate in the heart of a whole nation for a hundred years, and be repeated from mother to child, in songs and proverbs, which speak of him as another Muse born among the Alps? He was then in the middle of his seventeenth year. Without being handsome he was of attractive appearance. His form was good; his carriage was easy; his face was animated; and his black hair and brows gave additional expression to the small deep-set eyes which shot forth some of the fire that heated all the blood in his frame.

There was still a little more delay, for the lady of the chateau was at church; but she soon returned, and Rousseau was introduced to Louise Eleonore de Warens. Her countenance composed of every grace, her large blue eyes filled with sweet expression, her delicately tinted cheeks, her neck of lovely contour and white as snow, made an absolute enchantment for his fancy. Precisely he already was, but the beauty of this woman baptized him, as it were, by a second sacrament into his new religion. He had written a letter, in which the eloquence of a poet was combined with the phraseology of an apprentice, and he stood abashed while the lady

read it. When she had finished, she raised her face, looked at him mildly, and said, "Well, my boy, you are very young to be alone in the world." The voice made him tremble, and when she said she would talk to him after mass, he gave no answer.

Madame de Warens belonged to an ancient family of Vevay, in the Pays de Vaud. She had married early, but, crossed by some troubles, deserted her husband and fled to Victor Amadeus, of Savoy. He gave her a pension, and sent a guard of horse to escort her to Annecy, where she became a recluse devotee, at twenty-eight years of age. Her youthful graces were still fresh, because they blended in all her countenance, instead of being inserted in each particular feature. She had, says Rousseau, a tender and caressing manner, a sweet look, an angelic smile, a mouth small, like his own, and blond hair disposed in classic tresses. Tall she was not; but, he adds, it was impossible to see a more beautiful head, a more beautiful bosom, more beautiful hands, or more beautiful arms.

The education of this celebrated woman had been one not very dissimilar in its irregularity to that of Rousseau. Philosopher and charlatan divided the empire of her mind; but her heart was compassionate and forgiving, while her disposition was cheerful and even gay. Whether it was a sudden perception of any of these qualities, with the nameless essence of them all combined, that inspired the Genevese youth who now stood before her, certain it is that her first word, her first look, chained her to him by a feeling more than admiration if less than love. It was a sympathy, a perfect confidence, a yearning to remain with her and converse with her as his friend. She apparently, also, conceived some fondness for Jean Jacques, and she immediately asked him to stay and dine with her, that she might talk with him at her ease. It was the first time in his life, he tells us, that he ever sat down to a meal without being hungry. He was looking into her blue eyes when he should have been eating, and his brain was already too bewildered to need the stimulus of wine.

He related his story to Madame de Warens; she expressed her pity, and sought to induce him to go back to his father, but every eloquent word imbued him with a deeper resolution not to leave

the way a thousand times played before his eyes, the manner and the created effect of her smile. The thought of her ever with festal robes, her tresses blight with Boissier's rays, her baths, her dress, and the pure snowy complexion from Pentheos; and her eyes, regarding the tints of her hair, the light of adorning beauty, and in her woods of voluptuousness. His ideas dilated as he saw the Alps where Hannibal had pitched his camp, and leaving the Swiss mountains for the serene and happy air of the south, a delicious energy revived the inmost fibre of his mind. In that tone of mind he reached the walls, the fumes of ambition in his veins, and every faculty of soul and sense excited by anticipations of the future. Madame de Warens and his other friends at Annecy had paid his expenses for his entrance into the capital; but he had nothing left—no money, no clothes, and no prospects, but within the narrow walls of a monastery. Thither, however, he boldly went, and was at once admitted. The sight fell blank upon eyes. A ponderous door, with porticoes of iron, opened, as it were, into a hall, at one end of which a gentleman in a black coat looked out of

To this seclusion Rousseau came with a mind considerably inflamed with religion. Apostate he was in profession, if not in spirit, yet there was the sentiment in his breast, ready to become a vitalising principle. But the neophytes who now surrounded him created an atmosphere by no means congenial to the growth of genuine piety. They were inclined to submit, he to discuss. Yet he had a force of character which prevented his cringing with an intellectual servility to every dogma of his instructors; when, therefore, the first "conference" was held, he observed with some surprise, that the disciples answered as though to a catechism, and controverted none of the priests' assertions. It came to his turn. Immediately his early studies strengthened him for a debate. He at once checked the friar and argued against him. Nor was he a weak antagonist. The father saw this, and fenced adroitly, pretending that he was imperfectly acquainted with the French language. Next day, however, to prevent such a dangerous display before the other pupils, Rousseau was put into a separate chamber with a younger priest, and more skillful rhetorician, who sealed every difficulty with a long phrase, though even he found the young philosopher apt at all the weapons it had hitherto been his own peculiar pride to employ.

and left to fall in with the crowding ranks of the worst part of humanity perpetually pouring along the earth, to fill up the chasms which wars, and plagues, and the course of centuries make in the population of the world. He had imagined that once under the shelter of the Church a broad approach to honour and to fame had been opened to him, but these hopes were in a moment eclipsed. He had signed the bond, and they who profited by it immediately cast him adrift to see how his protestantism would avail him in the battle of life.

Rousseau remained some while floating about Turin, living frugally, regulating his sight with its pugnacious, palaces, and monuments of art, and sipping now and then the sweets of some romantic adventure. In his conception of the character of women, he had idealized a creature too fanciful, and, if I may so speak, too picturesque for the intercourse of common life; but in his own behaviour towards them there was a blending of childish fear with vanity, voluptuousness, and respect. No beautiful woman could approach him without troubling his breast with strong emotions; he always was friendly with her, and never succeeded in becoming more than a poetical lover. Sometimes an indiscretion put him in peril; sometimes a folly caused him to curse himself, but he was one who learned from experience. Ignorant with all his acquirements, improvident in spite of probations, he was a very butterfly, revelling now in the light of ethereal day-dreams, and now counting souls to ascertain his chances of a dinner.

Even Jean Jacques, however, must find a means of livelihood. He could not exist on the gifts of an ideal future. Therefore he sought employment, and his friends found it for him. The Countess de Verecillis required a lacquey. Rousseau became one, only distinguished from the other servants by wearing no epaulettes. This, then, was the realization of all his burning desires for elevation and renown. He who had wrought his mind to raptures with the eloquence of Tully, who had soared with Hyperion into the upper realms of Heaven, who had throbbled with anger for the usurpation of the Cæsars, and cultivated with every grace^{as} learning, aspired to rise through the splendours of Italy as a star conspicuous between

the Tyrrhene and the Adriatic seas;—he was now a liveried menial, humble among the proud, indignant among the happy, yet often debasing himself to the level of his poor condition. In the histories of most men we lament the conduct of the world; in that of Rousseau we lament his conduct to himself. For, assuredly, many as his misfortunes were, vitiating as were the influences that presided over his youth, bitter as was the malice of his enemies, and chill as was the sympathy of those who called themselves his friends, Rousseau, it cannot be concealed, was his own chief foe. Had he never had a worse, the most melancholy episodes of his career might never have excited the pity of mankind. And this suggests a curious reflection. We commiserate the poets, who, like Grecian Keats perished the victims of others; but we still more deeply commiserate men, who like the political prophet of Geneva, lingered the victims of their own follies and unreined desires.

In the household of the Countess—a Madame de Sévigné, reduced to pigmy proportions—Rousseau found the elements of happiness to an ordinary mind. The lady was beautiful, cultivated, gentle in her manners, kind in her disposition, and intellectually developed to an appreciation of the true spirit of virtue. Towards her young servitor she behaved with affable dignity. When he showed her the letters which he wrote to Madame de Warens, describing the progress of his fortune and the state of his feelings, she questioned him coldly, and he answered her with reserve; gradually even this little discourse ceased, and Rousseau was no more than the merest servant.

There was, however, a species of insanity allaying the intellect of this strange adventurer. There was within his reach an old piece of rose-coloured ribbon, to which an infatuated fancy attracted him. He stole it. There was an inquiry. It was found in his possession. The Countess asked him how he had obtained it? What then did the future preacher of the noble ethics of the *Contrat Social* do? With a cowardice scarcely to be accounted for in one who afterwards gave voluntarily a most humiliating confession to the world, in one who braved every persecution by boldly avowing his opinions, he sought to exculpate himself by a device of which

thieves have been ashamed. As a fair young damsel in the land amongst the mountains of Savoy, upon her Rousseau laid the claim. All the people of the place rallied. She was brought face to face with him. With an effrontery not to be reflected upon, he charged her with having stolen the piece of ribbon, and sent it to him. For a moment she was rendered speechless, and then, with the clear front of truth, she refuted the calumny, exhorting Rousseau not to dishonour an honest girl who had never wronged him, and on him a look which might have shown a worse man, and when she was implacable, broke into passion. "Ah, Rousseau," she said, "I thought good of you; you have done misery on me, but, nevertheless, I must not be in your place." What the fate of poor Marion, thus slandered, was known. It may have been different, but it may have been the same. How bitter must have been the pains of remorse for her, and how much must it have cost to make the degrading

and the Countess soon afterwards died, leaving him to the dwelling which he had found. He remained there five years, while he awaited the next stage of his life.

During this period we see him, in his own strange being whom no one could understand, and to whom the ordinary nature scarcely supplied a parallel. Unquiet, distracted, he was, by turns, overpowered and then without comprehension. Sometimes he sighed, and sometimes shed tears. He sighed and wept which he was unable to impute to tears over some sorrow he could not define. Most men that they desire, and taste in the anticipated joy. With him it was not so. His warm blood beat

his veins, exciting strange wishes. His thoughts dwelt on the future, and, at times, his whole mind was thrilled by feelings which he could not remember, before he surprised them to himself.

Surprised by this curious susceptibility, he again entered a noble's service, and sat at table behind the chairs,

known had their names not been recorded by his pen. The Count de Gouvion was his new master, and Mademoiselle de Breil his mistress. She was young, beautiful, fair, with black hair, and was exquisitely formed. To gain her notice, Rousseau was day and night devising schemes; but she continued in the haughty seclusion of her tutored pride, never deigning to cast a look on the young man waiting to obey even an intelligible look. At length, however, an opportunity occurred. One day, at the dinner-table, a philological discussion arose. There was a difficult question raised, which the combined resources and learning of all the *savans* present were not sufficient to unravel. Jean Jacques was observed to smile. This was noticed. His master asked him if he had anything to say. Then, modestly, but with manly confidence, he developed, with artistic brevity, his theory on the point under investigation, clearing off the obscurity which had perplexed them all. The company were astonished, and gazed upon Rousseau with silent admiration. To only one face, however, was his inquiry directed. It was to that of Mademoiselle de Breil. And when he saw that she was smiling upon him with an air of wonder and respect, he felt a pride that could not have been more genuine, had he been crowned laureate in the Academy of France. It was to him one of those moments which level the distinctions of men, and carry them back to the kindred sources of their blood. Soon after, the noble beauty asked him, in an affable, timid tone, for a glass of water. While obeying her, such a trembling passed through his frame, that he sprinkled her plate, and even her clothes. Her brother roughly asked why he shook so; but looking at the girl herself, Rousseau perceived that she had crimsoned to the brow, and was in an agitation scarcely less than his own.

Here, however, where we seem to be unfolding a new romance, the episode concludes. So far from obtaining the smiles of Mademoiselle de Breil, Rousseau could not secure the favour of her waiting-maid. Nevertheless, his literary achievement gained him the respect of his master; and from the situation of lackey, he rose to that of secretary. Every one in the palace, too, appeared anxious to promote his welfare. But the caprice of his dispo-

sition, impelling now to one object, now to another, and then forward without any object at all, prevented him from reaping all the advantages which he might have derived from his success in the Piedmontese capital. On a slight excuse he left Turin, or rather escaped from it, and made his way back to Annecy. Madame de Warens' mansion was, of course, his goal. Approaching it, a trembling seized his limbs, a mist fell over his eyes, his breath became heavy, and he passed old friends without the capacity to recognise them. It was not that he feared blame, that he dreaded to be cast out desolate on the world, or that the prospect of little vicissitudes terrified him. That lady of the chateau was to him the Egeria of another Numæ, and he advanced towards her presence with an awe equal to that which the mythical heroes are represented to have experienced when drawing near the shrines of their protecting divinities.

Once in the presence of Madame de Warens, all Rousseau's fearful emotions ceased. His heart rose at the sound of her voice; he bent before her and kissed her hand. "Poor fellow," she said, "are you come back again?" and then she made him relate his adventures, telling him, at the conclusion, that he might occupy a chamber in her house. He was established, therefore, at Annecy, in an extraordinary position, partly that of a son, partly of a friend. The lady called him *Petit*, he called her *Maman*, and this continued even when the lapse of years had almost effaced the difference between their ages. At that early period, however, the sanctitude of this most beautiful relation of life was well preserved. If Madame de Warens kissed and otherwise caressed Rousseau, it was truly as a mother; and if he reciprocated her tenderness, it was with the affection of a son. Afterwards, there came a new phase of their intercourse; but it will too soon be time to speak of it.

The fatal malady of his passions, however, continued to corrupt the whole nature of Rousseau. While the baroness watched over him in this seductive pupilage, directed his readings, cultivated his ideas, taught him music, and in many ways aided in developing that mighty intellect which soon began to throw its rays over France, he secretly insulted her, while he degraded himself, mixing up with the study of the modern

classics the occupations of a seer. A peculiarity in his nature seemed to have added to the force of talents derived from early education. He possessed an extreme keenness of feeling, but was equally slow in his reflection. His ideas arranged themselves in his brain with incredible difficulty; his emotions, once stirred, flowed instant to the very brim and became master. On this account, he always wrote very laboriously—all his manuscripts being copied four or five times before going to the press. Some days he sat down five or six evenings writing, with the paper before him, without penning a single word; but when he began, and his finished production was ready for printing, what an harmonious, fluent, inspired combination of sense and power did it appear to be! "Easy writing," says Pope, "is dully hard reading;" and so with Jacques, his most painful labors are among the master-pieces of running, and aerial diction. The nothing of superior modulation in "Reveries," in the spiritual sonnets of Racine. In the "Letters from the St. Pierre," the style is elegant, sublime, rich; while it is so pure, that Quin himself might have selected it as a model.

This digression left Rousseau in the dreams of beauty which he enjoyed under the roof of his protectress at Annecy. There he remained some time, when accidental occurrences separated him from his friend, and he travelled about Switzerland with a pretended Greek Bishop, who said he was making collections for the guardians of the Holy Sepulchres, and for whom he acted as secretary. At Soleure, the adventures of this impostor were cut short by an arrest, but the French ambassador took care of Rousseau, gave him money, and enabled him to reach Geneva, where the Baroness de Warens was to be staying. The capital had been to him what Rome is to the devotees of the Catholic church—a city of triumph, the great, of hope for the humble, of glory and splendour for the ambitious, with a fire of genius in their veins. Thither, therefore, he went, but with expectation, and thirsting for the new happiness of an intercourse with the delightful recluse of Annecy. But to his surprise and grief she was no longer there.

STRANGE though it may
be, that this poet, the clo-
sest pleader for the equal rights of
the enemy of artificial rank, the
ruler of that ancient spirit of liberty
in man, at a pride *dehillee superbus*,
disparaged gratification but in
every woman is longing to the pa-
nace. He had not inspired
himself on this point. It was not
the vanity of blood which he
scorned. It was that he was charmed
by the demure, the beautiful
and graceful air, the
taste, the hair so classi-
cally, the apparel so brilliant,
the aspect and behaviour so no-
ble, the "demoiselles," in
fact, with the "filles," of whom I

the pleasures of Amcey were
to one who had not forgotten the
city of Eucore de Warens.
He travelled thence to Lyons
and he boasted the river, suf-
ficiently climbed the mountains,
the miserable places, for the sake
of the best treasure of his heart,
at length, overcome this, fell into
the oblivion of all his griefs,
the solitude of Charmette,
the friendship, the bloom of
the fields, the happiness of
young companionship with the
Amcey, throw him here
into those deluding reveries

his own affection by vanity, yet, with
the selfish vanity conspicuous in his
character, he felt mortally grieved by
the committal of an act in imitation of
his own.

Charmette was no longer in his eyes
the enchanted ground, where all his
thoughts and wishes bloomed, as if by
magic, into flowers and fruit. He left
it, and went to Lyons, where he took a
situation as teacher, and in this barren
labour spent a year. Then, inspired by
a presentiment of fame, he once more
sought his fortune in Paris, where he
arrived with fifteen golden louis, in the
autumn of 1741. He had invented a
new system of musical notation. He
hoped it would bring him profit and
renown, but he was disappointed.
Rameau combated the idea; it was
rejected first by the public, and next by
its author. Yet, failing in this, he suc-
ceeded in acquiring some useful friends
who procured him the post of secre-
tary to Monsieur de Montaignu, ambas-
sador to Venice. In that old festal city,
with its traditions of glory, already
fading into a dream, Rousseau first felt
his heart beat with a passion for the
native music of Italy. That country
has been for ages the cradle of singers.
Its soft climate favours the voice, and as
if in concert with this, the minds of its
composers have elaborated the richest
and sweetest works of harmony ever
known, from heroic hymns, full and

or taste. Jean Jacques was sufficiently ignorant of himself to be humiliated by the failure of this attempt, though afterwards he saw in providence the accident which deterred him from renewing it, and pointed out to him the mine where the golden treasure of his genius really lay.

At the age of thirty-seven, in the summer of 1749, the son of the watchmaker went to visit his friend Diderot, imprisoned at Vincennes, on account of his "*Lettres sur les Aveugles*." In the *Mercur* he saw an announcement that the Academy of Dijon had proposed a question, "Whether the progress of the arts and sciences had tended to corrupt or to purify public manners?" "If ever," says Rousseau, "an inspiration fell on any man it seemed at that moment to fall on me. A thousand colours seemed to play their dazzling beauty before my eyes; my brain swam as though swooning to the earth; my heart burned and beat, my whole frame trembled, and sinking down under a tree, I remained half an hour so subdued by these emotions, that when I rose I found I had sprinkled all my garments with tears." From this ecstasy he awoke, wrote in crayon the prosopopœia of Fabricius, showed it to Diderot, and from him received encouragement to contend for the great prize.

Rousseau took up his pen. He wrote that brilliant declamation which was as it were a challenge to the opinions of a whole age. It gained him the prize. From that hour his resolve was formed. He would have liberty; he would break the shackles of opinion, and as a prelude to the sacrifices called for from the pilgrims in such a crusade, he swept from his table the few luxuries that had found a place on it, and prepared to throw the sparks that should kindle a volcanic fire of revolution in France. He had gained employment as the cashier to an important firm, but this he renounced because the guardianship of a treasure disturbed him in his dreams. As a less troubling resource he announced that he would copy music at five pence a page. This excited such notice that he had speedily more offers of work than he could undertake, for he would not devote all his time to an occupation so poor and fruitless. A little play produced at Fontainebleau in 1752, enjoyed so brilliant a success, that his name began to pass through society,

and the king of France himself desired to see him. But Rousseau was never like Voltaire. He would never stoop to act as the lettered lackey of a prince. He fled from the importunity of the Court, though when the Academy of Dijon invited him to a second trial, he warmly applied himself to win again the approval of that learned body.

The question was, "On the Origin of Inequality in the Condition of Men." To meditate in favourable solitude on this, Rousseau retired into a sequestered valley in the forest of St. Germain, there to trace the picture of those early times when manhood stood on a level; and tyranny on the one hand had not begun, and apathy on the other had not perpetuated a race of slaves. It is a sombre and violent satire on human society. The dedication is a masterpiece of style; but the essay is a compound of paradox and fantasia, with philosophy and learning. When Burke wrote in imitation of St. John his vehement tirade against civilization, he shadowed forth more truth than he pretended, or, perhaps, designed. When Rousseau composed his more theoretical attack, he lost sight of the truth, while he chased from point to point those fleeting shapes which appeared to him under its disguise. Plainly stated, the substance of the two pieces is this. The one showed that conquerors and kings have committed more murders than all the lions, tigers, hyenas, wolves, and jackals, that ever prowled about since aurochs disappeared from the primeval earth; and caused more misery than all the famines and plagues that nature ever sent to devastate the world. This was the theory announced through the trumpet of the Irish orator. The other sought to prove that rulers and nobles have robbed, plundered, and defrauded mankind with more flagrant and enormous villany than all the pirates, highwaymen, cut-purses, footpads, and forgers, that ever loaded or escaped the gallows, from Genesis to Jericho, and from Jericho to the New Jerusalem. This doctrine, in another phase, is developed in the declamation of the Genevese philosopher. A bold and staggering doctrine, upon the truth or falsity of which we make no argument, but leave it to the reflection of the reader.

It was now, too, that Rousseau made late atonement for the apostacy of his earlier years. At Geneva he solemnly revoked the abjuration he had pro-

peared ready to tear him to pieces. Once more he was obliged to fly. He took refuge in a little island in the middle of the Lake of Bienné, but after a few weeks, in the depths of a rigorous season, he was expelled thence and ordered to quit the Bernese territory within four and twenty hours. At this point the "Confessions" break off, so that we can no longer use them as a commentary on the biographies, correspondence, and historical passages which we have collected with reference to this wonderful man.

Pelted with stones at Motiers, ignominiously hunted at Berne, turned to derision at Bienné, and expelled from his native soil, he lived for a while at Paris, known to and knowing nearly all the distinguished writers of the age. Among the zealous and hospitable friends, who professed their attachment to him, was Horace Walpole. This individual, I hope, will one day find his proper place in our literary history. He was a sort of pigmy Diogenes, and at the same time very like the nobleman whom Diogenes visited. He was a cynic in satin breeches, a quack in kid-gloves, a picture-dealer with a pedigree. If we like his manners, it is because they are amusing; if we read his letters, it is because they are useful; but for the man himself we never feel respect. Mr. Macaulay describes him as the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most capricious, and the most fastidious of men. Let me add that he was the most conceited, the most puerile, and as a critic the most ridiculous. It was this personage who now, while honeying his lips with the politest phrases, undertook to lampoon Rousseau. He forged a letter, purporting to be addressed to the Swiss philosopher from the King of Prussia, who was well known to affect, with a spurious enthusiasm, the society of men of genius. In this epistle, worthy in its flimsy cunning of Sans Souci, the mania of Rousseau for believing himself an especial victim marked out for persecution by all the world, was represented in the light calculated to produce most ridicule. It was published by that Maccaroni, Horace Walpole, at the instigation of Madame Geoffrin, of Helvetius, and of the Duke de Nivernois,—persons whom Rousseau had never injured, but who seemed to be moved by an instinct of hatred against him.

The letter appeared about the end of

December; but Rousseau never heard of it till he reached England, which he shortly did by the assistance of the historian, David Hume. After living two months, partly in London and partly in Chiswick, he went down to Wootton, in Derbyshire. There was, however, no tranquillity in store for him. The English press, which had, hitherto, been very favourable to his fame, now began in every way to revile him, and Jean Jacques saw, at first with surprise, but then with suspicion, that though Hume and his other "friends" were influential in the papers, not a libel was checked, nor was a pen employed to defend him. The effect of Walpole's forgery, also, was very striking. It roused the laughter of the people, and satire, that surest means of slander, ran high in all the literary circles of the capital. It was the belief of Rousseau, and it is ours, that Hume brought him over to complete a scheme he had formed for the shipwreck of his reputation. Sheer malignity alone could have prompted this design. It was not for the Scotch enemy of Christianity to arow himself the pious persecutor of the Genevese, who shared that false philosophy with him. Had he professed the excuse of bigotry, his conduct would have been contemptible, but it might not have been so contemptible as it was. This secret conspiracy ended in an open war, and all we need say is, that whatever Rousseau lost, David Hume gained nothing to his honest fame. And, when it is added, that to cover the perfidy of Hume, Horace Walpole condescended to a public lie, not that he loved the historian—whom he despised, but that he hated the philosopher—whom he feared, it becomes clear that we are tracing the sinuous labyrinth of a most disreputable transaction.

While these machinations of his enemies embittered him against, at least, the teachers of mankind, Rousseau composed the early part of the "Confessions," aided by the leisure which a small pension from the English government allowed him. But the worst enemy of his repose was Therese de Levasseur, who followed him from France to his Derbyshire retreat, where he was disturbed by her, as well as by the conspirators who plotted with David Hume. History, however, does not regret that the satirist of Hampden and the libeller of Cromwell should have been the asso-

fury of the citizens; in Motier, the curses of the Church and the violence of the mob; in St. Pierre, the inhuman cruelty of his enemies; in England, the forgery of Horace Walpole, the perfidy of David Hume, and the calumnies of the whole press; in France, the industrious, incessant, and unmitigated malignity of an immense troop, composed of those who knew him, echoed by those who knew him not, and loudest from those who had professed their amity for him;—all this, I say, to a vain, irritable, tender character like Rousseau, might well appear to indicate the existence of a universal conspiracy for his destruction.

It is true, on the other hand, that he could claim for himself little reverence, and might have recalled acts of treachery equally base with those of the maligners who pursued him. But these were the repented acts of his earlier life. He sought by his "Confessions" to make some atonement for them; and whatever the value to morals of revelations such as he made, it is certain that the memory of these crimes constituted the bitterest affliction of his maturer age. Besides, when men imagine society to be in league against them, they do not inquire whether they have provoked its hostility, nor have we, in a question of fact, to press the retort upon them. However, though Rousseau might not have been insane, because he thought the world made him an Ishmaelite among the children of Israel, his brain certainly became affected towards the close of his life. This was attributable, I think, to a cause which may not here be discussed, as well as to the united influence of remorse and sorrow preying upon his mind.

In the beginning of the year 1778, this marvellous being, after a life of trouble, only varied by a few brief summer-dawns of peace, retired to Ermonville. Madame Rousseau was ill, and the salubrity of that place seemed likely to restore her health.

On Friday, the 1st of July, he walked in the afternoon, as usual, with a young friend. It was very hot weather, and, contrary to his general habits, he paused several times for repose. Soon after, he complained of pains in his body, but these were soothed by the time that he returned to the chateau, and he sat down in comfort to supper. Next morning he rose, according to his custom,

went out to observe the rising of the sun, and came back to take coffee with his wife. At the moment when she was leaving the room, to occupy herself with the cares of the *ménage*, he requested her to pay a man who had been working for him, and, because he was an honest fellow, to deduct nothing from the bill. When she returned, she found him extended on a large couch, apparently in grievous suffering. "What is the matter with you, my friend?" she said. "I feel a great pain," he answered. Therese, to avoid alarming him, pretended to be going on some errand, and sent for the people at the chateau. Some of them came, but Rousseau desired to be left alone with his wife.

When the door had been shut, he asked her to sit down by him. "Well, I have," she said, placing herself close to the couch. "How are you now?" "My suffering is very little," he answered. "I pray open the window, that I may once more look out upon the green earth." "Mon bon ami," she returned, "why do you say that?" "I have always prayed to God," said Rousseau, "that I may die without a malady and without a physician. You can close my eyes, and then my wishes are all fulfilled." After this, he asked her to pardon him for any wrongs he might have done her; assured her that without her consent his friends would never make any use of the papers he had confided to their hands; and recommended that a formal medical inquiry should take place into the mode and cause of his end. Meanwhile the last agony came on; his chest was, as it were, pierced by an indescribable physical anguish, his head racked by pains, which blinded him as he lay trembling in the sufferings of death.

His wife, fond of him, though she had contributed little to his prosperity in life, felt an unutterable misery in the sight of his affliction. Rousseau stifled the expression of his own sufferings to offer a balm to hers. "Ah, then, my sweet friend," he said, "how can you love me, if you weep over my happiness? Behold, now the pure purpose of heaven. A gateway opens for me, and God waits within." With these words he fell with his head downwards, and was motionless. Therese sought to lift him up, but he was heavy and insensible. She shrieked; the door was burst open, friends came in, and the wife, covered with blood which was flowing from the

head of the dying man, helped to
him again on the couch. She put
his head within his, he clasped them
by the warmth of affection was living
in them still, and then, leaning
her forehead towards her bosom, he

was long believed, and there are
who still credit the story, that
was put poison into his coffee, or
brought with a pistol. The evi-
on both sides is voluminous, and
I cannot analyze it now; but
his death was not by suicide;
it is perhaps, unjust to disbelieve
his wife, who, before God and
the declares that Rousseau died
of a natural malady. With
the principal testimonies concur.

The Frenchman's death a great coinage held its place, which continued to circulate, as if the offences he committed were not sufficient to degrade memory. From the ink-pot of a revolutionary under the anonymous title of *François Billaud*, to the lips of his assassin, all the sources of calumny were opened to pour out vituperation in the public sphere of Geneva. The ardour of her resistance did justice to his name. He was immortalized, and his statue was erected in the city. There was a world of difference between the State and the nation.

It was during the works of the revolution that the citizens, appearing before the tribunal, declared that they would not allow, or that they

the 1980s, the 1990s, and the 2000s. The 1980s were characterized by a high level of economic growth, while the 1990s were characterized by a period of economic stagnation. The 2000s were characterized by a period of economic growth, followed by a period of economic stagnation.

On the stone

There is no doubt that Rousseau is no critical thinker, and he has not attempted. The "truth" of the play, as a brilliant example of the society which never changes, is that there is much that is worthy in the "Emile," but

far more that is profoundly philosophical. Its theory is that man is born good, and is corrupted by civilization. In the "Savoyard Profession," and the "Letters from the Mountain," there is the fatal infidelity displayed, but never made loathsome by those horrible phrases with which Voltaire sometimes degraded his pen. It is, however, in the "Nouvelle Heloise," that we find the secret of the immense popularity of Rousseau in France. Its passion, its tenderness, its dreamy grace, its emotion, its rich painting of the action of love, its sweet diction, and the softness and beauty of Julie, render it one of the most brilliant and seductive visions of romance that ever the fancy conceived. The "Contrat Social" is of quite another order, and is filled with political wisdom, the maxims of which are gradually permeating through the mass of the intelligent people of France. There, indeed, the justice and the honour accorded to men, and to works such as Rousseau's, and the "Contrat Social" is far greater than in England. "They manage these things better in France," says Mr. St. John in his delightful "Isis," "where Corneille, and Racine, Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Jean Jacques Rousseau, monopolize a far larger amount of the feeling and admiration of the country than all the kings since Popin. Turenne, Condé, Vendôme, and Catinat, are familiar only to the historical student, but the author of the 'Contrat Social' lives in the very heart of the people; his fame constantly expanding with their expanding intelligence. Who, therefore, would not rather have been Jean Jacques Rousseau than Sesostris, or Rameses, or what ever else the learned please to call him?"

The character of this man, exhibited in the actions of his life is a strange study for the theorist on human nature. His was an irregular, convulsive career; his was a vast, but wild and mystic genius, his was a fate partly the most happy, and partly the most miserable that can be imagined. He had vices, and the most secret of his vices he himself made known; but he possessed also virtues, not unworthy of an heroic age. Simple and frugal, his intellectual ambition inspired out of sight of the meaner appetites of man. While his works were enriching the libraries of Europe, he drank water at one repast that he might be able to have a little unmingled

wine with another. Ardent and irascible by nature, he was neither jealous of his friends nor vindictive to his enemies. Voltaire wronged him and never made amends, but he did justice to Voltaire. "He could hate him," says a French biographer, "without insulting him." His health was usually equal, though weak, and while abhorring the idea of a physician, he often imagined himself ill. The toil of the pen was irksome to one who loved so much to be breathing freedom on the mountains, to be pulling flowers in the vales, to be musing poetically in the woods. Spots that were beautiful he never ceased to remember, and hours that were happy his fancy dwelt on, as though they were to him a fountain of perpetual joy. Yet he also lingered over every melancholy souvenir, until the tone of his mind was sad, and he complained continually of the solitude of desolation.

Politically, Rousseau was the oracle of hope to an abused and harassed land; religiously, he was the foe, the dignified and respectful foe, but still the foe, of Christianity; morally, he was his own victim, and a problem to all other men. Intellectually, he was the most splendid genius of the century. The writing of the "Confessions" can never be too much regretted. Pity it is that Rousseau did not bury with himself the record of crimes that otherwise need never have been revealed. The lesson they convey is not worth the harm that one page of the grosser parts must cause in the incautious reader's mind. Purified of these wretched episodes, they might have remained a romantic and historical treasure of the times in which their author lived, but, as it is, the truth cannot be concealed that their influence is vitiating on the morality, literature, and sentiments of the country. They are, nevertheless, for candour and simplicity, superior to all other writings of the kind. The *Confessions* of Montaigne are neither so fresh, so faithful, nor so interesting. Those of Chateaubriand have all the egotism, without the genius which gives a grace even to egotism itself. Evelyn's are equally honest, though they have nothing disgraceful to reveal, but they are bald and feeble; while Pepys, with all his frankness, all his vanity, and all his cunning, was nothing but a truckling impostor, participating in the grossness of a vulgar age.

The genius of Rousseau, however, is that which has made his apotheosis. It was rare, commanding, enormous. It grasped and penetrated the most portentous problems of philosophy; it inspired and excited a whole people; it made itself felt through Europe; and it left a response to the inquiries of every future age. So vast was its range: so varied were the objects of its comprehension; so luminous was the atmosphere it created for itself, that the profoundest minds, and minds the most humble, found in its works something to remember and to admire. There never was a writer more eloquent in his pleas for the liberty of man; there never was one more dangerous to the false and corrupted system which, by the aid of a confederate imposture, loaded the people of France. Daring always, and sometimes reckless, Rousseau feared no opinions; but formed his own, and expressed them whatever they were. Especially did he aim at refuting the old lies which knit together the gradations of French society, instead of harmonizing them by a beautiful assimilation into a proportioned and perfect whole. Full of enthusiasm and of eloquence, he coloured his declamation with the most brilliant fancies; and wrought his reasoning into the most persuasive forms. A familiar pathos, a melancholy at once passionate and egotistical, a sympathy with nature approaching to Pagan adoration, enriched those fluent effusions of lyrical prose which were then a marvel and are now a glory to the literature of France. No feeling mind ever dwelt without emotion on those passionate fragments which embalm the griefs he endured, and the deep agony of sorrow and remorse which perpetually came like the phantom of Nemesis to darken his solitude and to break his sleep. His eloquence was at once poured forth, as if from inspiration, and polished with an art the most delicate and pure. The pomp of Bossuet's diction, the glossy bloom, if we may so speak, of Racine's, the glittering *staccatos* of style by which some of the livelier writers of that country played with the resources of their mother tongue, are wanting in the works of Rousseau; but for the easy, full, pure expression of elevated and beautiful ideas; the embodiment of the feelings in their own best language which is that of pastoral simplicity; the

moving forth of philosophy in clear
 and eloquence, he remains un-
 dered among the ornaments of letters
 a distinguished age. He was great,
 if he was partly good, and if we must

despise some of his acts, while we pity his unhappiness, let us remember that while he lived he suffered misery enough to atone for the offences of a man far worse than he.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Among the many lady writers of the
 eighteenth century, few have higher claims
 on our gratitude and regard than
 Mrs. H. Barrett. The hearts and "homes
 of England" have often been
 comforted by the music of her plaintive
 voice, sublimated by their lofty moral
 teaching, enriched and refined by their
 teachings of faith, and of love;
 and their holy aspirations after all that
 is beautiful and true. The poetry of
 Mrs. H. Barrett may not possess the in-
 vincible, the majestic power, the deep
 pathos, the beauty, which distin-
 guish that of Mrs. Barrett Browning;
 nevertheless it is full of sweetness and
 nobility, and of a soft, subdued en-
 thusiasm breathing, moreover, through-
 out, a trusting and affectionate
 confidence that ever find a welcome
 in the hearts of the loving hearts.

[illegible]

a rustic seat she had chosen amid the boughs of an old apple tree. She was a rapid reader, and her fine memory easily retained whole pages of poetry after having only once read them over. Her juvenile studies were superintended by her mother—a noble-minded woman of high intelligence, and sweet simplicity of character, and of a calm cheerful temperament—in every way admirably adapted for the guidance of a spirit so bright and beautiful, so exquisitely sensitive as that of the young Felicia. And in after years when the wreath of fame encircled the fair brows of the poetess, she turned from the world's praises to the soft glance of those beloved eyes, and felt that her best reward still lay in the glad, approving smile of the dear face "that on her childhood shone."

When about eleven years of age, she spent a winter in London with her parents; and the following year repeated the visit—and this was the last time of her sojourn in the great metropolis. The contrast between the confinement of a town life, and the bright, happy freedom of the country, was by no means pleasing to her. She longed most earnestly to return to her romantic home among the mountains of Wales; and again to join in the merry sports of her younger brothers and sisters. We can well imagine how distasteful the noise and hurry of London life, the crowded streets, the cloudy atmosphere, would prove to the hermit of the hill and the forest; how she would miss the sweet music of nature, the rich melody of birds, the rustling in eddies, the wood-land murmurs, but most of all the fresh, pure air, and the clear, bright, open skies. Many times, however, she saw during these London visits, which ever returned most vividly impressed upon her imagination. Collections of art were objects of her special interest. On entering a hall of sculptures she exclaimed, "Oh, hush!—don't speak!"

well knowing that the spirit of the place was silence. Felicia Browne was not more than fourteen years old when her first volume of poems was published, in the form of a quarto volume. It was very severely criticised, and although, at first, the young poetess felt much depressed, she soon recovered from the effects of this harsh judgment, and again poured forth her melodies in strains more rich and varied than before. One of her brothers was then serving in Spain, under Sir John Moore, and of course her enthusiasm was enlisted on his behalf, and visions of military glory, and scenes of martial heroism became at this time the sources of her poetic inspiration.

The commencement of her acquaintance with Captain Hemans dates from about this period. On his first introduction to the family at Gwrych, Felicia was a lovely girl of fifteen—with rich golden ringlets shading a fair face of radiant and changeable expression. She was a dream of delight, a vision of beauty, a creature all poetry, romance, and enthusiasm, in the first bright flush of the sunshine of life, and as such she was eminently calculated to inspire sentiments of admiration, of devotion, and of love. Captain Hemans pleaded eloquently, and received in return the first affection, deep, and sincere, of that warm young heart. Her friends trusted this might be only a fleeting fancy, but it proved on the contrary a constant one, although Captain Hemans was immediately ordered to embark with his regiment for Spain, and Felicia did not see him again for three years.

Mr. Browne removed with his family to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph's, Flintshire, in 1809. Here our poetess entered upon new studies with her accustomed ardour. She read Spanish and Portuguese, and commenced the study of German, although it was long years after this before she drank in the spirit of the latter language with thorough appreciative enjoyment. She possessed some taste for drawing, and had a decided talent for music, which ever powerfully influenced her highly susceptible mind. The strains she preferred were chiefly of a pensive character. The simplest national melodies had a charm for her—the wild airs of Ireland and of Wales, the pathetic ballad lays of Scotland, and the melancholy, but chivalrous songs of Spain

were especial favourites. And well can we imagine the strange, entranced awe, with which she would listen to the deep impressiveness of the cathedral service with its thrilling accompaniments;

When the depth profound of the solemn fane re-echoed sacred story,
And one sweet voice heard lone and clear, called on the Lord of Glory!

Strange and mysterious is the power of music when heard in some fair Gothic minster, with the fading light of eve falling through the stained windows with no step to disturb the shadowy aisles, and the white immortal statues standing out dim in the twilight. Then indeed we seem to be near the spirit-land. The glory streams through the golden gates, we half see the flashing of the star-gemmed diadems, for truly and indeed we hear the angel voices. But it is too much. The spirit saints beneath the weight of too divine a joy, and as the caged bird beats vainly against her prison-bars, such in that intoxicating moment are the soul's wild efforts to attain the real, the infinite, the true.

In after years there were times when Mrs. Hemans found music too painfully exciting, and the voice of her heart re-echoed to the exclamation of Jean Paul's immortal old man;—"Away! away! Thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!"

About this time Felicia Browne enjoyed much pleasant intercourse with some friends at Conway; and the beautiful scenery by which she was surrounded, was a fount of constant and never-failing inspiration. Here she became acquainted with Mr. Edwards, the blind harper of Conway, to whom she addressed some spirited stanzas:—

Minstrel, whose gifted hand can bring,
Life, rapture, soul from every string;
And wake, like harp of former time,
The spirit of the harp sublime;
Oh! still prolong the varying strain,
Oh! touch th' enchanted chords again.

Thine is the charm, suspending care,
The heavenly swell, the dying close,
The cadence melting into air.
That lulls each passion to repose;
While transport lost in silence near,
Breathes all her language in a tear.

In 1812 appeared the "Domestic Affections, and other Poems," and during the same year the marriage of the poetess with Captain Hemans took place. They went to reside at Davenport for a year, where their eldest son was born. Mrs. Hemans regretted bitterly the

age of residence from the mountain dale to that and uninteresting a city, and with exceeding delight returned to Bronwylla with her father the following year. Here she lived with her mother until the death of that true and devoted friend. Her father, who previously had again taken up commerce, and emigrated to New York where he died. Mrs. Hemans' leisure at Bronwylla was passed in the most retirement, and entire confinement to study and the requirements of her family. She had five sons, and attention was necessarily directed to their education. In 1818 she published a collection of translations, afterwards in rapid succession, the Restoration of the Works of Art from "Modern Greece," "Tales of Historic Scenes." It was about a period that Captain Hemans retired to Rome to try the restorative of the warm climate of the South on his health, which had become impaired by the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. He made Rome his permanent abode, and Mrs. Hemans never saw him again. To quote the words of her son, "It has been alleged, and with some truth, that the literary pursuits of my mother, and the education of her children, were the only eligible for her, and that she had the natural root of her genius, her husband, to her assistance, and, unfortunately, that the studies which were not of her own choice, which led to this, were not followed on this subject with the necessary painful, yet necessary, exactness, nothing like that which the poetess was contented to devote to her art, and it ever remained a subject of conversation, and one which afforded no opportunity for the interchange of ideas, and the assistance to be derived from the suggestions of the friends relating to the subject." But years rolled on, and the poetess grew old and complete in her art. In that time she wrote the poem, "Mrs. Hemans' Sonnet to a Friend." "The best poem on the 'Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the banks of the Carron.'" The prize being awarded to her was a pleasing surprise to Mrs. Hemans, as she had not the slightest expectation of obtaining it, for the number of competitors was perfectly overwhelming. In the spring of 1820 she was introduced to Bishop (then Mr.) Heber, whose eminent literary taste proved of material service to her in the course of her poetical career.

Mrs. Hemans was employed at that time upon a poem, entitled, "Superstition and Revelation," which was intended to comprehend a great variety of subjects. Everything relative to the graceful and sportive fictions of ancient Greece and Italy; the ruder beliefs of uncultivated climes; the Hindoo rites; the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, was to be laid under contribution; but of this extensive plan only a fragmentary portion was ever completed. This poem is alluded to in the following extract from a letter on the commencement of Mrs. Hemans' acquaintance with Heber: "I am more delighted with Mr. Heber than I can possibly tell you; his conversation is quite rich with anecdote, and every subject on which he speaks had been, you would imagine, the sole study of his life. In short his society has made much the same sort of impression on my mind that the first perusal of 'Ivanhoe' did; and was something so perfectly new to me that I can hardly talk of anything else. I had a very long conversation with him on the subject of the poem, which he read aloud and commented upon as he proceeded. His manner was so entirely that of a friend, that I felt perfectly at ease, and did not hesitate to express all my own ideas and opinions on the subject, even where they did not exactly coincide with his own."

In the autumn of 1820 Mrs. Hemans paid a visit to the family circle of Henry Park, Esq., Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool. Here she writes: "I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed the novelty of all the objects around me. The pastoral seclusion and tranquillity of the life I have led for the last seven or eight years had left my mind in that state of blissful ignorance, particularly calculated to render every new impression agreeable one; and accordingly Mr. Keane casts from the Elgin marbles, and the tropical plants in the Botanic

gardens, have all in turn been the objects of my wondering admiration." It was while visiting these kind friends that the *jeu d'esprit* was written with reference to the word "*Barb*,"—a gentleman having requested Mrs. Hemans to supply him with some precedents from old English writers, proving the use of the word as applied to a steed. The following imitations were the result of his inquiry, and the forgery was not discovered until after some time.

The warrior don'd his well worn garb,
And proudly waved his crest;
He mounted on his jet-black barb,
And put his lance in rest.

Percy's Reliques.

Effoons the wight withouten more delay,
Spurr'd his brown barb, and rode full swiftly on
his way.—*Spenser.*

Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?
The soul of battle is awake within me!
The fate of ages and of empires hangs
On this dread hour. Why am I not in arms?
Bring my good lance, comparison my steed,
Base, idle, groans! Are ye in league against me?
Haste with my barb, or by the holy saints,
Ye shall not live to saddle him to-morrow!

Massinger.

No sooner had the pearl-shedding fingers of the young Aurora tremulously unlocked the oriental portals of the golden horizon, than the graceful flower of chivalry, the bright cynosure of ladies' eyes—he of the dazzling breast-plate and swan-like plume—sprang impatiently from the couch of slumber, and eagerly mounted the noble barb presented to him by the Emperor of Aspramontania.—*Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.*

See'st thou yon chief whose presence seems to rule

The storm of battle? So where'er he moves
Death follows. Carnage sits upon his crest—
Fate on his sword is thrond—and his white barb,
As a proud courser of Apollo's chariot,
Seems breathing fire.—*Potter's Æschylus.*

Oh! bonnie looked my ain true knight,
His barb so proudly reining;
I watched him till my t'arful sight,
Grew amais't dinn wi' straining.

Border Minstrelsy.

Why he can heel the lavolt, and wind a fiery
barb, as well as any gallant in Christendom. He's
the very pink and mirror of accomplishment.—
Shakspeare.

Fair star of beauty's heaven! to call thee mine,

All other joys I joyously would yield;
My knightly crest, my bounding barb resign.
For the poor shepherd's crook and daisied field.
For courts or camps no wish my soul would prove,
So thou wouldst live with me and be my love!

Earl of Surrey's Poems.

For thy dear love my weary soul hath grown
Heedless of youthful sports; I seek no more
Or joyous dance or music's thrilling tone,
Or joys that once could charm in minstrel lore;
Or knightly tilt when steel-clad champions meet,
Borne on impetuous barbs, to bleed at beauty's
feet.—*Shakspeare's Sonnets.*

As a warrior clad
In sable arms, like Chaos grim and sad,
But mounted on a barb as white
As the fresh new-born light,—
So the black night too soon
Came riding on the bright and silver moon,

Whose radiant heavenly ark,
Made all the clouds beyond his influence
seem.

Even more than doubly dark,
Mourning, all widowed of her glorious
beam.—*Cowley.*

In 1821, Mrs. Hemans obtained the prize offered by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. An extract from one of her letters at this period pleasingly illustrates the bright sunshine of joy which ever lit up her family circle on the occasion of her literary successes:—"What with surprise, bustle, and pleasure, I am really almost bewildered. I wish you had but seen the children when the prize was announced to them yesterday. Arthur, you know, had so set his heart upon it, that he was quite troublesome with his constant inquiries on the subject. He sprang up from his Latin exercises, and shouted aloud, 'Now, I am sure mamma is a better poet than Lord Byron!' Their exclamations were actually deafening, and George said, that the excess of his pleasure had really given him a headache."

The next production of Mrs. Hemans was the "*Vespers of Palermo*," a tragedy, which she was induced to offer for the stage, through the kind encouragement of Bishop Heber and Mr. Milman. This step occasioned her considerable anxiety as to its ultimate success. In a letter to a friend, she writes:—"I have not been able, I am sorry to say, to pay the least attention to my Welsh studies since your departure. I am so fearful of not having the copying of the tragedy completed by the time my brother and sister return, and I have such a variety of nursery interruptions, that what with the murdered *Proreçala*, George's new clothes, Mr. Morehead's *Edinburgh Magazine*, Arthur's cough, and his Easter holidays, besides the dozen little riots which occur in my colony every day, my ideas are sometimes in such a state of rotatory motion that it is with difficulty I can reduce them to any sort of order."

Some time about this period the return of her sister from Germany, and a large stock of books sent her by her brother from Vienna, supplied her with inducements to return to her German studies with increased ardour and interest. This magnificent language soon opened to her delighted mind a perfectly new world of feeling, of thought, and

was projected at Boston, and also to secure the profits for her benefit. Bright and beautiful must have been the atmosphere of the household of Rhyllon, gladdened by so many tokens of goodwill from afar, and blessed with health, sustaining love and social enjoyment at home. At this period she writes:—"Soft winds and bright blue skies make me, or dispose me to be a sad idler; and it is only by an effort, and a strong feeling of necessity, that I can fix my mind steadily to any sedentary pursuits, when the sun is shining over the mountains, and the birds singing at heaven's gate; but I find the frost and snow most salutary monitors, and always make exertion my enjoyment during their continuance. For this reason I must say, I delight in the utmost rigour of winter, which almost seems to render it necessary that the mind should become fully acquainted with its own resources, and find means in drawing them forth to cheer with mental light the melancholy day!"

In 1826, however, a deep gloom overshadowed the family circle at Rhyllon. There was mourning in the household of the eldest brother of Mrs. Hemans for those "who were not," for the sound of the beloved voices now hushed in the silence of death,

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth.

And a sadder trial was yet in store. The frame of the aged mother whose presence had been like the sweet star trembling over bright waters, was rapidly yielding to decay, and soon the hand was cold, the eyes closed, never to open again on earth; "the silver chord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken." It was in the anticipation of the decease of this dear parent that Mrs. Hemans wrote the following lines:—

Father! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son;

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or, to the chasteen'd let thy might
Hallow this grief!

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begin,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done;"

By Thy meek spirit, Thou of all
That e'er have mourned the chief;
Thou, Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief!

After the last remains of her mother had been consigned to the dark and silent grave, she writes in a letter to a friend.—"My soul is indeed 'exceeding sorrowful,' dear friend; but, thank God! I can tell you that composure is returning to me, and that I am enabled to resume those duties which so imperiously call me back to life. What I have lost none better knows than yourself. I have lost the faithful, watchful, patient love, which for years had been devoted to me and mine; and I feel that the void it has left behind must cause me to bear 'a yearning heart within me to the grave,' but I have her example before me, and I must not allow myself to sink."

From the date of her mother's death, the health of Mrs. Hemans, which had ever been delicate, became still more so, and she experienced frequent recurrences of inflammatory attacks.

She writes of herself about this period:—"My spirits are as variable as the light and shadow flitting with the winds over the high grass, and sometimes the tears gush into my eyes, when I can scarcely define the cause." And again:—"I am a strange being, I think. I put myself in mind of an Irish melody, sometimes, with its quick and wild transitions from sadness to gaiety."

In June, 1827, Mrs. Hemans wrote a letter of self-introduction to Miss Mitford, which met with a cordial response, and thus opened a pleasant correspondence with the authoress of "Our Village."

The state of her health often confined her to her bed, and being unable to use her pen under such circumstances, she was obliged to have recourse to the services of an amanuensis. On one of these occasions the friend who acted in that capacity wrote thus:—"Felicia has just sent for me, with pencil and paper, to put down a little song which, she said, had come to her like a strain of music, whilst lying in the twilight under the infliction of a blister; and as I really think, that 'a scrap' (as our late eccentric visitor would call it) composed under such circumstances, is, to use the words of Coleridge, 'a psychological curiosity,' I cannot resist copying it for you. It was suggested by a story she somewhere read lately of a Greek islander, carried off to the Vale of Tempe, and pining amidst all its beauties for the sight and sound of his native sea:—

little fairy nooks, which I hope by degrees to discover."

In the summer of 1829, Mrs. Hemans was induced to visit Scotland, after having received many invitations from Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Chiefswood, near Abbotsford. She writes to a friend at St. Asaph's:—"Now I am going to excite a sensation, I am actually about to visit Scotland—going to Mr. Hamilton's, at Chiefswood. Charles has been longing to communicate the important intelligence, as he and Henry are to accompany me; but I could not possibly afford that pleasure to any one but myself. And you *are* as much surprised as if I had written you word that I was going to the North Pole." Shortly after her arrival at Chiefswood, she writes again:—"You will be pleased to think of me as I now am, in constant, almost daily intercourse with Sir Walter Scott, who has greeted me to this mountain-land in the kindest manner, and with whom I talk freely and happily, as to an old familiar friend. I have taken several long walks with him over moor and brae, and it is indeed delightful to see him thus and to hear him pour forth, from the fulness of his rich mind and peopled memory, song and legend, and tale of old, until I could almost fancy I heard the gathering-ery of some chieftain of the hills, so completely does his spirit carry me back to the days of the slogan and the fire-cross."

On another occasion, after having walked with Sir Walter to see the Yarrow:—"This day has been, I was going to say, one of the happiest, but I am too isolated a being to use that word—at least one of the pleasantest and most cheerfully exciting of my life. I shall think again and again of that walk under the old solemn trees that hang over the mountain-stream of Yarrow, with Sir Walter Scott beside me: his voice frequently breaking out, as if half unconsciously, into some verse of the antique ballads, which he repeats with a deep and homely pathos. . . . Before we retired for the night he took me into the hall and showed me the spot where the imagined form of Byron had stood before him. This hall, with its rich gloom shed by its deeply coloured windows, and with its antique suits of armour and inscriptions, all breathing of 'the olden time,' is truly a fitting scene for the appearance of so stately a shadow. The next morning I

left Abbotsford, and who can leave a spot so brightened and animated by the life, the happy life of genius, without regret? I shall not forget the kindness of Sir Walter's farewell—so frank and simple, and heart-felt, as he said to me, 'There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and *you* are one of those.' It is delightful to take away with me so unmingled an impression of what I may now call almost affectionate admiration."

Mrs. Hemans was delighted with Edinburgh, where she formed several agreeable acquaintances; among whom were Captain Basil Hall, and Jeffrey of the "Edinburgh Review." At Holyrood House, she was vividly impressed by the picture said to be a portrait of Rizzio, and she embodied her thoughts in the "Lines to a Remembered Picture."

Thy haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes!
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams;

The soul of music that within them lies,
Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams
Life—spirit-life—immortal and divine—
Is there; and yet how dark a death was thine?

Could it—oh! could it be—meek child of song?

The night of gentleness on that fair brow—

Was the celestial gift to shield from wrong?

Bore it no talisman to ward the blow?

Ask if a flower upon the willows cast
Might brave their strife—a flute-note hush the blast!

Among the numerous friends of Mrs. Hemans, in Edinburgh, none were more highly valued than Sir David Wedderburn, and his kind lady. At their house our poetess ever received a warm and hearty welcome. After a short sojourn with Sir Robert Liston, at his pleasant residence at Milburn Tower, Mrs. Hemans returned to her own house at Wavertree, where she was soon after visited by Miss Jewsbury. The principal lyrics in the "Songs of the Affections," were written during this winter. Of one of them, "The Spirit's Return," ever a great favourite with us, she writes to a friend: "Your opinion of the 'Spirit's Return,' has given me particular pleasure, because I prefer that poem to anything else I have written; but if there be, as my friends say, a greater power in it than I had before evinced, I paid dearly for the discovery, and it made me almost tremble as I sounded the deep places of my soul." Mr. Chorley gives an interesting account relative to the production of this poem.

was suggested," he says, "by a fire-conversation. It had long been a great amusement to wind up our days by telling ghost-stories. One day, however, the store of thrilling news was exhausted, and we began to talk of the feelings with which the living and the speech of a visitant from the other world, if indeed a spirit return, would be most likely to affect the person so visited. After exhausted all the common varieties of fear and terror in our speculation, Mrs. Hemans said, she thought predominant sensation at the time of entrance of awe and rapture, and not the feelings of those who have met with a revelation, and at the same time know themselves to be favoured by a vision, and humbled before a vision no longer sharing their own cares and passions, but that the person so visited might thenceforward and for ever be separated from the world and its cares, for the soul which had once passed such a strange and spiritual experience, which had been permitted to look through but for a moment, behind the mysterious gates of death, could be raised by its experience too to a condition of grief again to perplex, and to a state of confusion." She spoke of this subject only upon this subject.

It is not difficult to believe that this conversation led her wandering fancy, and that it was the principal poem in the volume which she published in 1800. It is not difficult to believe that this conversation led her wandering fancy, and that it was the principal poem in the volume which she published in 1800. It is not difficult to believe that this conversation led her wandering fancy, and that it was the principal poem in the volume which she published in 1800. It is not difficult to believe that this conversation led her wandering fancy, and that it was the principal poem in the volume which she published in 1800.

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And — I seem to be writing to a friend from the spirit-land; all

here is so brightly still, so remote from every-day cares and tumults, that sometimes I can hardly persuade myself I am not dreaming. It scarcely seems to be 'the light of common day,' that is clothing the woody mountains before me; there is something almost visionary in its soft gleams and ever-changing shadows. I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence over my spirits. Oh! what relief, what blessing there is in the feeling of admiration when it can be freely poured forth! There is a daily beauty in his life which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed, and felt it. He gives me a good deal of his society, reads to me, walks with me, lends my pony when I ride; and I begin to talk with him as with a sort of paternal friend."

After spending above a fortnight with the venerable poet of Rydal Mount, Mrs. Hemans engaged for a few weeks a pretty little cottage on the lake called the "Dove's Nest." She writes of it:—"I am so delighted with the spot that I scarcely know when I shall leave it. The situation is one of the deepest retirement; but the bright lake before me, with all its fairy barks and sails, glancing like 'things of life' over the blue waters, prevents the solitude from being overshadowed by anything like sadness."

But even in this romantic seclusion Mrs. Hemans was not free from the annoyance of "lion-hunters," and she complained bitterly of the vexations to which such visitors subjected her. On quitting the "Dove's Nest" late in the summer, she made another tour into Scotland. During her sojourn at Milbank Tower, she had formed a friendship with J. C. Graves, Esq., and his family, of Dublin; and by them she was induced that autumn to effect a long projected visit to Wales, by way of Llan and Holyhead. Not having found the neighbourhood of Waverley so agreeable with her health, she determined upon making up her permanent residence at Dublin the ensuing spring, particularly as her brother was residing in Ireland. She paid a last farewell-visit to her father home at Branwylfa, on her return from Ireland. During Mrs. Hemans's residence near Laverpool, she enjoyed much of the society of Mr. Roscoe, the author of the "Lives of Lorenzo the

Magnificent, and Leo X." The last winter she was in Wavertree, she took lessons in music, and derived much pleasure from a newly-discovered faculty of musical composition. At this time her health began decidedly to fail, and her physician enjoined upon her "great care and perfect quiet," to prevent her disease (an affection of the heart) from assuming a dangerous character.

In the spring of 1831, Mrs. Hemans removed to Dublin, and shortly after paid a visit to her brother, Major Browne, at Kilkenny. She writes:—"The state of the country here, though Kilkenny is considered tranquil, is certainly, to say the least of it, very ominous. We paid a visit, yesterday evening, at a clergyman's house about five miles hence, and found a guard of eight armed policemen stationed at the gate; the window ledges were all provided with great stones, for the convenience of hurling down upon assailants, and the master of the house had not for a fortnight taken a walk without loaded pistols. You may well imagine how the boys, who are all here for the holidays, were enchanted with this agreeable state of things; indeed, I believe they were not a little disappointed that we reached home without having sustained an attack from the White-feet."

Mrs. Hemans did not go into society much at Dublin. She formed, however, several very interesting friendships. Among them may be mentioned Archbishop Whateley, Sir William Hamilton, and Mr. Blanco White. It was here that she heard Paganini for the first time. She alludes to his magical performances in the following letter:—"To begin with the appearance of the foreign wonder. It is very different from what the indiscriminating newspaper accounts would lead you to suppose. He is certainly singular looking, pale, slight, and with long, neglected hair; but I saw nothing whatever of that *wildfire*, that almost ferocious inspiration of mien which has been ascribed to him. Indeed I thought the expression of the countenance rather that of good-nature—a mild enjoyment than of anything else; and his bearing altogether simple and natural."

She writes again: "—related to me a most interesting conversation he had had with Paganini, in a private circle. The latter was describing to him the sufferings—(do you remember a line of Byron's?

"The starry Galileo with his woes")

—by which he pays for his consummate excellence. He scarcely knows what sleep is; and his nerves are wrought, to such almost preternatural acuteness, that harsh, even common sounds, are often torture to him; he is unable sometimes to bear a whisper in his room. His passion for music he described as an all-absorbing, a consuming one; in fact, he looks as if no other life than that ethereal one of melody, were circulating in his veins. But, he added, with a glow of triumph kindling through deep sadness: 'Mais, c'est un don du ciel.' I heard all this, which was no more than I had imagined, with a still deepening conviction, that it is the gifted before all others—those whom the multitude believe to be rejoicing in their own fame, strong in their own resources—who have most need of true hearts to rest upon, and of hope in God to support."

After some reference to the increasingly delicate state of Mrs. Hemans' health, her sister remarks:—"A delight in sacred literature, and particularly in the writings of some of our old divines, became from henceforward her predominant taste; and her earnest and diligent study of the Scriptures was a well-spring of daily increasing comfort."

She now sought no longer to forget her trials—('a wild wish and a longing vain') as such attempts must ever have proved—but rather to contemplate them through the only true and reconciling medium; and that relief from sorrow and suffering for which she had once been apt to turn to the fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what can alone be called 'the things that are.'"

A very pleasing incident occurred at this time. A stranger called upon Mrs. Hemans one day, while she was still very unwell and obliged to decline visits from all, except her nearest friends. He begged, however, so earnestly to see her, that refusal was impossible; and then, in terms of the deepest feeling, he expressed his warm gratitude to her, in that through reading her poem of "The Sceptic," he had passed from the darkness of infidelity to the light of faith and trust in all the infinite consolation of the Christian religion.

In 1833, Mrs. Hemans designed the plan of a volume of sacred poetry, after

re published under the title of *Verse and Hymns of Life*." She says—"I have now passed through feverish and somewhat visionary periods of mind, often connected with the arduous study of art in early life; my affections and deep sorrows seem to have rededicated my whole being, and I feel as if bound to higher and better tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long order from without some sense of devotion. I hope it is no self-delusion, that I cannot help sometimes feeling as if were my true task to enlarge the scope of sacred poetry and extend its range. When you receive my volume *Verse and Hymns*, you will see that I mean by enlarging the sphere, that my plans are as yet imperfectly defined."

In 1834 the "*Hymns for Childhood*," "*National Lyrics*," and lastly, the *Verse and Hymns of Life*," were published. All were favourably received, especially the latter. In a letter to Mrs. Hemans observes:—"I find the '*Athenæum*' of last week, has sent me satisfactory notice of the *Verse and Hymns*." The volume is regarded as my best work, and the most successful in my noble path of poetry. I am glad to read that way of thinking."

At the close of the same year, 1834, her illness was started and deeply aggravated by the death of her daughter, Miss Jane Hemans. The following year, 1835, her afflictions will best be described by her own feelings on the subject, which she has thus expressed:—"I have been afflicted and permanently disabled by the loss of one so dear to me, and so young in age, that I have been unable to do more than toiling the day through, and my spirit, as the poet says, 'in my grey hairs' has been 'like a quail before the storm.' That of our race, who have been so afflicted, how often do we exclaim, 'How vain is the strength of man!' Heeded not the necessities of her life, she was ever manifested to the eyes of her friends. Strange and sad to relate, that the broken nurse who had been given to her, and who had nursed her, was the same who had nursed her."

Mrs. Hemans was obliged to relinquish a projected visit to England

about this period, in consequence of an attack of fever. On her recovery she went on an excursion into Wicklow county, for change of air, but, most unfortunately, the inn to which she repaired was infected with scarlet fever, and both herself and servant "caught the contagion." On her partial convalescence she returned to Dublin; and, the same autumn, through being exposed to the evening air, she took a cold, that was followed by distressing ague attacks, from the effects of which she never more recovered. In December, for the sake of change of scene, she removed to the country residence of Archbishop Whateley, at Redesdale, which was kindly placed at her disposal. Here she writes:—"My fever, though still returning at its hours, is still decidedly abated, with several of its most exhausting accompaniments, and those intense throbbing headaches have left me, and allowed me gradually to resume the inestimable resource of reading, though frequent drowsiness obliges me to use it very moderately. But better far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace, which I feel gradually overshadowing me with its dove-pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God. I would I could convey to you the deep feeling of repose and thankfulness with which I lay one Friday evening gazing from my sofa, upon a sunset sky of the richest suffusion, silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt its holy beauty sinking through my inmost being, with an influence drawing me nearer and nearer to God."

The state of her health being rather worse than better, Mrs. Hemans left Redesdale for her own home at Dublin, in March, 1835. She was, henceforth, confined to her room, and often the prey of acute suffering. But her soul was ever enwreathed with a sweet serenity, an atmosphere of joy and love—the "peace that passeth all understanding." Her spirit was haunted at times by dreams of immortal beauty, as if borne by ministering angels to illumine her couch of death. She would sometimes say, "no poetry could express, no imagination conceive the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy." Again, she remarked, "I feel as if hovering between heaven and earth." She assured one of her friends that "the

tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had often contemplated together, was now a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness to her—the *sweetness of her couch*."

On Sunday, April 26th, she dictated her last poem to her brother. It was the "Sabbath Sonnet." Throughout her illness, she enjoyed the watchful care of her brother and sister-in-law, and was tenderly and faithfully attended by her servant, Anna Creer, a young woman of singular intelligence and warm-heartedness. On the evening of Saturday, May the 16th, 1835, the bright and gentle spirit of Felicia Hemans passed peacefully away from an earthly slumber to that divine rest which "God giveth His beloved." A simple tablet was erected to her memory, inscribed with some lines from a dirge of her own composition:—

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footstep trode,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Having thus taken an imperfect glance over the life-history of this sweet singer, and most amiable woman, let us proceed with a brief but comprehensive survey of the writings on which rest the foundation of her literary fame. We will endeavour to trace the connection between her life and her poetry, which we believe will be found to be attuned in perfect harmony; the one forming, as it were, a kind of complement to the other, the story of her existence, interpreting the burden of her song.

Seldom have genius and Christianity been more beautifully and intimately allied than in the case of Felicia Hemans. Religion with her was not merely a name, but a thing of life and reality. Hence it is the sweet and gentle undertone which runs through all her poetry; the rich perfume in which her most tender and refined sentiment is ever embalmed; the voice that mingles with the music of her every outburst of feeling; the fair soft light in fine which rests on each page of her writings. The gift of genius is oftentimes one fatal to its possessor. Such persons are not unfrequently erratic stars. Nor is this a matter of surprise, for their position is one of peculiar trial. We are all more

or less creatures of dependence. We require sympathy, and we derive a pleasure from being understood and appreciated. Herein lies one of the peculiar trials of which genius is susceptible; for by its very nature it is in most instances beyond ordinary comprehension, and consequently it is unrecognised, and of course meets with but little sympathy. Thus the "loneliness amid a crowd," becomes doubly true.

Filled with high aspirations after all that is great and beautiful, the soul of genius is continually doomed to deep and bitter disappointment in this world of ours. Living in a realm of wonder and of strange mystery, the mind thus endowed is liable, in an extraordinary degree, to the assailing questionings of doubt, and the reasonings of a false philosophy. What marvel, then, if it sometimes go astray? And the method by which such minds have been too often treated acts by no means as a remedy. Oh, world! how many high spirits have been crushed, how many deep true hearts have been broken by thy cold scorn, by thy proud indifference! Better, far better it were to meet them on their ways of wandering, with words of love and of tender entreaty, and thus gently to guide them into the "paths of peace" and of blessedness, to enchant them by a vision of beauty, fairer than their brightest dreams, and to fill their thirsting spirits with all the joy-breathing harmonies of the truth eternal.

Many are the dark histories unveiled by the chronicles of genius. We have the sad record of a Chatterton—

The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul who perished in his pride.

And a Byron, like another Cain, wandering over land and sea, seeking rest, and finding none. And a Keats, "true prophet of the beautiful," bending beneath the weight of ungenerous criticism, like a surcharged dilly, to his Roman grave. Here, too, is the "star-eyed" Alastor, with his fair locks dispersed Greek-wise over his pale forehead, shipwrecked amid the billows of a cold despair.

Lucretius nobler than his mood,
Who cast his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said, "No God!"

Such stories make us sad. We look upon these highly-gifted souls with an admiration mingled with much trembling. We reflect on what they might have been, compared, alas! with what

and the "Siege of Valentia." It is in her charming relation of striking incidents and in her shorter lyrics that Mrs. Hemans particularly excels. Her poetry is ever elegant, true and tender in sentiment, perfect in harmony, and somewhat mournful in tone. It is the aspiration after a higher and holier sphere; the soul weary and dissatisfied with earth; the exile sighing for its home; and the heartfelt longing for the love and the truth divine. In common with all high souls Mrs. Hemans often gives utterance to feelings similar to those which prompted Margaret Davidson to exclaim:

Earth: thou hast nought to satisfy
The cravings of an immortal mind!

And it is this sentiment, together with the deep thirst for some true fountain of affection, which may be said to form the key-note of her poetry. Her music is a soft bird-like melody: low and plaintive, sometimes rising into strains of generous enthusiasm; and as the zephyr amid the forest greenery, it ever breathes if not of gladness, of all that is fair and free. The "vision and the faculty divine" appear seldom to have oppressed Mrs. Hemans as with a woe and a burden, and a strange joy, which must break forth in a wail of impassioned music or in a gush of wild exultation. The realm of poetic enchantment in which she delighted to wander was enwreathed with a kind of dreamy beauty, like one of Turner's landscapes; it was the home of all sweet and tender remembrances; of high and noble hopes; of warm patriotism and of undying love. A land moreover filled to overflowing with the whispers of seraphic song; those "lays of Paradise," o'er which as they vibrate amid his spirit chords, the poet vainly weeps, in his inability to interpret them more fully.

The serene repose of Mrs. Hemans' world of thought was seldom disturbed by the voice of the "rushing winds of inspiration." Her poems, therefore, seldom bear the impress of intense excitement, of strong and fervent impulses; they are more the expression of habitual states of mind and feeling; hence they have been charged with exhibiting a tinge of monotony. There is not the fall of a mountain torrent, but the silvery murmuring of a rill amid the light and shade, the hills and the meadows. The light of genius with her was not a flash

of restless radiance, but the still, untroubled shining of the star. Consequently her muse is invariably of deliciously soothing character. She unsurpassed in graceful and felicitous expression, and in true and tender sentiment, especially where she has reference to the domestic affections. Take as an example, the "First Grief," or

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are
drest,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth;
Alas! for Love! if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth!

Few poets have more beautifully adapted their style of versification to the sentiment they wish to convey, than Felicia Hemans. Her "Song of the Battle of Morgarten," and that sublime lyric, "The Trumpet," seem ring like some martial music; a solemn and touching as the thought they express, is the flow of the following stanzas from the "Hour of Death":—

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous heart
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of
prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine
There comes a day for grief's overwhelming
power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

THE situation of the United States is one of growing importance. Their political influence is growing as rapidly as their material prosperity and strength. They not only sell to Europe their cotton and their tobacco, but have also begun to export their ideas. The citizens of the United States are coming to act more and more each day upon the mind of Englishmen, just as the English act upon the minds of the people of the Continent. If we reproach them with their excesses and injustice, they retort upon us by pointing to the abuses which have been engendered by our own more ancient civilization. Thus, for example, if we in England hold public meetings, and draw up addresses in condemnation of the iniquitous system of slavery, they draw up others protesting against the unfortunate condition in which the Irish nation has now been placed for ages, and, pointing triumphantly to the miseries which for centuries have been accumulating in the old world, proclaim themselves the patrons of the peoples of the future, and the models which must be followed by all the nations of the earth.

If we pass from the influence which is exercised by the Americans over ourselves, as a brother people, to the consideration of what has been the nature of their connection with the states of the European Continent, we shall find everywhere the trace of their towering ambition. Austria has been insulted, Russia snubbed, and Spain threatened by them; and these menaces cannot possibly be looked upon as any thing but forerunners of conflicts of far greater importance. The doctrine of President Monroe respecting the legitimacy and necessity of excluding in future all the powers of Europe from setting foot in the New World, is now more in favour amongst the Americans than ever. The speech lately pronounced before the senate by General Cass, given birth to by the mere rumour of the occupation of the Peninsula of Savana by the French, bears abundant witness to the great disquietude with which the citizens of the United States survey the slightest attempt made by Europeans to gain a footing on their Continent. An universal

republican propagandism, not only carried on by words, but also, if need be, by the sword, seems to be a fixed idea of the Americans.

General Franklin Pierce has been elected president of the United States, purposely to give a greater force to the tendencies of these ideas. He is the representative of the party which most violently desires their triumph. The question presents itself, therefore, "What are the character and antecedents of this man?" and it will be admitted to be a question both of interest and importance. Is he a man more sensible than passionate, or more vehement than firm? Is he weak or strong-minded, and will he resist or yield to the pressure which will certainly be thrown upon him, by that large and important section of his party forming that portion of the American public which is the most extreme in its opinions, and the most violent in its disposition? Which will he care most for, the public good, or his own popularity? According to his biographer, Nathaniel Hawthorn, the great novelist, these questions all admit of a most favourable solution; and, in truth, moderation, good common sense, a complete absence of vanity, together with firmness of character, and something very opposite to the impetuosity with which some members of his party advocate their exalted patriotic ideas and extreme political opinions, are qualities which we cannot deny to Franklin Pierce. There is plenty of room, therefore, to hope that his advent to power will not prove to have been that of republican excess, and patriotic intemperance.

General Pierce was born in 1804, at Hillsborough, in the state of New Hampshire, which was also the natal State of Daniel Webster, and which has produced several other most eminent statesmen. His father, Benjamin Pierce, came originally from Massachusetts, and, like his son, bore the title of General. He was strongly attached to the democratic party, and *unlike* the present General Pierce, a democratic *de condition*, as the French would word it; that is to say, a member of the industrial

sacrifice even their souls unto their country, and that it was excusable for them to appear before God charged with all manner of crimes, provided, they were only committed, as they believed, for the public good. No generations of men have ever been more attached to the things of this world, to mundane pleasures, and to dreams of perfect happiness, than those of the last century; but none ever forsook them more nobly when it was necessary, or exhibited less regret at parting with them. We have spoken in this last sentence more especially of the inhabitants of continental Europe, for those of America of that period were of plain and simple habits, as befitted the first descendants of the founders of a republic. There is a story told of one of them—a contemporary of Benjamin Pierce—which illustrates the position we have asserted. It is related by N. P. Willis, who tells us that he once encountered, living in the utmost poverty in a village of Massachusetts, a centenarian who had been several times offered a pension by the government in reward of his past services—for he had fought in nearly all the battles of the revolution, and fought bravely too—which pension he had as often refused to accept. People had never been able to make him understand that he had any right to any pension. "My country," he used to say, "when I was younger, claimed my services and my blood, and, in duty bound, I responded to its call. It was simply natural and right that I should do so, why, therefore, trouble with such offers the peace of my last day?" It is true that to-day, as of old, we find great numbers of Americans who are capable of devoting themselves to their country; but how few are capable of refusing all recompense for their devotion!

It was by a father imbued with such principles that Franklin Pierce was brought up; and, in truth, it is not difficult to recognise in several acts of his past life the traces of his early education. The most memorable example which we are able to cite is that of his speech upon the subject of revolutionary pensions, which, as Mr. Hawthorn says, "is a good exponent of his character: full of the truest sympathy, but, above all things, just, and not to be misled, on the public behalf, by those impulses which would be most apt to sway the

private man." He objected to the granting of these revolutionary pensions, not because he was ungrateful to the veterans of the war of independence, but upon ground which will be gathered from the following extract from his speech:—"I am not insensible, Mr. President, of the advantages with which claims of this character always come before Congress. They are supposed to be based upon services for which no man entertains a higher estimate than myself—services beyond all praise, and above all price. But, while warm and glowing with the glorious recollections which a recurrence to that period of our history can never fail to awaken; while we cherish with emotions of pride, reverence, and affection, the memory of those brave men who are no longer with us; while we provide with a liberal hand, for such as survive, and for the widows of the deceased; while we would accord to their heirs, whether in the second or third generation, every dollar to which they can establish a just claim—I trust we shall not, in the strong current of our sympathies, forget what become us as the descendants of such men. They would teach us to legislate upon our judgment, upon our sober sense of right, and not upon our impulses or our sympathies. No, sir; we may act in this way if we choose, when dispensing our own means; but we are not at liberty to do it when dispensing the means of our constituents.

"If we were to legislate upon our sympathies—yet, more, I will admit—if we were to yield to that sense of just and grateful remuneration which presses itself upon every man's heart, there would scarcely be a limit for our bounty. The whole exchequer would not answer the demand. To the patriotism, the courage, and the sacrifices of the people of that day, we owe, under Providence, all that we now so highly prize, and what we shall transmit to our children as the richest legacy they can inherit. The war of the revolution, it has been justly remarked, was not a war of armies merely—it was the war of nearly a whole people, and such a people as the world had never before seen, in a death-struggle for liberty.

"The losses, sacrifices, and sufferings of that period, were common to all classes and all conditions of life. Those who remained at home suffered hardly less than those who entered on the

This speech constituted almost the last act in the drama of the first period of the political life of Franklin Pierce, for soon after its delivery, in 1842, he resigned his post of senator, and retired into private life. His object in so doing was evident. His life as a politician had made him poor, and he was now a married man, and the father of a family. He took this step, therefore, in order to create for it resources for the future. He renewed his attempts to gain success at the bar, resolutely determined to overcome all difficulties, and he *did* overcome them. Then commenced his successful career as an advocate. As such he possessed the quality most essential to success, namely, sound common sense. He had also, in a high degree, the sentiment of the ridiculous, and the art of skillfully interrogating witnesses. He carried into the exercise of his functions as a barrister a strict sense of equity; and he showed himself always ready, even at the expense of his pecuniary interest, to take the part of the oppressed and spoiled. The consequence was that every one regarded him with the highest possible respect. "The feelings of respect and affection which the citizens here entertain toward General Pierce," wrote once one of his colleagues, to a mutual friend, "are exactly such as the poor Scotchman must have been inspired with towards Henry Erskine when he said, 'Not a poor man in all Scotland will want a friend, or have need to fear an enemy, so long as Henry Erskine shall remain alive.'"

Franklin Pierce cannot be reproached with ambition, for he has several times refused the most important and lucrative posts. A democratic convention once nominated him for the governorship of New Hampshire, but he decidedly refused to let the matter proceed. In 1846, Mr. Polk offered him a post in his cabinet, namely, that of attorney-general, but he declined the offer in a note in which he said, "when I resigned my seat in the senate, in 1842, it was with the determination not again to separate myself for any lengthened period from my family, unless my country should need my military services." His country *did* need them almost immediately after, for this was just before the period of the breaking out of the Mexican war.

When that war broke out Franklin Pierce enrolled himself as a simple vo-

lunteer, but he soon rose to the rank of colonel, and soon after to that of brigadier-general. He set out for the seat of the war, at the head of his brigade, which consisted of regiments from all parts of the union. Nothing could bear less resemblance to a body of regular troops than this brigade, all the soldiers who constituted it being, like their commander, simple citizens, merchants, lawyers, agriculturists, and men of all professions.

He embarked with his detachment in May, 1846, at Newport, in the ship *Kepler*, and landed at Vera Cruz, about a month after setting sail, without knowing to anything like a certainty in what part of the country the main body of the United States army was situated, or in which direction he must proceed to join it. We have the journal which he kept during his march from Vera Cruz to Puebla, where was stationed the army of General Scott. This march, through a burning desert, with here and there a few little villages scattered over it, bears a singular resemblance to some of Wellington's marches in India, and to the marches of some of the French troops in Africa. At each instant General Pierce was placed upon the *qui-vive*. He would hear a pistol shot, and, turning the corner of a mountain, find a detachment of the enemy placed to oppose his passage. His progress was rendered wearisome and difficult by all manner of little obstacles, and was in reality a kind of rolling battle; it being very seldom that a couple of miles were gone over, without a body of the enemy having to be encountered and put to flight. The guerilla harassed the men under his command unceasingly, small bodies of them appearing always when the least expected, taking aim at whatever officers were within their reach, and when they could shoot none of them, resting content with a few privates, securing as many prisoners and as much booty as they could, and then galloping away with the utmost possible fleetness. Add to all this, the inconveniences caused by the climate, the excessive heats or torrential rains which often interrupted the march, and the maladies of the country which put *hors de service* a large number of both officers and privates, and we shall have some faint idea of the difficulties which beset the transport of General Pierce and his soldiers from Vera Cruz

Pierce. More interesting to us than the incidents which are recorded in the general's journal put together, are the evidences which are always before us of the superiority of the Anglo-Americans over the Spanish-Americans. This superiority reveals itself in all manner of ways, in numberless instances; in the more vigorous energy, and in resourcefulness and exertion without fear of exertion. Thus the Mexicans had to build a magnificent bridge, the work of their more energetic ancestors, before the army of General Pierce could pass. "These people have no sense," said another remark, "that they will never be able to reconquer. However, it is necessary for the sake of peace. A Captain Bullish with five hundred men, and provisions for a march within four hours across the river which shall be sent to the passage alike of men, horses, and the heavy baggage of the army. The promise is fulfilled, and the troops pass over, railing the Mexicans, who thought they had an insurmountable barrier in their way. Bullish's remark," writes their general, "is a journal, 'unless the Mexicans will be all unexpectedly obedient to the orders of this army, they will be driven out of their country.'"

Some days after the battle, General Scott gave another proof of his high esteem in which he held the man who became soon after his captivation and rival. Santa Anna, after the defeat of the Mexicans at Guadalupe, proposed an armistice, and Franklin Pierce was named by the American command as one of the commissioners charged with drawing up of the treaty of peace. The treaty was soon broken, however, and the contest was renewed with renewed vigour, and General Pierce distinguished himself remarkably in all the subsequent actions, particularly in the battles of Chapultepec and Molino del Rey. Indeed, throughout the whole war his conduct was unimpeachable, consistent, and honourable. He was not a professed soldier, and he had no personal scientific military knowledge, but he knew how to discharge his duty, and to co-operate with promptness and energy, the thousands of soldiers, and the hundreds of battlefields and honours, and promotion, and then in his country he remained there as everywhere, a true soldier, a citizen and a patriot.

Scott himself endeavoured to persuade him to retire, but all in vain. Mr. Hawthorne thus relates the conversation which passed between the two generals. General Scott, having ridden from one end of the line to the other, on hearing the news of Pierce's wound, on purpose to try to persuade him to leave his post. "Dear fellow," was his exclamation, in coming up to him; and that epithet of familiar kindness and friendship, upon the battle-field, was the highest military commendation from such a man: "you are badly injured; you are not fit to be in your saddle."—"Yes, general, I am," replied Pierce, "in a case like this."—"You cannot touch your foot to the stirrup," said Scott; "One of them I can," answered Pierce. The general looked again at Pierce's almost disabled figure, and seemed on the point of taking his irrevocable resolution. "You are rash, General Pierce," said he; "we shall lose you, and we cannot spare you. It is my duty to order you back to St. Augustine."—"For God's sake, general," exclaimed Pierce, "don't say that! This is the last great battle and I must lead my brigade." The commander-in-chief made no further remonstrance, but gave the order for Pierce to advance with his brigade.

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Since the conclusion of the war with Mexico, General Pierce has taken no part in the general politics of the Union, but has confined his action to, and been content to exercise his influence only in, his own neighbourhood. He has taken part only in the political affairs of his own state of New Hampshire, but these local affairs have closely touched upon the one or two great questions which, *par excellence*, interest the whole Union. Thus he has sustained with energy, in opposition to the Free-soilers, who are so numerous in New Hampshire, Henry Clay's measures of compromise; and on the occasion did not hesitate to pronounce himself against a personal friend, Mr. Atwood, who, being put in nomination by the democratic party for the governorship of New Hampshire, had made engagements with the Abolitionists and Free-soilers. In 1850, a democratic convention assembled at Concord, for the purpose of revising the constitution of New Hampshire, and General Pierce was named its president. In that character he essayed, but it was without success, to obtain the abolition of a certain clause in the constitution, which provided that no public office in the state should be filled by any but Protestants. The old Puritan spirit which is still so strong in some of the States of New England, twice caused the proposition to be rejected, and still maintains the clause as an arm of oppression and insult, in spite of the general spread of tolerant ideas, and the almost universal acknowledgment of the principle of liberty of conscience.

This was the last political action of General Pierce before he was put in nomination for the presidency. In January, 1852, certain democrats of New Hampshire began to speak of him in connection with the forthcoming election, but he wrote to inform them that the use he made of his name was one entirely contrary to his wishes and inclinations. His name was not placed upon the democratic list of candidates at first. It was only when the democrats had begun to despair of their cause that it was really brought forward. It answered the triumph of his party—a triumph which was welcomed, as we all know, with the utmost enthusiasm to the whole Union.

He has subsequently given his inaugural address, and thereby raised himself

still higher in the estimation of the citizens. A describer of the scene says: "The sentiments, the tone of the address, the earnest manner in which it was spoken, his beautiful action, his manly, erect appearance, his pale cast of countenance, in which intellect and courage were the predominating features, and his clear, loud voice, distinctly heard by the remotest of his audience, all combined to make a deep impression in favour of General Pierce, and many asserted that this was the best inaugural address ever delivered from that spot. He is, undoubtedly, a very effective speaker. He remained with his hat off until the close of the proceedings. The ladies were in ecstasies, and so anxious were some who happened to be in the rear to see and hear him, that they climbed upon the pediments of the column of the capitol, to their no small danger. Altogether it was a glorious spectacle of sublime majesty, casting into the shade the idle pomp and unmeaning pageantry of the coronation of kings and emperors."

Such has been till now the life of General Franklin Pierce; such is the man who is now the first magistrate of the United States. In the incidents of his former life, as we have seen, there has been nothing extraordinary. In all epochs of the world's history there have been men, who have been more remarkable than their positions, and superior to the affairs of which they have been employed in the direction. In this instance, whatever may be the undoubted merits of General Pierce, the contrary is the case. The situation is more important than the man, the circumstances by which he is surrounded of greater moment than himself. We shall seek, uselessly, in General Pierce for any thing besides modesty, patriotism, liberality; indefatigable perseverance, and an immense capacity for work. In these few words we have a résumé of his whole character. What effect that character will have upon the destinies of the Union, it would be hard to say; and the future only can reveal. But that future is not a distant one; it is comprised within the narrow limits of four years. It can only be said that should the new President cause evil to the Union by giving way to the violence of the extreme section of his party, he will give the lie to the whole tenour of his past life.

and the spoiled Dominic, she tried to impress upon him how much a thing was patience, in the case of school-boys had perhaps inconceivably mistaken. "These boys," she would repeat a good deal of it, "I have been their only instructor, and they have sufficiently exacted from me two such impenetrable and impenetrable I never met with." One of the youngsters, thus comparatively undisciplined, was Richard Daines Barrington; afterwards the brilliant witty dramatist and politician in the House of Commons, and whose memory it was a delight to honour. He was only at this period seven years of age, a restless, impetuous fellow, whose superficial knowledge was really the counterpart of a lively disposition. Utterly stupid we cannot have him to have been; but only ignorant of the popular hornbooks of the day, whose select narratives of good and bad boys might seem to inculcate a severe morality. What promise he made under Dominic Whyte's management, neither authentic chronicle nor tradition has been careful to inform.

The perplexities he encountered in the school, the difficulties that were laid for him, the birchings he underwent, the practical jests and whimsicalities he perpetrated—the whole mind-travelled and comedy and farce.

were in this case mistaken. One can admit Dr. Parr's competency to report of Sheridan's deficiency in regard to those "studies which were the pride of Harrow seminary;" but of his ability to understand the character of his pupil's capabilities one can hardly entertain so confident an opinion. The Doctor, however, observes that "He was a favourite among his schoolfellows, mischievous, and his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness; he was a great reader of English poetry, but was careless about literary fame." In after life, indeed, when Sheridan had given proof of superior talents, the Doctor could remember that he had at one time been addicted to classical reading, and was "well acquainted with the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes," and had even impressed him with the notion that "his classical attainments were considerable."

During his residence at Harrow, Sheridan learnt his first lesson in the "significance of sorrow." He had to lament the loss of his mother, who died, at Blois, in 1766. The wild reckless nature of the boy was for a while subdued and softened by the mournful thoughts which this sad event awakened. With bowed dejected head he shunned converse with his gay companions, and sounded the awful depths which till now lay unrevealed within him. Time, how-

projected; a miscellany in the manner of the British Essayists, which did not proceed beyond the first number; a translation of Aristænetus, an obscure Greek author, into English verse, which was published but did not sell; occasional poems, tales of love and wonder, and other general medley of authorship, enthusiastically undertaken but never finished. Of the translation of Aristænetus a certain reviewer of the period candidly remarks, "We have been idly employed in reading it;" and adds, ungraciously, "Our readers will in proportion lose their time in perusing this article." It is clear, nevertheless, from these several crude performances, that Sheridan is beginning to care a little about "literary fame;" from the bleak Pisgah of popular indifference he is looking down over the confused valley of Literature; and though the scouts which he has sent forth bring him but unfavourable tidings, he does not abate one tittle of his faith that it is a land flowing with milk and honey.

After leaving Harrow, Sheridan spent for some time rather a gay life at Bath, where his father, a distinguished actor and teacher of elocution, had fixed his family while he pursued his engagements elsewhere. In the idleness and dissipation of the place the young man readily participated. Of a lively social sensitiveness, he rapidly makes acquaintance with many men and women of consideration, of rank, of even questionable reputation; sees into the splendour and insipidity of fashionable circles; captivates young maidens by his lively brilliant talk; and makes a laughing-stock of elder ones by his witty and ingenious sarcasm. Any day in the year he might be seen lounging about the Crescent, the Circus, or the Parades; in the Pump-room, at concerts, at private parties, at the theatre; living a very butterfly's existence, and draining the cup of pleasure to the very dregs of weariness. Among the illustrious people whom Bath society included, was the respectable Hannah More, pious, and clever, and insipid; Mrs. Thrale, the lively and the vain, who could relate personal anecdotes of Dr. Johnson; Fanny and Harriet Bowdler, blue-stockings both, of very deep complexion; Anstey, the author of the "Bath Guide," "with an air, look, and manner, mighty heavy and unfavourable;" Mrs. Dobson, who translated Pe-

trarch; Mr. Pliny Melmoth, "thinking nobody half so considerable as himself, and therefore playing primary violin without further ceremony;" Cumberland, "the querulous, the dissatisfied, determined to like nobody and nothing except Cumberland;" Dr. Harrington, "dry, comic, and agreeable;" and a whole host besides of magnificent obscure mortals, who had the luck to be celebrated in their day, but whose memory has now gone to that bourn whence no memory returns. All these, in their several degree, fluttered and danced attendance at the court of a certain allegorical-fantastic-fashionable Queen of Bath—one Lady Miller, admirably described by Horace Walpole and Madame D'Arblay, and living in barbaric splendour at Bath Easton, where she held every Thursday a wonderful and brilliant entertainment, poetically styled a "fair of Parnassus." In London it seems Bath Easton was much reviled and laughed at; but Madame D'Arblay asserts that nothing was here "more tounish than to visit Lady Miller, who is extremely curious in her company, admitting few people who are not of rank or fame, and excluding all who are not people of very unblemished character." Horace Walpole says, it was the practice of "all the flux of quality" to contend for prizes gained for rhymes and themes. "A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtle, received the poetry contributed, which was drawn out at every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retired and selected the brightest composition, which was rewarded by permission for the author to kneel and kiss the hands of Lady Miller, who crowned the victor with myrtle." Flimsy foolish mortals! heard ye never how poor men toil and spin in this weary workshop of a world, that ye could find no worthier pastime than even this? Pitiful truly, and empty beyond conception, must have been all that paltry worship and apotheosis of vanity.

Nevertheless, one can well enough understand that to any one in the midst of it, it might seem not altogether deficient in elegance and grace. For though Dame Miller turns out on near inspection to have been only a coarse plump-looking vulgar personage, "aiming to appear a woman of fashion, and succeeding only in having the appearance of an ordinary person in common."

with the others on,"—still she was admitted and acknowledged Queen of the ball, and could dispense favours to those not elsewhere attainable. Her bustling manners, her important air, her wondrous good-humour and good humour, were the great attraction for the time; gave her the power of making a man who was never pleased to see her. Sheridan, scarcely in his twenty year, earned among the rest a great wreath of myrtle. Many of his compositions, written chiefly to celebrate some local event, remained unto this day. They are for the most part good for nothing; but they do show us how a clever man can so cleverly waste his time. For example, a few lines from a poem written on the opening of the Upper Assembly Rooms, September 1771. It is entitled, "An ode to the Lincolny Screw to his dear Henry, waiter at Alma's."

"The long and the short of it is—the long and the short of it is—only serve to confound the poor with the poor, and the rich with the rich, and the like of the like at Peg's."

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named Halhed, Sheridan's former partner in translation; also Sheridan's brother Charles; Norris, a singer, "who was supposed to have sung himself into the lady's secret affections;" Mr. Watts, a gentleman commoner of Oxford; Mr. Long, a man of fortune; Sir Thomas Clarges, and "several others known to fame;" Captain Matthews, a married man, a person of large property in Wales, and gentleman by courtesy; besides "every student at Oxford," who were severally and simultaneously "enchanted when she sang at the oratorios!"

Every other day there was a rumour that Miss Linley had "gone off" with this or the other suitor; which report was as regularly contradicted by the assurances of those who knew that she had done nothing of the kind. One morning, however, the rumour proved to be a fact. She had actually eloped. Not, indeed, with any of the gentry known most prominently as her admirers, but with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who had silently and unsuspectingly succeeded in winning her to himself, while some of his friends thought him only using his influence to forward their own pretensions! In Bath there was no little rage and consternation; public curiosity was sufficiently busy and entertained; public and private scandal did not fail; jilted lovers felt themselves jockeyed beyond redemption. One jilted lover in particular, namely, the afore-said Captain Matthews—married man, a person of large property in Wales, and therefore gentleman by courtesy—even made a public demonstration by advertisement in the *Bath Chronicle*, wherein he states that Mr. Richard Sheridan had left him and him a letter to account for his scandalous method of running away from the place, by insinuations derogatory to his Matthews's character, and that of a young lady innocent as far as relates to him or to his knowledge; which statement, owing to generalised peevishness, has rather bewildered the present writer, and will likely enough leave most readers in doubt as to what a hint the advertiser's meaning. From other documents, since published, however, it appears that Miss Linley had been induced to elope with Sheridan, principally to avoid certain scandalous advances which Matthews had been for

some time making towards her; and that in revenge for the repulses he had received, he was prepared to sacrifice the young lady's reputation. Sheridan had adroitly insinuated himself into his rival's confidence; seen what temper and disposition he was of; watched the progress of affairs to a crisis, and then struck in at the right moment with frank and honourable proposals. All accounts acquit Miss Linley of any serious indiscretion; but as uniformly agree in representing her as a coquette of the first magnitude. It was the fault of her position, perhaps, more than anything besides; as a public singer she was liable to dishonourable propositions, which however much she might disdain, she could not readily avoid being made to her. A long letter, of somewhat doubtful authenticity, very much in the style of the *Clarissa Harlowe* correspondence, was written professedly by Miss Linley after the elopement, and still exists: whereby it is apparent that her intercourse with Matthews had been extremely foolish and imprudent; but it affords no warranty for further allegations. Sheridan himself seems to have been always satisfied of her substantial innocence; and her entire affection for him has seldom been called in question.

At any rate the two had agreed to wed: and they were accordingly married at a village in the neighbourhood of Calais. For some time, however, the marriage was kept secret, and the lady meantime retired into a convent, until Sheridan should be able to claim her publicly as his wife. Father Linley, scarcely knowing what to understand by the affair, went speedily after the fugitives to France; where, after an explanation with Sheridan, it was resolved that the engagement should be fulfilled, and the parties very shortly returned to England.

After their arrival, a series of proceedings ensued, of the most ludicrous, romantic and absurd description. Young Sheridan, incensed by the accusations and abusive threats which Matthews, the gentleman by courtesy, had been making in his absence, declared he would not sleep until he had obtained an ample and just apology, or otherwise received such satisfaction as by law of honour gentlemen, in such circumstances, are bound to render to each other. There was accordingly a duel

in Hyde Park, described as a "most ridiculous rencontre, ending in nothing." Retiring for fear of observation to a coffee-house, a scuffle there took place by which Sheridan, "at the point of the sword," obtained from Matthews the demanded apology. The gentleman by courtesy retracted what he had said, and begged pardon for the advertisement in the *Chronicle*. Retiring afterwards to Wales, he, according to Moore's relation of the story, found himself received with great coolness by the gentry of his district; whereupon another duel was determined on, at the instigation of a Mr. Barnett, whose propensities for participating in such affairs are understood to have been rather more violent than wise. Another meeting took place, as ridiculous as the first; and was succeeded by representations on both sides so utterly contradictory and incongruous, as to render it impossible for any one to form a just conclusion about the facts. Statement and counter-statement, equivocation, exaggeration, of every possible shade and degree, not unattended even with downright lying, have involved the matter in such "confusion worse confounded," as to cut off all chance of ascertaining where truth ends and falsehood begins; accordingly, in this inexplicable state it remains to this day, and for ought the present writer is concerned, may now remain forevermore.

Immediately after the public announcement of their marriage, Sheridan and his wife lived for a short time in retirement at East Burnham, and it was soon generally understood that the lady had retired from her profession. She had property, it appears, to the amount of £3000, obtained under somewhat singular circumstances. One of her former suitors, the before-mentioned Mr. Long, "a man of large fortune," who had honourably solicited her hand in wedlock, and apparently received some encouragement, but being ultimately informed by her that she could never give him her affections, had thereupon, with wondrous magnanimity, not only resigned himself to his disappointment, but even undertaken the responsibility of breaking off the match, and actually paid the sum mentioned as an indemnity for the breach of covenant. Poor insipient Mr. Long! who would have thought it possible for mortal man to suffer himself to be so preposterously

the "Rivals" was brought out at the Theatre of Covent Garden, and the first night of representation was supposed to be a failure. Sheridan was sadly disconcerted; his expectations of success grievously and with much overthrow. The adverse reception was attributed to the length of the piece, and a different acting of certain of the parts. The next night, however, after an important change in the representation of the characters, the success was much better received, continued for several nights afterwards to be acted with increasing success. Gradually Sheridan found himself standing high in public estimation. His play was produced in the provinces with much enthusiasm; and Bath, especially, it occasioned a sensation which yielded the author the most possible contentment. He had made a brilliant beginning; he successfully invaded the promised land, he opened the kingdom of renown open for his occupation. He was during the popularity of the piece. Sheridan's father, who had some years been estranged from him, and obstinately refused a reconciliation, hearing much of his son's success, went to the theatre, accompanied by his daughters, to see it for himself, and pass judgment on its merits. The

performance was received very successfully in the following May. It is far inferior both in pretension and execution to the "Rivals," but appears to have served the purpose for which it was written. By the middle of November Sheridan was ready with an Opera, the "Duenna," which immediately became a favourite with the public. It enjoyed at the outset a much longer career of approbation than even the famous "Beggar's Opera," which had hitherto been looked upon as the most successful drama of its class ever placed upon the stage. Three successful plays in one year cannot be considered bad work; Sheridan had reason to be thankful to his stars as well as to his genius.

One would be glad to see a little more of his household life, but cannot so much as ascertain whether he has gained even any apprehension of the nature of certain lectures. Nay, it is matter of mere conjecture where he lives—whether in London, or at Bath, or in the wilderness of Timbuctoo—only that he emerges occasionally into daylight, or, more properly, into lamplight, in connection with the theatres. We gather, however, from printed statements, that towards the close of this same year (1775) of Sheridan's sudden popularity, the theatrical circles in London were much surprised, and not a little concerned, by a rumour that David Garrick was about to relinquish the

his, became possessed of the whole of Garrick's interest in the house, for the total consideration of thirty-five thousand pounds. For a young man utterly without capital—for what he realized by play-writing was barely a sufficient income—this must be considered as rather a bold stroke of business.

It has been written that "Every one who looked on this transaction was astonished at the speculative disposition of Sheridan; they marvelled at the whole of this singular transaction from nothingness to the possession of an immense property." Truly, the "speculative disposition" of the man is wonderful, enormous, manifestly transcending the bounds of prudent calculation. That is the type of him. Did we not find him of old expecting to realize two hundred pounds for a school-boy's farce? Did he not melo-dramatically abscond with a young lady of eighteen, who had charmed him by her singing, and her fascinating syren face—confronted by the strongest evidence that she was a practised and practising coquette of the most portentous magnitude? Has he not fought duels as comico-absurd as any he caused to be represented on the stage, and written narratives of them, the speculative audacity whereof borders on the sublime? This egregious disposition and ability to speculate, to make a sensation, to do and to say brilliant and striking things—this, if we mistake not, is the ideal mainspring of his character. He is the incarnation of *Sang Froid*—an easy pleasantry personified. Wit is the central feature of his mind. Almost everything he does, almost everything he says, has some bold peculiarity, indicative of the underlying presence of the witty principle. His cool indifference to the ulterior consequences of his sayings and performances, is but another phasis of the prominent element of his constitution; for wit is essentially indifferent, and cares only for the present display. Thus he leaves his every act and word, as it were, behind him with a sort of unrepenting unconcern. His dramatic compositions are left for years with the printer's errors uncorrected; his pecuniary responsibilities are indefinitely postponed by a witty evasion; he is the crown prince of good fellowship, and speculates upon his expectations, till he is forced to abdicate by anticipation, and sell the reversion of his kingdom to meet his boundless

promises to pay. He is the genius of bankruptcy, cutting a holiday figure in gay attire, among the assembled solvencies of the earth, and by the fascination of his abundant pleasantry commanding their involuntary admiration. His life is a witty speculation—a brilliant headlong hazard to which he commits himself with a pleasant face. The gospel and economy of wit are to him for Bible, prayer-book, day-book, ledger, cash-book, and treasury. His plays are an admirable exposition and illustration of the powers and character of the man. The utmost impression and effect which pure wit in the drama can produce is here produced. Every character, in his or her individual degree, is a wit; delivers himself or herself wittily—with a facetious circumlocution, and selection of phrases, calculated to produce a witty impression. When you have called Sheridan a wit, you have said all that can be said of him, to mark his intrinsic qualities of genius or of character. An electricity of wit pervades his entire personality. His visible conduct is the natural outcome of an undisciplined predominance of this principle; and his life is a failure, because wit was suffered to be its ascendant element instead of conscience.

From the day that Sheridan undertook the responsibilities of an enormous theatrical property, without any actual substratum of capital to sustain them, he became gradually involved in pecuniary embarrassments, from which no after skill or integrity of purpose could deliver him. He was thenceforth the chancellor of the impossible, replenishing his exchequer from the illusory stores of some bank of imagination. It was already whispered that the young author was living far beyond his means; that he was associating with the great and the wealthy, and giving liberal entertainments, while there were no visible funds from which his expenditure was drawn. He is distinguished, nevertheless, by an undeniable talent for raising ready money, which, ever with the pressure of affairs, is brought more and more into requisition. He has an occult power over all manner of brokers, usurers, monied acquaintances, and trades-people; can everywhere command illimitable credit. Such is the fascination of his address, his plausibility, his unimpeachable air of honour and good faith, that he could probably raise money enough on his

personal security to have paid off the local debt. None can doubt his ability, his generosity, the strict integrity of his intentions; "honest man," written in his countenance; he shall unshakenly run himself through sheer public honesty. He can make it a natural thing for you to become a creditor; nay, he has the skill to make you to borrow that you may see the gratification of lending to him, and a genius for the ways and means of private life no other man was ever known to have been endowed with.

His commencement as a manager, however, did not give the public any vast promise of improvement in the aspect of the theatre. The "Trip to Italy," an alteration of Vanbrugh's "Relapse," was his first production in this capacity, but yielded the satisfaction to either play-goers or managers. A succession of stock pieces, done with indifferent spirit, and presented with little skill, contributed to create further disappointment, and to excite a general regret at the exchange of the management. Audiences were visibly growing thin, when Sheridan

boldly astonished and delighted them with the production of a new comedy,

which he deservedly gained for him- self a permanent reputation. On the 10th of May, 1777, the immortal *St. Patrick's Day* was first successfully performed. With this brilliant success, the part of manager the town of Dublin was intrusted to him. It is not to be supposed that a superior skill in the dramatic art, or a skilful eye for every thing that was new with a genuine taste for the imagination alive to compare the new with the old, and ended with a keen perception of the power of style, and a knowledge of the most successful methods of the authors of the day, were not possessed of rapidly.

His management, however, was not without its faults. He was not a man of the present shape, and he was not a man of the present age. He was not a man of the present age, and he was not a man of the present age. He was not a man of the present age, and he was not a man of the present age.

He was not a man of the present age, and he was not a man of the present age. He was not a man of the present age, and he was not a man of the present age. He was not a man of the present age, and he was not a man of the present age.

with the repeated strokes and assiduous application of a masterly painter, who will spare no pains to perfect to the uttermost that which he has once considerably undertaken. Moore has shown us that of most of his productions there were several manuscripts, exhibiting gradual changes of plan, and variations of the composition, as the writer's inspiration became more clear, and had been more perfectly unfolded. It was the most difficult thing in the world for him to finish any thing, and even when he had succeeded in giving to it all the graces of style of which it seemed susceptible, he was scarcely ever satisfied. It has been affirmed on good authority that notwithstanding the incessant labour which he had for a long time bestowed on the "School for Scandal," it was at length announced for representation before the actors had received their respective parts. On reference to the original manuscript, Moore found that the concluding scenes bore evident marks of haste, they having been written when there was no longer time for fastidiousness. On the last leaf there is inscribed in the author's handwriting, "*Finished at last, thank God!*," to which the prompter, something of a humorist, has added, "*Amen. W. Hopkins.*" Singular as it may seem, there is no printed copy of this play authenticated by Sheridan; he could never complete it to his mind, and so, with characteristic indifference, left it to circulate from hand to hand without taking any steps to be assured of its correctness. He made an arrangement many years after its appearance, with Ridgway of Piccadilly for the purchase of the copyright, but when urged to furnish the manuscript, his answer was, "that he had been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy himself with the style of the 'School for Scandal,' but had not yet succeeded."

Could Sheridan have produced a new play every three months, he might perhaps have kept Drury Lane in a flourishing condition. But with his comparatively slow and collected manner of writing, this was obviously impossible; and as he took little interest in bringing forward suitable pieces by other writers, the affairs of the house soon became entangled. An obsequious critic, in reference to the success of the "School for Scandal," had observed to Garrick, "This, sir, is but a single play, and in the long run will be but a slender help

to support the theatre. To you, Mr. Garrick, I must say the Atlas that propped the stage has left his station;" and though, the Atlas replied, that he had been fortunate in finding "another Hercules to succeed him," yet it was very soon apparent that the shoulders of the successor were inadequate to the burden he had assumed, and that the obsequious critic had given proof of some discernment. Nothing could exceed the mismanagement into which everything fell. Numerous were the letters addressed to Garrick, respecting the heedlessness and perversity of the new manager. Mrs. Clive wrote, "Everybody is raving against Sheridan for his supineness; there never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan—what have you given him that he keeps so?" But a letter from Hopkins, the prompter will best show the chaotic and unsatisfactory state of the theatre's affairs:—"We played last night 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and had to make an apology for three principal parts. About twelve o'clock Mr. Henderson, from Covent Garden, sent word that he was not able to play. We got Mr. Lewis, from Covent Garden, who supplied the place of *Benedict*. Soon after Mr. Parsons sent word he could not play; Mr. Moody supplied the place of *Dogberry*; and about four in the afternoon, Mr. Vernon sent word he could not play; Mr. Mattock supplied his part of *Balthazar*. I thought myself very happy in getting these wide gaps so well stopped. In the middle of the first act a message was brought me that Mr. Lamash, who was to play the part of *Borachio*, was not come to the house. I had nobody that could go on for it, so I was obliged to cut his scenes in the first and second acts entirely out, and get Mr. Wrighton to go on for the remainder of the part. At length, we got the play over without the audience finding it out. We had a very bad house. Mr. Parsons is not able to play in the 'School for Scandal,' to-morrow night; I do not know how we shall be able to settle that. I hope the pantomime may prove successful, and relieve us from this dreadful situation." These, and endless similar communications, could not fail to be distressing to Garrick, who, independently of the large pecuniary interest he had at stake, felt great anxiety for the welfare of Sheridan and his colleagues; he concludes a corres-

pondence between himself and Mr. King with these words:—"Poor old Drury, I feel that it will very soon be in the hands of the Philistines."

The complaints urged against Sheridan were manifold. He neglected to open his letters, which on that account were collected into an indiscriminate heap, and oftentimes when their accumulation rather alarmed the manager, they were consigned to the fire, and frequently communications of importance were thus sacrificed. Authors complained of the loss or neglect of their manuscripts, and even boldly asserted that their plots, incidents, and conversations, were appropriated and brought out in such shapes that the parent only recognised his off-spring by some feature which was unmistakable. This latter accusation, however, Sheridan unhesitatingly met and ridiculed in the "Critic;" and as far as we can perceive, it is wanting in sufficient evidence to support it. At the same time, his general heedlessness is indefensible, and he had occasionally to pay for it, being now and then compelled to silence some urgent claimant with money, by way of indemnity for the unwitting loss or destruction of a manuscript.

Notwithstanding the general disorder into which the affairs of Drury Lane were falling, Sheridan involved himself, in 1788, by the purchase of additional interests in the theatre. His management still continued to give almost universal dissatisfaction; play-goers were growing mutinously disposed, and seemed likely to break out into visible rebellion. Sheridan had the fortune to appease them just at the right time, by a new production of his own—the memorable farce of "The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed," the last dramatic effort of his genius. Being a clever travesty of the dramatic compositions of the day, and, in part, a satire upon a living author whose irritability was the occasion of much ridicule: it met with unbounded approbation. Cumberland, a voluminous play-writer, whose works are now almost forgotten, and never were worthy of being remembered, was broadly, but most ingeniously, caricatured, under the character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, who seems to have been introduced solely for the purpose, as he has no manner of connection with the piece. *Puff* and *Dangle* are also understood to have been well-known dabblers in the

realized, if at all, at such a distance of time as to wear out the patience of ordinary placemen. Sheridan, however, has unquestionably become a portion of the collective wisdom of the empire.

The first thing he has to do on taking his seat in the House of Commons, is to answer a petition against his election, involving charges of bribery and corruption. Some of "the lowest and most unprincipled voters" had been seduced into raising the accusation. The young member successfully defended himself and his constituency against the calumny; and "wished that some adequate penalties should be inflicted on those who traduced and stigmatized so respectable a body of men." The petition, as almost uniformly happens in such cases, was instantly withdrawn: Sheridan was confirmed in his seat. He was listened to with great interest and attention by the House, his literary reputation having prepared for him a willing and favourable reception. It appears, however, that even those who were disposed to judge favourably of his capabilities, confidently concluded that "Nature never intended him for an orator." A certain indistinctness of speech, and considerable agitation and hesitancy of manner, impressed the majority that "his mental powers appeared to be very superior to his physical qualifications." On concluding his speech he went into the gallery where Woodfall was reporting, and with evident anxiety tried to obtain from him an opinion as to the probability of his ultimate success. Woodfall candidly advised him to abide by his previous pursuits, for that now he was certainly out of his element, and had little chance of ever becoming properly adapted to it. Sheridan, nevertheless, entertained a contrary belief; "I know that it is in me," said he, "and therefore out it shall come!"

Accordingly, after many efforts, and much diligent study and preparation, it did at length "come out," with rather astonishing effect. He rises into boundless celebrity; becomes the most brilliant and attractive orator in England. He "has it in him," and ever as opportunities occur he makes it visible that here is a man of consummate gifts and cultivation. Hearing him, men learn to comprehend the magnificent powers of human speech. All the splendours of a rich composite eloquence are at his

command, and he has the skill to combine them in grand and irresistible effect. To have heard him speak is now a distinction among men. Yet, doubt it not, he delivered many comparatively dull speeches. No man is uniformly great. Still, always with a great occasion, Sheridan rises to the level of its requirements; by force of genius and incredible industry in the acquisition of information, he invariably equals, and oftentimes exceeds the expectations of those who most intimately knew him, and who entertained the highest opinion of his powers. Burke declared his speech in the House of Commons, on the conduct of Warren Hastings in India, to be "the most astonishing burst of eloquence, argument and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." Fox said of it, that "all he ever heard, all he ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun." And even Pitt, Sheridan's most uniform and determined adversary, acknowledged that "the speech surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind." The testimony of such judges is of the highest, most unquestionable character, and leaves nothing in the way of further eulogy to be added.

Sheridan's parliamentary career, imperfectly delineated in his published speeches, extends over a space of upwards of thirty years, an eventful and exciting period of British history. During the whole of this time, his influence over the public affairs was manifest and considerable, though not, perhaps, so great as some of his admirers seem to fancy. In political insight he was probably inferior to none of the prominent men of the time; he saw into the future quite as far, and knew as intimately as any what the commotions and distractions of the age might signify; many a keen glance did he dart beyond him, many a wise warning vehemently deliver; no one had a more clear or comprehensive understanding of the political doctrines which he espoused, or adhered more consistently to their consequences. Yet with all this, Sheridan had nothing of statesman-like ability. The man was not greater than his time; could in no case have successfully directed the tendencies

For transient are the pains of every human sorrow, however profound its recollections. Nature reneweth day by day the broken spirits of whomsoever she ordains to live. Sheridan is recalled by his public duties back into

the world, where he speedily mingles as before in the exciting strifes, in the tumult and animosities of the life that is going on. Rest, thou buried one! and thy name shall soon be as though it were forgotten.*

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON, LL.D., D.D.

GREAT intellectual and moral powers must ever command homage in this world. Intellectual power alone, when not associated and directed by a moral purpose, cannot fail to charm and influence its admirers. But when a man gifted with rich intellectual endowments, consecrates them to the performance of duty, and the scrupulous fulfilment of the high behests of heaven, we then see human nature in its most attractive aspect; our admiration warms into love, and our love borders on the reverential. Such a man was Dr. Hamilton, whom we are now about to sketch. Unlike the great philosopher of the New World, whose history we shall hereafter trace, Dr. Hamilton was a sectarian. He confined himself to the boundaries of what may be termed evangelical orthodoxy, and dared not launch out into those bold speculations outlined by Emerson. But as a sectarian, and with a faith shaped, squared, and measured, we shall find that he possessed immense attractions, an original mind, and, what is better, a large heart.

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON was born at Pentonville, London, on the 6th of July, 1794. Of his ancestry it is known only that his grandfather came to London, from Scotland, early in life. This Mr. Hamilton was a member of the Baptist persuasion. He married a Miss Hesketh, one of the company who first joined the Rev. Mr. Wesley, and of whom mention is made by Mr. Wesley in his journal of that time. They had six children, and the Rev. Frederick Hamilton, the father of Richard Hamilton, was one of them. One of Winter Hamilton's uncles, the Rev. Robert Hamilton, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., died October 8th, 1832, in the eighty-first year of his age, after he had been

incumbent of the united parishes of St. Olave's, Jewry, and St. Martin's, for thirty-three years. This uncle was kind and generous towards his nephew Winter; and when he died, left him an equal share of his property.

Mrs. Frederick Hamilton, the mother of Winter Hamilton, appears to have been a woman of great beauty, of cultivated intellect, of gentle disposition, and eminently pious. Many of her letters are preserved to this day, and they evince a most loving disposition, and a devoted faith to the orthodox creed. There can be little doubt, in fact it is quite evident, that she did much to mould the character and direct the footsteps of her son. And that son when he became a man, and had attained an eminent position in the church of which he was a member and advocate, frequently alluded in tender and touching accents to the memory of her to whom he owed so much. Though possessing a strong religious faith, her affection for her children bound her soul closely to the world, when on the borders of eternity. A little before her death she wrote to a dear friend in these words: "When I felt a daily decrease of strength—my cough growing worse, and my breath shorter—I could not but think of what all this must lead to, even to the chamber of the grave. I was enabled to hope and to believe that I was entirely in *his* hands who is 'the resurrection and the life'; but yet, whenever I for a minute soared upward, I was again drawn down by, as it were, a picture presented to my eye, of my person shrouded in my coffin, and all my dear and very affectionate children weeping around me. Indeed, I think I have never before proved my *affection* so strong, or my

* The conclusion of this life will appear in our next number.

to work." This beautiful minded man died when her son Winter, who was the cherished child of the family, was about eleven years old. Though enjoyed a greater latitude of independence than his brothers and sisters, his father did not lead to pride in his money in them. They often enjoyed him taken to enjoy pleasures and they would cheerfully have and and they welcomed his return on such visits, that they might get to the graphic descriptions of his adventures and places he had seen in his absence, without any admixture of jealousy. While young, he played some of those qualities which were characterized him in after

When he was only five years of age, an association of ministers had taken his father's table, and the servant who waited on them told the children the next day, that one of these ministers had described his poverty and struggles to support a large family of fifty pounds a year which was all a poor village flock could raise. The children felt it very much, and often asked over what ought to be done for the poor man. At last Winter thought of a plan which he imagined excellent. He said to his school-fellows, "There are many poor people in the town and only a few rich people. I am going that the rich people shall give to the poor people. I will ask my father's permission to do so, and then I will give the money to the poor people." The children of the family were so much interested, that they all agreed to do so, and they began to collect the money. Winter was sure to be the first to give, and he gave five pounds. When the money was all collected, they all went to the poor people and gave it to them. The poor people were very glad, and they all thanked the children very much. Winter was very happy, and he thought that he had done a good deed. The children of the family were all very proud of what they had done, and they all thought that it was a very good plan. The poor people were all very happy, and they all thought that it was a very good plan. The children of the family were all very happy, and they all thought that it was a very good plan.

Mr. L. J. Williams, who was president of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, said that the university was anxious for the parents to come. He had a very high opinion of the children, but he was not sure how long for very long. He was not sure how long that the children would be in the greater part of the population of the excellent level of the school with other prospects. He said that the kind mothers of fathers may not be discouraged but they consider their children back.

ward in learning; for many of the greatest ornaments of our race were slow to learn at first. Precocity is no true sign of future greatness. Neither is inaptitude to learn elementary knowledge any guarantee that the future man shall not be eminent for his abilities. We cannot expect children to be philosophers. Rather should we expect them to be buoyant, sportive, and, it may be, inclined to mischief. In Winter's period of childhood there was no lack of that quickness of apprehension which distinguished him through life; nor were there wanting even these indications of that luxuriant imagination which produced such rich flowers and fruits in after years. He had an unbounded flow of animal spirits; and his wit, or as his brothers and sisters always called it, his *fun*, afforded them perpetual amusement.

When about nine years of age, he was sent to a preparatory school at Hammersmith, near London; after passing about a year there, he was removed to an excellent school conducted by the Rev. J. Petticary, at Newport, Isle of Wight. Here he was superintended by his mother's cousin, the Rev. Robert Winter, who watched over him with constant care. If Winter Hamilton did not in a few years become a useful member of society—if not a great and good man, it would have been surprising, as every care and attention was lavished on him by his religious relatives when young. But though breathing such a pure and atmosphere, his unconquerable love for drollery and literary sentimentality manifested itself. He was frequently getting into scrapes of some kind or other on account of his roysal, mischievous, and though he knew he should not escape punishment, he was never known to deny his faults when questioned, or perjure when censured. So completely was his character for truthfulness established in the family, that his parents often said to friends, when he left the room, "There goes a child who, to our knowledge, never told a lie."

From his thirteenth to his sixteenth year, he was at Mill Hill Grammar School, where he made decided progress. The reports of his learning and his conduct were most satisfactory. His religious character was then in the course of formation. Even at that early period he seems to have devoted him-

self to God for the work of the ministry. He grew up to be a minister almost as a matter of course, as he never expressed any wish for any other vocation. From the time when he used to preach to his brothers and sisters, on a box in the nursery, they all considered it a settled point that Winter was to be a minister. But this showed more solicitude than wisdom on the part of his parents. By dedicating a child, before the natural tendency of his mind developed itself, to the important mission of a minister, was not wise, as he might thereby be made a very mechanical and lifeless preacher, when, perhaps, if left to himself, with careful guidance, he might otherwise become a great man. But in the case before us it proved to be successful, as the bent of Winter Hamilton's disposition, and the aspirations of his heart, were naturally inclined in the direction marked out by paternal wishes. Before he was sixteen years of age, he signed a "Covenant," in which he dedicated himself to "his Father in heaven" and to the services of His church. We extract from the "Covenant" a sentence or two, to indicate the condition of his mind at that time. He says, "This day do I, with the utmost solemnity, surrender myself unto Thee. I renounce all former lusts that have dominion over me; and I consecrate unto thee all that I am, and all that I have—the faculties of my mind, and the members of my body, my worldly possessions, my time, and my influence over others, to be all used entirely for thy glory, and resolutely employed in obedience to thy commands, as long as thou continuest me in life, with an ardent desire and humble resolution, to continue them through all the ages of eternity. Ever holding myself in an attentive posture to observe the first intimation of thy will, and ready to spring forward with zeal and joy to the immediate execution of it."

Very soon after, he was admitted, at the age of sixteen, as a student for the ministry amongst the Independents, at Hoxton College. And it rarely happens that one more qualified by mental capacity and spiritual longings, for a sacred calling, enters on such a course. Among the associates and friends of Mr. Hamilton at Hoxton, was the late Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, whose career opened so prosperously, but whose useful and brilliant life was quenched before it had reached its me-

ridian glory; and the late Rev. John Ely, of Leeds, between whom and Dr. Hamilton afterwards existed such a tender, vital and enduring friendship. When Dr. Hamilton entered Hoxton College, he was younger than most of the students, and was distinguished by great vivacity and buoyancy of spirits. As he had great facility in acquiring knowledge, and had enjoyed greater advantage of early education than most of his associates, the studies prescribed in the classes to which he belonged made but a slight demand on his time and efforts, and left him much leisure for indulging his own taste and inclination. Without any intensity of application, it was easy for him to prepare for the ordinary examinations in the lectures delivered, and on the books required to be read. The Rev. Dr. Burder, one of the tutors of the College, appreciated the talents of the young divine. When speaking of his productions, at this time, the Rev. Doctor says: "They were distinguished by an exuberance and even wildness of fancy which greatly needed discipline and training. The exuberances of his imagination required no ordinary degree of judicious pruning. It became my duty, as one of his tutors, to point out these deviations from good taste with an unsparing freedom. With this unwelcome duty, however, I found no difficulty in uniting ample commendation of budding and unfolding excellences." No doubt Dr. Burder's warning was very judicious, and well it should be, when it attempted to prune the imagination of a young student. 'There is nothing more delicate and difficult than such a task. And, generally, it is much better for tutors to leave the imagination to take care of itself. Dr. Hamilton, throughout his useful life, was particularly distinguished by a rich imagination; and did he not possess it, there is but little evidence to show that he would have risen above the barren mediocrity of the vast majority of his brethren in the ministry. A vivid imagination is frequently a promise of future eminence; and though for a time it may be wild and luxuriant, as the understanding gets enlightened and the judgment consolidated, that creative faculty, which may be culled the handmaid of genius, finds its proper orbit. It is much better for the fledgling to try to fly and fall, than not to make the trial.

he was the first to make his first attempt
 to plant Christianity in the world, which was then
 almost entirely unknown, and in which he
 made his station of such eminent es-
 timate. There was as is our space, we
 cannot possibly give an extract
 from his address. Speaking of the value
 of the Bible Society, he says: "Borne on
 the wings of love, we might see the ex-
 ercises of the Society cheering the wilds
 of the desert, and while the natural sun
 is setting, comforting the solitude, and
 chasing the darkness of its caves; we
 might see the European, amid the shock
 of arms, and the thunder of the cannon,
 reveal a hope which this Society
 has revealed, that the sword shall be
 turned into a ploughshare; we might see
 Mahomet, throwing aside his Koran,
 to that volume which alone can teach
 us the true Allah and the prophets—
 seeing, during his pilgrimage to Maho-
 med's tomb, having realized the period
 when no longer in that mountain and
 a Moslem, man shall worship the Father;
 we might see the Bramin laying aside
 his caste, and the high distinction of Chris-
 tianity, the key of the Shaster for the oracles
 of truth—the spikes of Vishnu for the
 argument of Jesus Christ—the temple
 of the Juggernaut for the heights of
 Zion—we might see the Catholic taking
 the Bible from the cloisters to which it
 had been confined, and leaving the shrine
 of the saint for the cross of his Saviour;
 we might see the Hottentot, once filthy

ment of the general good, co-operation
 for the furtherance of plans of philan-
 thropy, and above all, an authorship
 which rendered him popular while
 living, and celebrated after death. In
 the course of the ordination service,
 Mr. Hamilton was requested to give
 some account of the influence of reli-
 gion on his mind, and he gave an elo-
 quent statement. Among many other
 things he said:—"I awakened to the
 consciousness of spiritual nature under
 accents of mercy and under the shadow
 of the cross. . . . No persons could
 have been more diligent in the instruc-
 tion, or more attentive to the manners
 of their children, than my venerated
 parents, towards whom I cultivate not
 only the affections of a son, but the
 sympathies of an immortal. Our do-
 mestic economy was not merely a pro-
 bation for the stations of life, but a
 pupilage for heaven. . . . No sooner
 was I capable of the faintest thought
 and observation, than I aspired to the
 office as something mysteriously digni-
 fied. The predilection was probably
 strengthened from the celebrity of an-
 cestors, and the reputation of friends
 who gave attendance to the altar."

Less than a month after Mr. Hamil-
 ton's ordination, Mr. Joseph Blackburn,
 an attorney, in Leeds, was executed at
 York for forgery, and Mr. Hamilton was
 requested to visit the unhappy man
 previous to his trial. This he did, not

Chapel was crowded, the congregation rapidly declined, and the young minister had to walk through a murky cloud of unpopularity. Instead of either sinking in despondency or proudly scorning other men's opinions, he persevered in enriching his mind with treasures of knowledge, delighting every social circle with his good-natured wit and railery, and earnestly consecrating his more serious moments to the great business of his life—the preaching of the gospel. Professor Stowell says that during the twenty years of Mr. Hamilton's ministry in Albion Chapel, he gradually recovered the popularity he had lost. His preaching was eminently instructive. His evangelical tone was lofty and decided. His faithfulness was searching and pungent. The moral authority of his preaching was felt in its practical bearings, in all the varieties of personal and social life.*

In 1816, Mr. Hamilton married a Miss Hackney, of Leeds, a lady possessing considerable personal attractions, by whom he had two daughters and one son. Mrs. Hamilton died in her last confinement.

Mr. Hamilton frequently took advantage of important public events, or of things which more than ordinarily agitated the public mind, and made them subjects for pulpit discourses. The persecuted Protestants in the South of France in 1816, and the death of Princess Charlotte in 1817, afforded him admirable opportunities for the display of his eloquence. All efforts for the spread of education found in him a zealous co-operator. Accordingly we find him one of the first members of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society. In the second year he became a member of the Council of the Society, thrice was elected vice-president; and in the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, he was president. He frequently delivered papers before this Society, which displayed great learning and ingenuity. They were chiefly on literary subjects; none were strictly scientific; several were on philosophical questions, others were historical, and some of them were minutely and elaborately critical: all of them were admired for their vigour of thought, variety of erudition, and richness of illustration. The following will show how he treated a subject to which he was opposed. It

is taken from his paper on "Craniology," which he says is a more correct word than "phrenology," for the science of the brain. He says, "A person feels himself in the presence of one who can scan his inward being. He is awed by the credulity of a superior power. The cross examination begins, mixed with most dexterous leading questions, 'You have pride very large.' 'That's a mistake; I am very bashful, and oppressively humble.' 'I mean proper pride.' 'O, yes! that is very correct; I hope always to respect myself.' 'You have ideality very large.' 'There you are out. I am a plain matter of fact man, and often admire what the Governor says to Fillarina, 'The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because it is not yet in sight.' 'But you like poetry.' 'O, yes! I hope so.' 'You have destructiveness very large.' 'Now I have no opinion of this science at all, for I would not tread on a worm, and conscientiously abstain from lobsters and eels.' 'Yes, now I perceive it will be so, for your destructiveness is counteracted by a very large benevolence.' 'You have causality very large.' 'Further and further from the truth. I never ask a reason, and cannot endure an argument.' 'Stop, do not be hasty; let me see; I have it. *Your comparison*, which is a superficial sort of an organ, is so immense that your *causality* cannot work.' 'You have wit very large.' 'That is not at all in my way.' 'But when you speak do they not laugh?' 'They do, and much more than I like.' 'That is your wit which makes them, for wit consists not only in being so ourselves, but it is the cause that it is in other men.' " It may be seen from this that Dr. Hamilton was no disciple of Dr. Spurzheim. Phrenology was too material for him. He had too strong a faith in the purely spiritual element in man, and of its ability for action independent of organization, to believe in the science. Besides, he saw, or he fancied he saw, that phrenology was allied to infidelity, and *therefore* he discarded it. The above, however, is only given as a specimen of Dr. Hamilton's mode of treating a subject when he felt in the humour to be humorous.

Dr. Hamilton was not merely a nominal Nonconformist, but one from deep conviction. He did not, as do a great many dissenters, worship at the chapel instead of the church, because his fa-

* Memoir of Richard Winter Hamilton, L.L.D., D.D., by Professor Stowell.

and a *High Society* might move in for a share in the domination of national affairs in the Holy West, and a advantage secured utility where used, and have returned from the same conviction, that they are not to expect that that they are going to have faith. He saw "the quality of national religion with a long and private judgment." He believed that the church would do more of itself if left to win its way, would by virtue of its charms, its conditions, aid of the state, through its poets, its religious liberty, its dogmatic freedom of opinion, its unity interwoven in the texture of its life, and his idea of *salutary government*, that he advocated with unrelenting vigour, on all occasions. It was to him the heart of Protestantism and the birth of humanity; and by its means alone hastened the triumphant march of the cross. In reply to the question—*"If Christianity can now command civil sanctions, could it not?"* He boldly answers, "Yes, *Christianity*, *Romanism*, and *Protestantism* were loose upon it, it was shattered by the shock. When *Protestantism* was computed by persecution it was unmingled by the truth of the *Protestantism* it maintained *Protestantism*, and fought single handed;

connection with the *High Society* Auxiliary to the London Missionary Society, and most admirably did he fulfil his mission.

The ordination of a minister among the Independents is usually an occasion of deep interest. At such times, almost exclusively, the peculiar duties of the minister are set forth and pressed home by some elder minister, or by one who is regarded as endowed with the judgment, experience, and weight of character which are felt to be requisite for the discharge of a duty at once so serious and delicate. Dr. Hamilton was several times invited to perform this office. In 1827, he delivered the ordination charge to the Rev. John Barling, of Halifax; and, in 1829, he performed a similar office at the ordination of the Rev. John Kelly, Liverpool. He said to the former, "I have generally found that the most popular ministers are most indifferent to popularity, and disdain a single act to acquire it. Let all, then, inquire—What is my heart's desire and prayer? Is it to divide attention with the Saviour, or to fix it undivertedly upon him? Should I prefer the circle of philosophical minds applauding my wisdom or suspending my fame, or to stand as my Redeemer stood, when all the publicans and sinners drew near unto him to hear him? Should I wish to be quoted after death as a

hide his face in the dust while he confesses the shameful tale) who feels it, too often, difficult to believe what he preaches; who frequently cannot realize with any vividness the ideas of accountability, condemnation, and retribution. He has heard of hearts bursting with agony, the fierce throbbings of emotion; his heart has envied them, while each drop within it seemed to stagnate, and each feeling to be numbed! Ah! happy ye, who never felt the doubts attendant upon enquiry, or, if ye have, could shroud them in obscurity; happy ye who never suffered the horror of conflicts which many a minister has known, though they were permitted to try and prove him; happy ye who know not the hell of denouncing everlasting punishment with composure! of unfolding the wonders of redemption with apathy! of describing the glories of heaven without a desire to partake of them!"

During 1828 and 1829, the great question of Catholic Emancipation was agitating this country, and in no town was the excitement more intense than in Leeds. A meeting of Protestants opposed to the Catholic Claims was held in that town; and from the meeting issued a declaration of firm resistance to the expected measure of the government. The Dissenters of Leeds took no part in the meeting; and the reasons why they absented themselves were expressed in a long letter which appeared in the *Leeds Mercury*. Professor Stowell says, "As a calm, dignified, lucid and earnest exposition of great principles, it has been seldom equalled; it would be sufficient to gain for the writer a noble reputation. Its effect upon the public mind was great. At one of the largest public meetings ever held in the town, there was a vehement struggle between the opposing parties. The victory was gained by the Liberal party; and their success was ascribed, in no small degree, to Mr. Hamilton's appeal." The spirit of enthusiasm awoken by his letter was not confined to Leeds, but influenced, to a considerable degree, the population of the chief towns of the county; and to some extent facilitated the settlement of the important question in the nation.

Having received an invitation from the English and Reformed Church of Hamburg, to preach their anniversary sermon, Mr. Hamilton, in 1829, visited the Continent for the first time. He ful-

filled his engagement in that city, and in so doing reflected honour on his name and increased the reputation and usefulness of the congregation which invited him. He then visited several of the principal towns and cities of the Continent, and especially those whose names were most closely associated with the struggles of the Reformation. With an eager eye for the rare and the valuable, he gazed with rapture on the cathedrals and other monuments of art which came in his way, and then jotted down, in his journal, his own opinions and criticisms. These jottings bear evidence of a richly stored mind, and an artistic tact and judgment rarely found in an English preacher.

It may reasonably be expected that a mind constituted like Mr. Hamilton's, and breathing an atmosphere of religious freedom as his did, would also tend towards the liberal side of politics. But though he studiously avoided mixing himself up with what is usually understood by party politics, he unhesitatingly gave in his adhesion to Henry Brougham, when he was invited by the freeholders of Yorkshire to stand for the county. The Protestant Dissenters' Association for the Abolition of Slavery circulated an eloquent and stirring address throughout the county, in which they bound themselves to give Brougham, as the eminent advocate of negro freedom, their most strenuous support. Though the address had several names appended to it, its peculiar phraseology and emphatic diction, bore the unmistakable impress of Hamilton.

In 1831, the foundation of a new theological college was laid at Undercliffe, Bradford, and Mr. Hamilton delivered an address on the occasion. Such an opportunity would be sure to afford him ample scope for the display of his oratorical ability. Accordingly we find him taking an historical survey of the principles and progress of independency, and especially in the north of England; and giving a condensed narration of the proceedings of the church, from the earliest times, for securing an intelligent and holy ministry. This address, like almost all others of Mr. Hamilton's delivered on such occasions, was printed. To a passage enumerating the colleges of Nonconformists, he subjoined the following note:—"The author has not referred to the self-styled Unitarian academies. He confines himself

and the former appeared
and then the former rushed to the
struggle, and drew up a series of
letters to Dr. Hutton, entitled "The Re-
sults of Sustaining themselves Uni-
tarianism as related to the Christian
religion." In these letters Dr. Hutton
received four letters, which were
addressed with the title, "Unitarian
"Sustaining Vindicated." This pam-
phlet was quickly met by Mr. Hamil-
ton's "Annadiversions upon the Rev.
Dr. Hutton's pamphlets."

These pamphlets of Mr. Hamilton's
show a powerful intellect, and great
force, ingenuity and wit. It would
not be easy to find, even within a much
smaller compass, so much information,
and so much keen dissection, close rea-
soning and quick repartee. But their
edges are dulled with uncharitableness,
and with the manifestations of an un-
christian nature. When speaking of the
Unitarians, personally, he says, "For
we can entertain no emotion but
contempt—love of every variety save that
of complacency; towards them
we make no approach but that of
contempt—kindness of every service
but that of religious co-operation.
We do not brethren, citizens, compatriots,
associates, friends of humanity,
we do not embrace you!" Immedi-
ately after, when speaking of their reli-
gion, he says, "their system is not

long supported by the rigour of its ruling
frost. Its aggression is the sleet, its
mantle of charity is the hoar and snow.
It withdraws every support of con-
fidence, each precious hold, around
which our most exquisite feelings, like
the little tendrils, have been wont to
insinuate and entwine. All, all perishes
before its spell, its basilisk gaze—its
torpedo touch. It subtilizes until
reason foregoes its last conclusion, and
refines until the heart loses its last
warmth."

No doubt, Dr. Burder would have
called this an "exercises" of Mr.
Hamilton's imagination. It reflects as
little credit on his logic, as on his im-
agination, and shows that his heart, in
this instance, was as narrow, as his
logic was imperfect. How he could
hail his brethren as "friends of hu-
manity," and "make no approach
towards them but that of kindness,"
and "entertain no emotion but that
of love," and then describe their reli-
gion as leaving behind it nothing but
"grisly, ghastly putrefaction" which
"spares nothing worthy of our love,"
whose "wreath is a cypress, and bridal a
funeral"; whose "tract is known by the
blight of piety,"—how the writer could
reconcile these contradictions both of
the head and the heart, he has not shown.
It can only be explained on the ground
of his zeal for the truth overshadowing
his usually large heart, and adding at

than existed between Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Ely. And in no more signal way did they vindicate that Christianity which they advocated, than by thus exhibiting it in their lives. In the course of years Mr. Ely died, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Hamilton to write his friend's biography. When speaking of their mutually intense attachment for each other, he says, "It was intimated that the friendship would soon be tried. Thank God! it more than stood the trial. For fourteen years it deepened and grew—without momentary pause and flaw, damp and unevenness. His high souled honour, his considerate ingenuousness, his sensitive delicacy, must have conquered even the intemperate and morose. The boast of such unimpaired friendship is peculiarly his. His most casual interruption could have found no excuse. I write it for his tomb. It is my offering at his grave. The thornless wreath is for him."

Just about the same time, in 1833, Mr. Hamilton put to the press a volume of sermons. The subjects of the sermons were—"The Inviolability of Christianity—The Counsel of Godlied Examined—Moral Means preferable to Miracle—The Transcendent Love of Christ—Human Duty—The Christian Doctrine of Divine Grace—The Son of God Anticipating his Reward—The Heavenly Country—Dismal Refuge from Judgment—He is Christ Creator and Lord of the Universe. Three months after these sermons were published, the late Rev. Dr. McAll, of Manchester, whose opinion would be regarded by all who knew him with the warmest respect, said, in a letter to Mr. Hamilton, "That volume will always rank among my most precious treasures and I can desire nothing better or with greater fervour, than to be enabled increasingly to realise its noble sentiments, and to display more perfectly in practice the effect and energy of its transforming principles." Many of the most important doctrines of Evangelical Christianity are seriously and argumentatively treated in this volume. Several years after their publication, Walter Scott, the president of Airedale College, said of the sermons, that they were "worthy as it respects metaphysical acumen, richness of matter, and extent of biblical knowledge, to be ranked with the sermons of Edwards or Howe; and as it regards eloquence and displays of imagination, to be joined

with the appeals of a Masillon or a Hall. They are splendid offerings to the Church of genius and piety, and will attract the attention, and awaken the gratitude of generations yet unborn."

In 1834, Mr. Hamilton published "Pastoral Appeals on Personal, Domestic and Social Devotion." These appeals had been delivered from the pulpit, and were published in obedience to the request of his congregation and friends. They were composed under the impression that the author's life was drawing to a close. He said, in the preface, in allusion to himself, "His life is wearing apace. Many intimations impress him that it will not be a prolonged one." These appeals have been very widely circulated, and have already taken their place with our standard devotional literature. We cannot refrain quoting a beautiful passage which enshrines the memory of his affectionate mother. "To this moment I recall the soft, kind manner of a mother who left her orphan child for a brighter and more congenial scene. . . . Her instructions are as deeply traced on the memory as her features, and as easily recalled as her tones. It may be weak to say it, but if I can claim any theological taste and store, I owe it all to her. Feeble is the tribute I can pay to her excellence, nor had it been obtained but to illustrate the principle of domestic instruction. She deserved an Augustine's narrative, a Gregory's apostrophe, and a Cowper's strain. How could thy child, blest parent, but remember thee? Ever must he retain the image of thy face, and the lustre of thine example. His heart must cease to beat, ere he can refuse to dwell upon that blessing and that embrace which he received from thee, when thy 'soul was in departing,' ere he can, after well nigh thirty years, cease to be 'blowed down heavily' mourning for his mother."

Mr. Hamilton's preaching had been so successful that Albion Chapel was much too small to afford accommodation to his increasing congregation. Consequently it was resolved to build another and a much larger one. The proposal was so readily taken up by the congregation that, within three months, £2,500 were subscribed. Mr. Hamilton himself subscribing £250. The chapel was built on a spot "that they selected mainly because

in his task.

His "Pastoral Appeals" having been read with such avidity, he was implored to publish some family prayers, and complied with the request, and in 1836 he published a volume containing Morning and Evening Prayers for a week, with twenty-seven Prayers of Thanksgiving, which were adapted for special and occasional uses. A very intelligent hearer said to another minister on one occasion that he should set Dr. Hamilton's ministry were it only for his prayers. "They were characterized," he said, "by a chastened earnestness—deep and reverential humility—a wide comprehensiveness—an accurate adaptation to the wants of the lowest classes of the people, rich with great tenderness and beauty, a true spiritual tone, and a felicitous weaving of scriptural phraseology, especially of scriptural petition."

Hamilton realized the truthfulness of Montgomery's hymn, which designates ever as "the Christian's vital Breath." He only broke away in eloquent torrents from his wrestling soul when in prayer, but it breathed through his ordinary correspondence, and beautifully mingled with the stream of his life. It was his aptitude in prayer, and his feeling the reality of the divine presence, which eminently fitted him for his pastoral mission.

Dr. Hamilton was now called for Mr.

Several of these papers were originally delivered before the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society. Many are of opinion that this was the principal work Dr. Hamilton gave the world. A reverend professor, whose name has been before mentioned, says, "I never read his 'Nugæ Literariæ,' or even look into it, without having my admiration excited by the extensive reading, the profound scholarship, the metaphysical acumen and research, the logical exactness, the brilliancy of fancy, and the power of rendering everything, even what some would call the vulgarism of low society, interesting and instructive."

The next important work published by Mr. Hamilton was his Essay on Missions. In the year 1838, a prize of one hundred guineas was offered for the best Essay on Christian Missions, and another prize of fifty guineas for the second best Essay. Mr. Hamilton immediately went to work, no doubt moved by the desire and sustained by the hope of getting one of the prizes. It was a subject to which he had paid great attention, and on which he was admirably fitted to expatiate. In 1841, the adjudicators awarded the first prize to Dr. Harris, then President of Chesham College, and the second prize to the Rev. R. W. Hamilton. The Essay produced by Mr. Hamilton, entitled "Missions: their Authority, Scope and Encouragement" was published in

Well might Dr. Harris say, "Many thanks for your brotherly, generous, noble-spirited letter. It did me good, and must have done you more. Such is pre-eminently the kind of thing which it is more blessed to give than receive." In an equally generous manner Dr. Harris writes on another occasion, "This last note brings me fairly to your book—your enduring monument. It hardly becomes me to say what I think of it—in time, but we will talk of it in eternity." Very shortly after the above correspondence took place, the wife of Dr. Harris died: when Mr. Hamilton sent him a letter of condolence. This letter is brim full of that sympathetic sorrow which occasionally gushes from an overburdened heart. Well might Mr. Waddington say, on another occasion, that Mr. Hamilton, "acquired a kind of intuition into the mysteries of human woe, that fitted him to guide, to strengthen and to comfort the anxious and distressed." In this letter to Dr. Harris, he says, "We saw you sitting alone, and keeping silence. With a whisper we would not have broken the charmed grief. . . . I knew not what intercourse to attempt. Once I thought to send the blank paper, with my simple signature, that your full heart might inscribe in it letters of your own. . . . None but they who have known such afflictions, can enter into them. None, save they, can understand the commencement of those mysterious relationships which are suddenly placed between the living and the dead."

In 1842, the representatives of the Congregational Union of England and Wales assembled at Liverpool. Before them Mr. Hamilton preached a sermon on the "Intercommunity of Churches." It was immediately and unanimously requested that the sermon should be printed. There is no one of his many compositions which displays to greater advantage the higher powers of his nature, than this discourse. It may be perused and reperused by the most learned and the most simple with great and growing advantage. The following year Mr. Hamilton undertook, on behalf of the London Missionary Society, a journey into Scotland, when, as usual, he gained fresh laurels as an earnest advocate for his favourite cause. On his return home, he was joyfully surprised to receive a splendid present of plate, which his church and congregation had provided for him, and presented to him as

a memorial of their esteem. A few months after, the Senate of the University of Glasgow unanimously conferred on him the title of LL.D. A shower of honours came upon him, almost all at once; during the same year the Council of the University of the City of New York conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, as a testimonial of their esteem of his character for piety, talents and learning. As far as worldly fame went, he was now entering into the reward of his labours; as he was respected and loved by a large congregation, esteemed as a citizen by all who knew him, complimented by the learned, and crowned with the honours of universities. These honours he had fairly won, and they sat upon him with dignity and ease. When made Doctor of Laws, he wrote his sister in answer to her congratulations, "My friends seem quite unanimous—Church and Dissent—that I may wear it without self-exaggeration, or, as I express it, without making myself perfectly ridiculous. I believe it has befallen me with as little envy, and as much kind concurrence, as any such little matter, for so assuredly I regard it, ever excited."

Dr. Hamilton was now at the meridian point of his activity and usefulness. Besides sermons and addresses on public and important occasions, which he now frequently delivered, he found time to write his "Institutes of Popular Education," and win another prize. Dr. Vaughan had entrusted to him the sum of one hundred guineas to be awarded as a premium for the most valuable essay "on the best method of extending the benefits of Education to the People of England, consistently with the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty." Dr. Hamilton buckled on his armour, wrote his Essay in a short time, and bore away the prize in triumph. It was published, and dedicated to Earl Fitzwilliam: within two months, an edition of two thousand was exhausted, and before the end of the year, another edition appeared, revised and enlarged. The Rev. Mr. Ely, writing him at the time said, "The adjudicators who have decided on the merits of the work, cannot know as well as a few of your intimate friends, all the grounds on which you are entitled to the honours which it has been their office to assign—because they cannot know how full your hands have been—what responsible

the satisfaction of his hearers generally, he proved his point. So strong was his belief in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, that, when once he ascertained what they revealed, the matter was to his mind finally and irrevocably settled. Innumerable millions of immortal spirits writhing in agony for unending ages would be to him dust in the balance, when weighed with *one* positive statement of Scripture.

On the 14th of May, 1847, Dr. Hamilton was the chairman of the seventeenth Annual Assembly of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. In the same year he took his stand boldly in opposition to the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education; and during the strenuous agitation against the views entertained by the government, no one took a more active part in it than the Rev. Doctor. He believed that government could not interfere in the great work of national education without impairing the springs of the nation's greatness and strength, by gradually sapping the foundations of voluntarism and that manly independence which have so materially contributed to England's prosperity and progress. This view was shared by a large number of the principal Protestant dissenters. But strongly as it was urged, the government succeeded in carrying their measure.

During the autumn of 1847, Dr. Hamilton was called to visit the death-bed of the "friend of his soul, and brother of his heart," Mr. Ely. Heart-rending must that scene have been, and none but those who are capable of true friendship, can, even in imagination, picture to themselves its reality. Very soon after the last bitter anguish was over, and the mortal remains of the departed one were deposited in "the house appointed for all living," Dr. Hamilton dried up his tears, and wrote the memoir of his friend, which was prefixed to Mr. Ely's posthumous works. "I often dreamed," says the biographer, "indeed, that a funeral torch was held by my beloved friend; but it pointed to another grave. He seemed to plant the yew and the cypress; but these were not to shade his own tomb. His urn rose not among all my darkest visions, and now that I am commanded to sculpture it, surprise and sadness overpower me. . . . When it has always been assumed that some one

must outlive us, that he shall be the guardian of our memory—when heedlessly we have seen in this a very course of nature—the reversal of our expectation is unutterable bitterness." How touching this allusion to the expectation in Dr. Hamilton's mind that Mr. Ely would outlive him, and write his own memoir. Such is life with its apparent inconsistency, and the deep mysteries which environ it; but in the grand life-march of humanity, and in the sum total of human destiny, there is no disorder to the eye of the All-Seeing.

Dr. Hamilton's *last* publication was the memoir above alluded to. He was soon called to join his friend in another sphere, where friendships know no alloy, no severance—where the love formerly fostered on earth blooms in undecaying beauty, uninfluenced by the ravages of revolutions and the blasts of time. On the 7th of May, 1848, Dr. Hamilton preached to his congregation in Belgrave Chapel, Leeds, from the text, "For here we have no abiding city;" and though neither he nor any one else expected it, it was his *last* sermon to his own people. On the following Monday he left Leeds for the May Meetings, in London. A few days after he fell ill and continued, more or less severely so, until the day of his death. On his way back to Leeds, he fulfilled an engagement to preach for the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in Rotherham. This he did from the text, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ;" and this was the *last* sermon he preached. His illness increased, until he expired on the 18th of July, 1848, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. About two hours before his death, Mr. Edward Baines attended his bed-side, and said to him—"You hold all your great principles firm and clear to the last?" and the dying man said, "O, yes, my principles!" If those principles fail, everything fails. I have always relied on principle." "It was a look," says Mr. Baines, "so extraordinary, that I can never forget it; while his tone in exclaiming 'my principles,' was just like that I have so often heard from him in speaking on the platform, on great and exciting occasions."

A little before the publication of the Memoir of Mr. Ely, Dr. Hamilton sent forth a small volume, entitled "*Horæ et Vindiciæ Sabbaticæ; or, Familiar Disquisitions on the Revealed Sabbath.*"

a word from any quarter to elucidate the enigma of Tom's absence. Time, however, brings discoveries. Accordingly when Smyth was about concluding within himself that his existence had been utterly forgotten both by Sheridan and his son, he received the following explanation of the state of things:—

"MY DEAR MR. SMYTH.—It is not I that am to be married, nor you. Set your heart at rest, it is my father himself; the lady, a Miss Ogle, who lives at Winchester; and that is the history of the Guilford business. About my own age—better me to marry her, you will say. I am not of that opinion. My father talked to me two hours last night, and made out to me that it was the most sensible thing he could do. Was not this very clever of him? Well, my dear Mr. S——, you should have been tutor to him, you see. I am incomparably the most rational of the two, and now and even yours very truly and affectionately, T. S."

Tom Sheridan is his father's own son. While at Cambridge he was pronounced to be the cleverest fellow in the place, as in point of wit and fun he very probably was. His father once said to him, "Tom, you have genius enough to get a dinner every day in the week at the first tables in London, and that's something, but that is all, you can go no further." They thoroughly understood each other; the son was equally complimentary to the father, as many oft-repeated anecdotes can testify. On one occasion, Tom complained, over the bottle to him, that his pockets were empty. "Try the highway," was the father's answer. "I have," said Tom, "but I made a bad hit; I stopped a caravan full of passengers who assured me they had not a farthing, for they all belonged to Drury Lane Theatre, and could not get a penny of their salary." Kelly tells a somewhat similar story. He says that father and son were supping with him one night after the Opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament; "I think father," says he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'" "And under that, Tom," said his father, "be sure you write 'Unfurnished.'" Tom accepted

the joke, but was even with him upon another occasion. Sheridan had a cottage, about half a mile from Hounslow Heath. Tom, being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some money. "I have none," was the prompt reply. "Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom. "If that is the case," rejoined the parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols up stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable; the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath." "I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night; I unluckily stopped your treasurer, Perke, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world."

Out of the many other anecdotes related of Sheridan and Tom, one or two seem too good to be omitted. One day, just before Tom went abroad, he was at his father's house, when the servant, in passing, inadvertently threw down the plate-warmer with a great crash, and thereby startled Tom's nerves a good deal, he being then exceedingly unwell. Sheridan, after furiously scolding the servant who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, "and how many plates have you broken?" "Oh, not one, sir!" answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself. "And you fool," said Sheridan, "have you made all that noise for nothing?" Tom subsequently married against his father's wishes, and thereby seriously offended him. The first time the two met after the marriage, Sheridan informed Tom that he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. The son said he was extremely sorry, but supposed he must submit to his fate, observing coolly, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you *now*, sir, do you?" whereupon old Sheridan burst out laughing, and they instantly became friends again.

Lord Holland mentioned to Moore a curious scene which he had with Sheridan and the Prince of Wales (George IV.), while the Whigs were in power. Sheridan having told him (while they waited in an ante-chamber) about some public letter which he had corrected or re-written for the Prince, the latter, on their admission, told quite a different story, referring to Sheridan for confirmation of it, and who all the while courted

usually ran out, and had a little run of money with his tea or coffee; made a supposition between one and two, and for the important business used as a receipt for town, regularly stopping to wait at the Adam and Eve at the end of a dram. It is said even a long bill run up by Adam and Eve, which Lord John had to pay.

After his marriage, Sheridan's life, so far as we can see, went on pretty much as before. We have little information of either of his private or public doings. An amusing incident which occurred on the opening of a Parliamentary session of 1802, is enough not altogether undeserving of mention. Pitt and Sheridan, entering the House at the same moment, went up to the table, and took the oath at the same time. The Premier, who was as careless in pecuniary matters as his political opponent, rummaged in his pockets in the vague expectation of finding two shillings ready paid on such occasions, but found nothing. He turned round to Sheridan, who by some extraordinary accident happened to have money, and was actually able to be a lender, and so saved the prime minister from his temporary embarrassment. Many were the rumours which spring out of the transactions. At the present date it were not an interesting historical inquiry—were

from which it was expected that the man in such request, unless he stole out unperceived, would in due time appear. At length the door opens, a finely-toned voice is heard uttering something which seemed to please somebody in the interior, if a gentle laugh may enable the stander-by to form a judgment. Sheridan would then come out. There was something in his appearance, even in the days of his intemperance, that at once captivated all who saw him. His "fine Shaksperian head," as John Kemble was wont to call it, was bent towards you with a gracious and becoming dignity. His brilliant eye, his winning smile, his trimly ordered hair, his elegant careless costume, combined in forming a visible presence that was equally attractive and commanding. He walked through the crowd of suitors with an easy, unembarrassed air, bowing courteously to each, and to each having something kind to say; and, as Boden tells, "so cordial were his manners, his glance so masterly, and his address so captivating, that the people for the most part seemed to forget what they actually came for, and went away as if they had come only to look at him." It was not always, however, that an interview could be obtained. A gentleman who was one day waiting, as he had been the day before, by appointment, in the parlour, observed another gentleman walking about in a state of

Of Sheridan's procrastination and utter recklessness of all economy, many stories are related. Professor Smyth states that he was one morning waiting for him in his ante-room, when casting his eye upon a table covered with letters, manuscripts, pamphlets and other miscellaneous papers, he observed that the letters were mostly unopened, and that even some of them in this state had coronets on the seal. He remarked to Mr. Westley, the treasurer of Drury Lane, who was also waiting in the room, that Sheridan apparently treated all alike,—wafer or coronet, pauper or peer, the letters seemed equally unopened. "Just so," said the treasurer, "indeed, last winter I was occupying myself much as you are doing now, and what should I discover but a letter from myself, unopened like the rest—a letter which I knew contained a £10 note. The history was this: I had received a note from Mr. Sheridan, dated Bath, and headed with the words, 'Money bound,' and entreating me to send him the first £10 I could lay my hands on. This accordingly I did. In the meantime I suppose some one had given him a cast in his carriage up to town, and his application to me had never more been thought of; and therefore there lay my letter, and would have continued to lie till the house-maid would have swept it with the rest into the fire, if I had not accidentally seen it." Mr. Smyth subsequently told this story to Sheridan's valet, Edwards, and suggested to him the desirability of looking after the letters. Edwards replied—"What can I do for such a master? The other morning I went to settle his room after he had gone out, and on throwing open the windows, found them stuffed up with papers of different kinds, and among them bank notes; there had been a high wind in the night, the windows I suppose had rattled; he had come in quite intoxicated, and, in the dark, for want of something better, stuffed the bank notes into the cushion; and as he never knows what he has in his pocket or what he has not, they were never afterwards missed."

The destruction of Drury Lane theatre by fire was a most momentous disaster for Sheridan, and doubtless precipitated his affairs into that state of absolute ruin towards which they had long been tending. When he heard of the catastrophe he was in the House of Commons, and stoically remained there for some time engaged in the public business. Afterwards he repaired to Drury Lane; saw the entire destruction of his property, but manifested great fortitude and composure. It is said, that as he sat for awhile at the Piazza Coffee House, taking some refreshment during the fire, a friend of his having remarked on the philosophic calmness with which he bore his misfortune, Sheridan answered, "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." Moore discredits this story, but it may be readily admitted that it is not unlike the man.

On the dissolution of Parliament after the session of 1812, Sheridan found himself without money to secure his re-election. The rest of his life was an accumulation of miseries and anxieties. His severe losses, his deep involvements, embittered his declining days, and hastened his melancholy end. Over the neglected wretchedness of his last hours we will not linger. The kindly, careless soul—its generous genialities now all shrunken and defaced—is at length left friendless in the days of his adversity. Arrested on his death-bed for debt, he finally shuffles off this mortal coil, and leaves his embarrassments behind him. In the bright July weather of 1816, he died in quite abject condition; and they gave him a splendid funeral for compensation—royal and noble hands, that ministered not to his distress, bearing up the pall! He rests now in Westminster Abbey, our English Pantheon of great men. There have been many greater, many worthier; but among the considerable men of the eighteenth century, his country may justly reckon him. Be his faults, then, charitably scanned, and such virtues and rare endowments as he had cheerfully acknowledged and remembered.

Spain is a country of contrasts. Her literature is sparkling with a sparkling mirror of brilliant illumination; and her literature of Germany bears the stamp of the deep thought, poetical grandeur, and beside any mysticism which the German people stand proud to claim, no fiction was given the name of literature. Nor are the products of Spanish writers less characteristic. Standing as it were apart, in its own right, the brotherhood of nations, it is visited by tourists, its inhabitants are addicted to travel, Spain has not, quite lately, the country of the stranger to foreigners of all in general. It might, therefore, be well to say that her literature should be distinguished by individuality, and by a distinctive character. The people of Spain are generous and hospitable beyond measure, truly, and hospitable, but hospitable to strangers, firm in friendship, and contented love. They have much of originality. Their conversation is not without hyperbole. Their wit over-tops the bounds of intellectuality. But, as a whole, they are a gallant and chivalric nation, with constituent elements of character so admirably developed in the national character, which is especially rich in that poetry in the drama and romance. As might be anticipated, the nation have but few writers on theo-

logy; there is one "bright and potent star," that in brilliancy outshines all the rest. Lope de Vega and Calderon are familiar names, but Cervantes is a "household word." The works of the former adorn our libraries, we study and admire them; but the Knight of La Mancha, and Sancho Panza, are enshrined evermore in our memories.

"Don Quixote" has not only attained an unrivalled popularity in Spain; it has, moreover, achieved a world-wide reputation, and found a welcome and a home amongst all people in all classes, whatever their age or country. There can be no better proof of its intrinsic worth than this. Some one has well said, that Genius is cosmopolitan; that its utterances are expressed in one broadly comprehensive and universal language; that its dictates are inscribed upon one fair and fur-flashing scroll, raised high in the sight of all the nations, like the unfurled banner of the regal night with the profusion of its starry splendours. We do, indeed, find that the revelations of genius meet with recognition and sympathy, not only in the land where they first arose, but amid all people, wherever there is a heart to love and appreciate, and a soul to comprehend.

The early history of MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA is involved in some obscurity. His family, although poor, appears to have been originally noble;

as to which of them might claim the honour of having been his birth-place. It seems, however, that he was baptized on the 9th of October, in the parish church of Alcala, dedicated to Santa Maria la Mayor. This fact has been established in the most authentic and convincing manner—"del modo mas autentico y convincente." It is supposed that the early education of Cervantes was conducted beneath the parental roof; but this is not certainly known. He displayed a deep love of poetry and the drama from childhood; and so great a passion for reading, that he treasured carefully the torn fragments of written paper which he found in the streets. Notwithstanding these indications of the student, we ever fancy the young Cervantes, as a boy among boys, simple, frank, good-natured, a hearty lover of fun, and ready at all times for frolic and adventure.

He studied grammar and the belles-lettres, under Juan Lopez de Hoyas, a learned ecclesiastic of Madrid; and made considerable progress while under the tuition of this master, advancing also in the development of his poetical faculties. It appears that Juan Lopez, "being charged with the arrangement of the histories, allegories, emblems and inscriptions, which were directed to be placed in the church of the Descalzas Reales in celebration of the magnificent obsequies of the Queen Isabel de Valois, in that town, on the 24th of October, 1568, employed his scholars in these compositions. Some were in Latin, and others in Castilian. Among these scholars, Cervantes was one of the most distinguished." The history published by Lopez, detailing the circumstances of the last illness, death, and funeral of this princess, contains many tributes to her memory from the pen of the young poet; and among these an elegy of considerable merit, dedicated to the Cardinal Espinosa, inquisitor general. In the course of the work, Hoyas frequently refers to his pupil, affectionately designating him as, "su caro y amado discipulo."

"The common opinion has been that it was at Madrid that Cervantes prosecuted his studies with Juan Lopez; but considering that Lopez did not obtain the chair of grammar and belles-lettres in that city until the 29th of January, 1568, when Cervantes was already more than twenty years of age,

it is most natural to conclude that his instructions were anterior to this period; and that either as a private master, or out of Madrid, he had taught his celebrated scholar, so far as to call him with propriety his disciple, after he had been only eight months presiding in the above-mentioned chair—a conjecture that admits of entire confirmation, it being certain that Cervantes, as he has himself informed us, studied two years in Salamanca, and matriculated in that University, and resided in the Calle de los Moros." Hence his intimate acquaintance with the peculiar features of that city and its student-life, so graphically delineated in the second part of the "Don Quixote," in the story of the "Licentiate of Glass" and other portions of his writings. His first poetical efforts meeting with approbation, Cervantes was induced to give to the world further specimens in the form of sonnets, romances, and a pastoral called "Filenia," which has been lost.

These first flowerings of genius doubtless attracted some notice in the literary circles of Madrid. In the autumn of 1568, at the period of the queen's funeral, Cervantes visited the capital. About the same time the papal legate, Aquaviva, arrived, with compliments of condolence from Pope Pius V. to Philip II., on the death of the Prince Don Carlos, who had perished in prison the previous July. The court of Rome had also given instructions to the legate, for the purpose of obtaining redress in some case in which the king's ministers had trespassed upon the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Neither mission was agreeable to Philip. He had expressly commanded that no one should presume to condole with him on the decease of his son, whose mysterious death, so shortly followed by that of the queen, gave much reason for conjecture and suspicion. Certain it is that Monseigneur Aquaviva received his passport on the 2nd of December, with an order that he should depart for Italy within sixty days. He did go accordingly, taking with him in his suite, as chamberlain, our Cervantes, who had probably gained his attention through his copy of verses dedicated to the Cardinal Espinosa, for the legate was a decided lover of literature and delighted to encourage genius. The young Spanish nobility considered it no de-

which turned to so valuable an asset. Every town and city of note which he passed, formed the subject of his constant observation; and stored nothing with reference to its history and character beneath his noble memory and to remember. And Spanish artists regard life. In the execution, however, apparently as in the by-paths and hedges as in the broad high-ways, the artist's hand may garner up in the store-houses of memory, stores of great association and incident, for present and future triumphs.

Cervantes did not remain long under the roof of Aquaviva. His ardent, restless spirit, soon sought some more active occupation. In the following year we learn, he entered into the Spanish military service in Italy; thus directing a profession according to his own noble and suited to his birth. In his own expressions, "the exercise of arms, although honourable in itself, was more peculiarly adapted to one of illustrious birth and of gentle mind."

He was soon called into active service for the Grand Turk having broken treaty with the Venetian republic, he attacked upon the island of Cyprus. The Venetians implored assistance from Christian princes; and more especially from his holiness the pope, who forth-

with alacrity, just before the contest, his captain and comrades wished to dissuade him from taking part in the engagement. He replied with generous pride, that he would "rather die fighting for God and his king, than conserve his health at the price of an action so cowardly in seeming." He fought most heroically in the hottest of the conflict, and carried with him to the grave the memorials of that famous day; for, besides several other wounds, it was in this engagement that Cervantes lost his left hand. These honourable wounds were highly valued by our hero as testimonials of his bravery, and he ever remembered with pride and pleasure the victory of Lepanto, esteeming it better for the soldier "to die nobly on the battle-field, than to secure his life through abandonment of duty."

On the night following the battle, the fleet retired to the adjacent port of Petela to repair the damages sustained by the vessels, and to attend to the necessities of the sick and wounded. The weak state of health, from which Cervantes then suffered, of course greatly aggravated the irritation occasioned by his wounds. The next day Don John visited the invalid soldiers, and rewarded all who had distinguished themselves, ordering three crowns above his ordinary pay to be given to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

the first description Cervantes gave of his captives, with several of whom he was in bonds, but being released the first day by the Moor, he was obliged to act as their guide, and was obliged to return to the camp, reluctant to still harasser the captives' torments. The failure of the projected plan, must have been a great disappointment to the sufferers. Cervantes mentions his attempt to gain freedom, and gives the following picture of his captivity in the "Tragedy of Angel."

"I have seen all his friends being released, and charged them with letters from me, imploring the deplorable fate of my dear brother. His father has sent as large a sum as he could spare, by mortgage on the property of his young son, by which he has been enabled to the extent of the ransom. The ransom, however, has not saved our industrious brother, for the eyes of Don Mamí, the Moor's governor, are undimmed, and he has refused to accept it. In consequence of this, he was induced to release my brother, Rodrigo alone. His father, on reaching home, was told that an attempt had been made to ransom his brother, but was refused."

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...knowing his master's house.
...truly, of his ever-
...fertile resources of

The captives only dared to venture without the cave during the night. And what days and nights of fearful, anxious anticipation must those have been! How many times beneath the moonlit skies must the watchers have gazed across the deep, in hopes of some friendly sail. Imagination pictures the whole scene before us. A fair, still evening. No cloud upon the untroubled skies. A thousand stars shine gloriously, like jewelled diadem upon the brow of the queenly night, herself a softer, milder day. No sound floats through the lonely air. A gentle breeze just fans the bending feathery grasses and bright flowers, and breathes the tautness of a spirit's whisper amid the shadowy masses of surrounding foliage. A few dark figures are flitting about the entrance of the cave, half hidden in the deep gloom of bowing trees. These are Cervantes and his friends. They gaze expectantly athwart the dark blue waves, bright with the silvery light of stars. There is a murmur of suppressed voices, of half-uttered lamentations—for, as yet, no speck appears upon the "waste of waters." One stands among the watching band, with high, proud forehead, with eagle glance, the light of conscious power within his eyes, and courage flashing on his brow. That is Cervantes. And he looks forth, hoping, trusting—and is not deceived, for surely a ship is afar—and the image of Liberty floats above the deep. But no—it is not the yet.

Alas! For those human hearts, a full and frank hope and belief in a rescue. A vessel had indeed been sent to carry them, and dispatched from Sweden, stationed in the vicinity of Ångström, about the eighth of September, having been called there from the shore by a small discovery by the Danes. During the night it appeared in the bay, and to the garden, where it was a vessel of this kind to the natives. A M. de Lushington, having taken the alarm, and although the Spaniards were more attracted to approach the coast, the second effort was worse than the first, for the Swedes fell into the hands of their enemies, and so ended this unfortunate expedition. At first, the refugees knew nothing of the capture of the friendly ship. They were, at least, conscious of themselves with hopes, and the damp and dis-

comfort of their gloomy cavern, when another very untoward event took place in the treachery of one of the slaves who possessed a knowledge of their place of concealment. This man, El Dorador, revealed the secret of the cave to the Dey, Azan. The Dey immediately dispatched the captain of his guard, with half a score horsemen, and about twenty infantry, to bring the betrayed Christians back into captivity. Before their arrival, Cervantes had time to warn his friends to silence with respect to their attempted flight, as he himself would gladly bear all the blame. And when in the presence of the hostile troops, with their stern questionings, flushed cheeks and angry eyes, Cervantes rose, with natural grace and dignity, and lifting to heaven a serene and lofty brow, exclaimed with loud voice, that "none of those unfortunates were at fault in having planned escape, but that he alone was to blame (if blame indeed there were in striving to regain a sacred right), in that he, and he only, had urged them on, and encouraged them in every effort."

The Turks were surprised at a confession so free and generous, thus made at the risk of torture and of death. Cervantes was taken before the Dey, Azan, who, by the most terrible menaces, endeavoured to extort from him the names of his accomplices. Azan particularly suspected the R. P. Fr. Jorge Olivar, agent for the redemption of slaves in Algiers, of being concerned in the affair. Perhaps this suspicion arose from the hints of El Dorador, to the effect that he favoured the evasion of the captives, or perhaps his own avarice suggested the idea, as a means of reaping a rich harvest of money, through an attack upon the reverend padre. At any rate, the news that he was suspected came to the knowledge of Father Olivar, and he instantly sent off to a brother ecclesiastic, the rich vestments, and the vessels sacred to divine service, lest they might be profaned by the infidels, should they chance to take him into custody.

The noble Cervantes, however, firm against every threat, and deaf to every seduction, continued constant in affirming that he alone was to blame, unwilling to compromise directly or by implication, any one of his comrades. Weary, at last, Azan sent him in chains to prison, and contented himself with appropri-

ating to his own service all the rest of the prisoners.

As soon as the Alcáide learned particulars with reference to the affair, he executed the gardener with his own hands. A like cruel fate doubtless have awaited Cervantes and his companions, but for the avarice of the Dey, hoping for large ransoms in order to have him completely in power, Azan purchased our hero from his former master for five hundred crowns.

Azan Basha was so cruel a tyrant with his slaves, that he was deservedly regarded by them as a species of monster. Of the manner in which he treated his captives, Cervantes writes, "And although hunger and illness might distress us much, at times even always, yet these were nothing witnessing the unheard-of cruelties which my master treated the Christians. Every day he hanged, impaled, or tortured one or other wretched victim; this often without the least provocation, so that even his own people acknowledged that he acted thus for the love of cruelty, and because of his unquenchable blood-thirsty homicidal tendency."

The repeated failure of his plans for regaining liberty appeared to have altogether disheartened the gallant captive. In September, 1580, he became acquainted with a Spanish guide, known in his native Granada as the licentiate Giron, whom he earnestly to return to his former Christian faith. The apostate seemed desirous of so doing, and being conscious of his sincerity, Cervantes confided in his honour, and arranged with him to negotiate with two merchants of Valencia, Onofre Exarque and Baltazar de Torres, then resident in Algiers, for the purpose of procuring a frigate. With money advanced by Exarque, Giron succeeded in obtaining a vessel prepared for the purpose, all under the secret directions of Cervantes, who, with sixty of the captives, held himself ready to depart for his beloved country, as soon as the arrangements should be completed. But, when just on the point of setting out, that long-lost blessing of freedom and hopes, so fondly cherished, were more blighted, and worst of all, that a Spaniard, Juan Blanco de Pineda, formerly a Dominican monk, who discovered the whole plan to the Dey, immediately actuated by a sentiment of je-

These plans were, however, frustrated, and Azan Basha was accustomed to say that "accordingly as he guarded well the one-handed Spaniard, so should he hold secure his slaves, his shipping and his capital."

Cervantes was evidently treated with some indulgence, or he must have forfeited his life for his tenacity. In speaking of Azan's cruelty to the other slaves, he seems to acknowledge this. He writes—"There was but one whom he treated well, and this was a Spanish soldier, one Saavedra, whose many plots to regain his freedom will long endure in the remembrance of these people. This man he never struck nor ordered to be punished; and yet for the least of his many enterprises, many feared lest he should suffer death; and so also he himself feared more than once."

It seems strange to us that so illustrious a man should be allowed by his country to remain so long a time in captivity, without being ransomed by the government, when it was discovered that his parents were too poor to supply the sum requisite, having impoverished themselves by the redemption of their elder son, Rodrigo. It seems that they were continually making efforts to interest persons in power to obtain the liberty of Miguel; and at last, after much trouble and anxiety, they appeared on the point of accomplishing the end desired. They begged of the Duke of Sessa, then returned to Madrid, from a long vacancy in Sicily, that he would pay the enormous sum of the redemption, in return for the services of Cervantes in consequence of his having lost, while in slavery, all hopes of recommendation to his native land. The Duke willingly supplied the required funds.

During the time of this negotiation the nation of our hero died, without the consolation of a last embrace from his beloved son. His sad event proved happily no hindrance to the proceedings and ended for the present at Chiverto. In the spring of 1580, Philip II. died, and his son, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Duke of Infantado, and Philip of Austria, his brother, succeeded to the throne. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, who was then in the city of Algiers, sent a messenger to Cervantes, and the latter, on the 24th of May, departed for his native land, by the delphin, a galley commanded by the Azan Basha, to whom he was indebted for his freedom.

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not accept less than one thousand crowns for Cervantes, and unless he were paid this sum forthwith he would most assuredly take him with him to Constantinople, whither he was about to proceed, the period of his government having expired. He agreed at last to accept five hundred crowns, and our hero was disembarked on the 19th of September, the very same day that his former master set sail for Turkey.

But although breathing once more "the free glad air of heaven," the trials of Cervantes were not yet over. We have before mentioned Juan Blanco de Paz, who acquired an infamous notoriety among the Christians for his treachery in revealing to the Dev the projected escape in Giron's armed frigate. This man's jealousy and hatred of Cervantes led him to fabricate many gross falsehoods, relative to his conduct while in captivity; particularly, it seems, as to his being untrue to the Christian religion.

Cervantes, desirous that his character should not only wear the garb of innocence in reality, but also in seeming, demanded that the strictest investigations should forthwith be made as to his conduct whilst in Algiers. As might be anticipated, the result was a bright triumph of truth over falsehood; and proved that he had not only kept his own faith pure from infidel assaults, but that he had ever wisely counselled and earnestly exhorted those who had thus yielded to temptation. Amidst the wavering and the faint-hearted, he had still remained constant and unshaken, ready at all times to strengthen and console those who required advice and consolation. In fine, his reputation was triumphantly established, as a "true Christian and a good Catholic."

This affair having been terminated so much to his satisfaction, Cervantes, with several of his friends, also redeemed, set sail for Spain at the close of the year 1580. To use his own heart-warm words—"This world can give no deeper joy, than the return to one's native land, safe and sound, after long years of dire captivity: for there is on earth no transport comparable to that of long-lost liberty regained."

At the time of his return, Philip II was at Badajoz, occupied with the conquest of Portugal, in which kingdom he had entered on the 5th of December. The Castilian army remained there for the

purpose of maintaining his Majesty's authority, and securing the public tranquillity, by repressing any disturbance which might occur. Rodrigo de Cervantes served in this army, and Miguel resolved to enter it also, believing that by no better way could he forward his views at Court.

We will not follow Cervantes in all his military exploits by sea and by land, while under the conduct of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the greatest Spanish sea-captain of the age. Suffice it to state, in the words of one of his biographers, that "the Marquis of Santa Cruz most felicitously and gloriously terminated this campaign, and entered Cadiz on the 15th of September, 1582, amid the applause and acclamations of all good Spaniards."

The Portuguese character made a favourable impression on the mind of Cervantes. He speaks of the inhabitants of Lisbon as being all "agreeable, courteous, liberal," and of the "beauty of the women inspiring admiration and love;" and he ever afterwards retained an affectionate memory of Portuguese kindness and hospitality.

It is wonderful that our author could have found time for composition amid a life of such strange vicissitudes. His first prose work, the "*Galatea*," was published in 1584, a pastoral romance, wherein he celebrates the praises of a lady he shortly after married. This work was warmly welcomed by the contemporary literati.

On the 12th of December, in the same year, Miguel de Cervantes married Dona Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Voz Mediano, of one of the most illustrious families of Esquivias. Our author decided upon Esquivias as his place of residence, and from its proximity to Madrid, it is probable that he passed much of his time in the capital, as we hear of his enjoying friendly intercourse with Vicente Espinel, Juan de Barros, and other distinguished men, there resident. A literary academy, on the plan of those in Italy, was founded here, which formed a rallying point for the young literary aspirants of the day.

The next works of Cervantes were dramatic. He produced in succession, "*El Trato de Argel*" (Life in Algiers), the "*Numancia*," and the "*Naval Engagement*," and several other plays which he had the satisfaction of seeing performed amid great applause in the

never been worthily rewarded, and he placed himself above the vulgar of age, without any regular means or adequate means of support.

Every year he removed to Seville, where Antonio de Guevara was commander of the fleets, &c. for the Indies, and the right of appointing four assistant commissioners. Cervantes obtained this situation as commissioner, with the addition, that it might lead to a better letter. In 1590, he addressed a petition to the King, praying for the appointment in India. This petition was referred to the President of the Council for the Indies. Nothing, however, came of it. He continued at Seville until 1597, when he was imprisoned for debt, having unfortunately become a merchant, named Simon Ruiz, with a sum of money amounting to 14,000 reals, which he had collected as commissioner. This debt was engaged to pay at Madrid; and instead of this, he failed and absconded. The exigencies of the Treasury, resulting from the enormous expenses attending the conquest of Portugal and the Terceira Islands, and the loss of the unfortunate Armada directed against England, called for the invincible, the continued changes in the administration of the revenue and its tributaries, and the new duties and taxes

out doubt, unjust, or Cervantes could never have mentioned the circumstance, as he does, with that serenity and noble unconcern which conscious innocence alone can inspire." Had it been otherwise, his numerous rivals and enemies would have been only too glad to take advantage thereof, but they never even refer to it.

These misfortunes of Cervantes recall to our recollections similar passages in the life of the illustrious Portuguese, Camoens.

It is supposed that Cervantes spent about four years in La Mancha. But this is only conjecture. One of his Spanish biographers thinks, indeed, that the accuracy with which the great romancist has depicted the topography of this district, and the peculiarities of its inhabitants, a sufficient evidence that he must have resided there for some time, and that he consequently wrote thus from personal observations.

In 1603 he removed to Valladolid, where the court had been established for two years. His many claims upon the government of his country never having been satisfied as yet, he solicited the patronage of the Duke of Lerma, then a favourite and all-powerful minister. From him, however, he received a rude repulse; and thus, in the evening of his days, he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. Well—perhaps

it was misunderstood by those who read it, and entirely disregarded by those who were capable of appreciating it, resolved upon a very ingenious method of exciting the public attention. He published an anonymous critique upon his own book, under the title of "El Buscapie." In this clever little brochure he explained that the "Don Quixote" was intended as an instructive satire upon the ill effects resulting from the inordinate reading of the tales of chivalry; and that the characters although imaginary, yet held some relation to certain persons in real life; particularly to Charles V. and the paladins of his court, and to other persons in authority. This little book produced the desired effect, in attracting curiosity, and drawing attention to the work it was intended to illustrate; and forthwith "Don Quixote" became extremely popular; and four editions were issued in 1605, the year in which it was first published. But although warmly approved by the majority, Cervantes suffered much persecution from those who believed themselves comprehended in the satirical remarks on contemporary writers which abound in the "Quixote."

The court was again restored to Madrid, in 1606; and here once more our author fixed his residence. Being now advanced in years, he resolved from this time to live retired from the world, and entirely devoted to literature and religious exercises.

In 1612 the "Novelas Ejemplares," or Exemplary Tales, were published with a dedication to the Count of Lemos. Boccaccio's "Decamerone" suggested the idea of these stories. Cervantes proposed to himself to write twelve tales, equal in elegance of style and interesting incident to those of the Italian, combined with higher aims and superior moral tendencies. To these "Novelas" we shall again revert in our critical examination of the works of Cervantes.

In 1614, some nameless person published a continuation of the "Don Quixote," although its author was still living, and had announced the second part of his book as being nearly completed. The continuation, an ignorant, worthless attempt, with a libellous prologue, appeared under the fictitious signature of the Licentiate Avellaneda. Cervantes himself has rescued this production from deserved oblivion by men-

tioning it in the second part of his own immortal work. It does not appear from all we can learn, that Avellaneda's work was ever really popular in Spain. It was translated by Le Sage, in 1704. The lively Frenchman, however, took great liberties with his original, altering and improving it greatly, and lending it the graces of his own inimitable style.

The second part of the true "Don Quixote" was published in 1615, with a dedication to the Count of Lemos, who proved a very kind friend and powerful protector to Cervantes, during the last years of his life. Although his writings were so universally popular, it does not appear that either Cervantes or his family reaped thence any great pecuniary advantage. Philip III. himself acknowledged the irresistible charm which invested the history of the "ingenioso hidalgo;" and on remarking from a balcony, a student reading a book, and bursting into involuntary fits of laughter, he exclaimed,—"The man must either be mad, or reading 'Don Quixote!'" Yet neither the monarch nor his ministers thought fit to withdraw from obscurity and indigence an author who was the glory of all Spain, and her most illustrious son.

The poetry of the age having become degenerate, laden with extravagant ornament and worthless conceits, Cervantes sought to elevate the public taste by the publication of his "Viaje al Parnaso," or Journey to Parnassus, a work of more ingenuity than beauty or power. Our author, who was exceedingly anxious to secure a high poetical reputation, was greatly mortified by the neglect with which his later poems and plays were received. He offered some comedies to a bookseller named Juan de Villared, who assured him that "he would have bought them, had he not been told by an eminent author, that much reliance might be placed upon his prose, but none upon his poetry." Villared came to terms, at last, and published eight of our author's comedies, in 1615, which were received with indifference by both public and managers.

The last work of Miguel de Cervantes was a romance, entitled "The Sufferings of Persiles and Sigismunda," upon which he bestowed much time and care. It was never quite finished, and did not appear until after his death. This book was, above all his works, the an-

has illness. We are tempted to extract the whole—

"It so happened, beloved reader, that as myself and two friends were journeying from Esquivias, a famous place for ~~any~~ reasons, but particularly for its noble manillas and capital wines, I heard a man approaching behind, vigorously whipping his nag, and apparently very anxious to overtake us. He presently invited for us to stop, which we did; and when he came up to us, we found that he was a country student, attired in brown, with round-toed shoes and spatter dashes. He had a sword in an ~~iron~~ sheath, with a tape-tied band; he had only two tapes, so that his band got easily out of place, which he was at great pains to rectify. Without doubt, Senor said he, 'you seek to obtain some office or prebendal stall, from my Lord of Toledo or the king, to judge by the haste with which you journey; for a truth my ass, hitherto considered a famous trotter, has not been able to overtake you.' To which answered one of my companions, 'The fault lies with the stout nag of Senor Miguel de Cervantes; for he is somewhat quick in his pace.' No sooner had the student heard the name of Cervantes than throwing himself from his ass, his cloak-bag falling on one side, and his portmanteau on the other, he sprang forwards and seized me by the left hand, exclaiming

such a remark, that it was some time before I could get me to refrain from drinking, as if I had been born for nothing else. My life draws near its close, and to judge by my pulse, I cannot live longer than next Sunday. You have made my acquaintance at an unfortunate time, for I shall not live long enough to show my gratitude for your expressions of kindness and good-will.' Just then we arrived at the bridge of Toledo, over which I was to pass, while he departed for that of Segovia. As to my history I leave that in the hands of fame; my friends, doubtless, will be eager to narrate it, and I should have the greatest pleasure in hearing it. We embraced again, and once more I offered my services. He spurred his ass, and left me as little inclined to prosecute my journey, as he was well disposed for his; he had supplied my pen with ample materials for pleasantries, but all times are not the same. Perhaps even yet the day may arrive when taking up this broken thread, I may supply that which is now wanting. Adieu, gaiety! Adieu, humour! Adieu, pleasant friends! I must now die, hoping soon to see you all well contented in another world."

A sad picture this of our author's physical infirmities, albeit the record is penned in that cheerful, almost jeyous spirit which seems to have distinguished him at all times, and under all circumstances. His illness greatly increasing

Puesto ya el pie en el estribo,
Con las ansias de la muerte,
Gran Señor, estate escribió.

With foot already in the stirrup,
In the agonies of death,
I write you this, my lord.

He continues—"Yesterday I received extreme unction; the time is short; my pain increases; my hopes diminish. Yet do I greatly wish that life could be so prolonged that I might see you once again on Spanish ground." The Count of Lemos was then on his way home from Naples.

Four days after writing thus, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra died, aged sixty-seven years, on the 23rd of April, 1616; on the death-day of our own Shakspeare, according to some; but as the Gregorian Calendar was not adopted in England until 1751, it follows thence that the English poet survived Cervantes twelve days.

No monumental stone proclaims the spot where in deep-toned silence repose the earthly remains of Spain's most noble son. He desired to be interred in the church belonging to the monks of the Holy Trinity. This conventual establishment was removed in 1633 to a new church in the Calle de Cantaranas, and it is supposed that here is the resting-place of the mortal remains of Miguel de Cervantes.

Our author was ever cheerful and affable in manners; thoroughly kind-hearted; a man of warm and earnest sympathies, and of high-toned chivalric feeling. Without bigotry, he was rigorous in the discharge of all the duties enjoined by religion; particularly in the observance of the Church of Spain. A few years before his death he became one of a society of religious persons established under the name of the "Oratory of Olivar de Canizares." This association seems to have been highly fashionable, being patronized by Philip III., and the principal nobility of his court.

Although Cervantes experienced so much neglect from his own countrymen, he was always treated with distinguished regard and attention by foreigners who visited Madrid. They gazed after him with interest and curiosity, as he passed along the streets, and anxiously sought every opportunity of introduction to an author so illustrious.

As to his *person*, Cervantes has very characteristically sketched his

own portrait in a few graphic words. The passage will be found in his preface to the "Novelas":—"Him whom you here observe with the lean countenance, chestnut locks, smooth and open forehead, lively eyes, well-proportioned aquiline nose, beard silvery, that was golden some twenty years ago; large moustache, small mouth, the teeth, of which he has but six, in bad condition and worse placed, so that they have no correspondence one with the other; of clear complexion, rather inclined to fair than dark; the figure of middle size, somewhat stooping in the shoulders, and not very light of foot; this, I say, is the author of the 'Galatea' and of 'Don Quixote'; this is he who performed the journey to Parnassus, and is commonly styled Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra."

We will now proceed to a critical examination of our author's literary labours. It were a mere waste of words to give a detailed analysis of a work so widely known, and so universally appreciated as the "Don Quixote." We have all journeyed with the faithful Rosinante, enjoyed the sublime hallucinations of the "ingenioso hidalgo," and heartily laughed over the broader drolleries and less refined absurdities of that model of attendant squires, Sancho Panza. It was our good fortune never to have read a translation of the book until after the perusal of the inimitable original, which is written in a style of such matchless grace and beauty, that it is quite impossible to gain any worthy idea thereof through the medium of a foreign language. When some time after we looked into an English version, we were perfectly astonished at the difference. It was not that any of the original ideas were lost in the translation. These were, for the most part, well preserved. But it was a certain exquisite and all-pervading grace which had evaporated. This singular influence regarding style may be compared to the wonderful magic of light upon a varied landscape; and the translation to the same combinations of nature, with the sun behind a cloud—the scenery, indeed, has undergone no material change, but an indelible charm is fled, and it requires the aid of the magician to touch it into beauty and glory again.

The romance of Cervantes was written in ridicule of the extravagant tales of

[illegible]

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has declined from 1.1 billion to 800 million. The number of people who are malnourished has declined from 1.5 billion to 1 billion. The number of people who are obese has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million. The number of people who are obese and overweight has increased from 100 million to 300 million.

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servants he maltreats. While he is thus repairing wrongs and redressing injuries, the bachelor Antonio Lopez very properly tells him:—"I do not precisely understand your mode of redressing wrongs; but, as for my self, you have made me crooked, when I was straight enough before; you have broken my leg, which will never be set right all the days of my life; nor do I understand how you repair injuries, for that which I have received from you will never be repaired. It was the most unfortunate adventure that ever happened to me when I met you in search of adventures."

[illegible]

So, to work this out, we need a formula for the error, ϵ , as a function of that one of the particles.

It is not clear whether the authors intended to suggest that the use of the term "cognitive" is a necessary condition for the use of the term "cognitive" in the context of the study. The authors also state that the use of the term "cognitive" is a necessary condition for the use of the term "cognitive" in the context of the study.

Every age and every successive development of humanity, is, in some way or other, mirrored in its literature. Thus with the age of chivalry. Its spirit was imaged in the lofty sentiment and wild enthusiasm of contemporary romancers, in the strange, quaint recitals of the heroic chroniclers; and in the soft and tender love-song, or in the ringing warlike strains of its errant troubadours. But, in course of time, this literature lost, in a great measure, its original characteristics. Spain especially was overwhelmed with imitative chivalric romances, abounding in false, exaggerated sentiment, improbable incident and every description of wild extravagance. It was against such books as these that Cervantes directed his admirable satire, and so successfully, that the publication of the "Don Quixote" was the death-blow to all after attempts to revive an interest in the exploits of Roland, Amadis and the famous paladins of old.

One remarkable feature in the history of "Don Quixote," is the deep contrast between the refinement and lofty feeling of the Knight, and the vulgar and prosaic character of the Squire. The poetic imagination of Don Quixote colours all nature and every incident of life with its own magic hues. To his excited fancy, as before observed, wind-mills are giants, and ordinary women beautiful princesses, in the power of cruel enchanters. Sancho Panza, on the contrary, is just the rude villager, common-place enough, simple and credulous, a lover of fun and good-living; and evidently throughout a transcript from nature. The story abounds with incident and exquisite touches of wit. Here and there, too, are some very choice scraps of criticism. For instance, the Curate's examination of the Knight's library, &c. The forte of Cervantes lay not alone in humorous delineations; for some of the episodic stories he has introduced in the course of his work, are remarkable for pathetic interest, as the tale of the "Shepherdess Marcella," of "Cardenio," &c.

The popularity of "Don Quixote" has been almost unbounded. Thirty editions were published during the author's lifetime. It has been translated into all European languages. No other book is so true an exponent of Spanish character; and its language throughout is so varied, elegant and idiomatic, despite

a few *italicisms*, that no better work can be placed in the hands of a student of the language.

The "Novelas Ejemplares" consists of twelve tales of much variety and beauty. The first, called "La Gitanilla," is a most interesting picture of Gipsy life in Spain. The heroine Preciosa, is a beautiful girl who wins the heart of an accomplished cavalier, and induces him to pass two probationary years among the Gipsy band, before she accepts him as her husband. Of course, the tale concludes with the discovery that Preciosa is a lady of high and noble birth, every way equal in rank to her lover.

The second story, "El Amante Liberal," or *The Liberal Lover*, relates the adventures of some Christians enslaved by the Turks. Cervantes has here presented us with a vivid picture of his own sufferings, while in captivity, and the entire narrative, which is one of deep interest, bears the stamp of stern truth.

The history of "Rinconete and Cortadillo," presents us with the story of two young thieves. It is an amusing transcript from nature, such as can only be realized by those conversant with Spanish life and character. It illustrates strikingly the strange admixture of devotional sentiment and superstition among beings we might well imagine lost to every sense of religion. Rinconete inquires of a robber—"Perhaps, then, you follow the occupation of a thief?" "I do so," is the reply, "in the service of God and of all good people." "The Spanish-English Lady," shews clearly that our author had a very droll idea of England and the English. "The Licentiate of Glass," and "The Coloquio de los Perros," are satirical pieces. The "Beautiful Charwoman," and the "Lady Cornelia," are romantic love stories. Each one of these admirable tales possessing a peculiar charm of its own. They are all different in incident and character, and more or less attractive. To some editions of the "Novelas" will be found an appendix, containing tales, by Donna Maria de Zayas y Sotomayor; and it is interesting to observe how very inferior these are, to the ever-varied productions of Cervantes.

The earliest prose work of our author, the "Galatea," a pastoral, was written in avowed imitation of a similar romance, the "Diana," by Montemayor, a Portuguese, who wrote in Castilian. It is interest-

...passing like the generality of
...and the... and the...
...is tedious as
...contains six books,
...[...]

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...and the two integrate Cervantes' *Don Quixote* and *La Celestina*. His name is the only one I think is in his *Compendio*. Not a word of "El Quixote" or *La Celestina* both contain Cervantes' name. I think the "Vida de Cervantes" is one of his poetical works. He who has once read *Don Quixote* or *Parnassius*, will not be able to forget it; but the dramas

contain some really fine passages. The "Numantia" celebrates the noble sentiment of patriotism. It is founded upon the story of the siege of that city, when the inhabitants, rather than surrender to the Romans, perished amid the flames of their dejected homes.

"Life in Algiers" contains a vivid picture of the sufferings of the Christian captives in Moorish slavery, and was intended by the author as an excitement to the Spanish government to undertake active measures for the redemption of all such captives. We shall not attempt any analysis of these two dramas, that having been already so admirably done by M. Sismondi in his excellent work on the "Literature of the South of Europe."

And here we close our sketch of the life and writings of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; the brightest ornament that shines out amid Spanish literary records; a man of heroic soul, of fair and broad humanity, and of highest genius, of whom his country has, indeed, truest reason for pride and self-gratulation.

M. J. E.

APPENDIX 5: RESEARCH METHODS

• 19

The first of these is the fact that the
 Journal of the American Medical Association
 has been the most influential of the
 medical journals in the United States
 since its founding in 1882. It has
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Mr. Layton testified that he was not a member of the Communist Party, nor was he a member of the National Student Reliance Fund. He testified that he was not a member of the National Student Reliance Fund, nor was he a member of the National Student Reliance Fund. He testified that he was not a member of the National Student Reliance Fund, nor was he a member of the National Student Reliance Fund.

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green bank where they played at leap-frog, or gathered dandelions for their tame rabbits; and the worn-out, weather-worn deal seat where they assembled on autumn evenings to tell the round of stories, wonderful traditions, household memories, and recitals of chivalric enterprise, were all to be noted, years afterwards, when the heart was capable of a new thrill, and could revert to the past with a tenderness which called forth tears. It is just in this sympathy with the simple and the true—this gush of feeling under the touch of memory's magic-wand—that we recognise the poet by nature, who is none the less a poet, though he never writes a line, because his very constitution is poetic.

At the age of thirteen, Moir was apprenticed to Dr. Stewart, a medical practitioner in Musselburgh, a man of considerable talent, who took his pupil under the influence of a love for him, rather than as a trick of business. He entered upon life thus early, and commenced his duties with a cheerful zeal; and, in a short time, so gained upon the confidence of his master, as to be regarded as a personal friend.

"Business first, literary recreation next, and poetry the prince of it; such was the key-note on which Moir pitched his life and kept it to the end." His first poetical attempt bears the date of 1812, when he was in his fifteenth year. Like most juvenile attempts, this was only "good considering," certainly not worthy of preservation. Soon after this, he contrived to get two short prose essays into the "Cheap Magazine," a small Haddington publication. The anxieties connected with this his "first appearance in print," recalls to the mind the anecdote told by Dickens, of his mysterious dropping of a sealed packet into a dark letter-box in Fleet-street, and then hovering near the office, on publishing day, to catch the tidings of its fate. Moir used to relate how, burnt up with eager impatience, he shot out into the streets of Musselburgh to await the coach which brought the magazine from Haddington, and then and there found himself a veritable published author. As his apprenticeship wore out, he began his attendance at Edinburgh College. Every Monday he walked up to his classes, and returned home on Saturday night, to spend the Sabbath in the family circle.

During the week he lodged in a small room in Shakspeare-square. His days were spent in hard work at the theatre of the college, or in the various classes; his evenings at Currae's sale-rooms, where he staked his last shilling against all comers in a fierce bidding for a choice book. On Saturday night he exhibited his purchases to his friends, and indulged in a few harmless speculations as to how many volumes it requires to form a library, and how many years to purchase it at an expenditure of five shillings a week. Now and then he indulged himself with a visit to the theatre, to see the performances of Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, John Kemble, or Edmund Kean.

His apprenticeship concluded, he got his diploma as a surgeon in the spring of 1816, when he was only eighteen years of age. A long-cherished notion with him had been to enter the army; but the battle of Waterloo had so altered the state of military affairs, that this purpose was abandoned. He accordingly returned home from Edinburgh, and spent the summer in literary pursuits, contributing to the "Scot's Magazine," and taking an active part in a debating-club, called the "Musselburgh Forum." Of this society he was secretary, and so respected was he for his zeal in serving the society, that the members, at the close of their session, voted him a silver medal, suitably inscribed. It is a suggestive fact, that the greater part of our men of letters have gained their earliest experiences in connection with debating-clubs. Towards the end of this same year, he ventured on the publication of a volume, entitled, "The Bombardment of Algiers, and Other Poems," the edition of which was wholly consumed by his friends. Mr. Aird speaks of this as a "performance not without promise;" an expression to be accepted as the most gentle mode of describing a failure; and of all dull books this is a dull one indeed.

In 1817, young Moir—then only nineteen years of age—entered into partnership with Dr. Brown, of Musselburgh, who had an extensive and lucrative practice, in the town and suburbs. Moir's father was just dead, and his mother was left dependent on her son. The duties of this new position found him prepared to meet them, and filial love usurped the mastery of his large heart.

"Many a time," says his brother

low the tasks afforded him; and with a natural facility of expression, which with great ease any words could be made to follow, he was able to perform his duties. He made his first appearance in *Mr. Thomas Pringle's "Poetical and Aesthetic Excursions,"* in the "Literary Notices" of "Constable's Edinburgh Magazine," to which journal he was a frequent contributor. His powers of business and literature were equal to the utmost, and for many years of arduous life he had to contend with dyspepsia. "When the Scotch May were over," says his biographer, "and it was always about the 10th of June in the evening before the 15th, he would sit that—after supper—by the light in his bed-room, and the lamp of the desk began. Having called the servant to join him for a glass, he would, in his early life, the routine of his duties is as fresh in my mind as if it were but yesterday. With a kind of goodness of heart, and that of a poet, he would, which was the distinguishing feature of his character, seldom permit me to retire to rest; and many a time have I awoke, when the dawn was just spent, and wondered how I could still at his books and pen." "He was not a pale student was he, and he was not a student in the circumstances did Moir describe, and enter on the career of a student. No pale student was he, and he was not a student in the circumstances did Moir describe, and enter on the career of a student."

efficiency than for any mental capabilities, and many could give evidence to my prowess in leaping, running, swimming, and skating; whoever dreamt that I penned a sonnet when I should engross?"

Yet in spite of this vigour of frame he possessed a nervous system tremblingly delicate, and most strictly in harmony with the sensitiveness of his polished mind. His adolescence was marked by bashfulness, arising from nervous excitement, which it required many years' rough battling with the world to eradicate, and for which, indeed, there is no other remedy. It was under the influence of this strange feeling—certainly under a morbid influence of some kind or other, the consequence, doubtless, of over-excitement of the brain—that he wrote those early pieces of verse, in which the prevailing sentiment is melancholy, and regret for the past. These breathings of melodious sadness were, however, by no means peculiar to his youth, for all through, his poetry is tinged with the same expression, and in such a way as to prove that had he given himself up to meditations in the closet, he would have become a confirmed victim of hypochondriasis, instead of, as he was, one of the heartiest of men, and healthiest of writers.

The series of poems—originally published, under the general appellation of

under the stern schooling which contact with the world affords.

It is at this point that we get into the pith and marrow of Moir's life, which was one of hard work from this hour forward. From 1817 to 1828, he never slept a night out of Musselburgh, but from day to-day, and from night to night, discharged the heavy duties of his medical practice, with a manful assiduity, and a Christian kindness, such as form the chief elements in our best ideal of a medical man. Yet, between the laborious morning and evening visits, and the frequent jingling of the "night-bell"—that brass-tongued ogre of the doctor's pillow—he stole a few intervals of rest for the cultivation of his literary powers, and now he steps into the bold arena of "Blackwood's Magazine," a sufficient honour in itself for the most enthusiastic ambition.

A manuscript magazine, projected by Moir, and mainly kept up by himself, had brought him a little fame in Musselburgh, and, what is more, had afforded him a field for practice, and emboldened by the success of his contributions to this very local serial, he sent in some pieces to *Magazine*, then plenteous with young blood, and pulsing with life and jollity. Mr. Blackwood was a man of rare sagacity, and he appreciated and encouraged the new contributor.

The pieces contributed were often of the most opposite kind, drab colour to-day, harlequin's spangles to-morrow, and anon, the painted drollery of the red-lipped clown, slinking you from head to foot with laughter at his drollery. "The Eve of St. Jerry," "The Ancient Waggoner," and others of the same rollicking cast, were let off in company with sweet, tender strains, filled with plaintive melody, like touches of flute music, or the cooing of ring-doves. It is strange, though true, that although these various contributions were sent anonymously—the touches of humour being attributed by the public to Maginn—yet Mr. Blackwood scented out their identity, and saw in the queer song and the "plaintive pleading of regret," the diverse efforts of the same hand.

The first of his pieces to which the renowned Δ was attached, and to which he owed his popular cognomen of Delta, was "The Covenanter's Heather Bed," a poem of considerable merit, the idea

of which is taken from the picture presenting the temptations of St. Anthony, and adapted to the situation clothed in the images supplied by fish Puritanism. This poem was finished in 1819, when Delta was two years old, and is a performance rare for its promise. The poems just referred to "Moods of the Mind," follow this, simultaneous with these, a series of Biblical sketches, comprising, "Eli," "The Casting forth of Jordan," "The Vision of Zechariah." Follow these were some miscellaneous pieces, "Emma, a Tale," in sound blank verse—setting forth how a maiden, "forlorn," dreams of her lover, who goes to join the "holy wars in Palestine," and how, in her dream, she has a vision of the battle-field, where noble broods, and bird, and beast—

Have come to gorge
On the unburied dead. Rider and horse,
The lofty and the low, commingled lie,
Unbreathing; and the balmy evening
Fidally lifts the feathers on the crest
Of one who slumbers with his visor up

The "one" is her absent lover, who returns she pines for; and when "at morn appears," and upon the "wreath" the "robin sings," with a flourish of trumpet, drum, and trumpet of and steel, that "one," "Young Lord," returns, and like a faithful knight of those old steel-clad times—

Kneels at her feet in ecstasy,
And lifts her snowy fingers to his lip

"The Vision," "Reflections on a Brumal Scene," "The Silent Land," "To Margaret," "Afar, Oh Ladye away!" "Elegy composed on the death of Pinkie," "Stanzas on the Retirement of King Robert Bruce," "The Snowy Eve," "The Wild Rose," together with "Sonnets on the Chief Lays of Interest in Scotland," "Harold," and "Hymn to the South Wind," are the chief of these pieces.

We are thus particular in enumerating the early productions of Delta, in order that the reader, curious in such matters, may note how the development of genius needs time as a primary element; not time only, but hard work, under the impulse of a set purpose, and with patience to cool the crude ardour of youthful enthusiasm. In the case of Delta the growth of a mind is beautifully marked in the steady improvement of a power which lurks in these early effusions, showing that

juvenile productions as to consume a whole edition himself, or else thrust in twos and threes upon reluctant friends and acquaintances, the majority of whom deem it a sufficient service to accept the volumes and consequently never pay for them. These luckily were not Delta's resources, and in the course of time an edition *was sold*, though the work never paid, a circumstance the more to be expected inasmuch as that he continued singing monthly in *Blackwood*, and of all such productions the public has an eccentric inkling to have them fresh and fresh, the productions of the past having little value until they can be reproduced under the shadow of a name which has by continuous outpourings, acquired extensive popularity.

In 1827, Delta enlarged his circle of friends and became acquainted with Thomas Aird, the strong-minded northerner, and also with Dr. Macnish, the well-known author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," the "Philosophy of Sleep," and other works; and, perhaps, still better known by his literary *nom-de-guerre*, "The Modern Pythagorean." Macnish's talent and sagacity and shrewdness, combined with the manliest simplicity and warm-heartedness, and the tags of oddity and fringes of whimsicality which hung all about the native movement of his mind, in the regions of the quaint and queer, made him a perfect delight to Delta; and they loved one another like brothers. An improved edition of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness" was dedicated to Moir.

In 1824, Delta commenced a tale in *Blackwood*, the title of which, "Mansie Wauch," needs only to be mentioned to bring a shower of refreshing memories over the majority of our readers. This soon became so popular in Scotland that clubs were formed where "Mansie" was read aloud to the eager ears of the cannie Scots, exploding with boisterous laughter. The tale was completed in 1827, and reprinted in a volume with some additions, in 1828, and is now a standard classic of humour, and among the very best of its kind. "Mansie Wauch" is a bold delineation of Scottish manners, filled up with scenes and characters truly national, yet of a class almost wholly untouched by either Scott or Burns. "What an excellent compound of conceit, cowardice, gossiping, silliness, pawkishness, candour, kindly affections, and good Christian

principle—the whole amalgam, with no violent contrasts, with no gross exaggerations, beautifully blent down into verisimilitude, presenting to us a unique hero, at once ludicrous and loveable. And how admirably in keeping with the central autobiographer are the characters and scenes which revolve around his needle. Totally different is the whole delineation from the broad, strong, national characteristic, rough and ready, hit off by Burns; but yet equally true to nature, and thoroughly Scottish."

Temperate in living, cheerful in temper, and ever watchful of his moral and religious responsibilities, Delta pursues his course of healing the bodies of the sick and cheering the minds of the healthy, with few events to turn him aside from his steady course till March, 1829, when he threw himself into the thick of the extreme Protestant movement against Catholic emancipation. In this he was not merely a zealous protestant, he was a confirmed bigot, blinded by prejudice to the reasonable pleadings of the Romanists in favour of religious liberty. To this school he adhered to the last, a fact the more to be regretted because his religious sentiments, apart from sectarian considerations, were exalted in spirit, and practical in aim, and characterized by that earnestness and devotion which the Protestant faith in cultivated minds so pre-eminently encourages.

Among the miscellaneous entries in his journals and correspondence is one dated June 23rd, 1828, which bears on his history in an interesting manner. He says, in a letter to Macnish, "I am not aware that I am much given up to superstitious feelings; but it is not a little curious that, when I awoke last new-year's morning, it was strongly impressed upon my heart that this was to be the most eventful year of my life—in what shape, of course, I could not decipher; but either for joy or woe." His new year's dream was fulfilled, for he fell in love that year, and that is, next to conversion, the greatest event which can befall any man in the course of his life-time. On the 8th of June, 1829, Dr. Moir was married at Carham church, Northumberland, to Miss Catherine E. Bell, of Leith. It was a marriage of hearts as of hands; and besides faith and affection, Delta found in his wife that essential element in the domestic happiness of a man of letters, a sym-

sent forth his "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera," a masterly production, in which the doctrine of contagion was established in a manner at once clear and philosophical.

In the autumn of 1832, Delta attended the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, and visited Cheltenham and London. While in London, he set to Maclise, for his portrait, which appeared in a full-length etching in "Fraser's Magazine." While in the south, he visited Coleridge, and lost himself, as Chalmers and Carlyle did also, in the theosophic infinities of the Highgate philosophy. But the chief object of his visit to London was to see his old friend Galt, who was now on the descending side of that perpetual seesaw, of which the lives of literary men mostly consist. "When we parted, seven years before," says Delta, "he was in the prime and vigour of manhood, his eye glowing with health and his step full of elasticity. Before me now sat the drooping figure of one old before his time, crippled in his movements, and evidently but half-resigned to this premature curtailment of his mental and bodily exertions." This is the old story of genius wasting under the bleak breath of bitter disappointment—a story too often told, not to be, alas! too true.

In 1833, Dr. Browne, Moir's senior partner, retired from business, and Moir succeeded him in the practice, with a junior partner. Under the new pressure of increased duties, his literary exercises were now a little abridged. Still he was active in many other things besides his medical practice. Municipal and general political affairs he still took an active interest in; and was so genuine a man of business, that into whatever committee he might happen to be elected, he was always appointed secretary. Among his friends he now numbered Thomas Hood, and Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor, while scores of young men in Musselburgh and Edinburgh, looked to him for counsel in life, and sought his friendly assistance in the realization of their schemes and projects. Ritchie was especially indebted to him for his warm-hearted services. Delta's efforts to assist him in his early career, must afford many pleasant memories to that now eminent sculptor.

Mr. Galt was now residing in Edinburgh, dying by inches; while Mr.

Blackwood was still more rapidly hastening away from the circle of earthly friendships. Mr. Blackwood died in the autumn of 1834, and Delta was appointed one of his executors, as much at the desire of Mr. Blackwood's sons, who entertained the highest regard for Delta as an adviser and a guardian, as of Mr. Blackwood himself. In 1835, another friend perished, and the green grave closed over the heart of the Ettrick Shepherd. Next, William Motherwell, author of "Jeanie Morrison," and one of the most pathetic of ballad writers ever born, went the same night-journey, and was closely followed by another friend, Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," and the "Cruise of the Midge," a man of extraordinary qualities, and as subtle, if not so large a wizard, as his immortal namesake. Then again, on the 16th of January, 1837, died Dr. Macnish, Delta's almost brother, "in the bloom of his fame; a man who could not be known without being beloved, and whom Scotland may well be proud to number among her gifted children." To the memory of Macnish, Delta built an altar of love by collecting his fugitive pieces, and publishing them along with a well-written, though partial, biography.

Death had thus thinned the ranks of his friends, and now the destroyer came to his home and hearth, and the spring of 1838 found Delta and his wife weeping the loss of two of their children. In the next year, another fine boy, David Maclath Moir, was cut off. "The desolation among my little ones," said he, in a letter to his friend Aird, "has proved to me a very staggering blow." To complete this catalogue of domestic sorrows, Mr. Galt died on the 11th of April, 1839, and was buried in the new churchyard of Greenock. Of this friend Delta wrote a truthful memoir, tinged through with the essence of his own fine friendship for him, yet darkened throughout by the shadow of his heavy grief.

Looking at these events, who is to wonder that Delta's mind wore a tone of permanent sadness, which neither the resources of literary study, nor strong religious faith had power in dispelling. It is to the expression of this feeling that his "Domestic Verses," published in 1843, are chiefly devoted. Seldom, in the history of literature, have the home affections been so faithfully, yet so

"I have never the
 least regretted my feelings,
 and I have no assurance
 that I am still more
 than ever your earnest
 admirer. It is a pleasant
 surprise to me to find you
 so far from weary of
 the subject of our little
 correspondence. I find
 myself very much
 interested in the
 progress of the
 cause, and I am
 glad to hear that
 you are so much
 interested in it. I
 am sure that you
 will continue to be
 so, and I am sure
 that you will be
 able to do much
 good for the cause.
 I am, dear friend,
 ever your sincere
 friend,
 Wm. Lloyd Garrison."

Thou wert a Vain and foolish thing,
 A Child as I am now;
 Beauty enfolded to the sight—
 A type of house to
 Stolen and transfused with, that I at
 Least thy own— I, then, a part
 Of things, and not a part of thee—
 (Cass. W., lines 2-7)

Thy bright life-day knew no decline -
 Two of thy blossoms;
 Sorrow and anguish were thy thorns,
 Beloved boy!
 It is in this life-hour that thou art
 But found thy peace and rest;
 And on a third dawn thou wilt rise,
 O God, Worthy!

[illegible]

Down what I may, & where I will
 Then meet'st thy day at last,
 Thus with the ever-flowing Nile
 A hero's end shall find.
 I need not paint the many woes
 I have already felt, the strokes
 Of destiny that mark my cheek,
 — Cato, *Warton*.¹

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older has increased by 50% (U.S. Census Bureau, 1997). The number of people aged 65 and older is projected to increase to 20% of the total population by the year 2020 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1997). The increase in the number of people aged 65 and older is expected to be even more dramatic in other countries. For example, the number of people aged 65 and older in Japan is projected to increase from 15% of the total population in 1990 to 25% of the total population by the year 2020 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1997). The increase in the number of people aged 65 and older is expected to be even more dramatic in other countries. For example, the number of people aged 65 and older in Japan is projected to increase from 15% of the total population in 1990 to 25% of the total population by the year 2020 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1997).

1. *What is the purpose of the study?*
 2. *What are the research objectives?*
 3. *What is the research design?*
 4. *What are the limitations of the study?*

But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and "the busy bee"
Return; but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—(while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours,
For aye remain:
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave,
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—Thought were woe—
A! Truth a lie—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then he to us, O, dear lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod
The sky-ward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, dearest boy,
That heaven is God's and thou art there,
With him in joy!
There rest are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark however life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

In 1844, Delta suffered a slight abridgment of his usual robust health. With his usual disregard of self, and sensitive dislike to have the attention of strangers directed towards him, he had very imprudently sat a whole night in his wet clothes by the bed-side of a patient, and the illness which followed this, gave his nervous system a shock from which he never recovered.

A memorable day in Delta's life, the more memorable considering his fast growing fame as a poet, was that on which took place the Burns' festival, in 1844. Delta was invited, but he took no part in the proceedings, though he made amends by contributing to *Blackwood* a commemorative poem, entitled, "Stanzas for the Burns' Festival," which was the only composition he had produced during twelve months. These were "popular beyond any other thing that I have ever written," and were quickly reprinted in nearly every journal in the country.

A sore mishap befel Mr. Moir in the

beginning of the summer of 1846. was on his way, with a small party of friends in a phaeton, to visit Borth Castle, when the horse took fright, ran off, and at last went smash with vehicle over a low wall. The were dashed out upon the ground. None of them, however, was much except Mr. Moir himself, who received a severe injury in one of his hip joints. It confined him for months and left him lame for life. His general health was impaired and his spirits depressed, but he bore up and resumed his various professional duties as speedily as possible. In November of the year, he took an active share in the proceedings of the inaugural opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute. Archbishop Whately, Professor Whewell, Professor Nicoll, Mr. Macaulay and other distinguished men were present. Mr. Moir's part in the programme to propose Mr. Macaulay's health was introduced to Macaulay in the course of the evening.

An excerpt from his correspondence at this time will throw considerable light on his character and domestic affairs. In a letter to his friend Alexander, he says—

"I am glad to say that all my ones have been keeping remarkably well during this severe winter, and also Mrs. Moir—whose inexhaustible attention and devotion to me, by day and by night, through three months of suffering and confinement to bed, has humbly felt myself a poor creature in comparison. Elizabeth still continues to go three days weekly to Edinburgh, and has made very considerable advances in Italian, German, and French. She also draws well; and so pleases her music teacher with her progress, that, to her consternation, he is putting a set of Scottish airs with a dedication to his pupil. Robert is attending Greek, Latin, and mathematics, algebra, and German with Dr. Naeff, and is going on very well. He must now turn his mind to the business of life. There is the Church, and the cinema. I should almost like the theatre for him, but fear his bent is towards the latter. He shall have his will. Therese, Anne Mary, and Jane, are attending school. The first, rather a musical bias, having her own accord picked up some tunes on the piano. Anne Mary shows the

with a reading: morning, noon, and night—nothing but a book—a book! but Delta, however, is keeping good, and is full of life and animation. Delta's father, John Wilson Moir, is very old and strong; and Emily is always about and chatting like a magpie. "There is no truth in phrenology if it is dependent on the organ of language," says Delta, "we are taken in the idea of a very old, bustling family!"

Mr. Moir's children then alive were four in the foregoing quotation. Delta's son was born on the 10th of August following, and named John Moir. This was the last, making five children, that blessed the poet's marriage. Those who were prematurely born, died in the sanctities of sorrow, and never to share in the blessing of a mother's love: for

They never have loved and lost,
They never have loved at all.

At the opening of the Glasgow Athenæum, in the close of 1847, Delta once again gathered with his old friend John Wilson Moir, who was the president of the society. Among the speakers at the opening were Sheriff Alison, Messrs. Aytoun and Gregory, Colquhoun, Campbell, George Combe, James Wilson, and Delta. When the evening of the 15th of December came, Delta was enthusiastic and happy; and, in a few minutes, he was in a high opinion of the society, and, in a few minutes more, he was telling which of the speakers he had a time to remember. He had a fine opportunity of doing his country, and he was not at all ashamed to enter the lists of the great orators of Scotland.

Delta was a very good man, and a very good speaker. In 1841 he was elected Moderator of the Kirk-session of Glasgow, and in 1842 he was elected Moderator of the Glasgow Central Association. In 1848, he was appointed Moderator of the Glasgow Association of the Glasgow and Edinburgh Societies, and in 1849 he was elected Moderator of the Glasgow Association of the Glasgow and Edinburgh Societies.

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told:—"Last week, Mrs. Moir and I, after seven year's meditation on the subject, at length effected our escape from the trammels of home for two days and a half." The home birds did wonders in their short flight. They visited Penrith, Keswick, Derwentwater, Windermere, Kendall, Carlisle, Newcastle, and Berwick; saw the tomb of Southey, "from which we brought home with us grass and wild flowers." He was at this time engaged in preparing the single volume edition of Mrs. Hemans' works for the Messrs. Blackwood, for whom he prepared the edition in seven volumes, some years previously. Visiting and returning visits, prosecuting his professional calling with unabated zeal, despite his lameness and failing health, and still clinging to literature, as "a crutch," not "as a staff," we find him "gilding the pill of life" with that unalloyed metal of which true friendship is composed; still numbering among his friends the choicest spirits in the world of art and letters.

He was the man for friends—he could not only make but keep them. Towards the end of June, 1849, Delta took a June jaunt into the Highlands with professor Wilson, Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, and one or two other friends. Delta's health had been failing for some time, and the fresh air of the hills, and the excitement of trout-fishing brought him round again, so that he soon felt "again very much himself." The professor, true to his *alter ego*, Christopher, was in "great force, and up to the waist in water, day after day, for six or eight hours, fishing." Delta was happy "all the while, central in his double web of family ties! He had a strength round about him more than the tradition of rocks."

Nothing of particular interest occurs till the spring of 1851, when Mr. Moir delivered his lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century, at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. He was, at this time, in a delicate state of health, his nerves much shaken, and his constitution impaired by his close application to professional labours, which left him but little leisure for

his private and home life. He was, however, and back into the hour of his rest. His friends, who were aware of his delicate position, were not a little uneasy as to his health, and were not a little disappointed to find that his strength increased as he pro-

ceeded, though still his power of popular delivery was not what it would have been had he had his usual health. Dr. Brown, the chemist, gives the following account of Delta's personal bearing in the delivery of these lectures:—"I accompanied Delta and the Directors of the Institution to the platform, on the occasion of his first lecture. His welcome, by one of the largest audiences ever gathered within the hall, was hearty and long drawn out, there being many present who loved the sight of a man so dear as the author of 'Casa Wappy,' and other familiar strains. Then the author of 'Mansie Wauch,' was an object of kindly interest to hundreds who had never seen him before. He read his lecture like a diffident person going through a manuscript work in a company of friends, without oratory, and without effect at all commensurate with the quiet eloquence of the written discourse. Yet there was a sweet and strong charm in the whole affair, the very spirit of good humour, simplicity, and manliness. It was the perfection of a true British poet and a British gentleman. At the same time, the identical discourse, nobly rendered by Wilson, would have told ten times as well. The passages his own manner was peculiarly suited to, were those of sly humour, which he gave with real zest, chuckling over them himself as he came upon them, and carrying the crowd away with him in his little whirlpools of laughter. He concluded, as he began, somewhat abruptly. In short, he showed himself not an orator, but a poet; always remembering that, as a poet, he could not fail to display himself in the secondary character of an eloquent judge of poetry. If this distinction had been borne in mind, his lectures would have been more satisfactory to those who demand too much of a man; and, as it was, they were highly popular with the majority."

From his correspondence we learn that letters, commendatory of his lectures, flowed in upon him for some time after their delivery, from Mr. Macaulay, Professor Wilson, Barry Cornwall, Charles Dickens, Thomas Aird, Professor Trench, George Gilfillan, and many others of his literary friends; while the lectures themselves, which were immediately published by Mr. Blackwood, soon attained to a second edition. His domestic affairs were even

more hopeful than ever; the health of Mrs. Moir was improving; his son, Robert, was enjoying the appointment of house-surgeon to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and in a fair way soon to acquire the degree of M.D.; and the other four girls and boys, as he himself says, were all getting on like olive plants, and forming a pleasant circle round the daily table—overflowing with affection to their parents and to one another.

In July, 1851, the last contribution of Delta, the "Lament of Selim," appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*; making his three hundred and seventieth article contributed to that journal. To mention the last contribution of any writer whose periodical greetings through some favourite journal, have bound us to him in the strong social bonds of sympathy with his nature, is at all times a gloomy task, and with the mention of Delta's last effusion, we proceed downwards, into the valley of the shadow of death.

On Sabbath morning, June 22nd, 1851, Dr. Moir, in dismounting from his horse at the door of a patient, accidentally hurt his weak limb, and gave himself a severe wrench in trying to save it. He suffered much pain in returning home; nevertheless, he went to church in the afternoon, it being his turn to officiate as elder. On getting back to his house, he was obliged to go to bed. On Monday he ventured out in his carriage to see a patient at Granton: his wife went with him. In returning home he spoke of his declining health in a desponding manner, and said, "Catherine, I am resigned to the Almighty's will, whensoever it may please Him to call me. I have been trying for some time past, to live every day as if it were to be my last." He got worse, and was at last confined to his bed, now pretty well and cheerful, now shivering with heat, sick and faint, and depressed in spirit. But he was still strong in moral courage. A piece of plate was to be presented to Mr. Beveridge, minister of Inveresk, by the people of his congregation, and Moir was named to deliver the address, in the Town Hall, which he did in an admirable manner, for it was a task quite to his mind and heart. As his health did not improve, he set out on the 1st of July, with Mrs. Moir and his little boy, John Wilson, to try the effects of

"I am going to the beauties of
 the sea," he said, "on the 6th of July
 and I shall not be back," he cried, pressing
 his hand to his stomach, "there's that
 coming," while, at the same time,
 he lay as if he had been
 struck with a basket-ball. He sat down
 on the sofa, refusing to have
 any one sit down around him; but, as
 he lay there, he was with great
 difficulty taken to the King's Arms
 and laid to bed. Now, his son, Mr.
 Robert Moir, one of the house-surgeons
 of the Edinburgh Infirmary, arrived to
 see him, and Dr. Blacklock was
 called. The patient kept sinking;
 the Professor of the Chricton Insti-
 tute was brought at midnight, and
 Robert Moir went off to Edin-
 burgh for Christison. The medical
 men found the patient sinking fast, and
 sent a messenger to call Mrs. Moir. In
 the presence of the medical men, the
 patient said to his wife, "Catherine,
 I am numbered; I feel that I
 am to be long with you. But do
 not distress you, or I will say no
 more. Look at me, my wife, and see I
 am perfectly resigned to the will of an
 all-wise Providence. Have faith: God
 will bless you and our children." To
 these words Thomas Aird, he said, taking
 his wife's hand—"I am going to die,
 I am quite resigned—quite resigned."
 Mrs. Moir related this for some time

two o'clock, on Sabbath morning, the
 6th of July.

At the request of the inhabitants of
 Musselburgh, the funeral was a public
 one. It took place on Thursday the
 10th of July. All the shops in the town
 were closed, the bells tolled mournfully,
 and about four hundred people followed
 in procession to the churchyard of In-
 veresk. In the body of the procession,
 besides the immediate relatives and
 friends of the deceased, were the Very
 Rev. Principal Lee; Professors Wilson,
 Alison, Aytoun, Christison; many of
 the clergy of Edinburgh, Musselburgh,
 and the country around; the Hon. Mr.
 Coventry; Messrs. Blackwood; Sheriff
 Gordon; Mr. Robert Chambers; Mr.
 Gordon, of the Church of Scotland's
 Educational Committee; Mr. Hugh
 Miller, the geologist; Dr. Jas. Simpson;
 and other eminent men of the city and
 neighbourhood. His age was fifty-three.

And there in the quiet churchyard of
 Inveresk, sleeps the dust of David Mac-
 beth Moir, with the dust of his three
 little boys, whom he loved so dearly
 and lamented so touchingly.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

In estimating the character of the
 beloved Delta, we find more to admire
 in the man than the poet; and what is
 most excellent in the poet, seems the
 reflex of the man. His poetry, in-
 stead of being a mere literary exercise,

ceeded, though still his power of popular delivery was not what it would have been had he had his usual health. Dr. Brown, the chemist, gives the following account of Delta's personal bearing in the delivery of these lectures:—"I accompanied Delta and the Directors of the Institution to the platform, on the occasion of his first lecture. His welcome, by one of the largest audiences ever gathered within the hall, was hearty and long drawn out, there being many present who loved the sight of a man so dear as the author of 'Casa Wappy,' and other familiar strains. Then the author of 'Mansie Wauch,' was an object of kindly interest to hundreds who had never seen him before. He read his lecture like a diffident person going through a manuscript work in a company of friends, without oratory, and without effect at all commensurate with the quiet eloquence of the written discourse. Yet there was a sweet and strong charm in the whole affair, the very spirit of good humour, simplicity, and manliness. It was the perfection of a true British poet and a British gentleman. At the same time, the identical discourse, nobly rendered by Wilson, would have told ten times as well. The passages his own manner was peculiarly suited to, were those of sly humour, which he gave with real zest, chuckling over them himself as he came upon them, and carrying the crowd away with him in his little whirlpools of laughter. He concluded, as he began, somewhat abruptly. In short, he showed himself not an orator, but a poet; always remembering that, as a poet, he could not fail to display himself in the secondary character of an eloquent judge of poetry. If this distinction had been borne in mind, his lectures would have been more satisfactory to those who demand too much of a man; and, as it was, they were highly popular with the majority."

From his correspondence we learn that letters, commendatory of his lectures, flowed in upon him for some time after their delivery, from Mr. Macaulay, Professor Wilson, Barry Cornwall, Charles Dickens, Thomas Aird, Professor Trench, George Gillfillan, and many others of his literary friends; while the lectures themselves, which were immediately published by Mr. Blackwood, soon attained to a second edition. His domestic affairs were even

more hopeful than ever; the health of Mrs. Moir was improving; his son, Robert, was enjoying the appointment of house-surgeon to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and in a fair way soon to acquire the degree of M.D.; and the other four girls and boys, as he himself says, were all getting on like olive plants, and forming a pleasant circle round the daily table—overflowing with affection to their parents and to one another.

In July, 1851, the last contribution of Delta, the "Lament of Selim," appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*; making his three hundred and seventieth article contributed to that journal. To mention the last contribution of any writer whose periodical greetings through some favourite journal, have bound us to him in the strong social bonds of sympathy with his nature, is at all times a gloomy task, and with the mention of Delta's last effusion, we proceed downwards, into the valley of the shadow of death.

On Sabbath morning, June 22nd, 1851, Dr. Moir, in dismounting from his horse at the door of a patient, accidentally hurt his weak limb, and gave himself a severe wrench in trying to save it. He suffered much pain in returning home; nevertheless, he went to church in the afternoon, it being his turn to officiate as elder. On getting back to his house, he was obliged to go to bed. On Monday he ventured out in his carriage to see a patient at Granton: his wife went with him. In returning home he spoke of his declining health in a desponding manner, and said, "Catherine, I am resigned to the Almighty's will, whensoever it may please Him to call me. I have been trying for some time past, to live every day as if it were to be my last." He got worse, and was at last confined to his bed, now pretty well and cheerful, now shivering with heat, sick and faint, and depressed in spirit. But he was still strong in moral courage. A piece of plate was to be presented to Mr. Beveridge, minister of Inveresk, by the people of his congregation, and Moir was named to deliver the address, in the Town Hall, which he did in an admirable manner, for it was a task quite to his mind and heart. As his health did not improve, he set out on the 1st of July, with Mrs. Moir and his little boy, John Wilson, to try the effects of

and he was lying on his back, his head resting on the floor, his arms outstretched, his hands clasped, pressing against the wall, as if he had been shot. He sat down on the floor, refusing to have any more people around him; but, as he was alone, he was with great difficulty taken back to the King's Arms Hotel, and put to bed. Now, his son, Mr. Robert Moir, one of the house-surgeons of the Edinburgh Infirmary, arrived to his assistance, and Dr. Blacklock was called in. The patient kept sinking; and Dr. Browne, of the Christon Institution, was brought at midnight, and Dr. Robert Moir went off to Edinburgh, to Dr. Christison. The medical men saw their patient sinking fast, and they were obliged to call Mrs. Moir. In the absence of the medical men, the young man said to his wife, "Catherine, I am going to die; I feel that I am going to be long with you. But do not let me distress you, or I will say no more. Look at me, my wife, and see I am perfectly resigned to the will of an all-wise Providence. Have faith: God will take care of you and our children." To comfort him, Thomas Aird, he said, taking him by the hand—"I am going to die, but I am quite resigned—quite resigned. Have I not anticipated this for some time

and I have not been distressed in the least, and I am quite resigned to the will of an all-wise Providence. Have faith: God will take care of you and our children."

At the request of the inhabitants of Musselburgh, the funeral was a public one. It took place on Thursday the 10th of July. All the shops in the town were closed, the bells tolled mournfully, and about four hundred people followed in procession to the churchyard of Inveresk. In the body of the procession, besides the immediate relatives and friends of the deceased, were the Very Rev. Principal Lee; Professors Wilson, Alison, Aytoun, Christison; many of the clergy of Edinburgh, Musselburgh, and the country around; the Hon. Mr. Coventry; Messrs. Blackwood; Sheriff Gordon; Mr. Robert Chambers; Mr. Gordon, of the Church of Scotland's Educational Committee; Mr. Hugh Miller, the geologist; Dr. Jas. Simpson; and other eminent men of the city and neighbourhood. His age was fifty-three.

And there in the quiet churchyard of Inveresk, sleeps the dust of David Macbeth Moir, with the dust of his three little boys, whom he loved so dearly and lamented so touchingly.

The glory does not, and the grief is past.

In estimating the character of the beloved Delta, we find more to admire in the man than the poet; and what is most excellent in the poet, seems the reflex of the man. His poetry, indeed, is not of the highest order, but it

Delta's habits were regular, as his life was even, and his morals perfect. He had none of those morbid traits of feeling, which frequently stamp the productions of genius with striking originalities; and while for this reason his poetry lacked the smack of wild romance, and strong spirit of stirring personality, by which we are alternately pained and startled, in such writers as Byron, so his character as a man comes out all the more perfect from whatever canon of criticism we adopt in reference to his writings. In fact he was a good member of society, bound by all the social ties, and by the earnest observances of religion; and hence, while, we love the man the more, his conventional sameness makes his verses less attractive. To what extent a citizen may cultivate the growth of literature, without hurrying himself into any whirlpools of morbid excitement, without even sacrificing the minutest obligations of his worldly calling, Delta will always afford a remarkable example. His chief time for study was after the house was shut up for the night. He could then with some degree of satisfaction sit down to read and write. Still even then he was not safe, the uncertainties of his profession, frequently requiring him to be obedient to the "night bell," when he would have preferred to pass the moonlight with the muses. That he possessed a share of moral courage and enthusiasm for his hobby, such as falls to the lot of few of us, is certain from the bare fact of his steady application to literature, during a life of unremitting labour and anxiety as a physician. The time when he wrote his lectures on poetry happened to be the season of the year when sickness of every kind is most common, so that, until ten or eleven at night, he seldom got pen to paper. On going to his bed-room, sometimes at three in the morning, his mind was so engrossed with his subject that it used to be five or six o'clock before sleep would visit him. This, however, he never allowed to interfere with his breakfast hour, and he came down stairs to his days labours so fresh and cheerful that those who knew the restlessness and suffering of his nights, could not but wonder to see him.

At an early period of life Mr. Moir joined the Communion-table, and was never afterwards a season absent from it. He was solicitous as to the family

services of religion, and had scriptural readings and family-worship regularly once a day. He was a very home-man—the best of his poetry is a reflex of his home joys and sorrows—and he took affectionate interest in the welfare and instruction of his little ones, and happily was blest in life with a partner willing and able to second him in his desire to educate his children in religious purity and intellectual strength. Everything about his home was dear to him, and he gave heed to the most trifling circumstance connected with the history of his children; a thing which only that man shuns whose heart is not sound at the core. The very trees and bushes in the garden had each its history for him. "This one," he would say, "was planted by poor Charlie—all these smaller ones were slips taken from it: that one there was wee Willie's," and so on; every spot bearing some secret charm for him; every shrub and flower having its place in the home affections; they all "took root in wee."

In dealing with his friends, his manly sincerity often led him to express his disapprobation of anything which displeased him in a manner too blunt and plain to be relished; but he was ever ready to make immediate reparation, if he thought he had done the slightest injury to a fellow-man; and his zeal in serving others, by word or deed, had positively no end or limit, when the person to be served was worthy of heart-service. Characteristically he says, in a letter to his friend Aird, "I have no wish to live a day longer than I can be useful to my fellow-creatures."

And much for rejoicing is there in the fact, that he never sacrificed one of the interests of his profession for literature. The world has nourished many mistakes on this point, so much so that it has come to be regarded as an inevitable consequence of literary studies, and particularly the cultivation of poetry, that they unfit men for every other occupation; that, in fact, while by this vocation they become the teachers of the world, they, at the same time, get separated from it, so as to become the most ignorant of the very topics on which they offer counsel. Far from this being the case with Delta, he was noted for his skill as a physician, his power of graphically delineating and treating disease equalling that of

person over of similar position and
rank. He had no pedantry in
his studies, and joined to his kind-
ness, there was a half-prophetic
intuition of the nature of disease and
its removal, springing from
extensive knowledge of science and
the method of generalising the
results of it. He was a gentleman,
and worked steadily, and his im-
agination was ruled by a mind of the
most perfect balance. His manners
showed his social relations sincere
and good, and his whole *personnel*
was such a warm and holy
affection that there was none of the ex-
terior of friendship in the phrase
which was designated by those
who loved him, from first to last, he
was a true and heart the "amiable

[illegible][illegible]

follows us up like a nightmare grinning horribly in the middle of each stanza. One of his most finished productions is "Reminiscences of Boyhood," a fine sample of blank verse, full of feeling, and illumined with

That refulgent sunshine, only known
To boyhood's careless and unclouded hours.

Delta repeated himself; he lacked power, and was seldom very original. That thought of Wordsworth's—

. . . . The best die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as summer's
dust,
Burn to the socket.

he has used in two poems; once in the domestic story of the "Lost Lamb"—

When from the flocks that feed about,
A single lamb thou choos'est out,
Is it not that which seemeth best,
That thou dost take, yet leave the rest?
Yes! such thy wont, and even so
With his choice little ones to bow
Doth the Good Shepherd deal.

And again almost in Wordsworth's own words in the lines, "To the Bust of my Son Charles"—

The dearest soonest die,
And bankrupt age but finds the brain,
In all its sluices dry.

In his flower poem "Lilies," we have a thought borrowed in a similar way from Hans Christian Andersen, and rendered almost in the very words of the Danish poet—

[illegible]

In the "Fowler," the most picturesque and classical of any of his rustic sketches we meet with a paraphrase of that fine expression in the "Prometheus" "*ἀνυπόθετος γέλασμα*," rendered thus—

of the new society. The time
of the new society is the time of the new
United Nations, and of the new society.

A noble couplet truly, but built on a borrowed thought. In fact, DeLa's poetry is a recasting of his readings in imaginative literature in the world of personal feelings, experience and friendship. His fine imaginative poem, "The Sacred Churchyard" is a re-writing of an earlier production of his, called "Solitude," and in like manner "The Winter World," also an earlier piece, appears again in a higher form in a later production, called "The Snow." The majority of these early strains, out of which were elaborated many of his most suc-

cessful and abiding things, are noticeable for their delicacy of fancy and feeling, their perfection of melody, and their frequent play on the same strain of sentiment, "morally reverting to the happy days of boyhood, waiting for desolate and disconsolate love, or symbolizing man's fate by the decay of the year." Though he wrote much, he improved to the last, adding to the experiences of his ripening years, a fuller tone of thought; while his heart lost none of its youthful freshness, but continued young in sentiment to the very last.

His poetry has two prime excellences. It is full of true domestic feeling, chastened into a tender spirituality, by religious faith and trust, and of descriptions of scenery equal to the productions of any writer of the present century. What could excel in picturesqueness the following, from the "Fowler":—

Now day with darkness for the mastery strove;
The stars had woe I away—all, save the last
And faintest, Lucifer, whose silver lamp,
In solitary beauty, twinkling, shone
Mid the far west where, through the clouds of
rack

Floating around, peep'd out at intervals
A patch of sky: straightway the reign of night
Was finished, and, as if instinctively,
The ocean broke, or, dashing on the wave
Or on the isles, seem'd the approach of dawn
To feel; and, rising from afar were heard
Shrill shrieks and piping desolate—a pause
En-sued, and then the same lone sound return'd,
And suddenly the whirling rush of wings
Went circling round us over the level sands,
Then did away; and, as we look'd aloft,
Between us and the sky we saw a speck
Of black upon the blue—some large, wild bird,
Osprey or eagle, high amid the clouds
Sailing majestic, on its plumes to each
The earliest crimson of the approaching day.

True to his fine heart is the lesson of humanity taught him by the slaughter which he and the Fowler there committed on the wild flocks of sea birds.

Soul-sicken'd, satiate, and dissatisfied,
An altered being home-ward I return'd,
My thoughts revolting at the thirst for blood,
So brutalizing, so destructive of
The finer sensibilities which man
In boyhood loves, and which the world destroys.
Nature had preach'd a sermon to my heart:
And from that moment, on that snowy morn—
(Seeing that earth enough of suffering has,
And death)—all cruelty my soul abhor'd,
Yea, bathed the purpose and the power to kill.

There is a little sketch in his poem on "Thomson's Birth Place," so short, sweet, and sunny, that it might be placed beside one of Wilson's, or Watteau's, or Moreland's pictures, as a literary transcript of Nature's own outlines and colours; it is this:—

A rural church; some scatter'd cottage roofs,
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke,
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended, mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stained;
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;
And here and there a venerable tree
In foliage beauty—of these elements,
And only these, the simple scene was formed.

Such gold-gaps and patches of green and blue take precedence of painting, because while they present literal transcripts of the scenes of nature, they suggest by a few broad touches, human thoughts and feelings of a kindred tone, and carry both the mental and the visual eye to scenes far away. These things the painter cannot accomplish—the limit to his expression is the edge of his canvass. Right well could he sing of—

Meadows
And palm-tree shadows,
And bee-hive cones, and a thymy hill,
And greenwood mazes,
And greenward daisies,
And a foamy stream, and a clacking mill;

for it was the spirit of his love and life to cling to all things gentle, and beautiful, which could minister to the high spirituality of his simple nature, whether green trees, or glad birds, or tender flowers, or rosy-checked children; for his heart was a stranger to sordid sympathies, and his genius sought kindred with the homely and the heart-warming. Though so much that he has written will soon be forgotten, his "Domestic Verses," his "Elegiac Effusions," and a few of his sonnets and his prose tale, "Mansie Wauch," will live for ever as productions worthy of the author of "Casa Wappy."

Delta's last work, the "Lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Last Half Century," requires a brief notice before we conclude this paper. This is a book of wholesome, manly criticism; not free from errors of judgment, or entirely purged of prejudice, yet containing errors and prejudices which, so far from detracting, only exhibit his generous enthusiasm and goodness of heart; and are as creditable, in a poetical sense, as if they were characteristics of perfection. Himself a poet, and on terms of intimacy with many of the living writers whose works it was his duty to criticise, it is pleasing that he has discharged his task in so generous and independent a manner, so that we can well afford to forgive him for his few blunders.

[illegible]

Another prejudice, long cherished and stoutly maintained, was that strange conception of the nature and office of poetry which placed it in opposition to the revelations of science, as a creation so distinct and remote from fact, as to be in danger of annihilation in this age of philosophical inquiry and precision. This idea flashes out frequently in his poems, but is expounded in full force in the last of these lectures. "In his 'Reminiscences of Boyhood' he says—

The leaden talisman of truth,
Hath disenchanted of its rainbow hues
The sky, and robbed the fields of half their
flowers.

And in another he expresses the wish—

And be my mind
To science, when it deadens, blind.

Though we have not room to discuss this question here, nor if we had, would it perhaps be fit we should; yet, we may dismiss the point by stating our opinion that science and poetry may harmoniously march together; the one widening the field of man's physical and mental triumphs, the other ministering to the requirements of his moral nature; both necessary elements of his character and life. If science teaches us to regard as fictitious many of the creations of the mind which so long have been the truths of poetry; if she denounces the witches and the infernal hosts; the sores, the demons, the fauns, and all the spells of a non-existence which has perished; she, at the same, enlarges the sphere of man's thought and wisdom; lifts him nearer to the Creator by an inspiration drawn from the Creator's works, and so provides a region of new platitudes, where the creations of poetry and imagination may find "room and yet a room" to develop each its part and form of being. What ever men use, man's knowledge of nature and himself increases the domain of true poetry, by the production of a series of images and concepts, sometimes peculiar to the new life which has arisen; and it must be the task of imagination to adapt itself continually to the new conditions of existence, and not to cling in sadness and tears to perishing idols, merely because there was once a time when they were worshipped with hearts of devotion and with eyes of faith.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

BIOGRAPHY may be compared to a lamp perpetually burning before the niche which contains the effigy of a great man. If it be feeble and dim, the image remains half-shadowed; but if it throw a full and brilliant light, the figure and face of the dead are reflected in luminous relief from the chiaroscuro of the past. Through the works in which our ancestral master-spirits have embalmed their minds for immortality, they "rule our spirits from their urns;" but through the groves of the historical academy, they become visible as the lights to which a hundred centuries may look back for warning or example. Sir THOMAS MORE was one whose works were dedicated to the future, but whose blood was shed for the past; in morals, a philosopher, mounting far above his time; in religion, an enthusiast, clinging to superstitions by which an usurping church had profaned and polluted the pure faith first preached abroad by the fishers of Galilee. In depicting his character, writers have sometimes commended the office of the historian with that of the funeral orator, or the partizan of a hostile creed. There have, however, been temperate and candid pens employed in delineating his career, which appears indeed so conspicuously in the annals of his age, that we find, without unusual difficulty, the colours to paint him for our biographical gallery.

Of the stem from which he sprung, his autographical epitaph declares the truth, he was of an honourable but not illustrious birth. Sir John More, the father, is supposed to have been descended remotely from an Irish stock; but all the family papers being seized after the attainder of the son, history is without the means of verifying this fact. However, we look for no pedigree in the author of "Utopia." He was at once the flower and the fruit of his genealogical tree. No ancestral lustre gave an early glory to his name. His merits were original and personal—not derivative; and heralds would have blazoned him dimly in their books, since they, as Burke has phrased it, seek no further for virtue than in the preamble of a patent or the inscription of a tomb. Sir John, however, who was born about the year 1440, figured as a lawyer of fine

parts and unimpeached integrity; wearing the robes of a judge, and doubly exalted, in his old age, by seeing his son the Chancellor of England. Few of his maxims, nevertheless, have been bequeathed; though one axiom matrimonial all chroniclers have thought precious enough to be preserved. "The choice of a wife," said the forensic sage, "is like dipping your hand into a bag full of snakes, with only an eel among them: you may happen to light upon the eel, but it is a hundred to one that you are stung by a snake." Sincere or not in this profession, Sir John three times risked the venom, for so many times did he marry, and died at last, aged ninety, not like Cleopatra, by warming an asp upon his breast, but from feasting too luxuriously on grapes. Thomas was by his first wife, who related to her physicians a dream, which, in that credulous age, obtained the credit of a prophecy. She had, she said, a vision of all her children, and among them was one whose countenance shone with a superior brightness.

This was Thomas. He was born in Milk-street, London, in 1480; the twentieth year of Edward the Fourth's reign. Anecdotes are related of his infancy, prophetic of a future greatness; but they are nurses' gossip, too puerile to be preserved. He was early placed at St. Anthony's Free School, an ancient foundation, in Threadneedle-street, where, among other eminent men, Whitgift and Heath had received their education. There, as he tells himself, he rather greedily devoured than leisurely chewed his grammar rules; but stayed only for a short while, for his father had interest enough to procure him admission into the family of Cardinal Morton. This method of education was then much in vogue, though considered the privilege of noblemen's sons. The Cardinal, however, among all his patrician students had none so illustrious as Thomas More, who afterwards drew a generous portrait of him in his "Utopia," as well as in his "History of Richard III." His policy crowned Henry in place of his usurper, and united the Houses of the Red and White Rose; and his talents elevated him to the triple honours of an Archbishop's mitre, Chancellor's

the spark of his unpremeditated
to the day for the amuse-
of his companions; drew finger-
pictures, and wrote beneath them
which he need never have been
to write.
To cultivate this sprouting genius,
Cardinal sent him, at seventeen
of age, to Oxford, where he re-
mained two years. Rhetoric, logic, and
poetry chiefly occupied his mind,
the classics, and especially Greek,
and that language of the original
was not then commonly studied
in the university. From the university
he went to New Inn, to read for the
law. His father allowed him an
allowance of twenty, and exacted from him
no farther on account of his expenses,
so he could scarcely dress with de-
cency. More, however, applauded in-
stead of blaming this conduct, for it
was a mark of luxurious habits which
he was to renounce, and he was himself of an
exemplary disposition. At about twenty,
but he began to practise the mortifi-
cation of a cloister, wearing a hair-
shirt next his skin, which he never put
off even under the Chancellor's or-
der. In 1700, he was appointed
lecturer in Fortin's Inn, holding that
office for three years, and publicly lec-
tured on religious topics in St. Law-
rence's Church, Old Jewry. Thither the
people of the metropolis flocked, and, as

numbered, of them by the crown. One
of the Privy Council went to the King
and told him, "that a beardless boy had
overthrown his purpose." Even then,
however, the sovereign dared not openly
attack the representatives, but satisfied
his pique by inventing a quarrel against
the young orator's father, from whom he
extorted, in the Tower, a fine of £100.
To coerce the son, nevertheless, was
found impossible, so a bishop was em-
ployed to cajole him, which was equally
futile; for Thomas refused the flatteries
by which they sought to corrupt him,
and continued to study the arts of elo-
quence, and to acquire that authority
of learning which might give him a do-
minion over the minds of other men.
He studied the lives of the pious, and
resolved to copy the virtue of Pius of
Mirandula, whose works he then trans-
lated and published. But in their celi-
bacy he could not persuade himself to
imitate the Fathers of the Roman Church;
for wisely he judged, that it was better to
live chastely with a wife, than licentiously
as a priest, and to move purely in the
light of day, than to brood, bat-like, in
the obscurity of those catacombs, where
monks and hermits wasted their bodies,
and petrified their souls.

He wrote for advice to the scholarly
Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School,
which, as an inroad into the camp of
ignorance, More afterwards compared
to the horse of Troy. Colet, who lived

the practice of the law, and carried on correspondence with many eminent men of his day. Among these, the most distinguished was Erasmus, who, after many mutual letters, came to England, expressly to see his friend. They met at the Lord Mayor's table, and it was contrived that they should fall into conversation before they were introduced. Erasmus was astonished by the logic and wit of the young stranger, who did not fear to dispute with him, as on equal terms, and at length exclaimed, "Aut tu Morus es, aut nullus?" To this More readily replied, "Aut tu es Erasmus, aut Diabolus.*"

More's poetical writings at this time, were, by contemporaries, admired as elegant and pure, but though he was a master of rhetoric, and the English language had been restored to a classic strength, these compositions were altogether languid and diffuse. There is discoverable in them, indeed, a logical force, and no little mixture of philosophy, but the style is prolix, and the ideas are lost in an overlaboured rotundity of diction. His path, however, was not yet to be among the myrtle-shaded ways of literature. The political system of England was then in that troubled state which is the forerunner of change, and the rapid passage of authority from hand to hand, tended not to allay the rising commotion. Already the young lawyer had seen four kings upon the throne, had been persecuted by one of them, and he was now witness to the universal joy that greeted the coronation of Henry VIII. Youthful, handsome, opulent, prodigal, and, for a prince, well educated, the monarch promised to become anything, but the sordid, cruel, and licentious wretch he proved. The people cheered their hearts, by hoping for milder laws; the nobles flattered him with praises, in anticipation of a splendid reign; the clergy exalted him as the anointed of God's vicar on earth, and all joined in applauding as virtues, or excusing as ephemeral foibles, the words and the actions of the new monarch. Rejoicing in one tyrant's death; they exulted as though magnanimity itself had inherited

his crown, instead of a worse despot who cajoled and trampled on them all—the more flagitiously, in proportion as they put their trust in him. More in consonance with the general sentiment, as well as with the fashion of the day, wrote a coronation ode to this prince, and his queen. Henry VIII. was indecent enough to rejoice in gratulations showered on him at the expense of his father, for it was part of his character to revenge upon others with inhuman severity, the crimes most congenial to his own predilections.

Soon after the accession of the king, More was appointed an under-sheriff of the City of London. As a lawyer, too, he became famous, earning "without scruple of conscience," upwards of £400 a year, which was equal to six times the amount now. There was scarcely a great suit in which he was not employed, for the fame of his learning and eloquence circulated rapidly through every part of the kingdom. He was twice, in 1512 and 1515, appointed reader to Lincoln's Inn, and assiduously buried his mind amid the unexplored treasury of knowledge, which the revival of letters had thrown open to research. But while these fruitful cares occupied his attention, the offices of friendship were not forgotten. Erasmus had dedicated to him his celebrated *Praise of Folly*, and now satirists rose up to depreciate the works of that profound and versatile scholar. They had long pelted at him the flippant epigrams inspired from wine cups, but at length Dorpius compounded an attack on the *Morie Encomium*, to which More undertook a reply. The philosopher himself retorted mildly on his young and ductile assailant, with whom he lived in friendliness for many years after; but the under-sheriff analyzed his disquisition, and exposed it to Europe as a mixture of ignorance, scurrility, and malevolence, and the ability of his Latin epistle on this subject won him general applause.

Six years after his marriage, More lost his first wife, and three years afterwards he took a second—Alice Middleton, a widow with one daughter. It is acknowledged that he wedded her less from any particular affection, than on account of the necessity to have some one in his household to care for his children. Neither young nor beautiful, neither rich nor of fine qualities,

* If the reader knows Latin, he will be indignant if we translate this. If he does not, he will be indignant if we don't. Loosely, then, Erasmus said, "If thou art any one, thou art More;" to which More replied, "If thou art not the devil, thou art Erasmus."

But he was already too conspicuous to be spared from the administration of public affairs. Wolsey, mounting sudden degrees towards the mass he afterwards achieved, was used by the King to engage the services of More; but the legal robe still looked better than a courtier's to black, and he eluded the offer of it. Nevertheless in 1516 we find associating with Cuthbert Tunstall, on Embassy to Flanders, where, on the return from Charles of Castille, met them once with penful of protests, protests and ultimata, though differently veiled in the diplomatic language of the

Six months were thus consumed, a successful result, and More there, daily satiated with ambassadorial honours. Such duties, he said, suit me less than to an ecclesiastic, suit me less than to you, who have no wives to care for, or else find them wherever they are. Yet he passed some agreeable hours with the learned men of Antwerp, at his return, was offered a pension by the king. This he declined, as well as other distinctions which the Court was desirous of conferring on him. Length an incident occurred which laid him beyond his own control, to public prominence he appeared to shun. A richly freighted ship belonging to the Pope put in at Southampton. In accordance with the maritime laws of Henry VIII. claimed it as a

uneasy as they feel on horseback who have never before been in a saddle. Yet the prince was so affable that all courtiers flattered themselves with a confidence in his especial favour, "just as our London matrons persuade themselves that our Lady's image smileth upon them as they pray before it." Nor was he the only virtuous man deceived by the early hypocrisy of this Eighth Henry, for Erasmus joined in offering to the court the fragrance of an honourable fame.

Great was the change that had now come over the complexion of More's life. He was no longer an advocate, but an officer of state; no longer a private gentleman, but an ornament of the court; though still preserving that simple integrity of heart and plain frugality of life, which enabled him, amid palace follies, to feast with content on pure philosophy, sometimes holding a nocturnal vigil with the king, and conversing long hours with him, on the movements and distribution of the stars.

So agreeable to the monarch and his consort was the society of this witty and accomplished man, that they continually sent for him "to make merry with them." The knight had made it a rule to chat with his wife, and prattle with his children some part of every day; but his conversation became so entertaining to the king and queen, that he could not once in a month obtain per-

Delta's habits were regular, as his life was even, and his morals perfect. He had none of those morbid traits of feeling, which frequently stamp the productions of genius with striking originalities; and while for this reason his poetry lacked the smack of wild romance, and strong spirit of stirring personality, by which we are alternately pained and startled, in such writers as Byron, so his character as a man comes out all the more perfect from whatever canon of criticism we adopt in reference to his writings. In fact he was a good member of society, bound by all the social ties, and by the earnest observances of religion; and hence, while, we love the man the more, his conventional sameness makes his verses less attractive. To what extent a citizen may cultivate the growth of literature, without hurrying himself into any whirlpools of morbid excitement, without even sacrificing the minutest obligations of his worldly calling, Delta will always afford a remarkable example. His chief time for study was after the house was shut up for the night. He could then with some degree of satisfaction sit down to read and write. Still even then he was not safe, the uncertainties of his profession, frequently requiring him to be obedient to the "night bell," when he would have preferred to pass the moonlight with the muses. That he possessed a share of moral courage and enthusiasm for his hobby, such as falls to the lot of few of us, is certain from the bare fact of his steady application to literature, during a life of unremitting labour and anxiety as a physician. The time when he wrote his lectures on poetry happened to be the season of the year when sickness of every kind is most common, so that, until ten or eleven at night, he seldom got pen to paper. On going to his bed-room, sometimes at three in the morning, his mind was so engrossed with his subject that it used to be five or six o'clock before sleep would visit him. This, however, he never allowed to interfere with his breakfast hour, and he came down stairs to his days labours so fresh and cheerful that those who knew the restlessness and suffering of his nights, could not but wonder to see him.

At an early period of life Mr. Moir joined the Communion-table, and was never afterwards a season absent from it. He was solicitous as to the family

services of religion, and had scriptural readings and family-worship regularly once a day. He was a very home-man—the best of his poetry is a reflex of his home joys and sorrows—and he took affectionate interest in the welfare and instruction of his little ones, and happily was blest in life with a partner willing and able to second him in his desire to educate his children in religious purity and intellectual strength. Everything about his home was dear to him, and he gave heed to the most trifling circumstance connected with the history of his children; a thing which only that man shuns whose heart is not sound at the core. The very trees and bushes in the garden had each its history for him. "This one," he would say, "was planted by poor Charlie—all these smaller ones were slips taken from it: that one there was wee Willie's," and so on; every spot bearing some secret charm for him: every shrub and flower having its place in the home affections; they all "took root in woe."

In dealing with his friends, his manly sincerity often led him to express his disapprobation of anything which displeased him in a manner too blunt and plain to be relished; but he was ever ready to make immediate reparation, if he thought he had done the slightest injury to a fellow-man; and his zeal in serving others, by word or deed, had positively no end or limit, when the person to be served was worthy of heart-service. Characteristically he says, in a letter to his friend Aird, "I have no wish to live a day longer than I can be useful to my fellow-creatures."

And much for rejoicing is there in the fact, that he never sacrificed one of the interests of his profession for literature. The world has nourished many mistakes on this point, so much so that it has come to be regarded as an inevitable consequence of literary studies, and particularly the cultivation of poetry, that they unfit men for every other occupation; that, in fact, while by this vocation they become the teachers of the world, they, at the same time, get separated from it, so as to become the most ignorant of the very topics on which they offer counsel. Far from this being the case with Delta, he was noted for his skill as a physician, his power of graphically delineating and treating disease equalling that of

practitioner of similar position and talents. He had no pedantry in his character, and joined to his kind-ness a tactfulness, was a half-prophetic insight into the nature of disease and its removal, springing from a wide knowledge of science and a method of generalising the symptoms. He was a gentleman, and flowed steadily, and his impression was carried by a mind of the deepest balance. His manners gave his social relations sincere interest, and his whole *personnel* was such a warm and holy thing that there was none of the exaggerated friendship in the phrase "friendship" as was designated by those who were, from first to last, he called and heart the "amiable friend."

Among the works already enumerated, there are many miscellaneous productions, contributed to the periodicals, and some of the author of the "Exile of the Poet," a poem of 1100 lines, "The Drama in Three Acts," "The Tale of Love," consisting of three ballads, and five other tales of about two hundred lines each. The production of this is perishable and transient, and it is too much and too many for the mind to grasp itself; and it is too much for the publisher, and it is too much for the reader's hands.

It is a pity that the most interesting and most interesting of his works, the "Exile of the Poet," is so much and too many for the mind to grasp itself; and it is too much for the publisher, and it is too much for the reader's hands. It is a pity that the most interesting and most interesting of his works, the "Exile of the Poet," is so much and too many for the mind to grasp itself; and it is too much for the publisher, and it is too much for the reader's hands.

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follows us up like a nightmare grinning horribly in the middle of each stanza. One of his most finished productions is "Reminiscences of Boyhood," a fine sample of blank verse, full of feeling, and illumined with

That refulgent sunshine, only known
To boyhood's careless and unclouded hours.

Delta repeated himself; he lacked power, and was seldom very original. That thought of Wordsworth's—

The best die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as summer's
dust,
Burn to the socket,

he has used in two poems; once in the domestic story of the "Lost Lamb"—

When from the flocks that feed about,
A single lamb thou choosest out,
Is it not that which seemeth best,
That thou dost take, yet leave the rest?
Yes! such thy woe, and even so
With his choice little ones below
Doth the Good Shepherd deal.

And again almost in Wordsworth's own words in the lines, "To the Bust of my Son Charles"—

The dearest soonest die,
And bankrupt age but finds the brain,
In all its sluices dry.

In his flower poem "Lilies," we have a thought borrowed in a similar way from Hans Christian Anderson, and rendered almost in the very words of the Danish poet—

Not other hearts are there to love,
And no other souls but mine to give,
To those who are the only flowers
That are not of the world below.

In the "Fowler," the most picturesque and classical of any of his rustic sketches we met with a paraphrase of that fine expression in the "Prometheus" "*αἰνυτοῦ γέννατος*," rendered thus—

The share
Of life, which is the life of the world,
Unto the living spirit of the world.

A noble couplet truly, but built on a borrowed thought. In fact, Delta's poetry is a recasting of his readings in imaginative literature in the world of personal feelings, experience, and friendships. His fine imaginative poem, "The deserted Churchyard," is a re-writing of an earlier production of his, called "Solitude," and in like manner "The Winter Wind," also an earlier piece, appears again in a higher form in a later production, called "The Snow." The majority of these early strains, out of which were elaborated many of his most suc-

SIR THOMAS MORE.

BIOGRAPHY may be compared to a lamp perpetually burning before the niche which contains the effigy of a great man. If it be feeble and dim, the image remains half-shadowed; but if it throw a full and brilliant light, the figure and face of the dead are reflected in luminous relief from the chiaro-scuro of the past. Through the works in which our ancestral master-spirits have embalmed their minds for immortality, they "rule our spirits from their urns;" but through the groves of the historical academy, they become visible as the lights to which a hundred centuries may look back for warning or example. Sir THOMAS MORE was one whose works were dedicated to the future, but whose blood was shed for the past; in morals, a philosopher, mounting far above his time; in religion, an enthusiast, clinging to superstitions by which an usurping church had profaned and polluted the pure faith first preached abroad by the fishers of Galilee. In depicting his character, writers have sometimes confounded the office of the historian with that of the funeral orator, or the partizan of a hostile creed. There have, however, been temperate and candid pens employed in delineating his career, which appears indeed so conspicuously in the annals of his age, that we find, without unusual difficulty, the colours to paint him for our biographical gallery.

Of the stem from which he sprung, his autobiographical epitaph declares the truth, he was of an honourable but not illustrious birth. Sir John More, the father, is supposed to have been descended remotely from an Irish stock; but all the family papers being seized after the attainder of the son, history is without the means of verifying this fact. However, we look for no pedigree in the author of "Utopia." He was at once the flower and the fruit of his genealogical tree. No ancestral lustre gave an early glory to his name. His merits were original and personal—not derivative; and heralds would have blazoned him dimly in their books, since they, as Burke has phrased it, seek no further for virtue than in the preamble of a patent or the inscription of a tomb. Sir John, however, who was born about the year 1440, figured as a lawyer of fine

parts and unimpeached integrity; wearing the robes of a judge, and donbly exalted, in his old age, by seeing his son the Chancellor of England. Few of his maxims, nevertheless, have been bequeathed; though one axiom matrimonial all chroniclers have thought precious enough to be preserved. "The choice of a wife," said the forensic sage, "is like dipping your hand into a bag full of snakes, with only an eel among them; you may happen to light upon the eel, but it is a hundred to one that you are stung by a snake." Sincere or not in this profession, Sir John three times risked the venom, for so many times did he marry, and died at last, aged ninety, not like Cleopatra, by warning an asp upon his breast, but from feasting too luxuriously on grapes. Thomas was by his first wife, who related to her physicians a dream, which, in that credulous age, obtained the credit of a prophecy. She had, she said, a vision of all her children, and among them was one whose countenance shone with a superior brightness.

This was Thomas. He was born in Milk-street, London, in 1480; the twentieth year of Edward the Fourth's reign. Anecdotes are related of his infancy, prophetic of a future greatness; but they are nurses' gossip, too puerile to be preserved. He was early placed at St. Anthony's Free School, an ancient foundation, in Threadneedle-street, where, among other eminent men, Whitgift and Heath had received their education. There, as he tells himself, he rather greedily devoured than leisurely chewed his grammar rules; but stayed only for a short while, for his father had interest enough to procure him admission into the family of Cardinal Morton. This method of education was then much in vogue, though considered the privilege of noblemen's sons. The Cardinal, however, among all his patrician students had none so illustrious as Thomas More, who afterwards drew a generous portrait of him in his "Utopia," as well as in his "History of Richard III." His policy crowned Henry in place of his usurper, and united the Houses of the Red and White Rose; and his talents elevated him to the triple honour of an Archbishop's mitre, Chancellor's

the practice of the law, and carried on correspondence with many eminent men of his day. Among these, the most distinguished was Erasmus, who, after many mutual letters, came to England, expressly to see his friend. They met at the Lord Mayor's table, and it was contrived that they should fall into conversation before they were introduced. Erasmus was astonished by the logic and wit of the young stranger, who did not fear to dispute with him, as on equal terms, and at length exclaimed, "Aut tu Morus es, aut nullus?" To this More readily replied, "Aut tu es Erasmus, aut Diabolus.*"

More's poetical writings at this time, were, by contemporaries, admired as elegant and pure, but though he was a master of rhetoric, and the English language had been restored to a classic strength, these compositions were altogether languid and diffuse. There is discoverable in them, indeed, a logical force, and no little mixture of philosophy, but the style is prolix, and the ideas are lost in an overlaboured rotundity of diction. His path, however, was not yet to be among the myrtle-shaded ways of literature. The political system of England was then in that troubled state which is the forerunner of change, and the rapid passage of authority from hand to hand, tended not to allay the rising commotion. Already the young lawyer had seen four kings upon the throne, had been persecuted by one of them, and he was now witness to the universal joy that greeted the coronation of Henry VIII. Youthful, handsome, opulent, prodigal, and, for a prince, well educated, the monarch promised to become anything, but the sordid, cruel, and licentious wretch he proved. The people cheered their hearts, by hoping for milder laws; the nobles flattered him with praises, in anticipation of a splendid reign; the clergy exalted him as the anointed of God's vicar on earth, and all joined in applauding as virtues, or excusing as ephemeral foibles, the words and the actions of the new monarch. Rejoicing in one tyrant's death; they exulted as though magnanimity itself had inherited

his crown, instead of a worse who cajoled and trampled on th — the more flagitiously, in proportion as they put their trust in him. in consonance with the general sentiment, as well as with the fast the day, wrote a coronation ode-prince, and his queen. Henry was indecent enough to rejoin gratulations showered on him at the expense of his father, for it was his character to revenge upon with inhuman severity, the crime congenial to his own predilection.

Soon after the accession of the More was appointed an under-sheriff of the City of London. As a lawyer he became famous, earning "no scruple of conscience," upward of £100 a year, which was equal to times the amount now. Then scarcely a great suit in which he was not employed, for the fame of his logic and eloquence circulated through every part of the kingdom. He was twice, in 1512 and 1515, appointed reader to Lincoln's Inn, and assiduously buried his mind amid the useless treasury of knowledge, which the revival of letters had thrown open to research. But while these cares occupied his attention, the ties of friendship were not forgotten. Erasmus had dedicated to him his *celebrated Praise of Folly*, and now satirized up to depreciate the works of the found and versatile scholar. They long pelted at him the slippery epigrams inspired from wine cups, but at Dorpius compounded an attack *Morie Encomium*, to which More undertook a reply. The philosopher self-retorted mildly on his young ductile assailant, with whom he was in friendliness for many years, but the under-sheriff analyzed his acquisition, and exposed it to Eur a mixture of ignorance, scurrilous malevolence, and the ability of his epistle on this subject won him general applause.

Six years after his marriage, he lost his first wife, and three years afterwards he took a second — Alice Aston, a widow with one daughter. He acknowledged that he wedded her from any particular affection, for the account of the necessity to have one in his household to care for his children. Neither young nor old, neither rich nor of fine g

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duced to prop up a dissolute and decaying hierarchy. More from his philosophical watch-tower saw over the horizon glimmering, the mighty religious revolution, about to emerge from the chaotic anarchy of superstition and slavery then overwhelming the Christian world. There was a dawn of light on the high ranges, it was descending into valleys, and promised soon to spread over the plains; controversy became hot, and More was not yet foremost in the rising war. However, with a temperate and candid tone he defended his friends, and vindicated himself when attacked by the planetary Ishmaelites, wandering between two horizons and falling into collision with every body, whether luminous or not that happened to intercept them on their way.

The rhetorical graces of his language and the resources of his learning, gave him superiority over these impetuous but shallow opponents. In all assemblies of men he was eminent, and especially in the House of Commons, which elected him Speaker in 1523. Shrinking at first from that position, he no sooner took his station on it, than he rose to vindicate Parliament against the insolence and arbitrary conduct of Henry VIII. With the periphrasis of a courtier, he folded round sentiments and maxims, not common then in a servile and venal senate. The king interfered through Wolsey, with every proceeding of the House. More resolved to check this. When, therefore, a subsidy was proposed, and the Cardinal, fearing opposition, came down to awe and humble the refractory members, all heard his speech in silence, and none could reply to it. Wolsey addressed several in particular. They made no reply. He demanded an answer from the speaker, and More with mock humility told him they could not dare discuss in such an awful presence, nor was it, he boldly added, consistent with their ancient and just liberties to deliberate under restraint. The Cardinal in anger rose and withdrew, when More at once supported the subsidy. Shortly afterwards, being in Wolsey's gallery, at Whitehall, the Cardinal said to him, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Sir More, when I made you speaker." "So would I, too," he replied. The powerful priest was sincere, for it was not long before he tried to get rid of his knightly friend, by sending him on a

mission to Spain; but the King interposed, and the design was prevented. Henry had discernment enough to recognise a mind that could serve him, for though styled *Defender of the Faith*, for his persecution of the Lutheran doctrine, he needed a greater intellectual ally to cope with the profound and fiery eloquence of the Wittenberg professor.

That wonderful man, had roused up from a lethargy of centuries the degraded mind of Europe, had declaimed with prophetic encouragement against the English prince, had told him he was a liar and a blasphemer, and was now retorted upon by More in terms of similar vituperation. Attached by faith and predilection to the Church of Rome, he voluminously answered the continual attacks now made upon it, whether in heavy tomes, or flying broad-sheets, packed with close columns of pedantic erudition. For all these services to the shattered fabric of Papal authority, the knight was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and so great was his favour with the king, that as an oriental would phrase it, the sun of majesty condescended sometimes to illuminate the house and garden of his friend at Chelsea. Nor, in the estimation of those also who ejaculate,

For such divinity doth hedge a king,

could mortal man receive more splendid honour than More, when the Eighth Henry of England came to dinner uninvited, and then walked about the garden for an hour with one arm wound round the Lancastrian Chancellor's neck! Never, except once to Wolsey, had such familiar graciousness been shown. But he knew his master's character; he knew him to be an incarnate perjury all his life, and even then he confessed that there was little to be proud of in these distinctions, for if his head could win Henry a castle in France, he would at once have hewn it off on the block.

The secret of his favour was his ability to serve in the councils of the realm; his skill in diplomacy; and, perhaps, the check he interposed between Cardinal Wolsey's ambition and the weakness of the king. For, the son of the Ipswich butcher was now master-spirit in this kingdom. In the Parliament and in the closet, none but More dared to oppose him; he once called him a fool for showing some flaws in a treaty

was virtuous, but he was surrounded by
flatterers, who flattered him, flattered
with the hope that the Chan-
cellor, misled by the precarious
state of his position, to aid in his
purposes, and his unnatural
But the new-bearer of the
emphatic much of his own
and the brilliant and long
sustained of those who in other
with that chair—the autho-
rity of wisdom, of probity and
justice had surrounded it with
a superior to that of the Crown,
and the integrity of his mind,
which this honour in 1530, and
to continue incorruptible, his
judgment knew that it would
be reconcilable with his con-
science his inclination to wear the
mitre.

Lady More, had made his
house a fortress, and a temple,
not with a double belt of pre-
tensions, to overawe and
attract the people, defended by
power, defended by power, and
opened through the broad gates
to invite approach. These
were the adornment of the sta-

Not passed through them to
pass of the haughty Cardinal.
There was no access to him except
through the door of bribery; but
Lady More, his affable fami-

And principle he instructed many
times when relatives and friends pre-
sumed to recline on his favours. Equity
was not held as a philosophical rule in
those regretted days; but More had pre-
pared and disciplined himself for a war
with ancient corruption and inveterate
abuse. All society took a tincture from
the complexion of the Court, and a
public malady, deep and complicated,
diseased not only the practice, but the
very essence of the law. The Chan-
cellor opposed himself to this circu-
lating stream of evil influences; and by
the exercise of an abstinent and im-
moveable virtue, checked its progress,
though obloquy, in consequence, at-
tached to his name. He conciliated no
enemies, and he obliged few friends,
because neither could be done while he
held in view pure justice as the Pharos
of his life. A whimsical instance of this
impartiality is recorded. One day, a
beggar came to complain that Lady
More detained a little dog which be-
longed to her. The Chancellor sent for
his wife with the dog, and placing the
lady at one end of the hall, and his poor
petitioner at the other, desired both to
call the animal by its name. They did
so, and without hesitation it ran to the
mendicant. "I sit here to do every-
one justice," he said, and compelled
Lady More to pay a proper price for her
favourite. Sometimes, too, he lightened
the cares of his office by a little plea-

exalt himself far above such sources of corruption as those by which Bacon pilloried his name to infamy, but he rejected even gifts and oblations laid before him by those who never came for his decision in a court of law. The bishops offered him five thousand pounds as a present. He declined it. They begged that his wife and children would accept the money. He refused. He would serve the Church by writing against heresies, but for such service he would not be paid. Therefore, he would not touch a coin from their hands; though this did not spare him from the calumnies of men, who circulated a rumour that he had been bribed—a slander dishonourable to them, as it long proved injurious to him.

Henry himself could not bend him to his will. The divorce conflict still raged between the Court of England and the College at Rome. More was solicited to favour the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn; but, instead of yielding, he begged permission to resign his office, which, after much importunity, was granted, and, in 1532, Sir Thomas gave up the Great Seal. The necessity of this descent from power seemed not to affect him at all; but his wife Alice, with less philosophy, scolded him bitterly for his resignation. The facetious knight, with more humour than taste, culled his daughters, and asked them if they perceived nothing wrong in their mother's appearance. They said "No." "How," he cried, "do you not see that her nose is somewhat awry?" "Tillyvally," retorted the one-time widow, "And what will you do, Mr. More? Will you sit and make goslings in the nubes? It is better to rule than to be ruled." Probably she little liked the prospect of poverty now opening before her; for, when all the late Chancellor's debts were paid, he was not worth more than a hundred pounds, with an annual income of about the same amount. He was careless of his own fortune, but religiously provided for the interests of those who had zealously served him while he held the Seal. By his father's death he inherited a very trivial property.

More lived, as we have noticed, in Chelsea. Four houses are pointed out as his. Beaufort House seems to have the best pretension, and near it he hired another as an asylum for aged persons, to whom he sent his daughter,

Margaret, as a minister of charity, to see that their wants were supplied. For, in the character of this great and good man, a love of humankind forms a particular grace. He was benevolent to all, and rancorously persecuted none. The purest integrity was accompanied by the gentlest manners, the most elegant genius, and a familiar acquaintance with the noble spirit of antiquity with a hearth-warm friendliness, that endeared him to all and those not few—who came within the influence of his manners. The fantastic libellers to whom I have alluded, would paint him as an amateur inquisitor, a type of that Cardinal Caraffa, who fitted up his private room with racks and pulleys that he might with the connoisseurship of cruelty, delectify his soul with the tortures of poor wretches, whom his bigotry had, by anticipation, damned. They tell us that More bound heretics to a tree in his garden, and beat them until their agony confessed an uncommitted crime. Robbers, murderers, and perpetrators of sacrilege, he did arrest and cast into prison, but that he persecuted the reformers, is an untruth which our Protestant writers can afford to repudiate. There is enough ferocity proved against the satellites of the Romish Church without imputing to good men the nefarious guilt of the Holy Officer. The charges against More had their origin in two circumstances. He caused a child to be whipped before his household for improper expressions concerning the sacrament, and he had a vagabond fanatic flogged for insulting women, under a pretence of religious zeal. From these incidents have sprung aspersions on his character, which, magnified by the ignorance or malignity of pamphleteers, have at length resumed the shape of a laborious and consistent calumny. More resigned all that his pride could aspire to—the most exalted office in the realm, the adulations of thousands, the sweet possession of power, the pomp and consequence of authority, to spare one reproach from his conscience, and with a liberal philosophy he respected the conscience of others.

From the day of his resigning, the Chancellor More went swiftly down that decline which carried him at last to the scaffold. There was in his mind a foreboding of this fate, for he spoke of it often; and when the new queen was

language: he was reported to us on
the king, and pro-
posed him early to meditate that
which blackened as much as any
infamy of his reign. From this
the fallen Chancellor was watched
as a malignant, in order that
a shadow of reason might be disco-
vered to cover the revenge of
the king. The ornament of his own
and the moral teacher of every
man was a proper victim for a tyranny
to be would not instigate to injus-
tice a proper sacrifice for a people
to be would not provoke to insur-
rection a gratitude for benefits in years
remitted nothing of the rigour that
personified a virtuous offence; but if
he were in ascribing to the King a
sanctity which was as foreign to
his honour as to the first, or de-
voted to the second Charles, he may be
excused the mistake, since Henry,
as a flagitious husband, was not
the *benefactor* of his wives. He had al-
ways, indeed, succeeded to the passions
of his language, after abdicating the
office of the high priest: but Sydney
Milton had not then blazed their
philippics before the world:
the charitable knight imputed to
him motives the actions of a prince,
and he sincerely believed in some
virtue attaching to a crown.

At this time, however, arose the cele-

brated of England. First they sought to
persuade, and then they endeavoured to
terrify him. They denounced him as a
villain and a traitor, as one who unpatri-
otically stood forward for the autho-
rity of the Pope. The committee, how-
ever, were foiled at all points by his
replies; and when the king, enraged,
demanded that he should be charged
upon the bill, concerning the Holy
Maid of Kent, they frankly said, that the
Lords would hear him in his own de-
fence, when they could not answer for
his condemnation. Henry had not a
mind capable of imagining that peers
could be honourable as well as other
men. He vowed that More should be
impeached; he would not yield to a sub-
ject; he would attend the House him-
self; and the noble judges should, by
his presence, be overawed in their de-
cision. It was his will that the fallen
bearer of his seal should be proved
guilty, and the legislature had no more
to do than to convict him. Such was
divine right in the sixteenth century.
Still the committee urged the danger
of allowing More to plead before the
Lords; his eloquence would carry them
away. He would challenge them all by
their heraldic names; he would exhibit
the true picture of his life, and let them
upon their honour say, whether or not
he had treacherously acted towards his
country. Even the taurine-dullard
gained, at length, a glimpse of reason,

any long delay. In that year (1534), three important laws were passed. First, the "Act of Succession." By this, Henry's marriage with Catherine was declared void, and the issue of his union with Anne announced as heirs to the throne. An oath was required in favour of this succession, under pain of confiscation and imprisonment. Second, the King was made Supreme Head of the Church, and the authority of the Pope excluded from the control of ecclesiastical affairs. To these were added, an Act, declaring it high treason to will or express, by words or writing, a desire to deprive the children of Henry and Anne Boleyn of their rights of succession. Soon after, the monarch, triumphing in his new titles, struck a medal, with a legend in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, which provoked the saying, that he had Crucified the Church as Pilate had crucified the Saviour, with the solemnity of three inscriptions. As a scrupulous lawyer, More could not accept the first of these laws; as a conscientious Roman Catholic, he could not acknowledge the second; as a brave man, he could not fear the third.

Therefore, when the oath was imposed, More joined Bishop Fisher in rejecting it. The marriage, he asserted, was unlawful, and Catherine was still his Queen. "By the mass, Mr. More," said the Duke of Norfolk, "it is perilous striving with princes." "*Indignatio principis mors est.*" "Is that all my lord," he replied "then, in good faith, the difference between your grace and me, is only this,—that I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow." Well he knew the hollow of the block would soon be glutted with his blood. To him, as to the Genevese philosopher in after times, opinion was the Queen of the earth, and princes themselves were first among its slaves. Yet the origin of this power was from one anterior—conscience, the voice of the soul, less fallible than reason, the appeal of virtue against the sophistry of weak desires. If not in these terms, at least on principles of this kind, the persecuted man resigned himself to suffer for a conduct he could not change without violating the purity of his honour. When, therefore, about a month after the oath was passed, he was cited with other clergymen to appear before Crammer in Lambeth, he went piously to mass, and then by the

river to his destination. It was his usage on leaving home, to be accompanied to his boat by wife and children, whom he lovingly kissed and bade adieu; but this time, as with a prophetic sentiment of the end that was at hand, he closed the wicket gate of his garden, desired none to follow him, and said in a melancholy voice, what to the place and its peace he felt to be a last farewell.

The oath was solemnly tendered to him, and solemnly he refused to take it. A friendly counsellor sought to persuade him by the logic of a rich man, resolved to compound with conscience for the preservation of his wealth; but he adhered to his declared opinion, and during four days was held in custody by the Abbot of Westminster. At length, the King, with an ingratitude consonant to his other actions, and with the malice of exasperated and conscious turpitude, ordered his committal to the Tower, together with Fisher, on a charge of high treason. All grants that had been made to him were declared void, and every device was used to insult him and embitter his closing days. Then the character of the lauded monarch glowed in its full brilliance through the veil with which panegyric and loyalty had it shrouded from view. If there was any lustre in it, it was like that bloody glare of the sun, which terrified old voyagers when sailing from the North. Like his Roman prototype Constantius, he never showed mercy to any accused of treason: and like Caligula, he never satisfied his purulent malice unless by taking the life of those he had injured and feared to provoke. His miserable limping soul, never docile in youth, was incorrigible in maturer age; unhappily his power was equal to his vice, and thus through an error of mankind, originated by fraud, and perpetuated by apathy, this flattered traitor and forsworn assassin, found himself with the power to degrade and murder the noblest of the human race.

At the Tower Gate, the porter demanded of More what he wore uppermost. The knight gave him his cap, and was sorry it was no better. But wit was not current there, so he was disrobed, and conducted to an apartment, where in about a month his daughter received permission to visit him. Looking out of the window one day with her,

More's library, his gallery, and his orchard. But he told her that he would not lose any more time to gain a thousand years. Truly, More, however, was not without a virtue, a Raehael Russell, and selected him to accept the offer, and thus procure his freedom. This she may have been an emissary of the court, in a taste to which her worldly ideas inclined her, for attempts were made to corrupt knight and break his resolution. He also was sent to entrap him with plausible words, though the utterance of these was not essential to his damnation, for with Henry VIII. any was as useful an appanage of dignity as the globe and sceptre.

In this manner a whole year passed away. More was then arraigned for a second time at the King's Bench bar. Weak, and afflicted with a disease in the neck, and bent he tottered, leaning on a crutch, to meet his eight judges. The members of the Jury have been pressed. They fill so many lines in the annals of infamy; but it is not necessary to repeat them, since they were extricated from obscurity by the enormity of their crime, and are only set forth in history which keeps Monk More's head perpetually hanging like

on which he was to appear at the expiration of a week.

More could be facetious even at this time. A light-headed courtier came to him, and with garrulous impertinence asked him to *change his mind*. "I have changed it," at length he answered. A report of this reached the King, who sent to demand an explanation, for there was grace for him still, if he would now recant. The knight replied that his meaning was, that whereas he intended to have been slayed on the morning of the execution, he had now *changed his mind*, and his beard should share the fate of his head!

Early after dawn on the 6th of July, 1535, Sir Thomas Pope came to the prisoner's chamber with a message from the King and Council, that he should prepare himself for death before one o'clock that morning, and that he should not use many words at his execution. For, still the cowardly tyrant feared the judgment of his victim's last utterance upon him; and More was submissive enough to obey. He put on his best clothes. The Lieutenant of the Tower advised him to change them, saying he was but a rascal who would have them. "What, Mr. Lieutenant," he cried, "shall I account him a rascal who shall do me this day so singular a benefit?" Nay, I assure you, were it cloth of gold, I should think it well bestowed on him, as St. Cyprian did, who gave his executioner a horse and a sword. The morning of the

pray for him, and remember that he died for the Catholic faith. He next knelt and repeated a psalm; then he rose, and when the executioner asked forgiveness, kissed him, and said cheerfully, "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than ever any mortal man can be able to give me. Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not away, for saving thy honesty." After this he laid his head on the block, but exclaimed, "wait until I have removed my beard, for *that* has never committed treason." The axe fell, and humanity was outraged by seeing the head of this pious man fixed on a pole on London bridge. Margaret, his daughter, however, found means to purchase this memorial of her monarch's crime, enclosed it in a leaden box, and ordered it to be buried with her own body, in a vault under Saint Dunstan's, Canterbury. The Knight's corpse lies in the Tower chapel, though some have said it was afterwards removed by his daughter.

Henry received the report of More's execution when he was playing at draughts, and Anne Boleyn was looking on. He cast his eyes on her and said, "thou art the cause of this man's death." He then shut himself up in a chamber and feigned, or perhaps really felt melancholy, but his attempt to fix on his wife the stigma of this crime, only increases the scorn with which all posterity regards his abhorred and wretched name.

More was religious, and his religion was clouded by superstition; but he was not a bigot. In his habits he was simple, and in his abstinence austere. Loyal, beyond virtue, to the King, he resisted his demands when they disagreed with the dictates of conscience. Affectionate to his family, he was benevolent to all men, and though he died in an exploded faith, we may reverence his memory as that of a wise and good man.

The anecdotes of his wit are innumerable. One of his best replies was that to a person named *Manners*, who, on his elevation, said to him, "honors mutant *Mores*." "In English that is true" retorted the Knight, for then "honors would change *Manners*."

A friend brought him a stupid book in manuscript, for his opinion. More with grave humour told him *it would be*

better in verse. The author took home his work, versified it, and brought it again: "Aye," said the Chancellor, "now *it is* something. It is rhyme;—but before, it was neither *rhyme* nor *reason*." He once employed a clever fellow to rob a justice on the bench, who had declared that none but *careless fools* ever had their pockets picked.

Sir Thomas More, however, will be remembered chiefly for his literary works. *The Utopia* or *Happy Republic* is a household name. It was written in Latin about the year 1516. Great applause greeted it all over Europe, and English, French, Italian, and Dutch translations were speedily circulated. In this ingenious scheme of a commonwealth, the author embodied his own ideas of government. As Swift did in his *Travels of Gulliver*, so did he in this, obliquely censuring those principles of the English administration which were opposed to his theory of policy and public justice. Such pictures of a state in ideal perfection, have been the favourite studies of men. This suggested the new Atlantis, of Lord Bacon; and the same fancy painted those fabulous creations of the ancient mind—the halcyon or legendary isles, the Μακρον νησος, the Vales of Bliss and Cities of the Just, in which as in other brilliant illusions the imagination of mankind is prone to indulge. A History of Richard the Third, a Life of Pius of Mirandula, many controversial works and some quaint but interesting letters, have been preserved. It is curious, and is not honourable in our nation, that the writings of Sir Thomas More have been admired more in almost every country than in his own, indeed, they have here been little read, and the polemical part of them would be profitable only to theological and political students. But there is the witchery of a beautiful romance in "Utopia"—the last library edition of which, was printed side by side with the *New Atlantis*, with commentary and introductory discourse, by J. A. St. John. It formed, in fact, part of a series, in which the *Religio Medici* and *Hydrotaphia*, or *Urn Burial*, by Sir Thomas Brown were included. If there be any of our readers who have not read this singular work, I am sure they have neglected one of the richest compositions in the language. It is like a Titian picture, lighted up with the pure aerial tints of Claude, in relief to the

of Rembrandt; chiaroscuro, in which each of the groups and scenes are enveloped. They are imperfectly familiar to the literature of their country.

Have not studied this composite picture of philosophy and fancy.

Will not add any elaborate summary to the character of Sir Thomas More.

We know a man when we see him has acted. What he speaks or writes may be a disguise, or an epitaph on the tomb.

In the history of More's life, however, his motives reveal themselves in the general tenour of his actions.

It is not, indeed, the chief merit of biography to judge the person so clearly what he was, that the world may judge him from that account.

What I cannot avoid, however, is the reflection that More was a good and pious man, sacrificed by an odious prince, before whom the English nation was then content to bow down.

And as these occurrences multiply with the pages of our annals, who can wonder, and, still more, who can regret, that in the next century, that infamous and decrepit tyranny was overthrown first in the field by Cromwell, and second in Parliament by the liberal and patriotic antagonists of the Second James.

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RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

It is not to be considered merely as the fair flower that blooms by the side of the wanderer's path; it is not only the line of silver or of gold that runs along the edges of the dusky cloud; it is the bright feathery foam that crowns the crest of the dark and rugged wave.

It is not the soft and delicate luxuries of the East, and it is something more than the stern and austere asceticism of the West.

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and that selection is difficult. The principles relating to ideal loveliness have, however, recently attained a more perfect development; and hence follow results less likely to perplex the earnest thinker. But we must keep aloof from a question so abstract. It is, however, very evident that many intelligent persons even have singularly chaotic ideas upon this interesting subject.

To quote the words of an acute and clearing critic: "The conceptions of the elder Greeks regarding beauty were nobler than ours, and for their race on their art was of a better character. Their beauty was divine, not human; intellectual, not sensuous; and, like the Jews and Persians, they sought in the loveliness of the human form a type of the perfection of the Deity."

"Beauty, then," continues the same eloquent writer, "is a thing of the intellect. . . . It is universal and divine; it is free of all of tarnish or degradation; the 'beauty of holiness' and the 'beauty of God' of the Hebrew prophets, are both embodied in the heathen deities of Greece; than in the pictured saints of the Roman Church."

The truth that beauty is *universal*, has too often been overlooked; many having sought to impress their idea thereof within some particular type, instead of recognizing it in every form, and in all the varieties of its development.

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reveal to the sons of earth the wondrous sights and sounds that throng the "world of beauty," in visible imagery, or with the glad voice of song. For he ever stands near to the pearly gates of heaven, and through the portals opening at intervals, he receives benedictions of loveliness, and glimpses of celestial glory, which he transmits to us through "pictured and enmarbled dreams," or amid the lofty harmonies of "starry poesy."

The mantle of inspiration which unfolded the painters and sculptors of ancient Greece, seemed to descend with especial power upon the artists of modern Italy. The residents of the fairest land in Europe, a country rich in historic recollections, in proud and lofty memories of heroic time, and thoughts of many wrongs still deeper in stern influence, to them in particular, was intrusted (second to the Greeks) the mission of interpreting the poetry of art. The annals of painting and sculpture in Italy, form a bright and most interesting record, for the Italian artists have given examples of almost every variety of excellence, in the beautiful and the pathetic, in the terrible and the sublime. And among the brilliant galaxy of names included in such history, not one star shines with more untroubled lustre than the name of the "divine Raphael," which is never pronounced by the art-student without the sincerest reverence and the truest love.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO DI URBINO was born on Good Friday, 1483, in the city of Urbino. He was the son of a respectable painter named Giovanni Sanzio, who was patronised by the Duke Federigo of Urbino. Raphael lost his mother early in life. His father married again, and his second wife, Bernardina, a fair, loving creature, was as kind and affectionately attentive to the subject of this memoir as if he had been her own child. Giovanni Sanzio was his son's first instructor, and the boy was soon able to assist his father in his most important works. And thus passed away the childhood of Raphael, amid the sweet and gentle influences of home, beneath the soft Italian sky, his spirit ennobled and purified by a contemplation of all that is fair and lovely, and thus rendered a shrine for those lofty thoughts which must be ever resultant from a right study of the beautiful, the ideal, in nature and in art. But

how many, alas! there are who fail to introduce into their souls that harmony which ought so surely to follow a true devotion to any object that is noble and good. Why is this? It is because unworthy motives intrude upon their worship. Love of display, self-gratification, desire of gain, looking for the praise of men; these are the sources of ill-success. Ah, not thus, oh thinker—worker! Stand forth amid the world's tumult, free, earnest, and sincere, with no thought of *self*, no wish of recompense, save that which flows of necessity from the deep love through which your work is accomplished, and whence you discover, in truth, in high thought, or action, each is "its own exceeding great reward." So live and act, and rest assured, in due time, not only shall you enjoy this supreme satisfaction, but yours shall also be the palm to the victor's hand, the crown to the poet's brow.

Raphael's father left home for Perugia, in 1494, in order to make arrangements for placing his son under the tuition of Pietro Perugino, the most renowned artist of the time, but before the completion of these arrangements, Giovanni Sanzio died, in the August of the same year. The negotiations were, however, carried on by his widow and a friend named Simone Ciarla, and so at twelve years of age, the young Raphael was sent to study under Perugino, with whom he remained until he was about twenty years of age.

Pietro Vannucci, surnamed *Il Perugino*, from his residence in Perugia, was an intimate friend of the great Lionardo da Vinci. In a poem by Giovanni Sanzio, these two artists are gracefully alluded to as "*par d'etate e par d'amore*." The works of Vannucci are distinguished by simplicity and sweetness, and a "pure and gentle feeling." The early productions of Raphael bear evidence to the influence of his master's manner. The charming little picture of "St. Catherine" in the National Gallery is to be referred to this period. The young artist was a most industrious student. His favourite subject was the Madonna and the infant Christ. Many beautiful pictures were painted by him while he was with Perugino. Perhaps the most famous is the one representing the "Marriage of Mary and Joseph," now at Milan. Raphael soon greatly surpassed his master. In 1500

and a first visit to Florence. He provided with letters of recommendation from the Duchess of Sora, sister of Urbino's sister, to the Duke of Soderini, the successor of Piero. This visit, although short, is an event in the artist's history. He made the acquaintance of Ghirlandajo and of the excellent Fra Bartolomeo. His friendship with the latter extended, enduring, even unto death, exerted a beneficial influence upon him. The elder of the two, in-herited a taste in colouring, and a happy disposition of drapery, which in turn imparted to the younger a more perfect knowledge of the laws of perspective.

He now, also, our artist studied the works of Masaccio, and became acquainted with some of the cartoons of Sandro Botticelli, and certain of the designs of Michael Angelo. Hence acquired new ideas of force and of truth. He soon returned to Perugia, and there expanded and enriched, aided with memories of beauty, his young year he was employed to execute altar-pieces for different churches, and executed besides, some of his masterpieces of great excellence, which he obtained through various means.

He was the author of these works, which were executed in fresco, where he was assisted by his pupils. Here he was employed by the study of the works of the great masters supplied by the Duke of Soderini, and also by the Duke of Urbino, and also by the Duke of Mantua, and also by the Duke of Ferrara. He was the author of these works, which were executed in fresco, where he was assisted by his pupils. Here he was employed by the study of the works of the great masters supplied by the Duke of Soderini, and also by the Duke of Urbino, and also by the Duke of Mantua, and also by the Duke of Ferrara.

He was the author of these works, which were executed in fresco, where he was assisted by his pupils. Here he was employed by the study of the works of the great masters supplied by the Duke of Soderini, and also by the Duke of Urbino, and also by the Duke of Mantua, and also by the Duke of Ferrara.

dreams, when the whole world seems a summer-land of beauty, and the spirit overflows with the well-springs of a sweet inspiration, developing itself in soul of genius, in the "harmony of colours," of music, or of song. It was but natural then that the young artist's creations should be in accordance with such happy influences. Take also into consideration the effect of country, and of climate. That glorious Italy, so wreathed with dear enchantments and crowned with strange and lofty memories, its every spot of ground ringing with the echoes of hero-footsteps, and all the air musical with the tones of divinest minstrelsy—was it not a fitting temple for the young enthusiast to bend low in adoring reverence at the shrine of the beautiful and the true? Ah, bright and fair, indeed, must be the artist's life in Italy, if faith and love be with him—for without these no life can be sublime, no death can prove triumphant.

Among the pictures Raphael painted at Florence, are many portraits, some altar-pieces, a Madonna beneath a palm-tree, now in the Bridgewater Gallery, the celebrated *Madonna del Cardellino*, at Florence, and others, altogether about thirty pictures. When our artist was about twenty-five years of age, through the recommendation of his relative, the sculptor, Bramante, he was ordered to Rome by Pius Julius II. to complete the decorations of the Vatican, which had been commenced in the reign of his predecessor, and left unfinished.

At that period Raphael had already established a reputation which extended throughout all Italy. The Italians are ever ready and able to appreciate the beautiful, and to welcome genius with sympathy. They are more quick to recognise, and more fervent to love the indications of talent, than the residents in our cold, northern latitudes. Raphael received so urgent an order from the Pope to proceed to Rome, that he was obliged to leave many of his pictures at Florence, for his friends, Ghirlandajo and Fra Bartolomeo to finish. In a sketch of Michael Angelo we have already spoken of the haughty character, the unconquerable energy, and the resistless will of Pope Julius II., and of the many large and magnificent designs, whose execution shed such lustre upon the annals of his pontificate.

As soon as Raphael reached the Roman Capital, he commenced the embellishment of the *Camera* of the Vatican. The first saloon called the *Camera della Segnatura*, he devoted to the celebration of Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. In four circles he painted on the ceiling four figures, enthroned in the clouds with befitting symbols, and attendant genii. Of these the figure of Poetry is distinguished by superior grandeur and inspiration. Beneath these figures, and on the four sides of the room he painted four great pictures, each about fifteen feet high by twenty-five feet wide, the subject illustrating the four allegorical figures above. Under Theology, he placed the composition generally known by the title of *La Disputa*, i.e. the argument concerning the Holy Sacrament. In the upper part is the heavenly glory, the Redeemer in the centre, beside him the Virgin-mother. On the right and left arranged in a semi-circle, patriarchs, apostles, saints, are seated; all full of character, dignity, and a kind of celestial repose, befitting their beatitude. Angels are hovering round; four of them surrounding the emblematic Dove, hold the gospels. In the lower half of the picture are assembled the celebrated doctors and teachers of the Church, grand, solemn, meditative figures; some searching their books; some engaged in "colloquy sublime." And on each side, a little lower, groups of disciples and listeners, every head and figure a study of character and expression, all different, all full of nature, animation and significance; and thus the two parts of this magnificent composition, the heavenly beatitude above, the mystery of faith below, combine with one comprehensive whole.

Under Poetry, we have Mount Parnassus; Apollo, and the Muses are seen on the summit. On one side near them, the epic and tragic poets. Below on each side are the lyrical poets, Petrarch, Sappho, Corinna, Pindar, Horace.

Under Philosophy, Raphael has placed "the School of Athens." It represents a grand hall or portico, in which a flight of steps separates the foreground from the background. Conspicuous and above the rest, are the elder intellectual philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates. Plato characteristically pointing upwards to heaven; Aristotle pointing to the earth; Socrates impro-

sively discoursing to the listeners near him. Then on a lower plan we have the Sciences and Arts, represented by Pythagoras and Archimides, Zoroaster and Ptolemy the geographer; while alone, as if avoiding, and avoided by all, sits Diogenes the Cynic. Raphael has represented the art of painting by the figure of his master Perugino, and has introduced a portrait of himself humbly following him.

Law or Jurisprudence, from the particular construction of the wall on which it is painted, is represented with less completeness, and is broken up into divisions. Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance are above; below on one side, is Pope Gregory, delivering the ecclesiastical law; and on the other Justinian promulgating his famous code of civil law.

The biographers of Raphael are generally silent with regard to his literary attainments. One of his letters now preserved in the *Museo Borgia*, is written in a kind of *patois*, and might be adduced as an evidence of his being illiterate, were it not that other letters of his are extant, composed in pure and elegant Italian. He was well acquainted with many branches of polite literature, and paid especial attention to history and poetry. Petrarca was one of his dearly loved authors, and from this poet's "*Trionfo della Fama*," he gathered many ideas which he made use of in his delineation of "Philosophy," in the *Camera della Segnatura*.

Whilst engaged at Rome on the frescoes in the Vatican, our artist found a generous patron and friend in Agostino Chigi, a rich merchant of Rome, for whom he painted several valuable pictures—among others the "*Triumphs of Galatea*," and the "*Sybil of the Pace*" in the Chapel, belonging to the Chigi family.

About the same time, Raphael executed a fine portrait of Pope Julius II., and also a likeness of himself, which is familiar to every one through the engravings. It represents him as a young man of singular beauty, with rich masses of dark hair, soft sweet eyes, and a touching noble expression, just the *beau-ideal* of a poet-artist.

Michael Angelo having fled from Rome at this period, on account of his quarrel with the Pope, Bramante obtained the keys of the Sistine Chapel,

substituted to Raphael the sublime and famous rival, which doubtless some measure influenced his style for a short time afterwards and painted the "Sybils" for Alexander the "Enthusiasm" of St. Agostino. The next year he commenced the fresco of the Vatican, in which he depicted the marvellous triumph of his hero over her enemies. This is undoubtedly the wonderful picture of the "Christ Driven from the Temple," which is his most striking production. The group of the celestial host, appearing on the prostrate Herod, with the avenging angels floating above to scourge the despoilers, is a proof of its supernatural power and sign of beauty and terror." The group of Julius II. is introduced with a grand character of the great Pope. The Pope died in 1503, and the completion of this picture and the triple crown devolved upon Leo X.

[illegible][illegible]

He was followed by intercourse with

Raphael, whose marvellous frescoes in the Vatican filled the simple-hearted friar with wonder and admiration. Some of his best pictures were painted on his return to his convent after this visit.

Meanwhile, the works in the Vatican were still in progress. The remaining decorations were all in illustration of the history of Leo X., for in representing the events in the lives of preceding pontiffs the artist only "shadowed forth the glory of his patron." The most celebrated subjects in this series consist of "Attila driven from Italy by Saint Leo the Great," "the Liberation of St. Peter from Prison," and the "Fire in the Borgo."—*L'Incendio del Borgo*.

It is singular to trace through these compositions how very cleverly Raphael has allegorized different incidents in the life-story of Leo X. For instance, in the representation of the expulsion of Attila, even St. Leo himself and his dignified attendants become only supposititious personages, intended to immortalize Leo X., and the cardinals and prelates of his court, whose portraits are actually substituted for those of their predecessors in the honours and dignities of the Roman See.

To have represented Leo X., as living in the time of Leo III., would have been an anachronism, to have exhibited him as miraculously expelling Attila from Italy, would have been a falsehood. But Attila himself is only the type of the French monarch, Louis XII., whom Leo had, within the first months of his pontificate, divested of the state of Milan, and expelled from the limits of Italy."

Only so, how very skilfully the artist disposes of the apparent difficulty of reconciling the two events. It is another question, how far such a treatment of the subject is consistent with the true dignity of art, and whether or not an artist be justified in giving real portraits of living men, under the names of historical personages. We see, however, no serious objections raised, so long as care is taken to preserve the distinguishing characteristics of the primary subject of the picture.

The fresco representing the angel liberating St. Peter from prison is placed opposite to another of P. da F. masterpieces—*The Mass at Bolsena*, in which the tonsured water miraculously dropped blood, to represent the incredulity of the officiating priest. In

the picture of the release of St. Peter, the artist alludes to the imprisonment of the Pope Leo X. at Ravenna, and his subsequent liberation.

L'Incendio del Borgo depicts a fire in that quarter of Rome, which occurred in the reign of Leo IV., and was said to have been extinguished by a supernatural interposition. "This wonderful piece alternately chills the heart with terror, or warms it with compassion. The calamity of fire is carried to its extreme point, as it is the hour of midnight, and the fire which already occupies a considerable space, is increased by a violent wind, which agitates the flames that leap with rapidity from house to house. The affright and misery of some of the inhabitants are also carried to the utmost extremity. Some rush forward with water, are driven back by scorching flames; others seek safety in flight, with naked feet, robeless and with dishevelled hair; women are seen turning an imploring look to the pontiff; mothers whose own terrors are absorbed in fear for their offspring; and here a youth who bearing on his shoulders his aged and infirm sire, and sinking beneath the weight, collects his almost exhausted strength to place him out of danger."

The last chamber painted by Raphael in the Vatican was called the *Hall of Constantine*, being illustrative of the career of that Emperor. The frescoes in this series were executed by pupils from the artist's designs, as he had so many important undertakings under his superintendence, that it was utterly impossible for him to complete them all with his own hands. Hence he merely furnished the cartoons from which his scholars worked.

In the mean time Raphael painted several pictures for his munificent patron, Agostino Chigi, consisting chiefly of fresco decorations for his palace in the *Transtevere*, now called the *Villa Farnesina*; among which may be mentioned a series representing the history of *Cupid and Psyche*, still in excellent preservation. Our artist possessed also considerable architectural talent, for he furnished Agostino with the design of a private Chapel, and also engaged to superintend the erection of a magnificent mausoleum, which his patron was desirous of having built in his life-time. A sculptor, named Lorenzetto, executed two marble figures for this

sepulchre, from models supplied by Raphael. One of these was the statue "Jonah," worthy of being classed with the productions of ancient art. Our artist adorned the *Loggie* of the Vatican with a set of compositions from Old Testament history, entitled "Raphael's Bible." "The *Loggie* are open galleries, running round three sides of an open court." The construction of these galleries had been commenced by Bramante, but he had not been able to complete the design. They were consequently finished by Raphael, with the addition of great improvements upon the original plan. The painter thus afforded a new specimen of his skill as an architect, with which Leo X. was well pleased. The direction of the interior decorations were also entrusted to Raphael. "This afforded the artist an opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the antique, and his skill in imitating the ancient grotesque and arabesque ornaments, specimens of which then began to be discovered, as well in Italy as in other places, and which were collected from all parts at considerable expense by Raffaello, who also employed artists in various parts of Italy, even in Greece and Turkey, to furnish him with drawings of whatever remains of antiquity might appear deserving of notice. The execution of this great work was chiefly entrusted to two of his scholars, Giulio Romano, and Giovanni da Udine; the former of whom superintended the historical department, the latter the stucco and grotesques, in the representation and exquisite finish of which he excelled all the artists of his time; but various other artists who had already arrived at considerable eminence were employed in the work, and laboured with great assiduity. Among these were Giovanni Francesco Penni, Bartolomeo da Baginacavallo, Perino del Vaga, Pollegriano da Modena, and Vincenzio da S. Gemignano. The great extent and variety of this undertaking, the fertility of imagination displayed by Raffaello in his designs, the condescension and kindness with which he treated his pupils who attended him in great numbers whenever he appeared in public, and the liberality of the pontiff in rewarding their labours, all combined to render the Vatican at that period a perfect nursery of art."

There is an interesting story related

his only means of study, for he pursued painting until he was twenty years of age, when all at once seized the pencil and astonished his employers. And from that time forward Caravaggio was numbered among the disciples of Raphael. At the artist had completed the design of the *Loggie* he was employed to paint one of the saloons of the Vatican in the same manner. Leo X. desired also to have the lower walls of the *Sistine* hung round with tapestry, to be woven in Flanders, of wool, silk, and gold. He desired Raphael to furnish the designs for such tapestries from different portions of his history. The cartoons were accordingly executed, and forwarded to Arras, where they were suffered to remain until the reign of Charles the Fifth, who had the good taste to purchase them. They are now at Hampton Court, and familiar to us all. Originally there were ten in number, but three, unfortunately, have been lost. The seven were finished at Arras, and sent to Rome, in 1519. Raphael had the pleasure of seeing them disposed in their proper places, and much admiring approval on the part of the spectators. The sets of hangings were worked from the same cartoons, and of these sets was presented to Henry VIII. in 1521, and afterwards sold out of

In compliance with the last request of the dying Bramante, Leo installed Raphael in the vacant office, with Giordano for his assistant.

The artist was very much interested in the discovery and preservation of all the art remains of antiquity. He formed a plan for excavating the whole of ancient Rome, for the purpose of disinterring all such treasures. He wished also to make an "accurate survey of the city, with representations of all the remains of ancient buildings, so as to obtain, from what might yet be seen, a complete draught or model of the whole as it existed in the most splendid era of its prosperity." A letter on this subject which he addressed to the reigning pontiff is still in existence. He commences:—"There are many persons, holy father, who estimating great things by their own narrow judgment, esteem the military exploits of the ancient Romans, and the skill which they have displayed in their buildings, so spacious and so richly ornamented, as rather fabulous than true. With me, however, it is widely different; for when I perceive in what yet remains of Rome the divinity of mind which the ancients possessed, it seems to me not unreasonable to conclude, that many things were to them easy, which to us appear impossible. Having therefore, under this conviction, always been studious of the remains of antiquity, and having with

so I find myself called upon to exert what little ability I possess, in perpetuating somewhat of the image, or rather the shadow, of that which is, in fact, the universal country of all Christians, and at one time was so elevated and so powerful that mankind began to believe that it was raised beyond the efforts of fortune, and destined to perpetual duration. Hence it would seem that Time, envious of the glory of mortals, but not fully confiding in his own strength had combined with fortune, and with the profane and unsparing barbarians, that to his corroding file and consuming tooth they might add their destructive fury; and by fire, by sword, and every other mode of devastation might complete the ruin of Rome."

The artist then proceeds to lament the indifference and neglect with which the modern Romans had treated these noble monuments of their former glory, suffering them to be left to ruin and decay, or even with sacrilegious hand, employing them in the construction of their dwellings. He adds—"It ought not, therefore, holy father, to be the last object of your attention, to take care that the little which now remains of this, the ancient mother of Italian glory and magnificence, be not, by means of the ignorant and the malicious, wholly extirpated and destroyed; but may be preserved as a testimony of the worth and excellence of those divine minds, by whose example we of the present day are invited to great and laudable undertakings."

Raphael was justly distinguished for the excellence of his portraits, which were, of course, earnestly sought after. Among the most striking are those of Bindo Altoviti, of Joanna of Aragon, of Leo X., with the Cardinals Rossi, and Giulio de Medici, and the picture of "La Fornarina," supposed to be the portrait of a beautiful Roman girl, to whom the artist was attached.

At this period we behold Raphael at the very summit of his greatness and felicity, living in the midst of splendour and of luxury; the companion and the friend of princes; beloved by his disciples, esteemed and admired by all. The Cardinal Bibbiena offered him his niece in marriage, with a rich dowry; but the lady's death took place before the completion of the arrangements. It does not appear that the artist was at all desirous of this marriage; the pro-

posal serves, however, to show in what high estimation he was held. But the life so bright and beautiful was not destined to prove of long duration.

Raphael's last and greatest production was the grand picture of the "Transfiguration," which he undertook at the desire of the Cardinal de Medici, Archbishop of Narbonne. It was designed for the altar-piece of the Cathedral of Narbonne. At that time there were two parties in Rome, one in favour of Michael Angelo, and the other adhering to Raphael;—not that there was ever any open rivalry between these two great artists. The stern and haughty Florentine was still evidently anxious not to be outdone. He, therefore, employed a Venetian painter, named Sebastian del Piombo, to invest his own energetic designs with the graces of attractive and brilliant colouring. Whilst Raphael was engaged upon the "Transfiguration," Sebastian commenced his celebrated picture of the "Raising of Lazarus," for which it was generally understood that Buonarroti not only supplied the cartoon, but sketched some of the figures upon the panel. The rival pictures were afterwards exhibited together in the chambers of the Consistory, and although the work of the Venetian obtained due praise the palm was unanimously awarded to that of Raphael.

This *chef d'œuvre* is divided into two parts. The lower represents a demoniac brought for cure to the Redeemer's disciples, by his distressed friends. The upper portion displays Mount Tabor; and the transfigured Christ above, bright with ideal grace, and divine in majesty, Moses and Elias on each side, and the three disciples prostrate on the ground, shading their eyes from the dazzling light of the ineffable glory. But before the artist had quite completed this dream of beauty, death intervened, and Raffaele Sanzio, the world-renowned, "il divin pittore," died on the anniversary of his birth-day, Good Friday, 1520, at the comparatively early age of thirty-seven years. During his illness, the Pope had sent to his residence daily, with the kindest inquiries; and he joined in the universal sorrow, when it was announced that the beloved artist was no more. The mortal remains of Raphael were laid in state, in his studio, beneath his last glorious work; and hither came crowds of rich and poor, the haughty noble and the loving disciple,

which can alone exist when the whole being moves in sweet concert with the universal harmonies.

Some accusations have been brought against the moral character of Raphael. We believe them to be utterly unfounded; and, in support of our own opinion, we are happy to adduce a testimony from the elegant pen of Mrs. Jameson: "There was a vulgar idea at one time prevalent, that Raphael was a man of vicious and dissipated habits, and even died a victim to his excesses. This slander has been silenced for ever, by indisputable evidence to the contrary. And now we may reflect with pleasure, that nothing rests on surer evidence than the admirable qualities of Raphael, that no earthly renown was ever so unsullied by reproach, so justified by merit, so confirmed by concurrent opinion, so established by time."

After advertng to the painter's extraordinary industry (for he left behind him, when he died, at thirty-seven years of age, 287 pictures and 576 drawings),

a circumstance which almost proves of itself that he could not have employed his short life otherwise than well, the writer continues: "As Raphael carried to the highest perfection the union of those faculties of head and hand which constitute the complete artist, so this harmony pervaded his whole being, and nothing deformed or discordant could enter there. In all the portraits which exist of him, from infancy to manhood, there is a divine sweetness and repose; the little cherub face of three years old is not more serene and angelic than the same features at thirty. The child whom father and mother, tutor and stepmother caressed and idolized in his loving innocence, was the same being whom we see in the pride of manhood subduing and reigning over all hearts; so that, to borrow the words of a contemporary, 'not only all men, but the very brutes loved him;' the only very distinguished man of whom we read, who lived and died without an enemy or a detractor."

JOHN KEATS.

"To the poet, if to any man, it may justly be conceded to be estimated by what he has written rather than by what he has done, and to be judged by the productions of his genius rather than by the circumstances of his outward life. For although the choice and treatment of a subject may enable us to contemplate the mind of the historian, the novelist, or the philosopher, yet our observation will be more or less limited and obscured by the sequence of events, the forms of manners, or the exigencies of theory, and the personality of the writer must be frequently lost; while the poet, if his utterances be deep and true, can hardly hide himself even beneath the epic or dramatic veil, and often makes of the rough public ear, a confessional into which to pour the richest treasures and holiest secrets of his soul. His life is in his writings, and his poems are his works indeed. The biography, therefore, of a poet can be little more than a comment on his poems, though his life may be of long duration, and chequered by strange and various adventures — but these pages concern one whose whole life may be summed up in three volumes of poems, some earnest friendships, one

passion and a premature death." As men die so they walk among posterity, and our impression of Keats is that of an earnest, highly susceptible nature, perseveringly testing its own powers, and striving ever towards a realization of its high ideal of perfection; of a manly heart bravely surmounting and profiting by its own hard experience — and of an imagination glowing with all the brilliant hues of romance and allegory, ready to inundate the world, yet learning to flow within regulated channels, and endeavouring to abate its violence without decreasing its power.

Ever improving in his art, he gave no reason to believe that his marvellous faculty partook of the nature of that facility of rhyming which in many men has been the outlet of their ardent feelings in youth and early manhood, but which as the cares of the world have pressed more heavily upon them have subsided into morbidness of feeling or have disappeared altogether. In him no one doubts that a true genius was suddenly arrested, and they who will not allow him to have won a place in the first ranks of English Literature, will not deny the promise of his candidature.

The interest which attaches to the

ears: and after his mother's death which occurred in 1810, he hid himself for several days in a nook by the master's desk, indulging in one long agony of grief, refusing consolation alike from master or from friend. The sense of humour which so frequently accompanies a strong sensibility, abounded in him. He ever delighted in displays of grotesque originality or wild pranks, and he appeared to prize these next to his favourite quality—physical courage. His perfect indifference to be thought well of as a good boy," was as remarkable as the peculiar facility with which he mastered his tasks, which never seemed to occupy his attention, but in which he was ever equal to his companions. His skill in all manly exercises, combined to the extreme generosity of his disposition made him highly popular. "He combined," writes one of his schoolfellows "a terrier-like resoluteness of character, with the most noble placability;" and another mentions that his extraordinary energy, animation and ability, impressed them all with the conviction of his future greatness, "but rather in a military or some such active sphere of life, than in the peaceful arena of literature." (Mr. E. Holmes, author of 'Life of Mozart.') "His eyes then, as ever, were large and sensitive, flashing with strong emotions, or suffused with tender sympathies, and more distinctly reflected the varying impulses of his nature, than when under the self-control of maturer years; his hair hung in thick brown ringlets round a head, diminutive for the breadth of shoulders below it, while the smallness of the lower limbs, which in later life marred the proportion of his person, was not then apparent, but at the time only completed such an impression as the ancients had of Achilles, joyous and glorious youth—everlastingly striving."

It was only after remaining at school a considerable time, that his intellectual ambition developed itself; he determined to carry off all the first prizes in literature, and he succeeded. He obtained them after arduous study, and at the expense of his amusements and favourite exercises. Even on holidays, when all the boys were out at play, he would remain translating his Virgil or Pindar, and when his master would oblige him to go out for the sake of his health, he would walk about with

a book in his hand. The quantity of translations he made on paper during the last two years of his school-life, was a tonishing. The twelve books of the *Æneid* were a portion of it, though he does not appear to have been acquainted with much other Latin poetry, nor to have commenced learning Greek. Yet Cook's "Pantheon," Spence's "Polymetis," and Lemprière's Dictionary, were sufficient fully to introduce his imagination to the enchantment of Mythology, with which at once he became intimately acquainted; and a mind eagerly alive to the beauties of classic literature, led the way to that wonderful reconstruction of Grecian feeling and fancy, for which he was so peculiarly adapted. He does not at this time seem to have been a sedulous reader of other books, but "Robinson Crusoe" and Marmontel's "Incens of Peru" appear to have impressed him strongly. He must have met with Shakespeare, for he told one of his companions "he thought no one could dare to read 'Macbeth' alone in a house, at two o'clock in the morning."

On the death of their remaining parent, in 1810, the young Keats's were consigned to the guardianship of Mr. Abbey, a merchant; about £8,000 were left to be divided among the four children. John, on leaving school, in 1810, was apprenticed for five years to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon of considerable eminence, at Edmonton. From its vicinity to Enfield he was enabled to keep up his acquaintance with the family of Mr. Clarke, where he was ever welcomed with much kindness. His talents and energy strongly recommended him to his preceptor, and his affectionate feelings found a response in the heart of the son. In Charles Cowden Clarke he found a friend, capable of sympathizing in all his highest tastes and purest feelings, and in this genial atmosphere, his noble powers gradually expanded. Yet so little opinion was formed of the direction his genius would take that when, in 1812, he asked for the loan of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," it was supposed, he merely desired from a boyish ambition, to become acquainted with so illustrious a poem. The effect produced by this wonderful work of the imagination was electrical. He was in the habit of walking over to Enfield once a week to talk over his reading with his friend, and now he would talk

of nothing but Spenser. A new world of beauty and enchantment seemed opened to him: "He ramped through the scenes of the romance," writes Mr. Clarke, "like a young horse turned into a spring meadow,"—he revelled in the gorgeousness of the imagery as in the pleasures of a newly-discovered sense; the expressiveness and felicity of an epithet (such, for example, as "The sea-shouldering Whale"), would illumine his countenance with ecstacy, and some fine description would strike on the secret chords of his soul and awaken countless harmonies. His earliest known verses are those in imitation of Spenser, beginning—

Now morning from her orient chamber came.

Nor will the just critic fail in discovering that much in the early poems which, at first, appears strained and fantastical may be traced to an indiscriminate and blind reverence for a great, though unequal model. In the scanty records which remain of the adolescent years, in which Keats became a poet, a sonnet on Spenser illustrates this view—

Spenser! a jealous-honorer of thine,
A forester deep in thy midmost trees,
Did last eve ask my promise to refine
Some English, that might serve thine car
to please.

But Efta poet! 'tis impossible
For an inhabitant of wintry earth
To rise like Phoebus with a golden quill,
Firewinged, and make a morning in his
mirth.

It is impossible to 'scape from toil
O' the sudden, and receive thy spiriting:
The flower must drink the nature of the
soil.

Before it can put forth its blossoming:
Be with me in the summer days, and I
Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.

Few memorials remain of his other studies—Chaucer evidently gave him the greatest pleasure—he felt in reading it nothing but the pure breath of nature in the early dawn of English literature. The strange tragedy of the unhappy fate of Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in its pride," is a frequent subject of allusion in Keats's letters and poems. The impressive nature of Keats would naturally incline him to erratic composition, but his early love verses are remarkably deficient in beauty and pathos. The world of personal emotion was to him far less familiar than that of the imagination, and indeed it appears to have been long ere he descended from the heights of poetry and romance, to the

That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Leigh Hunt remarks, it is "epical in the splendour and dignity of its images, and terminates with the noblest Greek simplicity."

These critical remarks have anticipated the termination of Keats's apprenticeship and his removal to London, for the purpose of walking the hospitals. He lodged in the Poultry, and having been introduced by his friend, C. Clarke, to some literary friends, he soon found himself in a genial and sympathizing atmosphere, which stimulated and encouraged him to exertion. One of his most intimate friends at that time, eminent for his poetical originality and political persecutions, was Leigh Hunt, whom all must admire for his noble, independent spirit, which recoiled from every species of oppression, as well as for the delightful, melodious poetry with which he has enriched his country. Miserable, indeed, was the return which his fearless advocacy of justice met with. In those days of hard opinion, which we of a "freer and worthier time," look back upon with strong indignation, Mr. Hunt had been imprisoned for an expression of public feeling, in his "Journal," a little too liberal for those times. The heart of Keats leaped towards him, in human and poetic brotherhood; and the earnest sonnet on the day Hunt left prison, cemented the friendship. They read and walked together, and wrote verses in competition on a given subject. "No imaginative pleasure," observes Mr. Hunt, "was left unnoticed by us or unenjoyed, from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old, to the luxury of a summer rain at our windows, or the clicking of the coal in winter-time." Thus he became intimate with Hazlitt, Shelley, and Haydon, Basil Montague and his distinguished family, and with Mr. Ollier, a young publisher, who offered to publish a volume of Keats's productions. The poem with which it commences was suggested by a delightful summer's day, as he stood by a gate on Hampstead Heath, leading into a field by Cuen Wood; and the last "Sleep and Poetry," was occasioned by his sleeping in Mr. Hunt's cottage

in the same year. These two pieces, considerable length, show the sustain vigour of the young poet's fancy. The imperfections of Keats's style here more apparent than in his short efforts. Poetry to him was not yet art; the irregularities of his own were to him no more than the irregularities of that nature of which he considered himself as the interpreter.

For what has made the sage or poet write,
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the moving of the mountain pine,
And when a tide is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade.

He had yet to learn that art should purify and elevate that nature which comprehends; and that the ideal lo none of its beauty in aiming at perfection of form as well as of view. He did not like to consider poetry as result of anxious and studious thought nor that it should represent the struggles in the hearts of men. He is most exquisitely, that

A dreamless shower
Of light is poetry—'tis the supreme power;
'Tis night half slumbering on its own right arm

At the completion of the first volume he gave a striking proof of his faculty for composition. He was enjoying evening with a lively circle of friends when the last proof-sheet was brought him, with a message from the publisher that, if he intended to have a dedication, he must write one immediately; he journeyed to a side table, and, whilst rest were busily conversing, wrote Sonnet commencing,

Glory and loveliness have passed away.

This little book, the beloved fruits of so great a genius, scarcely rested the public attention: it hardly a purchaser beyond the circle of ardent friends, who composed most the great minds of that time—and profuse admiration which they bestowed upon it, must have contrasted strangely with the utter neglect of the rest of mankind, and been a bitter lesson to his highly sensitive feelings. Haydon, Dilke, Reynolds, Woodhouse, R. Taylor, Wesley, Leigh Hunt, Bai and Haslam, were, at this time, Keats's principal companions and correspondents.

The uncongenial nature of the profession for which Keats was preparing himself, became daily more apparent to him. An extensive book of careful

to testify his diligence—disdaining to tell his profession to be—like that of his fellow students desisting at the lectures as being very boring, and taking up the notes with dogmatism, especially when he got through the student's syllabus. He was full with much sympathy for the students, and whenever he received his graver compositions, he seemed to be severely ridiculed. He was therefore much surprised, when he presented himself at the lectures. He felt that he "passed" the examination with much credit. He was when he entered on the practical life—though successful in all his studies, yet his mind was so oppressed that he *feared of doing harm*. He was with the settled conviction that he was totally unfit for the profession, which he had expended so much time, study and a considerable amount of property. "My dexterity," he said, "seemed to me a miracle, and I resolved never to take up the instrument again," and thus he remained on the threshold of life—a great waste of the means of daily life—content with a host of friends and a great interest in his welfare, and in the future, he had hopes for the time when he would be able to do his duty to his fellow students.

On the 1st of May, 1874, he was taken to the hospital, and died on the 11th of November of the same year. He was a very young man, and his life was a very short one. He was a very young man, and his life was a very short one. He was a very young man, and his life was a very short one.

'God forbid that I should be without such a task.' I have heard Hunt say and I may be asked, '*why endeavour after a long poem?*' to this I should answer, Do not the lovers of poetry like to have a little region to wander in, where they may pick and choose, and in which the images are so numerous that many are forgotten and found new in a second reading,—which may be food for a week's stroll in the summer? Do not they like this better than what they can read through before Mrs. Williams comes down stairs? a morning's work at most.

" Besides, a long poem is a test of invention, which I take for the polar star of poetry, as fancy is the sails, and imagination the rudder. Did our great poets ever write short pieces? I mean in the shape of tales. This same invention seems, indeed, of late years, to have been forgotten in a partial excellence."

So much for what Keats says of his own composition—of its imperfections (which consist rather in the excessive luxuriance of imagery, and extreme sensibility, if these can be called faults, than in overdrawn and "spun-out" description) he was well aware, as the reader may perceive by the preface to "Endymion":—"Knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public, what manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error, denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished."

"Endymion" is filled with imagery of the most startling loveliness, gorgeous descriptions, and wild, rich, ever-varying Eolian music; the metre is capricious, indeed, it can hardly be said to have any versification, and the lines are broken in the strangest, though not accidental manner, so that it is easy to mistake it for blank verse, unless reading aloud, although the rhymes are remarkably correct and ingenious. The whole poem displays a singularly accurate acquaintance with the mythology of Greece, and an exquisite appreciation of its beauties. In reading the poem we are constrained to own that in "holding to live again the images of pagan beauty," Keats had *not* dulled the faculties.

the winter of 1914-15 was spent

judgment hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself—that which is created, must create itself."

A few weeks later he writes on the same subject,—“Reynolds is well and persuades me to publish my ‘Pot of Basil,’ as an answer to the attack made on me by ‘Blackwood’ and the ‘Quarterly.’ I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death. Even as a matter of present interest the attempt to crush me in the ‘Quarterly’ has only brought me more into notice, and it is a common expression among book-men, ‘I wonder the ‘Quarterly’ should cut its own throat.’” So little, indeed, had it cooled his ardour, or broken his spirit, that about this time he penned the following passage of exalted feeling:—“In the second place I will speak of my views, and of the life I purpose to myself. I am ambitious of doing the world some good; if I should be spared that may be the work of future years. In the interval I will assuage to reach as high a summit in poetry as the nerve bestowed upon me will suffer. The fairest conceptions I have of poems to come, bring the blood frequently into my forehead. All I hope is that I may not lose all interest in human affairs; that the solitary indifference I feel for applause, even from the finest spirits, will not blunt any acuteness of vision I may have. I do not think it will. I feel assured I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night’s labours should be burnt every morning, and no eye ever shine upon them.”

In a letter to his brother George, October, 1818, he mentions a lady of noble form, refined manners, and superior intellect, as simply admiring her—this admiration in time ripened into a passion which ceased only with his existence. However warmly the devotion of Keats may have been returned, his outward circumstances soon became in so uncertain a state as to render a union for some years at least impossible. Poverty and sickness overtook him; these he met, and for a time successfully baffled, with strong hope and consciousness of his own mighty power of intellect; but they at length overcame him, and the very intensity of his passion was, in a certain sense, accessory

to his death. Had he lived *less* he might, possibly, have lived *longer*.

When in December, Keats was left alone by the death of his brother Tom, (who had long been in consumption,) he accepted the invitation of Mr. Brown to reside with him. The cheerful society of his friend had a beneficial effect on his spirits, and stimulated him to renewed poetic exertions. It was then he began “Hyperion,” that noble fragment full “of the large utterance of the early gods,” of which Shelley said the scenery and drawing of Saturn, dethroned by the fallen Titans, surpassed those of Satan and his rebellious angels in “Paradise Lost.”

Hyperion is, without doubt, the most mature of his poems, and contains more of the sublime than any other, which is relieved and softened by imagery of the most exquisite and æriel hue.

Take, for example, the following fragmentary passage:—

As when upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust,
Which comes upon the silence and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave:
So came these words and went.

A simile of more unearthly haunting majesty than the following, the intellect of man could hardly create:—

There is a roaring in the bleak grown pines
When winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With lushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless
thought,
With thunder and with music and with pomp.
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines
Which when it ceases in this mountain’d world,
No other sound succeeds.

The “Eve of St. Agnes” was begun in 1819 in Hampshire, and finished on his return to Hampstead—there is a certain Spenserian handling about it, but with a striking improvement in diction and versification. Lord Jeffrey justly remarks, “The glory and charm of the poem is the description of the fair maiden’s antique chamber and of all that passes in that sweet and angel-guarded sanctuary, every part of which is touched with colour at once rich and delicate, and the whole chastened and harmonized in the midst of its gorgeous distinctness by a pervading grace and purity, that indicate not less clearly the exaltation than the refinement of the author’s fancy.” We find the following critical observations in Leigh Hunt’s

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careful work on "Imagination and the Poet."—"The Eve of St. Agnes" is the best full-grown poetry of the poet's description; graceful as the beard of the old, glowing and gorgeous with the colours of romance—in addition to the beauty of treatment, its subject is in every respect a happy one, and helps to make this our tower of poetry with a garden. In all the luxury of the poem there is nothing of the conventional artificial writers; no heaping up of words or similes for their own sakes; no rhyme's sake; no gaudy commonplaces; no borrowed airs of earnestness; no tricks of inversion; no subtleties of reading or of ingenious conceits for feeling or spontaneity, no affectation or unfitness of any sort. It flows out of sincerity and passion. The writer is as much in love with his subject as his hero is; his description is like a painted window, however gorgeous, has not an untrue or superfluous colour; and the only speck of a fault in the whole poem arises from an excess of colour.

Keats spent the greater part of the winter at Shanklin in company with George and Brown. Here they attempted to estimate of intellectual power as they were likely to prove successful. Keats was not a dramatist, between the poet and the dramatist there was a wide difference. It was to supply the character of the poet, and dramatic plot, and to turn the poet's feelings into rich and varied pictures was no doubt the province of the dramatist, but it requires a special talent, and a wide imagination, to turn the poet's feelings into a successful drama. Keats was not a dramatist, and emotion was not his forte. He had to be content with the poet's improvement in the art of the poet, and a certain improvement in the poet's imagination, and a certain improvement in the poet's imagination, at the expense of the poet's feeling and imagination. The drama most

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such an improvement in health and strength, as amounted almost in the estimation of many of his most sanguine friends, to recovery. Gleanings of his old cheerfulness returned. In a letter (February, 1826) he remarks, with exquisite delicacy and feeling, "how astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us. I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known since my infancy, their shapes and colours are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and the happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers, in hot-houses, of the most beautiful natures, but I do not care a straw for them. *The simple flowers of spring are what I want to see again.*"

In May, Keats went to Kentish Town to be near his friend, Leigh Hunt, but soon returned to Hampstead, and remained with the family of the lady to whom he was attached. But as the summer and autumn advanced all the delusive hopes which his apparent recovery had fostered died away, for the disease was making visible progress, and in September, as a last forlorn hope, he was recommended to try the genial climate of Italy. His friend Severn, nobly regardless of his fair prospects for the future, the gold medal for the best historical painting had just been awarded to him at once offered to accompany Keats into Italy. Such a companionship was everything to him, and though he reproached himself on his deathbed with permitting Severn to make the sacrifice, it no doubt afforded all the alleviation of which his sad condition was capable.

The voyage was begun on the 20th of September, for a fortnight they were delayed in the Channel by contrary winds. He landed once more on the Dorchester coast; the bright beauty of the day and the scene revived the poet's drooping heart, it was then that he composed that sonnet of solemn tenderness,

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lips apart.

Like Nature's patient sleepless ermite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task

Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask

Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still self-fast, still unchangeable,

Piled upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

which was the last he ever wrote.

A violent storm in the Bay of Biscay lasted thirty hours. After the tempest had subsided, Keats was reading the description of the storm in Don Juan, and cast the book on the floor in a transport of indignation—"How horrible an example of human nature," he cried, "is this man, who has no pleasure left him, but to gloat over and jeer at the most awful incidents of life. Oh! this is a paltry originality, which consists in making solemn things gay, and gay things solemn, and yet it will fascinate thousands, by the very diabolical outrage of their sympathies. Byron's perverted education makes him assume to feel, and try to impart to others, those depraved sensations which the want of any education excites in many."

The invalid's sufferings increased during the latter part of the voyage, and a miserable ten days quarantine at Naples. But when once fairly settled in comfortable quarters, his spirits appeared somewhat to revive, and the glorious scenery to bring back at moments his old sense of delight; these transitory gleams of hope were only remarkable as contrasting painfully with the gloom of melancholy and despair, which overcame all his feelings, even those of love.

Little things which might have passed at other times unobserved, now struck his exquisitely susceptible feelings with intense disgust. He could not bear to go to the Opera, on account of the sentinels who were stationed continuously on the stage. "We will go at once to Rome," he said. "I know my end approaches, and the continual visible tyranny of this government prevents me from having any peace of mind—I could not lie quietly here—I will not leave even my bones in the midst of this despotism."

He had received at Naples a most kind letter from Shelley, anxiously enquiring after his health, and concluding with a pressing invitation to Pisa, where he could ensure him every comfort and attention. It is unfortunate this invitation was not accepted, as it might have spared the sufferer much annoyance, and relieved the mind of his friend from much painful responsibility.

stood on the right hand as
 seen the steps of the "Trinita-
 ti." The desolation and gloom
 of the scene were abated by
 the presence of his faithful friend
 and Dr. Clarke. Once during
 the journey he requested that on his
 resting-place this inscription—
 "John Keats—here was written water;
 he wished that a purse of his sister's
 had been an unopened letter, which
 he had been to read, and some hair
 of her placed in his coffin. This
 Mr. Keats fulfilled with his own
 hand. He continued to linger in a
 state of suffering and weakness,
 during clouds of gloom and
 sickness which, during the first part
 of his illness, hung so heavily and
 oppressively around him, happily passed
 away, leaving a beautiful calm of quiet-
 ness and ease. On the 27th February,
 Mr. Keats wrote a letter to a
 friend—He is gone; he died with-
 out a protest case—he seemed to go
 away on the 27th, about four, the
 moment death came on. "Severn
 lifted me up—I am dying—I shall
 not be frightened—he firm,
 "God it has come." I lifted
 up my arms. The phlegm seemed
 to be his throat, and increased un-
 cessantly when he gradually sunk into
 sleep, so that I still thought he slept.
 "I am broken

slope, amid the verdurous ruins of the
 Honorian walls of the diminished city,
 and surrounded by the pyramidal
 tomb which Petarch attributed to
 Renuas, but which antiquarian truth
 has ascribed to the humbler man of
 Caius Cestius, a tribune of the people
 only remembered by his sepulchre. In
 one of those mental voyages into the
 past, which often precede death, Keats
 had told Severn that "he thought the
 intensest pleasure he had received in
 life was in watching the growth of flow-
 ers;" and another time, after lying
 awhile still and peaceful, he said, "I
 feel the flowers growing over me." And
 there they do grow, even all the winter
 long—violets, and daisies, mingling
 with the fresh herbage, and in the
 words of *Shelley*, "making one in love
 with death, to think that one should be
 buried in so sweet a place."

To the memory of John Keats, *Shelley*
 inscribed his exquisitely beautiful poem,
 "Adonais"—truly one of the fairest
 monuments ever raised, and the sweetest
 tribute of love that has ever been offered
 on the altar of departed genius. And
 a few years after this was written, in
 the extended burying-ground, a little
 above the grave of Keats, was placed
 another tombstone, recording that below
 rested the passionate and world-worn
 heart of *Shelley* himself—"Cor Cordium."

P. R. S.

minate and prepare to put forth their harvest. Such a period in the history of England was that which preceded the Commonwealth. Up to the reign of the eighth Henry, superstition had dominated over art, set limits to science, confined intellect within a narrow circle, and banned free thought. The world's heart and brain were as though they were dead, so faint was the action of one, under the shadow of the hood of the monk—so faint the pulsation of the other beneath its ecclesiastical shroud. Philosophers were fain to hide their lore within the recesses of their studies, for fear that it might offend the dogmas of the Church—and men spake of the thoughts which began to beam in upon their souls as though truth were a crime. But there were men who, like Galileo, spake with the voices which echoed to them out of the recesses of nature, and braved the dungeon—there were martyrs who like the Lollards, proclaimed the faith which was in them, and dared the stake and the flame. The first blow at a system thoroughly rotten, seals its fate. Its end may be delayed or put off—but from that moment it is written on the page of the future, for

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Human thought often errs, but it has this godlike quality, that in the end it always tends to the right. Keep it still, silent, immovable—shut it in an exhausted receiver from which the air of knowledge is thoroughly excluded, it will remain latent—let but a breath enter its prison-house, and it begins to wake—it ceases to be compressible—it grows, and puts a firm grasp on power. It is a beautiful story, that in the Arabian Nights' Tales where the fisherman draws up in his net the vessel sealed with the magic signet of Solomon. When he opened it there arose from it a cloud—that cloud became a giant threatening him with destruction. That is how thought was imprisoned; but when once the seal was off its prison-house, it grew so rapidly that it was beyond the power of man to force it back into the narrow cell from which it had emerged.

It has been said that great men make great times. Invert the sentence and it is still true—great times make great men. Those who recognise the

providential government of the world, note its workings in this, that a crisis brings the men fitted to meet it; close upon the heels of the danger ever follows the means of safety. If it were our task to trace the progress of humanity, we might show how, with the spirit of enquiry which marked the era of the Reformation, came intellectual power from which rose Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and how the two blended to produce the pure, earnest, unwavering, stern faith of the puritans. But that is not our purpose. We may only so far touch history as to observe the general circumstances which preceded and accompanied a particular life—only so far indulge in speculation as to trace the connection of the wide-spread cause with the one effect which forms our subject. That we have attempted to do as briefly as may be; and now to the matter in hand.

At the town of Kingston-on-Hull, where the broad Humber floats between verdant banks to the sea, stands a monument bearing the following inscription: "Near this place lyeth the body of Andrew Marvell, Esq., a man so endowed by nature, so improved by education, study, and travel, so consummated by experience, that joining the peculiar graces of wit and learning with a singular penetration and strength of judgment; and exercising all these in the whole course of his life with an unutterable steadiness in the ways of virtue, he became the ornament and example of his age, beloved by good men, feared by bad, admired by all, though imitated by few, and scarce paralleled by any. But a tombstone can neither contain his character, nor is marble necessary to transmit it to posterity; it is engraved in the minds of this generation, and will always be legible in his inimitable writings, nevertheless. He having served twenty years in Parliament, and that with such wisdom, dexterity, and courage, as becomes a true patriot, the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, from whence he was deputed to that assembly, lamenting in his death the public loss, have erected this monument of their grief and their gratitude, 1688."

It has been observed by a satirist, that if the testimony of tombstones is to be taken, the living have sadly degenerated from the virtues of the dead. Monuments are so infected with the vice of flattery, that monumental in-

Great was the grief of old Marvell, at Hull, over the loss of his son, and earnest were the efforts made to track him out. At last a clue was discovered and the father proceeded to the place of his concealment. It does not seem that any stern exercise of parental authority was necessary to reclaim the youth. Andrew had already learned a lesson which told upon his future life. He had been taught that in his new vocation, he must smother those deep sentiments which bound him to his kind, and make the human bond of sympathy which binds man to man, an instrument to serve a coldly-calculated end. He had found too that to be rid of doubt he must give up freedom: that when he exchanged half-darkened reason for blind faith, he must cease to think. The safety that was offered to him was in a dungeon without light, and his was a mind to prefer danger beneath the open sky. In fact, he was disenchanted of the romance which prompted his change. He was like the traveller who looks from a distance upon the mountains bounding the horizon. They are tinged with the blue of the firmament. The setting sun casting on them his slanting rays bathes them in liquid gold. They seem an earthly paradise. He reaches them, and instead of verdant dells and embowered groves, vast chasms yawn and jagged peaks raise up their barren heads. He learns that imagination clothes the remote with unreal attractiveness.

So young Marvell had seen both aspects. He had been drawn through distance and repelled by closeness. He left the Jesuits without a pang, and, like a man who wakes from a benumbing dream, returned to his old studies with an added zest. His college course ended, young Marvell went upon the Continent to enlarge his knowledge of men and manners. It is believed that it was in Italy he first met Milton, and began that friendship which lasted throughout his life. The first literary event of Marvell's life took place in Rome, and it serves to show that he had become more than indifferent to the Jesuits; that he was inimical to them. His first effort was a satire upon Richard Flecknoe, an English Jesuit of some notoriety. It is a critique full of pungent humour and biting sarcasm, and at once gained for him the undying enmity of those from whose toils he had

escaped. This satire was followed by another, also upon an ecclesiastic. The pursuits of the graphiologists of our day only illustrate the adage, that, "there is nothing new under the sun." The Abbot de Manitan, of Paris, like the gentlemen and ladies of to-day who discover firmness in a down-stroke, instability in an up-stroke, and levity in a long-tailed letter, pretended to prognosticate people's dispositions from their hand-writings, and Marvell lashed him much as the satirical writers of *Punch* do the impostors of our own day.

At this period there is a dark space in the life of Marvell. For some years we know nothing certain of him. An uncertain rumour fills up the blank by saying that he accompanied a mission to the Turks, as secretary, but reliable evidence is wanting. What is known is that he reappeared in 1653, when he was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, and in 1657 was advanced to the post of Latin secretary to the pretender. Shortly after this Andrew Marvell may be said to have commenced his public life. In 1658, when he was thirty-eight years old, he was elected to represent his native town in Parliament, and now having fairly got him upon the open stage of life, let us try to realize what manner of man he was, both physically and intellectually. Nature had written her letter of recommendation upon his person. His appearance was altogether in his favour. With a thin graceful figure, he had a handsome face. The brow was open. The nose and chin classic and finely cut. The mouth softly sensuous, rather than firm; the dark eyes bright and full of vivacity; the dark hair in keeping with a clear brown complexion, curled gracefully down to his shoulders. In him there was perceived none of those tokens of stern determination which sits on the rugged features of Cromwell; none of that rigid self-command, which marks the intellectually beautiful face of Milton. He had not

That vast girth of chest and limb, assigned
So oft to those who subjugate their kind.

The body was, as it often is, the correct indicator of the nature of the mind it enshrined—He gained much of the harder portions of his character from the circumstances in which he was placed. His was no hand to lift itself first against a monarchy. His was a mind which sought for gradual reform

of the great revolution. He did not seem to aim rather than to avoid it; it had been that there was a suggestion of his kindly nature, and that for right, he would have been likely to have clung to the old friends of the monarchy, and the better hopes of the Republic. But stronger men regarded as a failure being prevented, he somewhat puzzled with the eye of the fact, and thought, to the inevitable, and thought, to the inevitable words.—

There is no rest, no rest or blame,
The heart of angry Heaven's flame.

He could not have emulated the deeds, and would not have been able to do so, he looked at the world which most men would have regarded as one who

He could not have emulated the deeds,
The heart of angry Heaven's flame.

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And there are some other lines which seem to settle a disputed point in history, about which rival writers are even now contending. When Charles escaped to Carisbrooke Castle, and there fell into the hands of an adherent of the Protector's, it is asserted on one hand that Cromwell so intrigued as to give the King an opportunity of apparently escaping, and so planned as that he should be led to direct his flight to Carisbrooke, where preparations were already made for his capture. The motive assigned is that he wished to irritate the army and the nation against Charles. On the other side the tale is regarded as a fabrication, not to be charged against Cromwell's memory. Whichever may be true, Marvell who was in the secret of the time, gives ground for inferring the truth of the accusation. In the same poem (referring to Cromwell) he says—

And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where twining subtle fears with hope,
He wore a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case.

That hence the royal actor home,
The brave scold might depart,
While round the arm of the
Did clasp the in his day his

Here then we have an avowal, in poetry it is true—but still in *express* avowal by a republican, who was a close friend of Cromwell's, that he persuaded Charles to escape, so that he might come to the block. That one would think would almost suffice to settle the controversy. The admirers of Cromwell will resist to see this dark stain of treachery fixed upon his character, but regard for historic truth is of more consequence than partiality for an individual, however great he may be.

We have already said that Marvell was sent to parliament in 1663, and with the exception of three years, when he was Secretary to the Embassy to Russia, he continued to represent Hull, till 1675, when the parliament was prorogued. It was not until after the death of Cromwell and the restoration of the monarchy, that Marvell's true character fully shone out. Then, when so many of the adherents of the Protector paid their oaths to the restored Prince, his consistency would not allow him to change, nor his integrity to deny, the principles he con-

scientiously held. He was as he had been a republican, and despite the danger of persecution and a threatened assassination, he gloried in and avowed the fact, and stood boldly forth for the people's rights. Mucanlay speaks bitterly of that time as "a day of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier and the *Anathema Marantha* of every fawning dean." In bright relief against the dark background of this pandemonium stands the figure of Andrew Marvell in bright relief, looking at the darkness of the period, he seems like one of a few, very few, glorious stars gemming a sky of murky blackness. His adherence to his principles rebuked the political corruption which festered around him, and the blameless purity of his life cast added shame upon the hideous profligacy which, nurtured in the court, spread downward, demoralizing all ranks. He fully deserved the name he won, of the "British Aristides." The boldness with which he reprov'd wrong in the highest quarter, and incurred no small danger, may be inferred from the fact that the finest of his satirical writings is a parody on the speeches of Charles II., in which he exposed, with no sparing hand, and in no measured terms, the private vices of the king, and his gross violation of public pledges. Most other men would have suffered for this, but Marvell had a personal as well as political interest. The elegance of his manners, the amiability of his demeanour, his polished wit, and his finished education, procured for him consideration and respect even from a debauched king and a profligate court, and though Charles deeply felt the sting of his pen, he could do nothing but join in the laugh against himself.

Marvell was not, however, suffered to pursue his honest course unmolested. What those whom he opposed dare not compass by persecution was attempted by temptation. Many efforts were made to win him over. The king complimented him, Rochester praised him, the frail beauties of the courts offered him their blandest smiles and their most honied flatteries, but "Aristides" was proof against all. Little money as

Charles's extravagant expenditure left him to spare, £1,000 was found to bribe Marvell. The Treasurer went with it where he lodged at the top of a house down a court in the Strand, and placed it before him. Marvell was poor, he had that very morning been compelled to borrow a guinea of a friend to satisfy present necessities. What comforts and luxuries there were in that heap of gold. But no, his virtue was not to be shaken—he went on as he had begun, claiming religious liberty for all, denouncing the excise, which he alleged was fettering industry and enterprise, and demanding that parliaments should be held frequently and the people fairly represented. In the reaction of that period, when the strictness of puritanism had given way to the gross demoralization of an age without faith, it is owing mainly to Andrew Marvell that any traces of public or private morality were preserved. And his example was all the more effectual as he was devoid of that overstraining pretension to sanctity and affectation of austerity of life, which had done so much to bring discredit upon puritanism.

As a controversialist, Marvell was perhaps in his day held in higher estimation than Milton himself. It is possible that, while he never neglected principle, he dealt in a spirit of biting satire with the men he opposed. The satirist seldom lives much beyond his own age, because the persons whom he satirizes are forgotten, and his gibes lose the application which gives them point. The game of the controversialist is often equally short lived, but the pamphlets of Milton have, apart from their immediate objects, so much dignity of style and depth of argument, bearing upon the highest principles, that the world is not likely to let them die. One of Marvell's works of that kind is still, however, much admired. Dr. Parker, the high churchman, who led the persecution of the non-conformists, supported the power of Government to stereotype a faith, and impose it upon a people on the ground that "princes may with less hazard give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences." Marvell answered this with a cutting satire. The Dr. replied, and the reply drew forth a rejoinder in which, while the argument was completely disposed of, the poor Doctor was handled with such savage wit, that he was glad to retire

to escape the ridicule which set up in him from all sides. It was upon Marvell a threat of contempt from one of Dr. Parker's men. So great was the rage of the man, there is little doubt Marvell was in danger; but he heeded no threats as he had the blandish-
 ing Court. He was as much above as he was above prudence. In his way ever ready to de-
 light and as his monument
 beloved by good men, feared

of Andrew Marvell did not
 live. Up to the last he
 the performance of his public
 He lived with harness on his
 being then forty-eight
 he attended a popular
 constituents at Hall
 he died. His health
 was hardly good, and there
 to account for his
 Suspicion pointed to
 cause of his death.
 proof that it was brought
 but the character
 his own prominence and
 of the people, the
 his enemies, and the
 all lead a
 supposition. We
 upon the charac-
 His postu-
 than an
 in char-
 the House of
 Nevertheless
 considerable merit,
 and thoughts and
 set up a whole
 starters. From

a poem entitled "Eyes and Tears" we take the following stanzas, which are characteristic of the tender, thoughtful nature of the man.

How wisely nature did agree,
 With the same eyes to weep and see,
 That having viewed the object vain,
 They might be ready to complain,
 And since the self-deluding sight
 In a false angle takes each height;
 These tears, which better measure all,
 Like watery lines and planets fall.

Happy are they whom grief doth bless,
 That weep the more, and see the less;
 And to preserve their sight more true,
 Bathe still their eyes in their own dew;
 So Magdalen, in tears more wise,
 Dissolved those captivating eyes
 Whose liquid chains could flowing, meet
 To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
 The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
 Drench'd in those tears doth lose its fire.

Yea, oft the Thunderer pity takes,
 And there his hissing lightning slakes.
 The incense is to heaven dear,
 Not as a perfume, but a tear;
 And stars shine lovely in the night,
 But as they seem the tears of light.
 Ope then mine eyes, your double sluice,
 And practice to your noblest use;
 For others, too, can see and sleep,
 But only human eyes can weep.

Such were the works of Andrew Marvell—such was his life—such was his sudden, early death, before the prime of manhood was past. Fearless of danger—not to be tempted or bought—keen of perception, and strong in argument, pure in life, and ever ready to stand boldly for the right, he is one of England's noblest worthies—a man whose works and acts are wedded.

Like perfect music untuned best words.

If there have been greater men, there have not been many better; and he does what few do—he justifies the eulogy which his tombstone records.

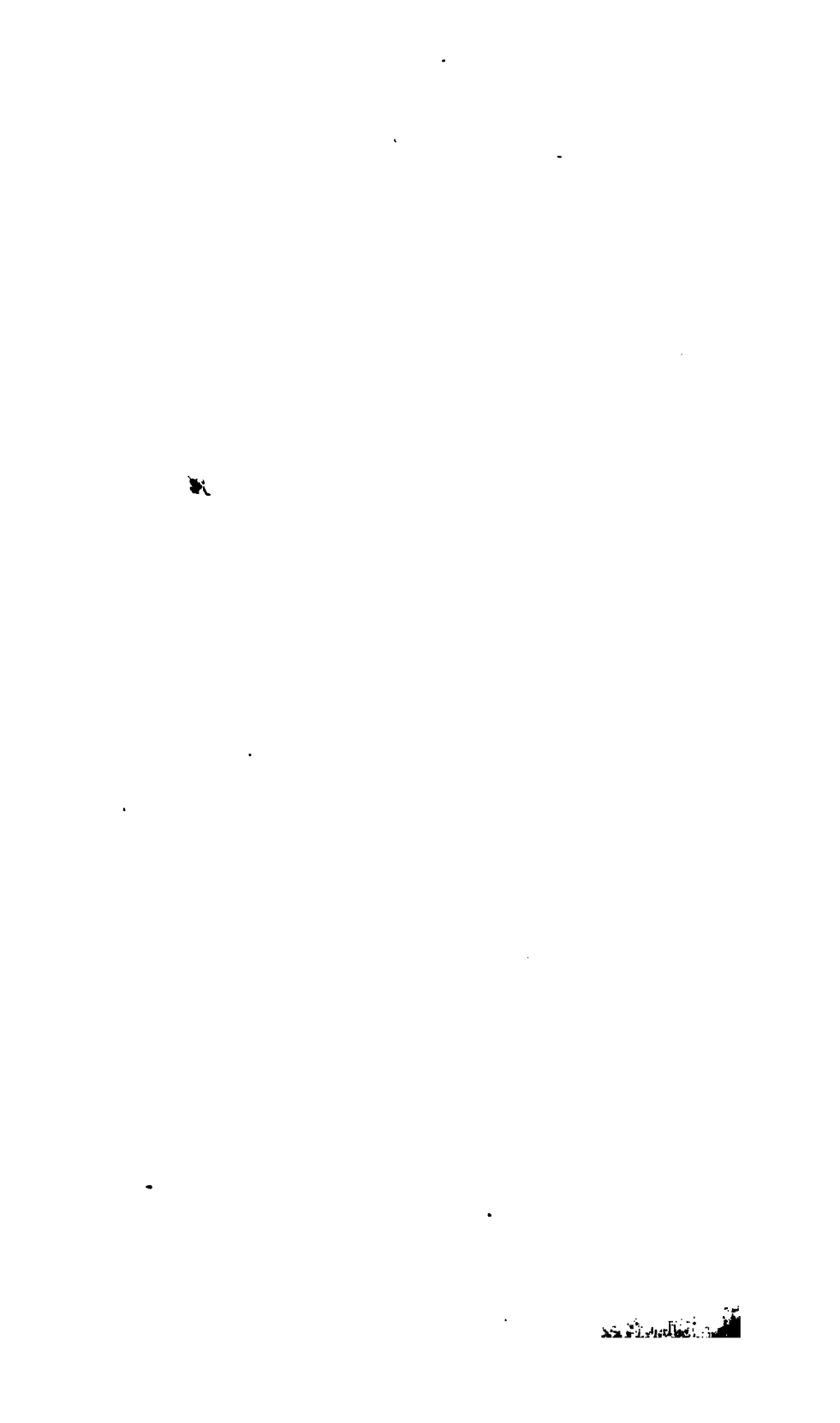
R. H.



THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

"A true delineation of the smallest man, and his scenes of pilgrimage through life, is capable of elevating the greatest man. All men are, to an unspeakable extent, brothers; each man's life a *image emblem* of every man's; and human portraits, faithfully drawn, are, of all pictures, the *sublimest* on human walls."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. IV.



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LIVES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

of the character of any age, and the simple and accurate narrative of Samuel Johnson during the last years of his life. His dress, his gait, his manners, as these of a great man, were in any way distinguished, are faithfully chronicled. His views of historical importance, his observations, his table-talk, his scattered remarks, have been collected in the state of the most

correct and complete with this is the history of the whole of his life. He was upwards of seventy years of age when his biographer, James Boswell, died. He was a man of great energy for himself, and a great help to the English language. He was an essayist, and his works were read of the

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studious and indolent by fits, reading voraciously everything that came in his way without system or selection, and seldom forgetting anything once read, he appears in his youth to have foreshadowed his after character. "The boy was father to the man." That which was Dr. Johnson's great defect throughout the whole of his career, which enfeebled at times and distorted his otherwise gigantic capacities—a want of discipline, is here already conspicuous. Throughout life he studied much in the same way that he indulged his appetites. "Johnson," says Boswell, and it certainly is a little superior to the general inanity of his remarks, "though he could be rigidly abstemious was not a temperate man in eating and drinking. He could *refrain* but he could not use moderately." And so in entering to his mental appetites. He could lay-a-bed till mid-day, and 'hold forth' till midnight at the Mitre tavern; or he could write forty-eight printed octavo pages at a sitting, and compose a hundred lines of poetry in a day and throw off his *Rasselas* in the evenings of a week; but he never could discipline himself to a regular and systematic course of study. "I would not advise," he remarks himself, "a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task, will do him little good." The result of this was, and thus it ever will be, in the case of any one that adopts the precedent, that while Johnson laid up in his tenacious memory a vast amount of curious information, he displayed on many common topics, an ignorance that might shame a school-boy; and his judgment, subtle, and strong where based upon a sufficient acquaintance with facts, was perpetually perverted by erroneous premises, and cramped by narrow and superficial views of things. Young Johnson at seventeen knew many things that might have puzzled a veteran scholar, and Dr. Johnson at seventy made blunders which a lad of common information could have corrected. His mind was a museum, exhibiting much that is rare and curious, and omitting much that is common and use-ful.

At nineteen he was placed at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he studied for two years, and throughout life he entertained great fondness and veneration

for his Alma Mater. Of his college we obtain but a glimpse. The irregular habits upon which we have already commented, appear to have followed him thither. Now we find him gently reading metaphysics and the two studies to which he was partial, now giving way to his constitutional indolence, and now agitating in his diary his remorse, shame and resolves of amendment, one time enlivening his friends with wit and merriment, or spurring up to rebellion against the discipline, at another, chafed and misgiving on account of his extreme poverty driven by his morbid temperance to the verge of insanity. It is painful to contemplate how his honest pride galled by the destitution of his circumstances. At one time, when his were so worn that his feet became sore through them, and a delicate friend had placed a new pair at the door of his chamber, he is said to have thrown away the eleemosynary supply.

Johnson's college residence is remarkable on two other accounts. It was clouded by one of the earliest and darkest of those fits of mental depression to which he was subject throughout and then further, those powerful impressions of religion were renewed, he had imbibed from his mother in childhood, and which from this forward materially influenced his character. Johnson's melancholy was in many respects peculiar. It was that of a man of lively sensibilities, shrinks from the atmosphere of what is as cold and ungenial, and whose sympathies and tender affection being perpetually jarred and wounded. Of the miseries of such a nature Johnson had no appreciation. He did not believe that such sensitiveness existed, and harshly judged it the affliction of maudlin sentiment or wounded vanity. Accustomed self to face the world's roughest and most inclement seasons, trained in the hardy school of privation and poverty, his sympathies were more capable of blending with refined feelings, than his criticism, appreciating the more delicate beauties of taste. Nor was Johnson's melancholy, or anything approaching it. He was not like Cowper a monomaniac. His mental gloom did not shape itself into some one dark and distorted

and flattered into the candle and I said, he said quietly, "That was its own tormentor, and I too name was Boswell!" Johnson was at all events sincere as he became a strong and earnest. It was not paraded before did like that of some other wretches, but comes out chiefly in private diaries; it did not assume of misanthropy real or affected, morally that of penitent and real confession. It evinced itself sense he had of his own and in the severity of which he and characterizes his broken and defeated struggles, in the which any personal calumny applied over every object and and more than all in his contempt of death, and angry impatience whenever the subject was broached, probably in so far as it was not very and physical, the legacy of mental malady, and the result of an early and mid-day slumber, from the uneasiness of a sensibility combined with defective

his conscience was not indeed formed, but it was susceptible of superaddition. He brought the same observances before its bar, and them with relentless severity, who considered it a grave of

uncertain preparation for the other.

Such soul conflicts must ever be the lot of a sincere and earnest mind, impressed with a powerful sense of religion, and nothing can meet and pacify such a condition but a just appreciation of the provisions of Christianity. And Johnson's religious views were as we have already intimated, defective. Primary features in the Christian scheme of forgiveness are that it is bestowed not at all on account of merit in the recipient, but altogether on account of the propitiation of Christ, and that such forgiveness is a pre-essential to all true and acceptable obedience; that is, all obedience, satisfying either the claims of God, or the requirements of conscience, is a result and not a condition of forgiveness. And this Johnson misunderstood. He was a sincere Christian, that is, in an age of fashionable infidelity, he stood stoutly by the Bible, and rested his hopes on its revelations;—but those revelations he had not clearly apprehended. Had he done so, we should not have found him asserting: "No rational man can die without uneasy apprehension. His hope of salvation must be founded on the terms on which it is promised that the mediation of our Saviour shall be applied to us, namely, *obedience*, and where obedience has failed, then as suppletory to it, *repentance*. But what man can say that his obedi-

promised that the mediation of our Saviour shall be applied to us." But on such views as those quoted above in Johnson's own words, there is no satisfaction for an awakened conscience to be found before death, and every earnest, religious spirit, must live till then in all the horror of doubt upon the most momentous of all subjects.

To such sources then we would trace whatever there was of morbid melancholy in Johnson's character. The seeds were without doubt constitutional, but fostered afterwards by physical irregularities. Nature has her inexorable laws, and wreaks a sure vengeance on the transgressor. And then to all this we must superadd the alarms and disquietude of a dissatisfied conscience, combined with defective religious sentiments.

Johnson was necessitated by the harsh compulsion of poverty to leave Oxford after a two years' residence, and before obtaining a degree. After this he appears to have led a desultory life. For some time he was resident in Birmingham, and engaged in writing for a magazine. Then again we find him employed as usher, in a private school at Market Bosworth, of which he soon found the monotonous drudgery intolerable. At the age of twenty-seven he married a widow lady, as everybody knows, nearly twice his own age, repulsive in appearance, flaunting in dress, and affected in manner. Yet he appears to have felt and retained for her a strong affection, and after her death, which almost overwhelmed him, he seldom mentions her in his diary without some expression of endearment or regret. Upon his marriage, he opened an "Establishment for young gentlemen" in a large house near his native town. But for the duties of a pedagogue Johnson was eminently unfitted. The rapidity of his own mental operations, the force and precision of thought and language that he cultivated, disqualified him altogether for doling out instruction in quantity and style adapted to the capacities of youths, while his grotesque appearance, mutterings, and contortions, presented too many salient points of ridicule to be consistent with the maintenance of decorum. Accordingly, the Edial establishment was soon broken up, and, driven of necessity to look somewhere for a livelihood, Johnson at length went to London to seek his

fortune as a *literary adventurer*. Garrick was his travelling companion and the circumstance was often the subject of pleasant remark years, when each in his own department had achieved a position of uneminent eminence.

It has been often remarked that it was a period of transition in the of our literature, of transition from patronage of the great to the patronage of the public. But we cannot do than quote from Macaulay's *essay*:—"Johnson came up to precisely at the time when the career of a man of letters was most miserably degraded. It was a dark night of sunny days. The age of patronage passed away. The age of genius and intelligence had not. The number of readers is at present great that a popular author may in comfort and opulence on the sale of his works. In the reign of William the third, of Anne, and of George the first even such men as Congreve and Dryden would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of natural demand for literature at the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century more than made up by artificial encouragement, by a vast system of ties and premiums. There was never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid. Men who could write well, found easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the honours of the state.

"But soon after the accession of a house of Hanover a change took place. The supreme power passed to a king who cared little for poetry or eloquence. During the whole course of his reign the illustration therefore he scarcely became a single man of genius. This was the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had no hope from the patronage of individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. They were paid by booksellers to authors at a low rate, that a man of considerable and unremitting industry could more than provide for the day. The day was passing over him. The land had eaten up the fat kine. The land and withered ears had devour

accommodating a distinguished visitor with the only chair his chamber contained, while he himself swung upon the three-legged remnant of another, and now placed under arrest for the wretched sum of £5 18s. It is also during this gloomy period that his moral character will best bear examination. His close intimacy with such a man as Savage,—whose life is one unrelieved tissue of misfortune and crime, who, being acquitted of a murder perpetrated in a tavern brawl, persisted in a dissipated and licentious career, till having alienated his friends by his insolence and prodigality, he died miserably in prison—was not likely to be productive of good. By his influence Johnson appears to have been betrayed into practices that occasioned him afterwards the profoundest remorse.

During this period his chief support was derived from the Gentleman's Magazine, with which he had connected himself shortly after his arrival in London. For this magazine, which combined in itself the magazine, review, and newspaper, besides contributing many articles on miscellaneous subjects, he for some time superintended the reports of Parliamentary debates, which were published under the title of "The Senate of Lilliput." For these he appears sometimes to have had the brief notes of a spectator, but as often, merely the names of the speakers and the side each took in the debate, his own ready ingenuity supplying the rest. For this, indeed, Johnson was well fitted, for no one could argue more plausibly on both sides of the question. When, however, we remember that at this time he was a violent Jacobite, we may well be suspicious of the impartiality of the reports. To us, accustomed as we are to a rapid, full, and instantaneous diffusion of all that passes in the Representative Chambers of the nation, it appears almost inconceivable that such a state of things existed only a century back. And we may well congratulate ourselves on the rapid strides science and invention have since been taking, as well as on the more liberal tone that has been infused into our Institutions.

Some time during the year following his arrival in the metropolis, Johnson published his "London, a poem in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal." The work had considerable

popularity, and brought the author into the notice of literary men. Pope wrote of it in terms of high commendation, a circumstance with which Johnson, when he heard of it, was much gratified. Ten years afterwards it imitated the tenth satire of the same poet in his "Vanity of Human Wishes" and these, with his tragedy of "Irene" which was already finished, but was not produced on the stage for several years afterwards, comprise all his poetic performances of any importance. (Johnson's poetry perhaps the most commendatory thing that can be said, that it is excellent of its class; but is none the less certain that that class does not comprehend poetry of the highest rank. The true poet is the interpreter and high priest of nature. His function is to discover those subtle associations, undiscernible by the faculties of common men, which unite the world of spirit with the world of matter. He breathes a soul into the universe not the world-god of the idolatrous Pagan philosophy, but an emanation of his own creative spirit.

"The world is full of glorious likenesses.
The poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung; to make the
dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring
water
Welling its way through flowers."

And he is the first-rank poet who penetrates with deepest sympathy into these hidden analogies of nature, who best understands and most truly interprets her speech, who in fact identifies himself with her as though he were one of her own free and glorious productions. And such poetry was a most or altogether extinct at the time Johnson wrote. The cramped and artificial style of Pope was regarded as the true model of poetical composition; the classics were studied with intense assiduity, and classical finish and elegance were more desiderated than the freedom and vigour of genuine inspiration. Myriads of lines and tame heroic provided they never transgressed the laws of correct versification, could be tolerated and even obtain the patronage of the critics; but Collins' magnificent odes were treated with a neglect that drove the sensitive author to insanity. The whole education of the poet had got wrong. London had become the nucleus of literary talent. Poet, com-

numerous and glaring, although in many places it displays an amount of ignorance and prejudice, almost as wonderful as the vast erudition that otherwise characterizes it, the "Dictionary of the English Language" is a monumental work. Others more accurate and comprehensive have been and will be compiled, with the extension of the language and the progress of philological research, but Johnson's will never be superseded. The happiness of its definitions, the acuteness of discrimination it displays, the weight and number of its authorities, and the taste and judgment shown in their selection, will ever render it a standard of the English tongue. We are liable greatly to underrate the ability necessary to compile a dictionary. The work is perpetually in our hands, one of the necessities of intellectual life, but the author is seldom thought of; or, if it *should* cross our minds that words, and definitions, and authorities, did not arrange themselves by chance, we give the compiler credit for industry and perseverance, and little more. There is much truth in the words of Johnson in his gloomy preface, "Mankind have considered him (the writer of dictionaries), not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress." Yet to make a single accurate definition calls into exercise some of the highest faculties of the mind. If any one wishes to test its difficulty, let him make the attempt to define to his own satisfaction any single *abstract* term he chooses. And if he finds this no easy task, let him for the future form a juster estimate of the labour of the Lexicographer, who has not only in every case to define, but to distinguish between all kindred shades of meaning, to trace, where possible, their connection with each other, and to vindicate each usage by select and adequate authorities. All this Johnson, without friend or patron, and with but scanty helps compared with those the humblest author now has at his command, was the first to do for his native tongue. And it is not the least praise due to the mode in which he has accomplished his undertaking, that the authorities he quotes

are in general selected from the passages of the best English w and calculated not merely to a the immediate use he makes of but in themselves to profit and d

During the eight years the Dictionary was in progress, Johnson was employed in other ways. years after its commencement, as a intimated, he published his "Var Human Wishes," and produced "I on the stage. Twice a week for entire years, he issued the "Raml series of moral essays, and as soon a ceased the "Adventurer," a weekly of similar papers, was commu These periodicals acquired consid popularity, nor can it be denie they contain much original the strong sense and powerful writing posterity has hardly verified the ment of cotemporaries. The Ra and Adventurer are now compar little read, and in spite of their sp imagery and stately writing, the p merit is almost unanimously adjud to the less pretentious style o Tatler and Spectator. In that when almost all who read at all classical scholars, and when ar tastes ruled in the criticism be prose and poetry, such a sty Johnson's, especially while poss the charm of novelty, might b popular, but now, when the bulk reading public are altogether ign of Latin and Greek, and criticism returned to purer and simpler the general judgment pronoun vitiated and un-English. Wha style is, every one at all acquainte English literature, well knows, portentous vocabulary, consisting strong old Anglo-Saxon vern translated into barbarous deriv from the classical languages, its: ed but monotonous periods, it tology, and on the other hand its fr force and eloquence, and the f with which expression is given b the most delicate shades of thoug this is familiar to us all. To u last characteristic has always app most wonderful. One would havett that so grandiloquent a style w too unwieldy to be of much servic it is amazing how Johnson can co with it the utmost refinement ppression. It reminds one of an elc picking up a needle with its trunk. all its excellences cannot atone:

rene, in a scarlet gold lined waistcoat, and rich gold lined hat. 'In fact,' says Percy, 'he had on a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and everything so dissimilar from his usual habits, that I could not resist the impulse of inquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance.' 'Why, sir,' he answered, 'I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example.' The example was not lost, as extracts from tailors' bills will shortly show; and the anecdote, which offers pleasant proof of the interest already felt by Johnson for his new acquaintance, is our only record connected with that memorable supper. It had no Boswell historian, and is gone into oblivion. But the friendship which dates from it will never pass away."

At length the time has arrived when this long period of compulsory toil and miserable poverty is to terminate, and Johnson, having struggled painfully to eminence and renown, is to spend the remainder of his days in competence and comfort. In 1762, shortly after the accession of George III., and when Johnson was fifty-four years old, a pension of three hundred a year was settled upon him, by the interest of the Earl of Bute, the then Prime Minister. Johnson felt some hesitancy at first about accepting it. He thought of the definition of pensioner in his own dictionary. He thought of the miserable sycophants that had at different periods been thus provided for, and that would probably be associated with himself. But being assured that it was given solely on the score of literary merit, and with no accompanying stipulation, his honest pride gave way, and he accepted it. Of course, considerable stir was raised among his small friends, but this occasioned Johnson no annoyance. "I wish," he observed, "the pension was twice as large, that they might make twice as much noise." And now the great man was to repose from his toils, and give himself up to that literary society he so much relished, and in which he made so conspicuous a figure. And accordingly he does repose. His constitutional slothfulness grows upon him. And though his outward circumstances are so much altered for the better, his private journal abounds

more than ever with bitter and remorseful self-reproaches; showing how just the remark, that true happiness is from within, and cannot be artificially produced by any adjustment of external circumstances.

From the reception of his pension to the time of his death, Johnson wrote but little. His "*Journey to the Western Islands*," his "*Edition of Shakspeare*," and his "*Lives of the Poets*" were his only productions of any note. The first is an account of a tour he made of Scotland in company with Boswell, and is characterized by much good sense, and many finely written passages; but disfigured by violent prejudices, imperfect information, and the "*Johnsonese*" style. In the last two he assumes the chair of criticism, for which he was but very imperfectly qualified. His criticisms were fundamentally faulty, being based upon assumptions he had no right to make. He takes it for granted that all poetry must be conformed to a certain arbitrary standard, the standard he himself and the school he belonged to had adopted. He evidently has no sympathy whatever with the highest and truest style of poetical composition. Allow him his assumptions, grant him that Pope is the true model of all poets for all time, that musical numbers, classical finish, and didactic purposes, are necessary to poetry, concede that his standard is correct, and no one could be more acute and discriminating. He can distinguish with the utmost subtlety between all authors that come within the range of his appreciation, and pronounce upon their relative merits with unimpeachable judgment. But beyond this his criticisms are provoking and contemptible. He might as well have applied Newton's standard, What does it prove? as have extended his own arbitrary ideals to poetry universally. Hence the feebleness of his criticisms on Shakspeare, the harsh and ignorant way in which he treats Milton, the cold and sparing praise he bestows on Thompson, and the unmeasured contempt he pours on Grey. Yet these were certainly the four truest poets that came under his notice. Hence too his ridiculous preference of rhyme to blank verse. What he would have said to the productions of Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Keats or many of the effusions of our own day in which the liberty of the poet is perhaps pushed to the verge of licentious

an occasional visit to his Alma Mater, whence, as well as from Trinity College, Dublin, he received during this period the degree of Doctor of Laws, and his famous tour in Scotland, are the principal events that break its monotony. The bulk of his time was spent in literary conversation. In this he had ever delighted, and now that his pension had set him above authorship, he could indulge himself to his heart's content. Never was he more in his element than when he was haranguing to some gathering of distinguished men and women at Streatham Park, or hearing all before him in some vehement disputation at the Literary Club, the nucleus of the wit, talent, and authorship of the metropolis. And never does he appear to greater advantage than in this species of intellectual gladiatorship. The precision, wit, eloquence, and sarcasm of his deliverances, are familiar to all, and need no comment. And though not unfrequently prejudice led him astray, and passion betrayed him into unseemly violence, though sometimes he argued for the mere sake of arguing, and consciously tried to make the worse side appear the better, though he loved too well to surprise with judgments opposed to the general opinion, and possessed a spirit of opposition which tempted him to dissent from everything advanced by another, though often he was provoked without occasion, and when provoked showed no leniency to the weaknesses, and no regard to the feelings of the offender—making all these just and necessary deductions, such an amount of strong sense, practical wisdom, and shrewd discernment, couched in such happy and powerful expression, has never probably been combined in the expression of any one man. Nor should it be overlooked that the bolts of his sarcasm were generally aimed where they were merited. On the whole, good sense and modesty, frankness and virtue, escaped his censure and won his esteem; it was pertness and affectation, vice and infidelity, that provoked his indignation, and brought down the lashes of his wit and the thunder of his eloquence. Thus the last twenty years of his life was spent. At length the inevitable event he so much dreaded gave indications of its approach. Is it painful to contemplate the unabated gloom of his apprehensions, and the anxiety with which he

observed the premonitions of death. He still doubted whether he had not failed to answer the purposes of life. He gave himself with more diligence to religious duties, and his thoughts and conversations appear to have been more than ever turned to the great event that awaited him, and the subjects it suggested. During his last illness he employed himself unremittingly in religious exercises and meditations. There was less of gloom about the closing scenes of his life than might have been expected from his previous solicitude. He bore his pains with fortitude, and frequently expressed the most satisfactory reliance on the "propitiatory sacrifice." "Study Dr. Clarke," he said urgently to his physician, "and read his sermons." This was astonishing, for Clarke is an Arian, and the doctor was violently orthodox. Being consequently asked why he made so unwonted a recommendation, his reply was, "Because he is the fullest on the propitiatory sacrifice." Indeed, his views of the Christian scheme appear to have been clearer now than ever during his life-time. We may safely believe that he died the death of a Christian. That event took place on the 13th of December, 1784, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Such was the career of this extraordinary man, a man on the whole eminently deserving esteem and veneration. His virtues and regard for religion were conspicuous in an age of sensuality and scepticism; his failures were in great measure constitutional, or the consequences of the hardships and disappointments of his early life. Under a rough exterior he concealed a kind and sympathetic heart, and hence those who knew him best were most strongly attached to him. The amount of good, direct and indirect, which he accomplished, it would be difficult to over-estimate. The moral tone of his writings and conversation must have exerted a very beneficial influence upon his age, while the strength and independence of his character contributed much to the elevation of literature from the debasement to which it had sunk. He left the condition of literary men far better than he found it, when he commenced his career,—and the advancement was in no small degree owing to his own character and exertions.

of a model age. Their influence extended over one of the greatest intellectual movements that ever occurred. His poet's popular renown, and springs from his Helicon of poet-scholars; but he is celebrated as a scholar—the true embalmer of the faculty of genius—as the saviour of the struggling, who bridged by his genius the torrent which was sweeping away the shining goals of time, and saved the priceless purity of classical tradition to be the model of all future generations of the mind. Florence was the cradle of his birth, but his life diffused his influence over all Italy. He was a Tuscan, but an Italian, and if he was ever hostile to any state it was not Florence. He had no narrow party bias. He was a mediator among parties, and his peculiar hope was to see the return of peace, when Italians might live in union with the soft harmony of their native land, and be in strictness what they were in art. Personal political actions he was moved with a very intelligible spirit. Originally a moderate republican, he was the panegyrist of an emperor; the friend of a king, he submitted to the patronage of a tyrant's fiend; a lover of liberty, he cultivated an attachment to the tyrannic monarch which were the pest of the Italian states—the Visconti among them—with their fit emblems of snakes.

renewed the spirit of philosophy; he sought to diminish corruption in the Catholic belief; he looked backward as a poet, and forward as a prophet, and while he exhumed many buried treasures, he predicted many advancements in science and thought, which could only have been foreseen by a lofty and luminous mind.

The state of literature in that period may be described in four words:—Pedantry, Barbarism, Corruption, and Superstition. Historians were mere chroniclers; language decayed daily; theology was a subtle quackery; jurisprudence dealt in commentated caballos; in philosophy Aristotle's authority was forged to countenance a hundred burlesques of his system; in medicine, empiricism, and in science, astrology, usurped the seats of knowledge; and while thousands bowed to this fantastic, uncouth image in mimicry of Latin and Grecian learning, beards grew white on the chins of men who blinded themselves in searching for the philosopher's stone!

Such, intellectually, was Italy when Petrarca was born. Her political condition was superior. The richest, the most commercial, the most illustrious country of Europe, it was still the battlefield of factions, and two centuries of bloodshed stained its soil. Rome and the German emperors contended for

nacy which none could deny. She was superior in learning and the arts. Her republican institutions, favourable to both, gave her people the liberty which alone renders them valuable. She had her poets, painters, and historians; yet was there wanted a brilliant, powerful intellect, to re-adorn the Tuscan commonwealth, and raise it to an emulation of the ancient glory which had passed, almost unremembered, away.

Florence was then divided between the factions of the Black and White. The family of the poet belonged to the latter, and had been compelled during the supremacy of the former, to fly from the city. His father was under the sentence of losing his right hand in default of paying a heavy fine, and retired to Arezzo, to wait a favourable turn of fortune. It was in the night of the 19th of July, 1304, precisely when Petrarca was hazarding his life in a battle with the Black party, that FRANCESCO PETRARCA was born, with sore peril and pain to his mother.

The father, proscribed and exiled, had to wander about seeking for the means to support his family. Eletta, his wife, however, not being included in the sentence, lived on a small property at Ancisa, fourteen miles from Florence. There Petrarca was housed at seven months old, though in going to it he narrowly escaped drowning in the Arno. Occasionally Petrarca visited his wife in disguise, and in course of time two other children were born—of whom one died in infancy, while the other was for a time educated with the little poet.

When the Emperor Henry VII. arrived in Italy, the expectations of the White party were revived, and Petrarca went with his family to Pisa, where he hoped to be recalled by his victorious friends. But the idea was delusive, and though he received an offer of amnesty from the hostile party, he considered it more safe to seek an asylum in Avignon, whither many Italians were allured by hopes of honour and profit at the papal residence. On the voyage there was a second escape from drowning, and at Avignon it was soon found that the costly living of that luxurious city would soon swallow up all the poor resources of Petrarca. He therefore in 1315 retired to Carpentras, a quieter and cheaper town.

Petrarca was now eleven years old, and ripe for the first graft of learning. This he received from his mother and

from one who taught him elementary logic and grammar, and distinguished him as the ornament of his school. His care was affectionate, and long after in old age and poverty, the gratitude of his pupil was shown in a pious and noble bounty.

This pedagogue, says Petrarca, was like a whetstone—blunt himself but capable of sharpening others. He borrowed from his pupil a valuable copy of Cicero and pawned it, and then when the owner offered to pay for its redemption was so ashamed that he refused to confess whither it had gone. Thus the precious manuscript was lost.

Even at this early age the future lover of Laura felt in himself that sympathy with nature which is one of the richest springs of poetry. He saw the sweet retirement of Vauluse, and immediately he loved it better than the magnificence of the most festal city. In an attachment to the superior orders of learning also, he displayed a sign of that intuitive taste which was destined to reform the literature of the world. Designed for the law, he soon hated its corruption, its venality, and its systematized chicane, and not all the eloquence of famous professors at Montpellier and Bologna, could win him to any respect for it. Much grieved by this disappointment, his father one day threw some copies of the classics into the fire; but the tears of his son moved him to rescue Cicero and Virgil from the flames, saying "Virgil will console you for the loss of your other MSS. and Cicero will prepare you for the study of the law." To heighten his distaste for the dirt and dust of jurisprudence he met at Bologna with Cino da Pistoja, whose tender and musical lyrics are the most esteemed among those of the poets anterior to Petrarca. He was excited also by seeing Venice, where his ambition was kindled, and where that ambition was last triumphant. Returning from a visit to that city he found that his mother had died at the premature age of thirty-eight, and among the first poetical pieces of the young Francesco are some upon this virtuous and beautiful woman. Soon after Petrarca also died, and the orphan student went with his brother to Avignon. They found their affairs in the worst confusion. Their father's executors betraying their trusts had appropriated most of the property; but in the ignorance of their cupidity,

and in the sacred treasury the fund, of the valuable, of twenty millions of gold, for the purple and the tiara, and the excesses disgraced the court of Borgia. The vice and profligacy, issuing from the very altars of Avignon, spread like a contagion through all the society.

Even the young poet caught some taint of the universal disease which spoiled the manners of the city. For ardent temperament was easily acted on, and in his youth he appears to have been subject to one weakness. He

valued his face and person—not an unusual fault, even with men of the stamp of greatness. Milton was irritated by being called callidulous and cold, offered the evidence of his

face to show that he was sobbing from grief, that he looked ten years older than he actually was. Petrarca's face was in reality handsome, with

the demure of a manly figure, an air of distinguished dignity. He was animated, and his voice was very musical. With a complexion neither dark nor fair, but

of a soft tawny hue, large full eyes, and with the expression of every countenance. By living temperately he preserved the beauty of health; but by being too studiously he incurred the charge of something less pardonable than

Latin; he employed also the Italian, though this, improved as it was by Dante, was still ungraceful and harsh. His Latin works were—on Africa, an Epic; twelve Bucolic eclogues; and three books of epistles.

But in his scholarly pursuits difficulties almost insuperable arose. The great inheritance of the Augustan age was scattered, and the choice and beautiful works of antiquity were in danger of being lost or destroyed by their ignorant possessors. Petrarca rescued many by copying them, and was impelled through immense labours by his own promises to himself of future exaltation and fame. The friendship of the Pope's Florentine Secretary, and of Giacomo Colonna, were advantages which he gained by his faithful disposition, his engaging manners, and a reputation, already large, for talents and learning.

When the student was near the completion of his twenty-third year, he first saw that Laura whose name he has fixed as an immortal light in the zenith of poetry. Posterity has been bewildered by the infinitely varied accounts of this woman. That she was a myth; that she was a fanciful type of the Madonna; that she was an allegorical representation of poetry and repentance; that she was not even this, but a phantasma of beauty which Petrarca imagined and then, like another Pygmalion, loved—all

eyebrows as black as ebony. Her shoulders were bare and white as snow. "when she opened her mouth you perceived the beauty of pearls and the sweetness of roses. She was full of grace. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her, but so pure and happily tempered as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue, for she was chaste as the dew-drop of the morn."

Laura de Noves was the daughter of a Provençal noble, and was born at Avignon in 1308. She was rich, and in 1325, married Hugh de Sade, a man of morose disposition, by whom she was the mother of ten children. Her life was unquestionably pure; she indulged towards Petrarca an innocent friendship, yet, indeed, was not unmoved by the idolatry of a man, not only the most famous, but the most fascinating in Italy, and did undoubtedly desire to preserve over his mind the supremacy her beauty had gained.

Her husband, of course, could not but be wounded by the unhappy accident of Petrarca's devotion to his Laura. Every morning he was liable to hear the city ringing with applause of some golden worded sonnet declaring the passion of the poet for her; and this, it is supposed, might have made him proud. Certain is however, that it made him more bitter than his original nature. He upbraided her perpetually, till she shed tears; and when she had died, he married again, before the sod was seven months old upon her grave.

In 1330, Colonna, the patron of Petrarca, was promoted to the Bishopric of Lombes, and invited the young minstrel to accompany him thither; he joyfully acquiesced, and traversed on his way the whole of Languedoc, passing through Montpellier, Narbonne, and Toulouse, and then settling under the shadow of the Pyrenees. A concourse of clergy came out to meet their new and youthful pastor, and Laura's lover entered unnoticed; but after a short stay he went, well pleased, to Avignon. There an assemblage of the learned inspired him with ambitious feelings, and his inquiries in uncommon paths of science were unceasing. He was engaged in the education of Colonna's son; but his heart

was full of its unfortunate passion. At first Laura was his kind and affable friend; but only as a simple friend he continued to see her. But he had too little self command. His unvarying assiduity, the firing of his eyes, his wild look, convinced her that an inordinate affection had overmastered him, and she took alarm. When he approached, she retired; when he was present, she veiled her face; by no act, by no glance would she countenance his love. Many a melancholy sonnet did he write, complaining of these severities; and if the fragrance of fame could have satisfied, his happiness might have been great, for his renown grew every day, and the sweet affluence of his pen delighted every city and vine clad retreat in Italy.

He now travelled through the north of France, through Flanders, Brabant, and a part of Germany, with the object of observing men and manners, of examining ancient monuments, of discovering manuscripts, and of forgetting Laura. Italy was then rising through a series of triumphs to a position of glory. But the infinite diversity of factions; the powers eager to spoil her; the hopelessness of an union among the population, made Petrarca weep, while his electrifying apostrophes sought to awake once more the ancient spirit of the land, which gave models to Raffaello and Michael Angelo. After returning from his travels, he found that he had accomplished all his purposes but one. He had seen much, and learned much. He had reclaimed many precious relics of knowledge, but he remembered Laura.

In that year a terrible drought afflicted Avignon. The people went all but naked in the streets, madly accusing heaven that it did not blast them with lightning, rather than with slow and wasting agony. Laura, too, was ill, and her poet-lover immortalized her malady in his sonnets. These were somewhat extravagant; but his mind was often impelled beyond the orbit of reason. Thus, when John XXII., in his dotage, revived the design of the Crusades, he threw the force of his eloquence into bitter reproaches against the Christian powers, for not joining this brazen-headed Pontiff in a war of extermination against the infidel conquerors of the Holy Land.

When Benedict VII. succeeded this fantastic priest-prince, he presented the

leged and a daughter who was one of the dearest consolations of his old age. Their mother he has allowed to pass into oblivion, not even preserving her name; but, whatever may have been his motives, there appears a heartlessness in this total silence, which does not increase our estimation of his character. He had broken his celibatical vows; and his enemies triumphed and mortified him, his friends regretted and mortified him still more. He resolved to settle in a rural retreat, and at Vauluse, fifteen miles from the city where Laura lived, in seclusion, where he might hide his humiliation and his tears.

Vauluse, or Vallis Clausa, the Shut-Up Valley—is an exquisite spot, beautified by the waters of the Torgue. On one side its softly swelling hills are deliciously girt with vineyards, and corn-fields, and gardens, and on the other the river is bordered by plains, shaded by groups of trees. Mountains encircle it with a wall of living rock, descending perpendicularly at the end, where the Torgue rises from a mighty cavern. Here, in a cottage surrounded by a little field, he remained, leading a lonely, ascetic life, listening only to the voices of nature; seeing nothing but the landscapes and the sky; and sweetening his solitude by reveries in two gardens. The one was shady, near the course of the river; the other bright, and near his door. He began here a history of Rome, which he never published, and an epic on Africa, which he only completed long after, at the persuasion of Boccaccio.

One day he desired to visit an important friend at Avignon. Approaching the city, he suddenly became conscious that the sight of Laura would unnerve him, and he fled back to Vauluse. Still some mysterious power seemed to impel him thither. He met her in the streets. She cast a kind look upon him and said, "Petrarca, you are tired of loving me." That incident inspired one of the most beautiful sonnets in the language of Italy. In 1339, he composed the three which are confessed to be master-pieces of their kind, as well as three canzoni to the eyes of Laura, which the Italians call the three sister graces, kindred to a spirit divine. Tasso had no criticisms for them, but calls them queens of song. The poet, by such writing, rather cherished than sub-

dued the fatal affections of his life. He persuaded the painter, M. of Siena, to give him a portrait of Laura, which he carried about with continually, rewarding the artist two sonnets, that increased his wonderfully.

At this time, so studiously d apply to his epic, the Scipiad Colonna of Lombes, fearing th would injure his health, asked hi the key of his library, which he up. The bishop then locked up book and paper, declaring he s not read or write for ten days. C first day of this intellectual Ram Petrarcas suffered a restless and p ennu; on the second, his head b with impatience; on the third, h so close to a fever that Colonna rel and the poet went back to his poe

During his delightful seclusio Vauluse, he corresponded with friends, from scholars to kings, so whom he condescended to flatter pecially Robert of Naples. Pe the suspicion is not malicious, t was willing to court favour in or secure an object which was no great ambition—that of gainin honour of Poet Laureate. Wh efforts he used, the distinction unexpectedly. At nine o'clock c morning of the 1st of September, he received a letter from the R Senate, inviting him to come a ceive the laurel crown in Rome. C same day, he was astounded by a tation from the University of asking him to come and be cr Poet Laureate in that capital. claimed the advice of the Co They urged him to receive the v which was the growth of his i soil. He therefore embarked ea 1341, passing through Naples, the king lavished every honour him. But he would be examin learning first. And he selected a person fit to examine—His Maje Naples!

Sully said that our first Jame the most learned fool in Europe. berto the Good, if less a fool, was a dunce. However, the examin went on during three days: the was pleased, and the poet was ple and the king took the robes from hi shoulders and put them on the sho of the poet, made him his gra moner, flattered him, and was fla

off, and so kindly dismissed him to his home.

Then Petrarca went, tread-
ing the path he passed, near the dust of Virgil,
on the 8th of April, 1341, innumerable
flowers of a matin over all the Eter-
nal surroundings of people filled the
beautiful places. Twelve noble
knights of scarlet led the pro-
cession, chanting Petrarch's lyric in
honour of the Roman people. Next
came citizens clothed in green, with
olive on their heads, and Petrarca
in the midst of them, dressed
in a garment of Naples. Then
the chief senator, and then a
member of the great council; and they all
carried scattered blossoms as they
went, the flowers of Italian beauty
and perfumes on the head of the
poet passed along. At the capitol
they descended. Petrarca addressed
the people and cried *civica* for the
people, *senatorial* for the senators, *rich*
pauperum. Next he knelt before the
altar, who, taking a crown of
myrtle from his own head, placed it on
that of Petrarca, saying, "This crown
is made of virtue." Rising with
this national love upon his
lips, he repeated a sonnet in praise of
his country, whose memory is im-
pressed throughout the world.
The poet was met at apolline rose
garden by his friends of the
capitol. They, the senators spoke
of the poet's merits and congratulations;
then the people bowed, he
kissed the feet of Saint Peter and
his successors, the popes. On the
stage he received the emblazoned
crown which bore the title which
he had won, and the privileges
which accompanied it.

Afterwards he went to
his own study, used to beat him
with the scourge of his works,
where he wrote his reports
to the pope. From Pisa he
wrote to the pope where he was
at the most important delib-
eration of the curia charged the
papal throne, and left he was
obliged to go to Avignon
because of the Roman people to the
pontiff Gregory XI. Apparently he
was not at first his fatal love,
the presence of Laura's presence
displeased him, especially as
beating to him was even more
divine before. The study of the

Greek language, however, profitably occupied his thoughts, and the birth of a daughter whom he named Francesca, aided in distracting them. The favour in which he now stood with the powerful lords of Italy, also prevented him from suffering melancholy. At one time the Pope's ambassador to Naples, then the mediator between two powerful republics, he saw himself honoured by a whole nation, and flattered by all that nation's rulers. Once, on returning through a disturbed territory to Vaulcuse, he was attacked by robbers, and passed a fearful night as he sought to escape. But even this danger produced for him a manifestation most grateful to his soul. He was reported to have been killed, and universal mourning saddened the whole race which spoke his language, while elegies, very sincere, though very unpoetical, were lavished on the consecration of his memory. He now passed a whole year near Laura, and his sonnets display the fluctuating feelings of his heart. Some are exuberant of joy; some flow like the very waters of sorrow—so musical and soft they are.

Avignon is described by Petrarcha to have been the Babylon of the West. It was the centre of intrigue, and the palace of luxury. The fantastic brilliance of a masque perpetually fired its halls with revelry; and the fêtes of princes, and pageants of cardinals, made it for a time the most attractive city of Europe. Laura was in the poet's eyes, the embellishment of every beautiful scene, the queen of Ailgno. After he had met her many times, he secluded himself for a year "by Sorga's waters" in Vaucluse. Here he continually wore away the sweetness of his feelings in those delightful dewfalls of music which are the most exquisite elisions in the Tuscan tongue. He had now the privilege of visiting Laura at her own house, and when she was threatened with blindness, her pain was immortalized in a sonnet, which is to the expression of grief in poetry what Carlo Dolce's picture is in painting. How strange had been the history of his love! For twenty years it had continued—Hume, who was Jeremy Bentham in another shape, declares that all intense passions are fleeting. Hume knew nothing about it. He had never known the noblest sentiment. He was incapable of admiring it. The truth is

that none but intense passion can be of long duration. In Petrarca, there was the most violent passion, yet it was continuous and steady through a long course of years. It has been said that this, if unhappy for himself, was fortunate for mankind, because to this guilty and miserable love we owe the richest poetry of the first poet. We deny it. Petrarca would have written far more spiritually and sweetly, had a pure and fortunate love possessed his breast. Had the holy influence of Christianity tempered his mind, he would have sacrificed unworthy desires, and have risen in dignity and worth. Laura's conduct was objectionable, and helped to prolong the lamentable delusion. Meantime, he continued his labours of literature, and produced some elaborate compositions which deserve to be remembered.

Public events made him once more a patriot. Rienzi accomplished his celebrated revolution in Rome. His authority, in the name of freedom, was established, and his emissaries were received with respect in every court of Europe. Petrarca's bosom glowed with exultation, and he enthusiastically applauded the great Tribune, who seemed to have renewed the vital spring of Italian liberty. Now he felt that Avignon was not the abode for him. If Rome was becoming regenerate, where should he be but at the capital, where the authority of every patriot was required to uphold a constitution well established, but not wisely maintained. The poet, however, while Rienzi was throwing away his own fame, and the freedom he had won for the people, determined to proceed to the city which had crowned him. Yet he could not go without an adieu from Laura. His sad sonnets still multiplied upon her name, and how hopeless he was, after twenty years of devotion, may be conceived from the melodious line "*Sull' onde, c'n vena fondo, e scrivo in vento*;" "I plough in water, build on sand, and write in air." Now that he went to see her, for the last time before his departure, it was with more than ordinary emotion. She was at an assembly which he often frequented—she appeared, he tells us, like a beautiful rose. Her demeanour was unusually touching. No pearls or flowers adorned her garments or her hair; she was thoughtful and serious, and did not consent to sing.

Petrarca bade her farewell; he looked upon her countenance—it was paler and sad; he looked into her eyes—seemed prophetic of sorrow. He turned away, and passing out of the chamber never saw Laura again.

After being tossed to and fro in commotions of Italy, which he sought to appease, we find him more in Parma. There he heard Laura had perished of the plague, died on the 1st of April, 1348, at noon, at the same house in which he met her. "I have nothing now wrote he, "worth living for." He gave sonnets, after her death, a profuse of adorations as to be profane.

Meanwhile, though this was the passion which ruled his nature, share in the affairs of Italy was a He raised the Florentines; he the Emperor to interfere for the of the nation, and he untiringly laboured to cement alliances between the reigning free states. His friendship with Boccaccio also occupied his mind. It began late, however, was soon ended by the death of the wonderful writer.

It would, however, be impossible within the limits of a sketch like to trace closely the career of Petrarca after Laura was lost to his love and his hope. He was a wanderer. The strangest events were occurring in parts of Italy, and he was everywhere influencing those events. We find him rushing, as it were, from city to city. Half Italy flies by us in a panorama. We follow the errant poet—Padua, Verona, Mantua, Parma, Arezzo, Naples, Milan, Venice, all appear and disappear in the dissolving view, as Petrarca negotiates peace, now threatens now proposes the marriage of a prince, now amnesty for a tribune, now petition for a Cardinal, in the name of the Emperor, or King, or Pope, or Republic in turn. Sometimes he escapes the throng of men and events, runs over the beautiful peninsula, to his fountain at Vaucluse, where his soul laden verse is poured out in great floods on the memory of Laura. Now perhaps, did a poet occupy a more elevated position. Twenty years of changeable life passed like an epic; he was ever conspicuous amid insurrections, wars, triumphs, and revolutions, flattered by the great, beloved by the humble, with a name resounding through

travelling, that its echoes may
not be lost. All the while the
poet's high poetic mind flowed
on in sweet and delicate son-
nets to the pride of Italy.
After a career during
which distinguished himself in
every way as a man or as a
poet, and happy, he retired, in
1844, to Anagni, it was
not equalled by that of
a patriot, or conqueror, or
a world.

He took his will and retreated to the slope of a beautiful hill. A delicious air eternally breathed from Rich vineyards and fields, and yielded the most healthful. The breath of the orange came balminly and sweetly from the tools of his agricultural life had worn him out. In the summer of 1870 he came to this land and he was naturally was fruit-eating water, eating fruit, and was healthy. He was also a very healthy man, for he was honest and a part of his friends were with him. He was obliged to go to the city and for six months he was not easily to be seen. He was in very

[illegible]

the 1990s, the World Bank has been a leading proponent of the idea that the private sector is the engine of growth and that privatization is the key to economic development. The Bank has been instrumental in pushing the privatization agenda in many developing countries, including China. The Bank's influence is evident in the fact that many of the policies and reforms implemented in China during the 1990s were consistent with the Bank's recommendations. For example, the Bank's emphasis on privatization and market reform was reflected in the Chinese government's decision to privatize state-owned enterprises and to reform the financial system. The Bank's influence is also evident in the fact that many of the policies and reforms implemented in China during the 1990s were consistent with the Bank's recommendations. For example, the Bank's emphasis on privatization and market reform was reflected in the Chinese government's decision to privatize state-owned enterprises and to reform the financial system.

His name once more electrified the Venetian people; but all his ardent thoughts now burned in a lamp whose oil was well nigh spent.

On the 18th of June, 1374, Petrarch went, late at night, into his library, and remained a long while alone. Some one required to see him. His attendants went in. They found him with his head reclined on a book. He was accustomed to rest in this attitude, and they were not alarmed. But he was observed to be very still. They approached him, and touched him. He was rigid and cold.

There was that night a deep gloom in Arqua, and next day, all Padua, and all the dwellers on the beautiful hills around mourned for the poet they had lost. And soon the sorrowful news spread over Italy, and in every place where his sweet writings had made his name like that of a familiar friend, men wept for his death, as though each one had been bereaved. Sixteen professors bore his bier to the grave, and every poet in the land made some offering in memory of the lover of Laura. They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died.

The personal character and the writings of Petrarca we consider a more interesting subject of inquiry, than the events of the latter part of his life. We do not remember him as the selfish artist, but as the man and the poet.

Available, we must confess him to have been, and exempt from the baser qualities. He was candid, generous, and without guile, and without craft. When he attacked it was with temper, though many have blamed the excesses of his invective against the corruptors of the Church of Rome. Yet none of his friends that he had more to the charge of the ecclesiasties than was exactly true. There was a quality in him which we respect less than another, it was his attachment to opinion and power. I find, in him, whose his intellect must have perceived, were playing falsely with the authorities. They who describe him as a vigorous and favorite of the rich and great, do not forget to petition to criticism; but we are inclined to accept St. Bernard's judgment of his working and valuing of the rich and great. His adherents were indeed very numerous, but many were of the vulgar herd of the many herd. Yet he was very good to work a woman, who was subject to sickness, and his

next attachment was to a woman whom he ought to have married himself. Generous he may have been; but independent we cannot think he was, or he would never have become an inmate of the Visconti palace. Vain of himself, he was hasty in his judgment of others. Religious feeling was not developed in his life. He professed to hold a pure creed, and to acknowledge the laws of Christianity, yet he never sacrificed to piety one desire of his soul. We know that it has been the fashion to extenuate his pertinacious suit to Laura. But the apologists must explain their ground. Do they believe, or do they not, that a poet of genius, because he was a poet of genius, that Petrarca because he was Petrarca, could pursue an evil course of action with less moral guilt than any other man?

In literature Petrarca was as a fountain which refreshed and invigorated the mind of a whole age. As a Latinist he was not so pure as many who succeeded him, but through his labours the purest of his successors attained to their purity. The plethora of his classical allusions would be pedantic now, but was elegant and tasteful then. He cleared the way for the restoration of ancient learning. He enlarged and encouraged the science of geography. In philosophy he is not easily intelligible. Cicero and Seneca indeed influenced his mind; and he adopted the theory of Plato, that love is a rapturous trance of the soul, abstracted from all animal passion. But his imagination coloured his philosophical ideas most fancifully, especially those concerning the beauty of an immortal life, which he fixed in the stars.

Campbell seems to describe the Latin Epic on Africa very justly, when he calls it an ambitious failure. It was a dead and cold composition. The shorter Latin poems are more interesting, especially the satirical eclogues which have also an historical value. The prose epistles, however, are his best compositions in that language. His prose works occupy eleven hundred printed

folio pages—and the subjects are cal, philosophical, and imagina-

His poetry was principally devoted to Laura. The absorption of his life in one feeling was so entire that it is almost frantic. At least we are willing to pardon him as insane, what we should stigmatize as blasphemous. Can anything more repulsive be imagined than his comparison of the sacredness of his birth-place to the Bethlehem, where Jesus was born? Such passages, however, seldom occur. She is a painted chaste and beautiful, chaste and beautiful pen. His poems have been complained of as nervous, because they are never without anger or jealousy. Sometimes joyful, sometimes melancholy, invariably tender. We confess this is not what displeases us in Petrarca.

There is in the language of Petrarca a pure and melting melody, a grace and spiritual grace, an acrimony of thought, so delightful that we can dwell on them incessantly. His canzoni, though they are exquisitely versified, we find less of the real cry of his pen, and in the "Trionfi" subordinate parts and images, the language of an English critic, "beauty rather arabesque than classic." It is so grandly conceived however, pervaded by a tone so rich and noble that it will never lose its place in literature.

In this estimate of Petrarca, we have endeavoured to subdue the picture to the tints of truth, because in the life and the works of such a man more than commonly temperance and moderation is required. He has been a demi-god, and he has been made a knave. What is worse, he has been among thousands of educated people almost a tradition. They talk of him and do not inquire what he did, what he wrote. Let us hope that this fashion will pass away, and that the master-minds of letters will restore their influence in the world.

definition of it with the words of
 spirit and opinions. Having done
 this in the form they assume
 for better fitted, we believe, to pro-
 mote individual and social progress,
 as there never were so few Quakers
 England since the Restoration—
 as the Society was fairly estab-
 lished—at present. But never
 there so much essential Quakerism
 as now. The central trunk may
 retain the spiritual independence
 which its life originated may be
 by oppressed and stifled by a dead
 and traditional form; but new
 ones have been sent out from the
 hardly less vigorous, and promis-
 ing and larger growth than the
 old ones. The views of many of our
 Unitarians, our ecclesiastical and
 our reformers—whether right or
 wrong—are virtually contained in the
 views of the early Friends, as the
 following sketch will indicate.
 Few facts of minor historical interest
 have been more misapprehended, than
 the connection between the origin of
 the Society of Friends, and its present
 nature and position. It has been a
 prevalent idea, that the Quakerism of
 the present day, with its moral influ-
 ence and respectability, sprang origi-
 nally from the merest fanaticism; that,
 in the exception perhaps of William
 Penn and his famous colony, there is lit-
 tle in its early history, which presents an

founder had scarcely made up his mind
 what Quakerism was to be. Again,
 with respect to the share which Fox had
 in forming the Society, we think it un-
 fair to his memory to state, that he
 "only laid the foundation: it was re-
 served for Barclay and Penn to raise
 the superstructure." Happily, in these
 latter days, we have begun to pay more
 respect to individual influence than did
 our immediate forefathers; and to look
 with suspicion upon the theory which
 would resolve great moral results into a
 mere "concurrence" of intellectual or
 moral atoms. In the present case, in-
 deed, it needs but a slight acquaintance
 with the early annals of this remarkable
 institution to be well assured, that if
 ever a founder left strong and indubita-
 ble marks of his individual idiosyncrasy
 in the essential characteristics of the
 sect which he established, it was George
 Fox. Even its more trivial peculiarities
 bear the stamp of his times, his position
 in society, and his personal tastes and
 antipathies. Had he been born in a
 higher social grade, the "you" of polite
 discourse would probably have no more
 offended him than the numerous con-
 ventional departures from strict simpli-
 city and humility in language, of which
 unvarying use had made him unob-
 servant in his own circle. Had his ear
 been more enamoured of sweet sounds,
 it is, we think, highly probable that
 music would not have been regarded as

diet, Bernard or Loyala, never aspired. Moreover, other teachers and founders of societies have been content to be honoured by external and formal invitation, only on *particular occasions*, or in comparative seclusions—in pulpits, or professional chairs, or conventual cells. The gown of Geneva and the “weeds of Dominic” are limited in point of time, or space, or both; but the disciples of George Fox present us almost with a fac-simile of the master in appearance and in speech—under all circumstances of publicity or privacy—from the court and the senate down to the most retired “meeting-house,” or “friendly” hearth of Westmoreland or Leicestershire. That Fox was “an uneducated man,” will be a stumbling-block in the way of a due appreciation of his greatness, only in the view of those who do not understand the indomitable force of a vigorous character, and for whom the history of mental revolutions has been written in vain. For that this was no bar to a strong intellectual growth, and to the development of a remarkable power to rule the souls and actions of his fellow men, is clear, from his success in establishing a rigid and peculiar system, and from the vivid record he has left of his feelings and speculations: of which Coleridge says, “There exist folios on the human understanding and the nature of man, which would have a far greater claim to their high rank and celebrity, if, in the whole large volume, there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect as bursts forth in many a page of George Fox.”

The misapprehensions that have prevailed respecting the origin of the Society of Friends, and the personal character of its originator, must be an excuse for what might otherwise seem an unfairly apologetic tone in so cursory a delineation as the following; and it may further be premised, that the early teaching of Fox, and his first difficulties and successes, constitute by far the most interesting and important part of his biography, and of the first period of Quaker history, to which, therefore, we shall confine ourselves.

A great proportion of the noted men of the Commonwealth times issued from rural seclusion. This fact is in accordance with the settled depth of their convictions, and the straightforwardness of their public course. It is

to this consideration that the well-known lines in “Gray’s Elegy” are indeed for something of their poetical force, though, at the same time, it supplies a partial refutation of the sentiment expressed. The “celestial fire” and “rage” were at that time restrained by no limitations of rustic isolation. Under the ordinary conditions of society, barriers may be all but invincible. It seems to be of the very nature of social or political, as well as physical revolutions, to invert relative position in a degree which is really remarkable. The forces which disturb the undermaterials of the earth’s crust, and raise them to the height of the loftiest mountains;—leaving the nearest sea far below them; and it is a singular and analogous fact, in human history, that during the two most important civil perturbations that have occurred in modern history—those of England and France—the most renowned leaders and chief agitators were fetched from remote or secluded provinces, or from comparatively obscure stations in society. Fox was among the humblest in rank and obscurest in position of those during the unquiet middle period of the 17th century, stepped out of the commonment of country occupations, to be famous even among his great contemporaries. If we may judge of his intellectual and moral stature by the long and defined shadow which he has cast upon subsequent generations, and which reaches our own times,—or from the parts of his life-work which promise to be permanent,—he was inferior to few of them.

A mile or two on the Leicester side of the Watling-street, half way between Atherstone and Nuneaton, is the little village of Drayton in the parish of Fenny Drayton. There, in the month of July, 1624,—the year before Charles began his ill-fated reign—GEORGE FOX was born. “My father’s name,” says he in his journal, “was Christopher Fox; he was by profession a weaver, an honest man, and there was a great deal of God in him. The neighbours called him ‘Righteous Christopher.’ My mother was an upright woman; her maiden name was Mary Lago, of the family of the Lagos, and of the stock of martyrs.” From the very first he seems to have had a deep sense of holiness and truth. “The Lord taught me,” says, “to be faithful in all things,

a more important kingdom than that of England were being canvassed and contended about in his breast. He was asking, whether in this world of vanity and hollowness, God's truth should ever get a fair hearing; whether other men would ever join him in the upright Yea and Nay conversation which he had adopted; almost ready to doubt, indeed, if there were a God ruling in the earth, whether good or evil held actual supremacy in the universe; for, says he, "a strong temptation to despair came upon me,"—not so much, it would seem, occasioned by his own sins, as the sins of the men around him.

His spiritual conflict was but begun. Peace of mind was no more to be found by him in Barnet Chase than at Drayton; and it appears that among other causes of disquietude, he had some misgivings as to whether he had done right in breaking off from his friends and relatives. Yet he seems to have settled this in the affirmative, for we find that from Barnet he went to London, where he "took a lodging, and was under great misery and trouble there." Having found hitherto, no relief from within, he again sought comfort and satisfaction without. Filial affection led him homewards, and since solitude had not produced the alleviation it promised, he began to apply to others for advice. In this course he was even more unsuccessful, if possible, than in the other. None could "speak to his condition." He lived some time at Coventry, then noted as a resort of puritan divines, and for its parliamentary politics. In that city "many sought his acquaintance; but he feared to unite himself with any." Thence "he went to his own country again, and was there about a year, in great sorrows and troubles, and walked many nights by himself." One old minister at Mancetter (a hamlet known as the place of Glover, the martyr's residence) urged him to "take tobacco and sing psalms;" but "tobacco," says he, "I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing." A clergyman ("priest" he calls him) at Tamworth, he found "like an empty, hollow cask," as far as doing him good was concerned. But the hardest rebuff he met with was in the city before mentioned, on his meeting with a noted man, Dr. Cradock. Walking in the garden of that divine, and earnestly conversing on the affairs of his soul,

George, careful rather to walk in and spiritually in the straight, than to observe the path in a bodily, he was walking, and the galleries being none of the widest, a foot on the side of a bed, "at the man was in a rage, as if his had been on fire." "Thus," adds "all our discourse was lost." All of these miserable comforters, Macham, or Mutcham, advised a fast-istering through the body to the light of the soul. Bleeding they attended, but the man was so worn and "up with sorrows, grief, and trouble that no blood would come. The currences are worth noticing, as show that in the establishment of principles, there was no mere obstinacy and self-willedness. Could he have any to "speak to his condition" would gladly have listened; but thought it too great a stretch of piety to *profess* himself cured, and mere complaisance to his physician. Many a weary mile did he travel, many an unworthy reception did he receive—even at the risk, as at Mancetter having his griefs talked of in kite and "made a jest," as he says, "a the milk-lasses"—that he might be true. In the mean time, his scanty light was no hindrance to the practical duties of godliness. Money he had in his own spare livelihood, and enough to bestow on those who needed it. "When the time called Christmas, while others were feasting and spending themselves, he went from house to house looking for poor widows" and supplying their wants. "And when he was invited to marriages (as sometimes) he would go to none at all the next day, or soon after, he was visited the newly married; and if they were poor, he gave them some money. Yet his troubles continued, and he often under great temptations; fast and walking as before in solitary many days;" for, says he, "I was full of sorrows in the times of the workings of the Lord in me." Light was at hand.

About the beginning of the year his journal tells us—"As I was to Coventry and approaching the city a consideration rose in my mind it was that all Christians are believed both Protestants and Papists, and the Lord opened to me that if all were believers, then they were all born of (

by the great and venerable George Fox, and to all who *think* as well as *like* about them. Such truisms, for instance as the following:—"that to be *learned* at Oxford or Cambridge is not enough to fit and qualify a man to be *minister* of Christ;" and that "God, *he* made the world, did not dwell in *any* made with hands." These *truths* and the like were read in *houses* and churches daily, but he found *men* wonderfully opposed, as he *ought*, to the common belief of *people*. We have here the *negative* side of *Calvinism*: its positive side was yet to *be* unfolded. Fox had to continue his *laborious* of consultation, weary and *increasing* though it was. Travelling *about* he met with people of various *religious* persuasions, some of them of the *meanest* character. What religious *belief* was in men was sure to come out *in* his company. He performed the *part* of a spiritual magnet. All similar *particles* set towards him by a natural *attraction* and such was the strength of *the* attraction, that it discovered the *presence* of the mysterious attribute *where* none else could. To such a man *it* was impossible to talk of politics, or *trade*, or weather. He had no other *interest* or business in the world save *that* highest one—to find out the *essential* truth for himself and for others; *he* was now nearly at the end of his *expectation*. "Then," says he, "when

came. . . I saw," says his journal, "the *mountains* burning up, and the rubbish; the rough and crooked ways and places *made* smooth and plain, that the Lord *might* come into his tabernacle;" and, in the jubilee of his soul, he exclaims: "Now was I come up in spirit through the flaming sword into the paradise of God. All things were new; and all the *creation* gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter." He had gained a satisfying truth for himself, and felt sure that this truth would reach the souls of all other men. Rightly or wrongly, therefore, he determined to preach it. His success was more than equal to his zeal; and the extraordinary rapidity with which his doctrine spread might well countenance "the slanderous report that George Fox carried bottles about with him, and made people drink thereof, which made them follow him," and that "he rode upon a great black horse, and was seen in one country upon that horse, and in the same hour in another country three score miles off." Remembering that the days of wizarding were very far from ended in the middle of the 17th century, and that the miracles of *rumour* have not ceased in the middle of the 19th, we shall not be astonished at the extraordinary parts of this statement, and shall be prepared to learn that George travelled on *foot*. In Lancashire, Leicestershire, Nottingham-

lity and general serviceableness. On this, Mr. Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus" observes: "Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a Suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom under ruder or purer men the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself: and across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls; who, therefore, are rightly accounted prophets, God-possessed, or even gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall, working on tanned hides, amid pineers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique inspired volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and, perhaps, the post of Thirdborough in his Hundred, as the crown of long, faithful serving, was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind: but even amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man; and the Temple of Immensity, wherein, as man, he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him." And of his preparing to set out on his mission, Carlyle says: "Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox, on that morning, when he spreads out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cow-hides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including case, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery and World-Worship and the Mammon God. Thy elbow jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the prison-ditch within which

Vanity holds her Workhouse and Rag-fair, into lands of true liberty: were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man, and thou art he!"

The message which Fox felt himself called to deliver was substantially this:—that God must speak to every man *inwardly*; or the outward revelation, whether given in symbol or in word—in nature at all times, or to inspired men at particular times, will be a dead letter: that to understand the things of God, even in the slightest degree, with a mere heathen apprehension of them, there must be an enlightening by the spirit of God; that following this light will lead men, and has led them, be their circumstances, country, or degree of intellect what they may, into further light: while neglecting it must lead them, in the midst of any amount of external information or religious progress, into deeper and deeper darkness. This Fox believed and taught, wherever and whenever an occasion, as he deemed it, presented itself. To follow him through the long detail of successes, persecutions, mobbings, and imprisonments, would far exceed the limits of this sketch nor does the history of his progress present those salient points or generic differences which would justify a division into distinct periods. His followers were animated by the same spirit; although some of them seem to have regarded his person with far more honour than was consistent with the doctrine he sought to establish. It is but fair to say, however, that he did not court it, and that during his lifetime, at any rate, great freedom was allowed to the expression of convictions on the part of all.

The untimely assertion of his principles brought a more tangible scandal upon Fox's proceedings than anything else. His zeal against what he deemed the worship of the outward, led him to intrude unseasonably upon the worship of what he calls "steeple-houses." And in some cases, it would require a direct defence, on the ground of the supremacy of conscientious dictates and the sovereignty of truth to justify him—at Nottingham, for instance, when in the great church he uttered his "testimony" in the middle of the sermon, there was no fair reason to complain of the resulting imprisonment. But we can find no such excuse for the great majority of the inflictions of legal

of the times. In affairs of the greatest importance there may be more regard to the highest harmony, than to that inferior unity which pretends to be the more important. We are generally more indulgent to greater violations of social decency than to greater violations of essential truth, than the Quaker preaching was ever charged with. What sound Presbyterian would rebuke tenderly the ire of that good Scotswoman who some few years ago, when the English Church was the symbol of restored Episcopacy, was read for the first time in that church, Edinburgh—flinging steel she sat on at the officiating minister out in the excess of her indignation, "Villain! dost thou say the Lord is my King?" Besides, the position of ecclesiastical affairs at that time supposed a special excuse. It is very difficult to question to whom, in the days of the commonwealth, the churches really belonged. Presbyter Baxter was preaching at Kidderminster, in a church which had been lately subdued by Roman Catholics, and since occupied by Episcopalians. If the government laid a claim to the church—it was itself divided on religious matters. Besides the religious views held in them were by no means very regular as at present. We

Signed, OLIVERA BENSEL,
NATHANIEL BARTON.

"Oct. 30th, 1650."

The central doctrines we have seen already; and if to this we add the vehement zeal with which they were uttered, and the frequent warning to persecutors and gainsayers to "quake before the Lord," whence the name Quaker was derived, and which dates from the year just mentioned—we shall understand the reason of the frequent imprisonment of the early "Friends." With the belief in the "Inward Life" several inferential doctrines naturally associated themselves. The meaning of the term church is necessarily more limited in Fox's system than in any other. Each unit is a virtual church in himself. Wherever a God-fearing man was—a man living in obedience to the light within, there was a temple of God in which the incense of good thought and good work was continually ascending to heaven. All such a man's occupations were sacred—all that were in strict and diligent accordance with the inward teaching were equally sacred, of whatever kind. No ceremony or form of religious worship was judged *indispensable*—useful, as conducing to edification, but nothing more. Their baptism was to be purely and only of the spirit, and every meal was to be a sacrament. Church architecture, clerical habits, holy-days, had no meaning for them. "The

temples. Simulation, dissimulation of all sorts, on what pretence soever, must be put far from them. Hence, to quote the language of William Penn, in his preface to Fox's Journal, "they affirmed it to be sinful to give flattering titles, or to use vain gestures and compliments of respect; though to virtue and authority they ever made a difference, but after their plain and homely manner, yet sincere and substantial way. They also used the plain language of thou and thee to a single person, whatever was his degree among men." This "thou" and "thee" was, as Penn calls it, the plain language of those times, and had nothing of the quaintness with which it strikes the ear in modern days. It is the familiar speech of Germany, and may often enough be heard in some country districts of England, though more frequently in joke, irony, or anger, than in ordinary talk. Fox felt himself forbidden, also, "to put off his hat to any, high or low." The *political* aspect of the early Quakers was equally remarkable with their religious and social peculiarities. "Yea" and "Nay," was their conversation in private; and swear they would not in public. They forbore to revenge or forcibly prevent insult to them as individuals, and they could not be brought to fight in their capacity as citizens. "As truth-speaking succeeded swearing, so faith and truth succeeded fighting, in the doctrine and practice of this people." The first distinct protest on behalf of these Peace Principles, which constitute their most notorious political divergence from ordinary rules, at present, was made by their founder from the gaol at Derby. At the end of his appointed term of imprisonment, some of the soldiers there wished to have him as a commander. This he refused. Next, they wanted to press him as a common soldier, when the battle of Worcester was drawing on; but "he told them that he was brought off from outward wars." He deemed that it made no part of his, nor of any man's calling, to shoot the lives out of his fellow-creatures; but rather, if possible, to inspire them with a better life. And it was no cowardice that led him to draw back. He could bear the sight of cold steel better than most men; for not only was he often cruelly beaten and bruised by people with their hands, Bibles (a formidable weapon of assault and battery in those days), and sticks,

but on one occasion, at L'wycross, as in some gentleman's house "raving out upon him with a rapier in his hand." Fox, nothir moved, looked steadfastly on him said: "Aluck! for thee, poor ere what wilt thou do with thy carnapon, it is no more to me than a s The determination to celebrate riages after their own fashion a accordance with their own prin was perhaps their boldest assert social and political independent conscientious grounds; but the has proved that social order may times be honoured as much in breach as in the observance; I body of men has contributed mor general respect for law and pro than the Society of Friends. Resi to tithes and other Church-dues pletes the summary of Quaker dence; and whatever may be th of the special application of th eiple, in point of wisdom, it m allowed, that scrupulous consci ness has, in their case, received ward—that of universal respect.

In resuming the thread o Founder's biography, space wil allow us even to recount all the evi an ever-active life, nor can we dw its principal occurrences; of his and meditations in the Vale of in 1648, when he lay fourteen like a dead man, but after which ward peace was more strongly con than before—his fanaticisms an tested quasi-miraculous cure of di —his imprisonments at Carlisle cester, Lancaster, and Worcest sides those already mentioned interviews with Cromwell to his protection for persecuted Qu in the last of which he "saw felt a waft of death go against him"—of his marriage that right noble woman, Mai widow of Judge Fell, of Olive whose firmness and high-mind may well have confirmed his doctrine of female ministratio his voyages and travels through Britain, and the Continents of E and America, we can only take th sory notice. Nor may we dwell success of his mission, and the j nation of his doctrine, not or Christendom, but in an Eastern and that by a female member Society. The accession of such n

he was a royalist, and not only shared in the work of legislation, but represented the authority of Charles I. in the government of Weymouth, until the year 1643, when he was deprived of that command, and gave himself over to the service of the long Parliament, in which, however, he did not sit. His martial genius found scope in another field. Under a Parliamentary commission he raised an insurgent force in Dorsetshire, in 1644, and, at its head, took the town of Wareham, and laid all the surrounding country in subjection to new masters.

The rise of Oliver Cromwell elevated Sir Anthony, who next appeared in the first "Barebones" Parliament, as it was called, as one of the representatives of the county of Wiltshire. It was in the spring of 1653, that the young statesman resumed his parliamentary position, covered with laurels of civil conquest, and fraught with hopes of future honour for himself, if not also of a better constitution for his country. But it must not be imagined that he was a republican at heart. In common with the majority of the English people, he surrendered himself to the force of a reaction, violent indeed, but necessary; and if he became involved in the excesses of that reaction, and even if he succumbed to the pressure of a burden that in those days of all political confusion, crushed the higher principles of conscience and of honour in so many minds, he was at least an instrument in the hands of Him who pulleth down and raiseth up, for leavening the laws of England with better principles, and laying the foundations of that moral grandeur which distinguishes our Constitution from all others in the world. Scarcely was he seated in Cromwell's Parliament, when he was appointed one of the Protector's Council of State, and there he did good service by opposing some designs of Cromwell which were incompatible with the public weal, and chiefly by resisting the prosecution of a plan which Oliver alone would not have resisted; the changing the title of Protector into that of King. During the Parliaments of 1654 and 1656, under Oliver, and that of 1659, under his successor, Richard Cromwell, Sir Anthony pursued his course in the debates, the struggles, and the intrigues of that period, contributing his full share of those ingredients which quickened the

turmoil of society, but also hastened the deflection of the social mass, after a succession of war and revolution.

When Richard Cromwell was deposed, Sir Anthony withdrew, for a moment, from the scene. His former associates in the "Commonwealth" eyed him with a suspicion which certainly was not groundless, and his position became perilous; but General Monk applied his firm hand to the trembling balance, making it preponderate on the side of royalty. In the "Convention Parliament" which met April 20, 1660, Sir Anthony was one of the Select Committee appointed to draw up the invitation to the King, and one of the Commissioners sent over to Breda to negotiate for the Restoration. Indeed it is said that General Monk acted under his direction.

Charles II., on his landing in England, hastened to recompense his services, making him, in rapid succession, Lord Lieutenant of the County of the Dorset, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Privy Councillor. The following year he was raised to the peerage as Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles. And on the trial of the "regicides" in October, 1670, he sat as one of the Commissioners of oyer and terminer. Here the question very naturally rises, how this statesman could have satisfied his conscience in such contradictory positions. How could he have reviewed his conduct as member of Cromwell's Council of State when Charles I. was brought to the scaffold, with his conduct as a judge of those very persons who devised the measures and executed the pleasure of that council? Was not he himself a regicide at the moment he figured as a patriot republican, and was not he a hypocrite, and even worse, when he sat in judgment over former associates, accomplices, and agents? It is easy to put this question, nothing is more easy, nothing more natural than to confess the perplexity into which the conflicting history of the Protectorate and the Restoration throws every reader; and perhaps nothing is more difficult than to solve the question with anything like satisfaction to a dispassionate inquirer. "Men's minds might innocently change. New circumstances might create new obligations. Apparent vacillation and inconsistency might be no less than a virtuous repentance." But beyond these

a more important kingdom than that of England were being canvassed and contended about in his breast. He was asking, whether in this world of vanity and hollowness, God's truth should ever get a fair hearing; whether other men would ever join him in the upright Yea and Nay conversation which he had adopted; almost ready to doubt, indeed, if there were a God ruling in the earth, whether good or evil held actual supremacy in the universe; for, says he, "a strong temptation to despair came upon me;"—not so much, it would seem, occasioned by his own sins, as the sins of the men around him.

His spiritual conflict was but begun. Peace of mind was no more to be found by him in Barnet Chase than at Drayton; and it appears that among other causes of disquietude, he had some misgivings as to whether he had done right in breaking off from his friends and relatives. Yet he seems to have settled this in the affirmative, for we find that from Barnet he went to London, where he "took a lodging, and was under great misery and trouble there." Having found hitherto, no relief from within, he again sought comfort and satisfaction without. Filial affection led him homewards, and since solitude had not produced the alleviation it promised, he began to apply to others for advice. In this course he was even more unsuccessful, if possible, than in the other. None could "speak to his condition." He lived some time at Coventry, then noted as a resort of puritan divines, and for its parliamentary politics. In that city "many sought his acquaintance; but he feared to unite himself with any." Thence "he went to his own country again, and was there about a year, in great sorrows and troubles, and walked many nights by himself." One old minister at Manchester (a hamlet known as the place of Glover, the martyr's residence) urged him to "take tobacco and sing psalms;" but "tobacco," says he, "I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing." A clergyman ("priest" he calls him) at Tamworth, he found "like an empty, hollow cask," as far as doing him good was concerned. But the hardest rebuff he met with was in the city before mentioned, on his meeting with a noted man, Dr. Cradock. Walking in the garden of that divine, and earnestly conversing on the affairs of his soul,

George, careful rather to walk and spiritually in the straight than to observe the path in bodily, he was walking, and the alleys being none of the widest foot on the side of a bed, "the man was in a rage, as if he had been on fire." "Thus," ad "all our discourse was lost." of these miserable comforts Macham, or Matcham, advised istering through the body to the of the soul. Bleeding they att but the man was so worn and up with sorrows, grief, and t that no blood would come. T currences are worth noticing, show that in the establishment principles, there was no mere o and self-willedness. Could he l any to "speak to his condit would gladly have listened: thought it too great a stretch o ness to *profess* himself cured, mere complaisance to his phy Many a weary mile did he tra many an unworthy reception did—even at the risk, as at Manc having his griefs talked of in k and "made a jest," as he says, 'the milk-lasses'—that he might truth. In the mean time, his sea light was no hindrance to the duties of godliness. Money he ha own spare livelihood, and enou to bestow on those who nee "When the time called Christm while others were feasting and themselves, he went from house t looking for poor widows" and su their wants. "And when he vited to marriages (as someti was) he would go to none at the next day, or soon after, he v visited the newly married; and were poor, he gave them some 1 Yet his troubles continued, and often under great temptations; and walking as before in solitar many days;" for, says he, "I wa of sorrows in the times of t workings of the Lord in me. light was at hand.

About the beginning of the ye his journal tells us—"As I wa to Coventry and approaching tl a consideration rose in my mi it was that all Christians are b both Protestants and Papists, Lord opened to me that if all v lievers, then they were all born o

a, their oneness could not be in us, but in something underlying us—not a form of belief, but a fact. This "consideration" was part of Quakerism. About the time one or two other things came along that had much to do with elegant teaching: things not ordinary in themselves, and certainly old and trite in his days as we know it, but remarkable to George Fox and to all who think as well as about them. Such truisms, for instance the following:—"that to be at Oxford or Cambridge is not his lot and qualify a man to be saviour of Christ;" and that "God, made the world, did not dwell in it made with hands." These sayings and the like were read in our churches daily, but he found worldly-fully opposed, as he felt to the common belief of people have here the negative side of religion; its positive side was yet to be told. Fox had to continue his search of consultation, weary and although it was. Travelling about with people of various persuasions, some of them of the character. What religious position such was sure to come out of his way. He patterned the life of a magnet. All similar souls would come by a natural attraction. It was the strength of his nature that it discovered the spiritual necessities attached to the soul itself. Besides a man's need to talk of politics, or religion. He had no other business in the world save to find out what was essential to the essence of the soul, and for others, to help them to find out and to his own satisfaction, so that when they were ready to go forth into the world, they might be able to do so without being troubled by a voice saying—There goes even Christ himself. Kithley's criticism of Fox said that they both did have to take a walk or little more of rest, to get some sense, and nothing further, because the highest wisdom is full of women. I think that says it thought for others as for itself. If all men could understand as he had done, it

throw themselves on God only for spiritual help—there would be the same peace and joy and holiness for all. So he believed—correctly or incorrectly; and so he began to teach. He had a doctrine which would bring all things into harmony with God; which would put an end to the bitterness of religious controversy, while it would kindle up the real religious spirit into a living flame. "I saw," says his journal, "the mountains burning up, and the rubbish; the rough and crooked ways and places made smooth and plain, that the Lord might come into his tabernacle;" and, in the jubilee of his soul, he exclaims: "Now was I come up in spirit through the flaming sword into the paradise of God. All things were new; and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter." He had gained a satisfying truth for himself, and felt sure that this truth would reach the souls of all other men. Rightly or wrongly, therefore, he determined to preach it. His success was more than equal to his zeal; and the extraordinary rapidity with which his doctrine spread might well countenance "the slanderous report that George Fox carried bottles about with him, and made people drink thereof, which made them follow him," and that "he rode upon a great black horse, and was seen in one country upon that horse, and in the same hour in another country the same miles off." Remembering that the days of wizarding were very rare from ended in the middle of the 15th century, and that the miracles of rumour have not ceased in the middle of the 19th, we shall not be astonished at the extraordinary parts of this statement, and shall be prepared to learn that George travelled on foot. In Lancashire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Warwickshire, his speaking in "steeple-houses" on his journeys, and in private dwellings, gained him a large number of followers. There is a circumstance connected with the commencement of Fox's preaching, which is inconsiderable in itself, but on which a distinguished thinker has thought proper to hang some considerable remarks. The annals of his society inform us, that on setting out upon his mission, he made himself a suit of *leather*; not as was reported, that he might have a memorial name of his early trade as a shoemaker, but simply for his durability.

lity and general serviceableness. On this, Mr. Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus" observes: "Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a Suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom under ruder or purer omen the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself: and across all the hells of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls: who, therefore, are rightly accounted prophets, God-possessed, or even gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall, working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique inspired volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and, perhaps, the post of Thirdborough in his Hundred, as the crown of long, faithful serving, was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind: but even amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man: and the Temple of Immensity, wherein, as man, he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him." And of his preparing to set out on his mission, Carlyle says: "Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox, on that morning, when he spreads out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cow-hides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including case, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery and World-Worship and the Mammon God. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the prison-ditch within which

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circumstances and convention of the times. In affairs of the importance there may be more added to the highest harmony, is truth, than to that inferior system which pretends to be the system of truth. We are generally slow to look with some indulgence at violations of social decency in case of essential truth, than Fox's preaching was ever charged with. What sound Presbyterian would take tenderly the ire of that old Scots-woman who some few years since, when the English Church was the symbol of restored Episcopacy, was read for the first time in her church, Edinburgh—flinging her hat on at the officiating minister in the excess of her indignation, "Villain! dost thou say the truth, lad?" Besides, the position of ecclesiastical affairs at that period was a special excuse. It is a delicate question to whom, in days of the commonwealth, the churches really belonged. Presbyter Baxter was preaching at Kidderminster in a church which had been endow'd by Roman Catholics, and now occupied by Episcopalians. If the government laid a claim on matters—it was itself divided on religious matters. Besides the religious belief in them were by no means the religious as at present. We

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"Oct. 30th, 1650."

The central doctrines we have seen already; and if to this we add the vehement zeal with which they were uttered, and the frequent warning to persecutors and gainsayers to "quake before the Lord," whence the name Quaker was derived, and which dates from the year just mentioned—we shall understand the reason of the frequent imprisonment of the early "Friends." With the belief in the "Inward Life" several inferential doctrines naturally associated themselves. The meaning of the term church is necessarily more limited in Fox's system than in any other. Each unit is a virtual church in himself. Wherever a God-fearing man was—a man living in obedience to the light within, there was a temple of God in which the incense of good thought and good work was continually ascending to heaven. All such a man's occupations were sacred—all that were in strict and diligent accordance with the inward teaching were equally sacred, of whatever kind. No ceremony or form of religious worship was judged *indispensable*—useful, as conducing to edification, but nothing more. Their baptism was to be purely and only of the spirit, and every meal was to be a sacrament. Church architecture, clerical habits, holy-days, had no meaning for them. "The

temples. Simulation, dissimulation of all sorts, on what pretence soever, must be put far from them. Hence, to quote the language of William Penn, in his preface to Fox's Journal, "they affirmed it to be sinful to give flattering titles, or to use vain gestures and compliments of respect; though to virtue and authority they ever made a difference, but after their plain and homely manner, yet sincere and substantial way. They also used the plain language of thou and thee to a single person, whatever was his degree among men." This "thou" and "thee" was, as Penn calls it, the plain language of those times, and had nothing of the quaintness with which it strikes the ear in modern days. It is the familiar speech of Germany, and may often enough be heard in some country districts of England, though more frequently in joke, irony, or anger, than in ordinary talk. Fox felt himself forbidden, also, "to put off his hat to any, high or low." The *political* aspect of the early Quakers was equally remarkable with their religious and social peculiarities. "Yea" and "Nay," was their conversation in private; and swear they would not in public. They forbore to revenge or forcibly prevent insult to them as individuals, and they could not be brought to fight in their capacity as citizens. "As truth-speaking succeeded swearing, so faith and truth succeeded fighting, in the doctrine and practice of this people." The first distinct protest on behalf of these Peace Principles, which constitute their most notorious political divergence from ordinary rules, at present, was made by their founder from the gaol at Derby. At the end of his appointed term of imprisonment, some of the soldiers there wished to have him as a commander. This he refused. Next, they wanted to press him as a common soldier, when the battle of Worcester was drawing on; but "he told them that he was brought off from onward wars." He deemed that it made no part of his, nor of any man's calling, to shoot the lives out of his fellow-creatures; but rather, if possible, to inspire them with a better life. And it was no cowardice that led him to draw back. He could bear the sight of cold steel better than most men; for not only was he often cruelly beaten and bruised by people with their hands, Bibles (a formidable weapon of assault and battery in those days), and sticks,

but on one occasion, at Twycross, a servant in some gentleman's house "came raving out upon him with a naked rapier in his hand." Fox, nothing dismayed, looked steadily on him and said: "Alack! for thee, poor creature! what wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon, it is no more to me than a straw." The determination to celebrate marriages after their own fashion and in accordance with their own principles, was perhaps their boldest assertion of social and political independence on conscientious grounds; but the result has proved that social order may sometimes be honoured as much in the breach as in the observance: for no body of men has contributed more to a general respect for law and propriety, than the Society of Friends. Resistance to tithes and other Church-dues, completes the summary of Quaker dissidence; and whatever may be thought of the special application of their principle, in point of wisdom, it must be allowed, that scrupulous conscientiousness has, in their case, received its reward—that of universal respect.

In resuming the thread of the Founder's biography, space will not allow us even to recount all the events of an ever-active life, nor can we dwell on its principal occurrences; of his trances and meditations in the Vale of Bever, in 1648, when he lay fourteen days like a dead man, but after which his inward peace was more strongly confirmed than before—his fanaticisms and attested quasi-miraculous cure of diseases—his imprisonments at Carlisle, Leicester, Lancaster, and Worcester, besides those already mentioned—his interviews with Cromwell to ask his protection for persecuted Quakers, in the last of which he "saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him"—of his marriage with that right noble woman, Margaret, widow of Judge Fell, of Ulverston, whose firmness and high-mindedness may well have confirmed his Quaker doctrine of female ministrations—of his voyages and travels through Great Britain, and the Continents of Europe and America, we can only take this cursory notice. Nor may we dwell on the success of his mission, and the proclamation of his doctrine, not only in Christendom, but in an Eastern court, and that by a female member of the Society. The accession of such men as

ort Barclay, the philosopher and
 of Quakerism, in 1667, and
 its court representative,
 and colonist, in 1668, put
 of its existence among
 of spirit, and far outweighed
 of the occasioned by the excesses
 of similar wild fanatics,
 of religious bodies
 in so flourishing and
 of tradition. His teaching and
 to his followers, lasted al-
 to the very day of his death,
 November, 1690. He had been
 in Gracechurch Street,
 of the Prince, he addressed the con-
 of both in discourse and prayer,
 of being ended," retired
 of a friend adjoining the
 when he observed to those
 that he thought he felt the cold
 of his heart, as he came out,
 yet I am glad I was here;
 I am clear." He
 to bed, and lay peacefully
 in mind, retaining his
 to the end. To his friends he
 of All is well; the seed of God
 over all, and over death itself,
 I am weak in body, yet the
 of God is over all, and the seed

reigns over all disorderly spirits." And
 in this happy state of mind he departed
 in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

His last biographer, Mr. Josiah
 Marsh, thus describes his appearance
 and manner—"The person of George
 Fox was somewhat corpulent, and his
 height above the common standard.
 His countenance was smooth and placid,
 and his intelligent grey eyes were vivid
 and piercing. He was active in his
 habits, and unremitting in his labours,
 both bodily and mental; he was a small
 sleeper, an early riser, and carefully ab-
 stemious in his diet." His simplicity
 of appearance and humble deportment
 in youth, led superficial observers to
 undervalue the vigour of his character;
 but his words even then were forcible.
 "In conversation and manners he was
 grave, courteous, and free from affec-
 tation; and from his love and good-will
 to all mankind, he was benevolent and
 civil beyond the common forms." Few
 men have done so much by the almost
 unaided force of soul; that mysterious
 influence which establishes the true
 royalty of one man over his fellows.
 Such royalty is not established often in
 a millennium; but the traces of its
 achievements never disappear.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

ANTHONY COOPER, D.C.L.,
 of Shaftesbury, was created Earl of Shaftesbury,
 by the fourth
 of Marl-
 Shaftesbury has long
 of a young son of
 of and patriotism,
 of his adventu-
 But we cannot
 of his dis-
 of the first
 of his well-
 of his long
 of his exist- May
 of time.
 of Cooper rose into
 of the year of the
 of M.P., when Richard
 of a gentleman, in
 of the coun-
 of Shaftesbury, pur-
 of 1661. His son,
 of member
 of Commons in the year

1686, for Whitechurch, Hants. Next
 in charge comes John Cooper, Esq.,
 of Rockingham, Southampton, who was
 created Baronet on the 10th July, 1622.
 Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, son of
 Sir John, born at Windborne St. Giles,
 in Dorsetshire, July 22, 1621, inherited
 the estates both of his father and of his
 maternal grandfather, Sir Anthony
 Ashley. He was entered of Exeter
 College, Oxford, in 1636, and in 1648
 became a student of law at Lincoln's
 Inn. He must have been a youth of
 great energy,—unless, indeed, family
 influence, then all powerful in such
 matters, and still too potent in winning
 votes, covered the deficiencies of min-
 ority—for when but a minor, being
 only nineteen years of age, he was re-
 turned for Tewkesbury, and in the
 month of April, 1649, took his seat
 among the grave men who made, or
 who aspired to make laws for the
 government of England. At this time

he was a royalist, and not only shared in the work of legislation, but represented the authority of Charles I. in the government of Weymouth, until the year 1643, when he was deprived of that command, and gave himself over to the service of the long Parliament, in which, however, he did not sit. His martial genius found scope in another field. Under a Parliamentary commission he raised an insurgent force in Dorsetshire, in 1644, and, at its head, took the town of Wareham, and laid all the surrounding country in subjection to new masters.

The rise of Oliver Cromwell elevated Sir Anthony, who next appeared in the first "Barebone's" Parliament, as it was called, as one of the representatives of the county of Wiltshire. It was in the spring of 1653, that the young statesman resumed his parliamentary position, covered with laurels of civil conquest, and fraught with hopes of future honour for himself, if not also of a better constitution for his country. But it must not be imagined that he was a republican at heart. In common with the majority of the English people, he surrendered himself to the force of a reaction, violent indeed, but necessary; and if he became involved in the excesses of that reaction, and even if he succumbed to the pressure of a burden that in those days of all political confusion, crushed the higher principles of conscience and of honour in so many minds, he was at least an instrument in the hands of Him who pulleth down and raiseth up, for leavening the laws of England with better principles, and laying the foundations of that moral grandeur which distinguishes our Constitution from all others in the world. Scarcely was he seated in Cromwell's Parliament, when he was appointed one of the Protector's Council of State, and there he did good service by opposing some designs of Cromwell which were incompatible with the public weal, and chiefly by resisting the prosecution of a plan which Oliver alone would not have resisted; the changing the title of Protector into that of King. During the Parliaments of 1654 and 1656, under Oliver, and that of 1659, under his successor, Richard Cromwell, Sir Anthony pursued his course in the debates, the struggles, and the intrigues of that period, contributing his full share of those ingredients which quickened the

turmoil of society, but also hastened the defection of the social mass, after a succession of war and revolution.

When Richard Cromwell was deposed, Sir Anthony withdrew, for a moment, from the scene. His former associates in the "Commonwealth" eyed him with a suspicion which certainly was not groundless, and his position became perilous; but General Monk applied his firm hand to the trembling balance, making it preponderate on the side of royalty. In the "Convention Parliament" which met April 20, 1660, Sir Anthony was one of the Select Committee appointed to draw up the invitation to the King, and one of the Commissioners sent over to Breda to negotiate for the Restoration. Indeed it is said that General Monk acted under his direction.

Charles II., on his landing in England, hastened to recompense his services, making him, in rapid succession, Lord Lieutenant of the County of the Dorset, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Privy Councillor. The following year he was raised to the peerage as Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles. And on the trial of the "regicides" in October, 1670, he sat as one of the Commissioners of oyer and terminer. Here the question very naturally rises, how this statesman could have satisfied his conscience in such contradictory positions. How could he have reviewed his conduct as member of Cromwell's Council of State when Charles I. was brought to the scaffold, with his conduct as a judge of those very persons who devised the measures and executed the pleasure of that council? Was not he himself a regicide at the moment he figured as a patriot republican, and was not he a hypocrite, and even worse, when he sat in judgment over former associates, accomplices, and agents? It is easy to put this question, nothing is more easy, nothing more natural than to confess the perplexity into which the conflicting history of the Protectorate and the Restoration throws every reader; and perhaps nothing is more difficult than to solve the question with anything like satisfaction to a dispassionate inquirer. "Men's minds might innocently change. New circumstances might create new obligations. Apparent vacillation and inconsistency might be no less than a virtuous repentance." But beyond these

throne, and His Majesty deprived him of the seals of office in November, 1673. From that moment the Test Act lost his advocacy, and measures of despotism no more received his support.

At length he was committed to the Tower, on charge of treasonable conspiracy against the king, but this accusation could not be sustained. Burnet, who was no great friend of his, describes the issue of that affair as follows:—"A bill of indictment was presented to the grand jury against Lord Shaftesbury. The jury was composed of many of the chief citizens of London. The witnesses were examined in open court, contrary to the usual custom; the witnesses swore many incredible things against him, mixed with other things that looked very like his extravagant way of talking. The draught of the association was also brought as a proof of his treason, although it was not laid to the indictment, and was proved only by one witness. The jury returned *ignoramus* upon the bill. Upon this the court did declaim with open mouth against these juries; in which, they said, the spirit of the party did appear, &c." No doubt they thought so, but Shaftesbury had popular sympathy on his side, there were great rejoicings on occasion of his release, and a medal was struck in commemoration of the event. This gave occasion to Dryden's poem of "The Medal."

Yet he was not utterly disgraced, nor did the king feel able to venture on overwhelming a man at one stroke whom a revolution might avenge. He was, therefore, made use of in an attempt to serve the king's purpose of subverting the constitution, by a very remarkable arrangement. Charles formed a committee, or cabal, of his friends, in order to deliberate on measures to be taken for the attainment of this end, and placed Shaftesbury over them as president. He took the place, maintained the semblance of impartiality proper for a chairman, and at the same time quietly pursued his purpose of promoting personal liberty, and moderating the power of the crown. Remembering his own imprisonment, he framed a bill "for the better securing the liberty of the subject." With considerable difficulty it passed the Lords, and, even then, no effort was spared to deprive it of its force. "Lord Shaftesbury's Act," how-

ever, survived the utmost opposition that could be made to it in the reign of the last sovereign whose power, constitutional restraints, like these we enjoy, did not moderate. It received her second Magna Charta the *Habeas Corpus*, which now the meanest subject from the grasp of arbitrary power, and makes him his castle.

This great measure, the bulwark of weakness against power, was a last memorable act of the first Lord Shaftesbury. Attended by several and gentlemen of high distinction, Lordship went publicly to Westminster Hall, and at the King's Bench presented a bill in form, presented the Duke of York as a Popish recusant. This act was a demonstration of courage of patriotism that, although it was ignored, commands the veneration of posterity. Shaftesbury was persecuted, of course. He fled his life, embarked at Harwich in December, 1682, and proceeded to Holland for refuge. There he was welcomed, gently reminded by an Englishman of his earlier act, by a full allusion, *jam Carthago non ulla*—"Carthage is not yet blotted out." There he died, leaving to England a bequest, and to his descendants an honour, of the *Habeas Corpus*, but a few years afterwards, the king himself had to flee. William, Duke of Orange, came over to occupy the throne of these realms, and "the glorious revolution of 1688" rose as a barrier between the despotism that had gone before, and the liberties that followed.

The house of Shaftesbury has yet a representative worthy of memory. The third Earl, remarkable for wit and scepticism, was called Voltaire "the boldest English sophist," and may now be met merely as a foil to enhance the reputation of the seventh, whose lineage, and of whose public life we shall proceed to speak.

We necessarily confine ourselves to his public acts. His biography only be fitly written by the pen of one who has known him with the intimacy; has had access to his documents, and who, released from restraint of delicacy which would deprive the consideration that he was a living man, can review, as a

provisions had been so generally evaded, that the few who pitied the dereliction of the lunatic, were discouraged from interfering in his behalf. Yet the law in itself was insufficient, for even if carried out to its utmost extent, it could not save persons from being conveyed, as insane, to the so-called lunatic "asylums." A rich man, if he happened to be eccentric or even sick, might be thus imprisoned, at the instance of some one acting under the impulse of interest or malice, through the facility allowed in granting certificates of insanity to the keepers of those establishments. A physician, a surgeon, even an apothecary, a mere "seller of drugs," might sign a man away, in perfect soundness of mind, as if he were a maniac. An ignorant practitioner, seeing his patient suffering from the effects of fever, or from his own treatment of him, drugged into delirium, or worn down by drastics into melancholy, and thinking him bereft of reason, might get him sent away to a mad-house.

And the mismanagement and barbarity of the keepers and their servants were often dreadful to be told. No curative process of mental malady was attempted, nor any care taken for the preservation of health in patients not otherwise diseased. One medical man, little worthy of the name, pretended to take charge of many hundred lunatics, those houses being separated by considerable distance, so that the poor victims of neglect and cupidity, often perished unseen by the one reputed physician of those establishments. There was the "White House, Bethnal-Green," a living cemetery. There was Old St. Luke's. And there were other places. One Mr. Warburton was a sort of king over the mad, whom he had herded together in those divers asylums that constituted his domain. The cost of keepers was economised by the expedient of chaining down the more furious on cribs or boxes, six feet long, and covered with straw. There the poor maniacs were fastened down by iron on their arms and legs. Thus they lay all night—and the night was very long—without assistance, even to meet the calls of nature. Fifteen or sixteen of them might be seen, but for the monastic privacy of the place, chained down after that sort, within a single room, and wallowing in filth. Warburton pretended to be a

strict Sabbath-keeper, in his way. The lunatics were punctually chained down every Saturday evening; and, not to disturb the dismal silence of the establishment on that sacred day, when the religion of the Bible teaches that even the beast should be delivered from its yoke, they were fixed firmly to their cribs until the Monday morning. Their groans were instead of Sunday prayers. Then, chafed and filthy, covered with sores and ordure, and stripped to utter nudity, they were driven into the courtyard of that horrible Bastille, and the whole drove of them plunged into cold water—cold as it might be, sometimes with ice floating in the pans. When they sank, more or less rapidly, under the accumulation of horrors, from rage, from chains, and starvation, and filth, and brute force, inflicted without measure, they were transferred to the infirmary, a blacker dungeon, a more foul pit, where they might die outright. There the physician seldom deigned to come. Warburton himself shrank from the door, when the stench happened to be too violent even for his hardened nostrils. In short, the "asylums," as they called them, were of all prisons the worst. For nine years, as was reported in Parliament, some of the lunatics, if lunatics they were, or not, when first brought thither, had been chained like felons to the wall. These, and other such barbarities had transpired to the public ear. Indignation was aroused, a Parliamentary Committee had examined witnesses, and interrogated the guilty themselves, and found them no less devoid of truth than of humanity. Mr. Robertson Gordon introduced a Bill for the appointment of a Commission of Lunacy. Lord Ashley was one of his supporters, and has been identified with the advance of legislation on the subject, as well as with the administration of the laws that have been successively enacted, up to the present time.

There could be no second opinion as to the merit of these measures. Humanity and religion more than justified them. But the next legislative proceeding in which his lordship took part, was of a very different description. In February, 1829, the great question of removing, or not removing, certain disabilities that had been imposed for centuries on Romanists, was fairly opened. The king's speech to that Parliament announced his Majesty's sorrow that in

the subject of consideration in Ireland, but also recommended that the state of Ireland should be met with a view to remove all cause of discontent, the aforesaid being complained of as the cause. Mr. Secretary Peel proposed their view. Lord Ashley was not very present in the debates which followed, and stormy as they were, he did not choose to be forced into the arena of disputation, and contented with declaring his joy "in seeing it of the great question being finally settled." He took the side of opposition, to borrow a current word, and voted with the majority. He voted conscientiously, no doubt, but had not been educated into an understanding of the political aspects of the question, and even the religious aspects were but partially apprehended by our best men. His lordship, however, changed his views, and afterwards have heard him acknowledge that with his present experience he would vote differently, if the Act of 1829 were made over again.

Lord Ashley now became intimately connected with the government of India.

He was appointed member of the Council of Control of the East India Company, and of his conduct there and in the Legislature it may be said, in fact, that he manifested a sincere and unflinching purpose to improve the

out gave his voice against it, as that idea was embodied in the "Reform Bill," and his course, at that time, was not the smoothest. In 1831, after a very severe contest, but, as he declared, "on the honour of a gentleman," without condescending to employ the least corruption, he was elected member for Dorchester. The agriculturalists were with him, and many freeholders walked twenty miles to the hustings, to give him their votes, and twenty miles back again without the slightest hope of remuneration. But three or four months after he had taken his seat, a petition was got up against him by the opposite party, and although, as he stated, he could have proved, in Committee, that no corruption of any kind had been employed in that election, he preferred to resign his seat, in the manner prescribed by law, rather than incur the "enormous expense" of maintaining his right to represent the borough. But, forthwith, he was honourably elected by the county of Dorset, and, with scarcely any interruption, again made his appearance on the floor of the House of Commons. Nor had he been there long, when we find him advocating measures for the improvement of public morals, especially advocating the provision of whatever would draw the artisan away from haunts of impurity, and tend, by elevating his tastes and habits, to make him a worthy member of society.

the position soon to be taken by Lord Ashley, we must read the case, and cannot do so more effectually than by quoting a few of the passages of Mr. Sadler's speech in moving the second reading of his bill, as we find it recorded in "Hansard's Debates." Amidst the profound attention of the House, Mr. Sadler addressed the speaker thus:—

"Sir, the Bill which I now proceed to propose to the House to sanction by its authority, has for its purpose to liberate children and other young persons employed in the mills and factories of the kingdom, from that over-exertion and confinement which common sense, as well as long experience, has shown to be utterly inconsistent with the improvement of their minds, the preservation of their morals, or the protection of their health: in a word, to rescue them from a state of suffering and degradation which, it is conceived, the children of the industrious classes, in hardly any other country endure, or ever have experienced, and which cannot be much longer tolerated."

Then the honourable member proceeded to show how this thralldom of the children of the poor was the consequence of poverty on the one hand, and of official inhumanity on the other.

"The overseer, as is in evidence, refuses relief if they have children capable of working in the factories whom they refuse to send there. They choose, therefore, what they deem, perhaps, the lesser evil, and reluctantly resign their offspring to the captivity and pollution of the mill: they rouse them in the winter morning, which, as the poor father says before the Lords' Committee, they 'feel very sorry to do'—they receive them fatigued and exhausted, many a weary hour after the day has closed—they see them droop and sicken, and, in many cases, become cripples, and die, before they reach their prime; and they do all this, because they must otherwise suffer unrelieved, and starve, like Ugolino, amidst their starving children. It is mockery to contend that these parents have a choice; that they can dictate to, or even parley with, their employer, as to the number of hours their child shall be tasked, or the treatment it shall be subject to in his mill; and it is an insult to the parental breast to say that they resign it voluntarily—no, sir,

Their poverty and not their will consents.

Consents, indeed! but often wit as Dr. Ashton, a physician in with the whole system, inform Committee: a noble member of indeed, observed to one of the parents then examined, who was in the successive fate of seeing his children which he had been to send to the factory—"you can speak of them without crying?" answer was 'No!' and few, I suppose, refrained from sympathy with him."

But there was another, and numerous class of parents, brutalized yet more brutalized by the system which they lived. "Dead instincts of nature, and reversed order of society, instead of providing for their own offspring, they make offspring provide for them: not for their necessities alone, but their intemperance and profligacy. They purchase idleness by the sale of their infants, and spend the proceeds on their happiness, health, and life, amidst haunts of profligacy and corruption. Thus, at the very same hour, night that the father is at his orgies, the child is panting in the mill. Such count upon their elation as upon their cattle,—nay, to so doing a state of degradation does the lead, that they make the certain having an offspring the indisposition of marriage, that they breed a generation of slaves.

Then, are some of the *free agents* out the *στροφή* (the merely inst compassions of the beast, or the of the man, to whom the advocates of the mill-system assure us we can intrust the labour of little children. One of these *free agents*, a *vo* against the late Sir Robert Peel confessed, before the Committee he had pushed his own child down broken her arm, because she would do as he thought proper, while in the mill. The Lords refused to hear wretch another word."

The patriotic dealers in infanticide remonstrated against the innovation on their rights of property. They contended that they were agents, that the parents, as free and cheerfully acquiesced, and the children, also free agents, worked merrily by night and day; Mr. [unclear] scouted all this.

"There are other descriptions of

~~the~~ *oppressed free agents*. Again,
 in all manufacturing towns a
 number of illegitimate children,
 who also are greatly increased by
 system in question. . . . To this
 of the agents I might also add the
 children who are still apprenticed
 in considerable numbers, often, I
 say, to the ready sanction of the
 courts, whose hard treatment has
 been the subject of many recent com-
 plaints which I have received
 from individuals of the highest credit
 and respectability."

finding a vein of steady, heart-
 ingly positive, accumulating facts to
 sustain his accusation of the sys-
 tem of protracted labour, and the em-
 ployment of children in that labour,
 Sadler rose triumphantly over the
 voice of mammon, and carried the
 vote with him in such appeals as

"If our ancestors could not have
 made it possible—posterity will not
 make it true—it will be placed among
 history's debts of some future an-
 nuary—that a generation of English-
 men did exist, and had existed, that
 did task hisping infancy of a few
 years old, regardless alike of its
 joys or tears, and unmoved by its un-
 happy weakness, eleven, twelve, thir-
 teen, fourteen, sixteen hours a-day, and
 on the weary night also, till, in
 the very dawn of its existence, the

universal humanity of all those engaged
 in every pursuit, whose power over
 those children was unrestrained, was
 boldly asserted; the superior health,
 happiness, and even longevity of those
 employments were always maintained.
 Whatever was the nature or duration of
 the employment which these young
 persons whether daily or nightly pur-
 sued, it was contended that no injury,
 but abundance of good was done to
 them. On every occasion this opposition
 has so far triumphed, as to defeat the
 original intentions of those who have
 proposed these measures. It has suc-
 ceeded in lengthening the time of in-
 fantine labour—in limiting every act to
 one particular branch of business—in
 introducing provisions which have ren-
 dered them liable to constant evasions
 —and it is well known that the whole
 of them are evaded, and rendered little
 better than a dead letter. The very
 same opposition that has so long and
 so often triumphed over justice and
 humanity, is again organized, and ac-
 tively at work."

But soldiers, criminals, felons, con-
 victs, slaves, the lowest castes of
 humanity, nay, even the brutes find pity,
 and their life, their health, yes, their
 comfort is cared for by their owners.
 And Mr. Sadler recounts instances in
 illustration; and then he proceeds to
 say, with reference to legislative inter-
 ference in favour of the negroes:

black to nine hours, but when I propose that the labour of *the young white slave* shall not exceed ten, why this proposition is deemed monstrous."

Mr. Sadler then produced a large mass of information, to show the manifold injury inflicted on the factory children and young persons by excessive labour, and by the recklessness of their employers. Deformity of body, disease and premature death, especially of females. The mangling of limbs and the dismembering of bodies consequent on setting children to work near unguarded machinery. Pestilent immorality and brutalizing ignorance. Such were the consequences of congregating large masses of operatives, beginning with children of tender age, and allowing those masses to be dependent, not only on the caprice or the cupidity of employers grown callous by familiarity with sights and sounds of degradation, but also on the tyranny of established customs. All employers were not thus hardened. Very many would gladly have mitigated the severity of the system which engendered mischief of its own; but the pressure of competition, as well as the natural desire to accelerate the manufacture for the sake of meeting orders within the briefest possible time, urged them onward, and the limbs and life of the poor operative were inevitably racked out, as if in obedience to some dire and relentless fate.

The manufacturers looked on this measure with suspicion, but the operatives hailed it as the promise of deliverance. Between these parties there was too little sympathy, and the effort of humanity herself seemed to aggravate the wretchedness of those whom she desired to relieve. Evidence, often distorted, seemed to be conflicting. Working men, and women too, were induced to declare that they and their children had nothing to complain of, and, at the bidding of interested persons, a few of them even signed petitions against the Bill. Yet this method of artificial opposition could not, in the nature of things, be carried very far. In the large town of Manchester, for example, only four hundred and twenty working men could be induced to sign a declaration that their children suffered no hardships under the system then existing; and in their particular case the statement might have been true. The Bill was thrown off into a select committee, and

by the month of August, smothered outright.

Lord Ashley was no cold spectator of this parliamentary struggle. At the opening of the next session of Parliament, he hastened to obtain leave for bringing in a similar bill. Another member, indeed, wished to originate a measure that might have quieted the agitation of the factory labourers, but parried at the same time a blow apprehended by the other party. But his Lordship, with characteristic promptitude and tact, anticipated the movement of the less zealous advocate, and on the first moment possible, gave notice that he should ask leave to bring in a bill "to regulate the labour of children in factories." Having thus obtained priority, he made the most of his position.

The masses of work-people, in the factory towns and districts of England and Scotland, heard with delight that an advocate could still be found to undertake their cause. Everywhere, and on every lip, resounded blessings on the name of Lord Ashley, and meetings were held to enlighten the public mind on a subject that could not now be hushed. A week after the first Parliamentary announcement, petitions were pouring in from all quarters, in favour of the new Bill, and his Lordship, in presenting them, did not lose his opportunity for calling on the House of Commons to entertain their prayer. On the 14th March, 1833, the battle was renewed, and the adverse party, denying some of the allegations, pretending ignorance of others, and meeting the most forcible with professions of incredulity, asked for commissioners to go into the country and collect evidence. The sense of the House was, at first, against the proposal, as evidently made for the sake of gaining time, and it was consequently withdrawn. But after a fortnight's labour, a scheme of counter-tactics was organized, and several petitions, got up by the hostile mill owners, were laid on the table, asking for a commission to take evidence.

Lord Ashley assured the House that no evidence could possibly be found to palliate the misery which had been unveiled, but insisted that the appointment of a commission would be regarded with suspicion by the myriads of complainants, whose patience was exhausted with long delays and repeated disap-

need the motion. During forty years he observed, the subject had been in Parliament, and had engaged the attention of the country. So early as the year 1796 the cries of the suffering wretched children had been heard in that House, and a succession of fruitless attempts had been made to satisfy the demands of humanity. Those efforts were stated in detail, and followed up by recapitulation by presenting a multitude of recent facts, and adducing the direct testimony of a large number of medical practitioners, and of humane and honest manufacturers, who longed for the shield of legislative sanction to throw over them, while they should be under the burden that now weighed so heavily on the thousands of parents and children in their employ. He concluded that the enumeration of particulars would add nothing to the weight of the already ample testimony known to all the world, as to the evil of the whole system. "It is time," said he, "that it should be checked, and I will push this as long as I breathe." It was agreed, however, to appoint a commission. Commissioners were appointed, and they went down into the country to collect evidence. But the Government did not move reluctantly. Their instructions to the Commissioners were held back in Parliament as long as possible, and after all, it was found that those

had no right to meddle with any constituency but his own, nor to travel beyond Dorsetshire in communication with persons belonging to other representatives. But those poor starving operatives were not electors.

Four delegates, he stated, were then in London, sent to himself by the operatives of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and of Lancashire. Those delegates had been duly elected, openly, and by universal suffrage. They had thus entrusted their case to his care, and he was entitled to say that he was as much the representative of the operatives as any member of the House was the representative of his constituency. The Report of the Commissioners, however, could not be refused, it could only be delayed by the Government, in hope of gaining time, while the zeal of Lord Ashley and his friends might cool, and while popular excitement might subside.

Another fortnight passed away, and still the blue books, although printed, were not forthcoming in the House, and members, therefore, would not be enlightened as to the merits of the question, by the investigations of the quiet and confidential commissioners. So far as such reports might possibly prepare them to vote, they were yet unprepared. Lord Althorp protested that he did not intend to hold back any information, but was sorry that the voluminous Report—which, notwithstanding, had been

further incentive of debate, the Bill was read a second time.

Again, two days afterwards, the third reading of the Bill is the "Order of the day."—"That the House do go into Committee upon the reading of the Bill for the Regulation of Factories."

Again, Lord Althorp asks for time!

But Lord Ashley steadfastly resists the demand. It was not *his* fault that the Government had delayed the report of their commissioners. *He* was not answerable for the time that had been wasted in secrecy, or in silence, or in procrastination, or in suppression. *He* had advocated publicity, and prayed for speed. *He* had never asked for time, and therefore it was not fair that delay should ever and anon be craved from him. The session was passing away. The patience of the country was wearing out. Even the safety of the country was endangered. The honour of Parliament was at stake. He protested against the ill faith of government, and deprecated the offence, the disgust, the discontent that would be awakened in the country, if the interests of the poor and the oppressed were tampered with any longer. "Strong language!" ejaculated a member, rippling, for an instant, the full tide of invective that seemed to be carrying the whole house before it. But Ashley spurned the interruption, and the torrent that could not be stemmed rushed on again. The house was divided, and an amendment for delay proposed by Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was negatived by a majority of twenty-three.

The house went into committee on the 18th July, 1833. The bill then had to be considered clause by clause. The question necessarily arose as to the age at which childhood should be accounted to cease in the factories, and a young man, or woman, might be lawfully called on to go through a full amount of labour, as to time. Lord Ashley had insisted on the tenderness of childhood, and especially pointed out the necessity of sparing young females from protracted and excessive labour, such as was likely to ruin the female constitution, and induce disease, deformity and death. But the Chancellor, seated in his high region, could not, or would not, stoop so low. He fixed his eye on the Exchequer. He howed before the golden image. He descended on the perils of the market. He portrayed calamities

that might befall England if she not compete with foreign states. Poverty, dearth, bankruptcies, deserted ruinous warehouses, famine, riot, a monsters that a scared imagination could conjure up, floated before the lucinated vision of both sides of House, as thus they sat calculating committee. They voted against Ashley, and rejected the demand that would have left the factory child some space for physical growth and development, with sufficient opportunity for a mental culture suited to station. His lordship was grieved at this material reverse. "Having taken up the subject," said he, "fairly and conscientiously, I find that the noble lord has defeated me. I shall, therefore, surrender the bill into the hands of a noble lord; but having taken it with a view to do good to the class interested, I will only say, into whatever hands it may pass—*God bless it!*"

And God did prosper it, as He does prosper a good cause that is taken in His fear, and for His honour. The defeat was but momentary, and very ground was actually recovered. It was impossible to smother the bill in any hands, and perhaps it was that the Chancellor should feel the responsibility of a new position. It enacted that after the first day of January of the year 1834, no person under the age of eighteen years should work in any cotton, woollen, or silk factory, worked by the steam or water power, between the hours of half-past eight in the evening and half-past five in the morning, that no person under eighteen years of age should work more than twelve hours in any one day, nor more than nine hours in the week. Except silk mills, no children under nine years of age were to be employed, nor children under eleven years to work more than nine hours in one day, or forty-eight hours in a week. Four inspectors were appointed over as many districts, into which the country is divided. So great a measure could not be made complete at once. The working of any such law was wanting, in order to supply experience to the Legislature, to guard all interests, and to show how the conflicting of all parties might be conciliated, this act of 3 and 4 Wm. IV. was

long as he held it. As his great object was Lord Ashley could not allow to be diverted to the pursuit of. It was true that an act had passed, and that committees were appointed, under the secretary, to carry its provisions into effect. But he understood too well the insufficiency of machinery, as it was constructed, unless it was aided by willing hands. There were many employers who thought the law oppressive towards themselves, and persons, aided by the political advisers of the party to which the philosopher belonged, would not allow it to remain undisturbed. Accordingly in the Parliament of 1836, a Bill was brought in to repeal a portion of the former Act, and to remove restrictions on the time of employment of children under twelve years of age in textile factories. That Act fixed the hours daily as the most that could be spared from such young children. There was a cry raised that the necessary amount of work could not be done for want of hands. His Lordship used every nerve to resist this retrogression of humanity; he moved an amendment, and supported his motion by an array of heart-rending disclosures. His government influence prevailed so far as to defeat him, although

him as the impersonation of compassion towards the sufferers, and kept him in perfect information of their condition, and from time to time, nefarious abuses and evasions of the existing statute came to light. Such an one rang through the country in the report of a Yorkshire newspaper:—

"It appeared in that paper, according to the confession of the masters themselves, that five boys, of between twelve and fifteen years of age, had been made to work for thirty-four hours successively, in a shocking hole, devoted to the tearing up of woollen goods; the atmosphere of which was so noxious and offensive that the men who worked in it were obliged to wear handkerchiefs tied over their mouths to prevent their inhaling the foul air. The fact was proved before the magistrates, and the masters, Messrs J—, B—, and Co., were convicted in the full penalty."

He read this report in the House of Commons, called on Lord John Russell, on whom it was then incumbent to have the law enforced, and his Lordship, necessarily, promised to instruct the Inspector of the District in which that barbarism was detected, to direct his particular attention to the factory in question. The Inspectors, too, often connived at infractions of the law, and even began to count off the sacred hours when the factory children found solace and kindness in the streets.

assurances, and the motion was, in consequence, withdrawn. This took place on the 20th March, 1837. By this time the active and conscientious philanthropy of Lord Ashley was rapidly winning for him the admiration of all classes of the public. A few years before, when efforts were made to unseat him by petitioning against his election for Woodstock, and he was represented as a Tory and an enemy of political reform, so strong was the popular feeling against him that tradesmen and labouring men thought him a monster of illiberality, and gave their shillings to the fund that was to defray the expenses of that petition; and so strong and so wide-spread was popular prejudice in those early days, that he and his friends were compelled to cover their heads and retreat before the storm. But it now became apparent to every one, that this reputed Tory was in reality one of the most strenuous and self-denying benefactors of his country, yearning, day and night, over the miseries of the poor and defenceless.

In the session of 1838, another bill was introduced for the Regulation of Factories, and the bill was framed in full knowledge of the practical insufficiency of what had been already done. And again the Government had recourse to all possible expedients to defer the measure, until the rising of Parliament should frustrate it altogether. The queen was to be crowned, and the coronation was conveniently made to serve as a pretext for all manner of proceedings or for none at all. The end of June was near, when, one day, his Lordship rose to move an amendment on the order of the day. On that motion he made a long and earnest speech, and appealed to the best feelings of the House.

"He made this appeal the more fervently, because he could show to the House that he himself had been deluded and mocked upon this subject by Her Majesty's Government in the most unwarrantable manner. He had made repeated attempts to introduce amendments into the operation of the existing law, but the Government had invariably taken the matter out of his hand under the solemn promise that they would proceed with it themselves. And he, yielding to their representations and requests, had parted with the measure, and surrendered it into their hands,

Government, however, had not mo the matter. For two years he had deluded in this way, and now he told that Government had no intention of proceeding further with the subject this session, and that the whole great question was to be brought, in most peremptory manner, to a standstill. . . . He asked Lord Russell whether the lives and limbs of his own fellow countrymen were of value, in his estimation, than those of the negroes? He was surprised that the noble Lord should endeavour to do in that manner, what he should disguise to be otherwise than an imputation upon the character of the Government of having totally neglected the best interests of humanity. For conduct, his (Lord John's) Government would stand condemned in the estimation of every honourable-minded man in the kingdom."

His amendment was lost, indeed honourably to himself, by a triministerial majority of eight against it.

Argument could not prevail against his facts. Majorities could not be got to throw out his motions, reject his amendments, or to shelve bills. The lower arts were then exercised, and when, on the 12th July, a motion of which he had given notice, was to come before the House the Ministers and their train, in haste, some to get out of the way, some one to be just in his place to shut out the House before members opened to be there in sufficient number to "make a House," and by that means his opportunity was taken from him, and the embarrassment of his position already great, was aggravated. On the day following, his Lordship anticipated all other business by demanding a resolution. He said that the 2nd Lord opposite (Lord John Russell) the House, might think him a veritable person, but the subject which came there to advocate was not so respectable, and if the attention of Parliament were not directed to it, and speedily, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, however busy some his office might be then, would find it a million times more burdensome.

"He held it to be inconsistent, with the safety of the House and the safety of the empire at large, to leave a law affecting the welfare of

power necessary for the heavier operations is obtainable by machinery and by steam. The nicest work can be performed by means of a hand accustomed to use certain machines or implements. And the notion of machinery so predominates that the indwelling of a soul in a body of flesh and blood is apt to be lost sight of. He therefore moved for a Committee of inquiry into the whole system of juvenile labour, and the exordium of his speech on that occasion, especially as the Report was corrected by himself, is actually autographic, and must be copied.

"It is, sir, with feelings somewhat akin to despair, that I now rise to bring before the House the motion of which I have given notice. When I consider the period of the session, the long discussions that have already taken place to-day, the scanty attendance of members, and the power which any member possesses of stopping me midway in my career, I cannot but entertain misgivings that I shall not be able to bring under the attention of the House this subject, which has now occupied so large a portion of my public life, *and in which are now concentrated, in one hour, the labour of years.* Sir, I must assure the House that this motion has not been conceived, nor will it be introduced, in any hostile spirit towards her Majesty's Ministers; quite the reverse. I do indeed trust, nay more, I have reason to believe that I shall obtain their hearty and effectual support. Sir, I know well that I owe an apology and an explanation to the House for trespassing on their patience at so late a period. My explanation is this: I have long been taunted with my narrow and exclusive attention to the children in the factories alone. I have been told, in language and writing, that there are other cases, fully as grievous and not less numerous; that I was unjust and inconsiderate in my denunciation of the one, and my omission of the other. I have, however, long contemplated this effort which I am now making; I had long resolved that, so soon as I could see the factory children, as it were, safe in harbour, I would undertake a new task.

"The Committee of this Session on Mills and Factories, having fully substantiated the necessity and rendered certain the amendment of the law, I am now endeavouring to obtain an inquiry into the actual circumstances and con-

dition of another large part of our juvenile population. Sir, I hardly know whether any argument is necessary to prove that the future hopes of a country must, under God, be laid in the character and condition of its children; however right it may be to attempt, it is almost fruitless to expect, the reformation of its adults—as the sapling has been bent, so it will grow. To ensure a vigorous and moral manhood, we must train them aright from their earliest years, and so reserve the full development of their moral and physical energies for the service, hereafter, of our common country. Now, sir, whatever may be done, or proposed, in time to come, we have, I think, a right to know the state of our juvenile population; the House has a right, the country has a right. How is it possible to address ourselves to the remedies of evils which we all feel, unless we have previously ascertained both the nature and the cause of them? The first step towards a cure is a knowledge of the disorder. We have asserted these truths in our factory legislation; and I have on my side the authority of all civilized nations of modern times; the practice of this House; the common-sense of the thing; and the justice of the principle. Sir, I may say with Tacitus, *opus adgredior, opimum casibus. . . . ipsa etiam pœcæ sarum*—to give but an outline of all the undertaking would occupy too much of your time and patience; few persons, perhaps, have an idea of the number and variety of the employments which demand and exhaust the physical energies of young children, or of the extent of suffering to which they are exposed. It is right, sir, that the country should know at what cost its pre-eminence is purchased,

Petty rogues submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state.

"The number I cannot give with any degree of accuracy, though I may venture to place it as many-fold the number of those engaged in the factories—the suffering I can exhibit to a certain degree, in the document before me. Sir, I will just read a list of some of these occupations, as many as I have been able to collect; but I will abstain from entering into detail upon every one of them. I will select a few instances, and leave the House to judge of the mass, by the form and taste of the sample. Now, this is a list of some of the occu-

The triumph of party rage no longer via His recent victory over an ob-
servant administration, his heroic per-
formance, his self-denial and indepen-
dence, together with an entire absence
that weakness which hunts for
polarity, or succumbs to power, gave
a an influence for good that it was
a vain to resist. And it is due to
government of that day to say that,
far from its members from resisting
a proposal that they gave it the full
weight of their patronage. Lord
they after the introduction we have
part turned to some parts of his lists,
lated out, very briefly, but with suf-
ficient clearness, what, in each branch
labour or manufacture was most
eff. deleterious, or demoralizing;
a then he had the happiness of re-
ceiving almost unanimous support,
about any material opposition, and
in the cordial concurrence of the
rich Parliament, for it was not
upset at that moment by the conflict-
g passions, that had formerly steeled
a hearts of so many of its members,
elf in the fever of party politics, he
not become that evening like one who
ad gathered the fruit of a laborious
a late harvest. He gathered it before
a autumnal damps could spoil the
man, or untimely snows had fallen to
over the joyousness of "harvest
a.

test evidence when it was given
under the bias of some extraneous
motive, to detect the internal marks of
unsoundness that appeared in some of
the official reports, and to baffle the in-
genuity of those antagonists who would
burnish up the opposite side of the
black shield to make it appear white,
while in reality it was all black. Against
the reasons of statesmen he could not
only bring the appeals which rouse hu-
manity, but he could demonstrate the
impolicy of overworking the labourer,
of disheartening the poor, of hardening
the parental bosom, of propagating rea-
sons of discontent among the lower
classes, and thus it became apparent
that no policy could be sound that ac-
quiesced in such a state of things, nor
could a government be firm, nor could
even a throne be steady, that found not
support in the broad and deep founda-
tions of public confidence. The Home-
Secretary whom he once warned so
energetically of the consequences of dis-
playing a heartless indifference to the
wrongs of an entire class of the popula-
tion, heard other portents of a storm
that was actually impending, and we
cannot but perceive, on reviewing the
comparative state of England during
the last twenty years, that if the dis-
contented operatives of 1848 had been
appealed to then, as their successors
were in 1848, it would not have been so
easy to have turned back the torrent

of a coronet to lay aside the stiffness of his rank, and to go down among the poor in the character of a benefactor, a teacher, and a friend. Legislation, too, having once been resolutely turned into a new channel, ceased to be the mere utterance of authority, in the apprehension of the poor; and, therefore, law putting on a milder majesty, can exert a wider and a stronger sway. Then, when the factory regulations received royal sanction, the Bible was carried into the factories by the very entrance which philanthropy had made. Then, the children, released from withering slavery, could learn to read and understand that Bible, and it was found that philanthropy had raised an outwork for the defence of Christianity amidst the strongest holds of unbelief, and had also laid the foundation of another great work which, although it is now but just begun, yet certainly is begun. But the same nobleman who, in those earlier times of social amelioration, was doing the work of a pioneer among factory children, chimney-sweeps, and the children of the poor in general, was bespeaking the gratitude of those children whom he might reasonably expect to greet him when he should meet them again as youths, as men, as fathers and as mothers, and ask their respectful attention to his counsels. He once taught their masters justice. He will afterwards come, as a patron of great societies, and as an advocate of Education in its most efficient and most necessary forms, to teach themselves truth.

It may be remembered that shortly after the Great Exhibition of 1851, a Frenchman wrote a book to create, or perhaps in many quarters only to strengthen, a persuasion that the poor of this country were ground down in the lowest state of depravity and of deterioration. Facts in the reports of City Missionaries, and of other devoted and benevolent persons, who prosecute their labours in the lowest haunts of wretchedness, might have seemed to

confirm those statements of an enemy. But we can confidently challenge a comparison of our own population, number for number, with any population in Europe, and may justly feel indignant at the calumnies which we know to be unjust, and must not fail to observe that the inhabitants of Continental Europe would never have heard so much of the grievances of our labouring classes, taken in the aggregate and exhibited in one startling picture, if Lord Ashley had not made his gigantic efforts at once to disclose the evil and to provide the remedy. His exertions, therefore, not only demanded the gratitude of some feeble and injured classes at the time, but they are now recorded in the memory of the whole nation, as tending to vindicate Great Britain in the sight of the world from an accusation which was once too well grounded, but which each successive year goes further to repel.

If Lord Ashley had even then retired from his labours, immediately after the parliamentary effort which we last noted, and added not a word or an action more to swell the debt of gratitude which is due to him, the children of England might well have poured their pence into a treasury for the erection of a monument to the memory of the children's friend. The restored lunatic might have crowned that monument with amaranths, and the persecuted Jew from Syria, whose release from monkish tortures and chains was not without the interposition of Lord Ashley, might have mingled with the myriads who came to bless him, and witnessed the fulfilment of a prayer he had often breathed for him—"May his end be good." But it was not so; his end is not yet come. He lives to earn a yet larger need of gratitude. Ashley, the long familiar name, is exchanged for Shaftesbury, and a few pages more must be reserved for marking a career not less happily pursued than auspiciously begun.

(To be continued.)

...and passed several months
employment at Corunna; and ere
...he had been
...many hundred miles
...and Portugal to Lisbon.
...visited other countries
...capacity: at the age of
...he was appointed to the
...vessel; and performed
...to the West Indies, the
...and the Mediterranean,
...Gibraltar, Malta, the Greek
...and Smyrna, in the Levant, in
...character of captain and sur-
...
...thus acquired a practical
...of the value of ships and
...he proposed to settle as a
...merchant at Malta, then the
...magazine whence the Com-
...of Europe derived its supplies of
...and Colonial produce, and the
...port into which all captured
...were brought for adjudication.
...Already he had acquainted
...with the languages of which
...was the seat, French, Italian,
...and Arabic; and he had every
...therefore, of successful suc-
... But here disappointment again
...him: the plague just then
...in 1813, and he found on his
...at Valletta, that all landing was
... He proceeded, in conse-
... to Smyrna, was cordially re-

...to have prevented. He after-
wards proceeded from Cairo to Upper
Egypt, ascending the Nile to Nubia,
beyond the Cataracts; but was there
stopped by an almost total blindness,
the result of a long and severe ophthal-
mia. To add to his distresses, having
halted, on his return, at Kench, with an
intention of going thence to Kosseir, he
was soon after attacked in the Desert
by a band of Egyptian soldiers, muti-
neers of the army of Ibrahim Pasha,
who stripped and plundered him, and
left him entirely naked on the barren
waste, at least sixty miles from any
human habitation, food, or water. On
at last reaching Kosseir, he found him-
self obliged to retrace his steps, from the
impossibility of prosecuting his route in
that direction, as all the vessels had
been seized by the mutineers. Return-
ing to Cairo, he proceeded to traverse
the Isthmus of Suez, for the purpose of
surveying its levels; explored all the
surrounding localities; and, habited as
a native, and speaking the language and
mixing freely with the people of the
country, visited every part of Lower
Egypt and the Delta.

It was now proposed by the Brito-
Egyptian merchants, that Mr. Buck-
ingham should survey, on their behalf,
the hydrography of the Red Sea, and
proceed by that route to India, with a
view of ascertaining how far the mer-
chants there might be disposed to renew

employers, sought other occupation. A week had scarcely elapsed ere he obtained the command of a frigate then just launched for the Imam of Muscat, and commissioned for China; but while actually rigging and fitting out his ship for sea, he was acquainted by the Bombay Government with that, as he had not the Company's license, he could not be permitted to retain his post, or even to continue in India.

This first banishment of Mr. Buckingham from India was not in consequence of any fault on his part, either alleged or even suspected; but merely in conformity with the settled principle of the East India Company's monopoly, to prevent any one from visiting India on any pretence, or for any purpose, without their express license, which Mr. Buckingham did not possess, merely because, on his leaving England to settle at Malta, he had never contemplated visiting India at all, and did not know that such a license was necessary. Indeed, the Governor of Bombay, the late Sir Evan Nepean, at the very moment of his feeling himself compelled to have recourse to this harsh measure of banishing a man without trial, and without the commission of any moral or political offence, used these express words, in his communication to Mr. Francis Warden, then Chief Secretary of the Bombay Government, through whom the correspondence on this subject passed: "To the individual himself (meaning Mr. Buckingham) I have not the slightest degree of objection; on the contrary, he appeared to me to be a sensible, intelligent man; and I shall by no means be sorry to see him return with the Company's license, believing, as I do, that he would be of use to the mercantile interests, in opening the trade of the Red Sea." Being thus banished from the country, with the highest compliment to his utility, Mr. Buckingham returned again to Egypt, by a second voyage through the Red Sea, during which, with his usual energy and industry, he collected ample materials, *en route*, for a new hydrographical chart for all its coasts.

The Brito-Egyptian merchants resolving now to obtain from the Pasha the securities demanded by the merchants of Bombay, a treaty was made between his Highness the British Consul, and Mr. Buckingham, with which the latter returned to India, as the representative

of Mohammed Ali, for which the Company's license was not required, by letters and commissions to the Government, as the Envoy of an independent Prince. Proceeding from Aoudria to Beyrout, and thence by Sidon, Acre, and Jaffa, to Jerusalem, he was compelled by various circumstances to traverse nearly the whole of Palestine, the countries east of Jordan, the Dead Sea, the Hauran, and the capital. He reached Damascus whence he was invited to Mount Lebanon, to become the guest, and enjoy the hospitality of Lady Hester Stanburgh, after which he visited Baalbeck, Antioch, the Orontes, and then, proceeding thence into Mesopotamia, he crossed the Euphrates at Orfah, near Haran, of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham, and the Edessa of the Christians, journeyed to Diarbekir, or the City, in the heart of Asia Minor, Mardin, on the mountains, and the Great Desert of Sinjar, to Mosul on the Tigris; inspected the renowned ancient cities of Nineveh, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia; made extensive researches on the ruins of Babylon, identified the hanging gardens of Semiramis, and the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, and discovered a portion of the ancient wall of Babylon, supposed entirely destroyed; ascended the Tower of Babel; and, at length, reposed at Bagdad.

Pursuing his route towards Persia, he advanced into Persia, crossed the chain of Mount Zagros, and by Kermanshah to Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana, Ispahan, the most magnificent of oriental cities, Persia, and its splendid ruins, and (by Shiraz and Shapoor) to Bushir, where he embarked in a ship of war belonging to the East India Company, which was bound on an expedition against the Wahabees, the pirates of the Persian Gulf; visited Ras-el-Khyma, the port; went on shore with the Commodore of the squadron, Captain Boscawen, and acted as his Arabian interpreter, assisted afterwards in the bombardment of the town, and finally reached Bushir at the end of 1816, having nearly twelve months on his journey. It proved an unsuccessful first mission to Bombay in respect, the merchants still wanting licence in the Egyptian Government

the most successful successors
 the successful voyages to China,
 the £10,000 each. After visiting
 at an I Bussorah, he returned with
 and to Bombay; proceeded down
 west of Malabar, touching at Tellu-
 r, Calicut, Malacca, and Cochin; to
 the east Point de Galle; thence
 along the Coromandel coast, by
 the Madras, Vizagapatam, and
 return, and, having greatly ex-
 tended the hydrographical knowledge of
 the Gulf and the river Euphra-
 tates at Calcutta, in June, 1818,
 he found orders from the Imam
 for him to proceed with the ship
 to the coast of Zanzibar, and give com-
 mands to certain vessels there, engaged in
 the slave trade. But Buckingham ab-
 horred the slave system; having op-
 erated in the West Indies many years
 before, and, having no alternative,
 rather than acquire riches from such a
 bad source, he resigned the com-
 mand and the income of £1,000 a year,
 which he yielded him. Would that
 some of Britain had been like
 him! Would that all her descen-
 dants were so now! Then would the
 stain drop from the unoffending cap-
 tivity, then would the hands of com-
 merce be unstained by blood, and
 he accompany her to teach and to
 the world.
 was now suggested to him by Mr.
 the Prince of the Merchants

various writings of animosity against
 him; and—the Marquis of Hastings
 having returned to Europe, and being
 succeeded for a short interval by a tem-
 porary Governor-General, Mr. John
 Adam—after suffering much persecu-
 tion at his hands, Mr. Buckingham was
 suddenly ordered to quit Calcutta, with-
 out a hearing, trial, or defence; the
 fortune he had acquired was utterly
 annihilated, debts were entailed on him
 by the suppression of his paper and
 protracted proceedings to avert this
 stroke, to the amount of £10,000; and
 his wife, who had just joined him after
 ten years' separation, was ejected with
 him from house and home—an act of
 cruelty and tyranny which excited the
 just indignation of all classes of Indian
 society.

Again, and most cruelly, disappointed
 in his hopes, Mr. Buckingham returned
 to England, where the injuries he had
 suffered in India equally excited the
 commiseration and indignation of the
 public at home; and where his claims
 to compensation were recognised and
 defended by many distinguished men,

* At first published only twice a week, its suc-
 cess was so great as at length to lead to its daily
 issue. A taste for learning and enlightened pur-
 suits was called by it into existence; in polite
 literature and general information it is said to
 have been unequalled; and it numbered every
 individual in India of literary culture among
 its contributors. The good it effected is admitted
 by all who were then in that country, to have
 been greater than was ever achieved by any pub-

including Lords Durham, Russell, Denman, and other members of the Senate; Sir Charles Forbes, Sir Henry Strachey, Mr. Joseph Hume, and other India proprietors of East India Stock; and Lord William Bentinck, the ex-Governor-General, who presided at a public meeting in London, and passed the highest eulogies on Mr. Buckingham's character and labours; were pleaded by the press; petitioned for by the people; echoed by the Colonies; and recommended for redress by two successive Committees of the House of Commons. Yet he could not even obtain permission from the Company to return to India to wind up his affairs and collect the numerous debts there owing him; and his claims for recompense were repudiated alike by the Company and the Ministry.

When the severity of the punishment to which Mr. Buckingham was subjected is considered, most persons would conclude that he must have been guilty of some heinous crime, some attempt to overthrow the established government of the East India Company, to excite the natives of Hindostan to revolt against the English rule, or some similar atrocity; or that, at least, he had been guilty of some foul and dangerous libel against the chief authority of the State; for to crimes and offences of this description alone could such heavy punishments as banishment without trial, confiscation of hard-earned property, and the utter ruin of an innocent family, be appropriate. It is but justice, therefore, to the reputation of the subject of our Biography, that the true state of the case should be accurately known; and for this purpose, we place on record in our pages, from the parliamentary evidence produced before the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into the case, the entire text of the article, for the writing and publishing which, all the vengeance of the India Government was thus poured out on its author's devoted head. It was a playful allusion to the ludicrous impropriety of appointing a Scotch Presbyterian minister to the secular office of a Clerk of Stationery for the Government Offices, as a reward for his political services in opposing the Free Trade party of Mr. Buckingham, through the columns of an Indian Newspaper, the *John Bull*, and was as follows:—

"The reverend gentleman named bo-

low (Dr. Bryce), who, we peruse the Index of that useful publication the Annual Directory, is a Doctor of Divinity and Moderator of the Session, and who, by the favour of higher powers, now combines the office of Parson and Clerk in the season, has no doubt been selected for arduous duties of his new plan, the purest motives, and the possible attention to the public interest. Such a Clerk as is here required must respect and reject whatever article appears objectionable to him, select a competent judge of the value of pasteboard, sealingwax, ink, sand, lead, gum, pounce, talc, leather; and one would imagine nothing short of a regular apprenticeship at Stationers' Hall would be a candidate for such a situation. Information, however, the reverend gentleman no doubt possesses in an eminent degree than any other who could be found to do the duties of such an office; and though, in the sight, such information may be incompatible with a theological education, yet we know that this country abounds with surprising instances of that kind of genius which fit a man in a moment for any post to which he may be appointed.

"In Scotland, we believe, that of a Presbyterian minister are the duties between preaching on the Sabbath, on the other days of the week, the sick, comforting the weak, and conferring with the bold, and curing the timid, in the several parishes of their religion. Some shallow persons might conceive, that if a Presbyterian clergyman were to do his duty, he might also find abundant occupation throughout the year, in the zealous faithful discharge of those pious duties which ought more especially to be his devout attention; but they who entertain such an idea, have not seen the Presbyterian flock of Scotland take very good care of themselves many months without a pastor, and even when the shepherd was with them, he had abundant time to devote to a controversial newspaper, long sermons, and to take part in all meetings, festivities, addresses, and fasts that were current at that time. It is contrived to display this eminently pious, if not holy disposition, u-

period: and according to the to him that hath much (to do) shall be given, and from him the nothing, even the little that shall be taken away, this revelation, who has so often evinced fertility of his genius and another within the pale of dis without it is, perhaps, the person that could be selected, considered, to take care of as a pasteboard, wax, sand, oil, leather, and tape of the India East India Company of and to examine and prove the quality of each, so as to the drafts are given on their the goods that will not stick, of measure, or inkstands of

and this alone, Mr. Buckingham's residence in India was that he was ordered, at his India, without the power, then stood, of appealing to for protection, and without any being afforded him of

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dress of any wrong inflicted by the Governors abroad, however unjustly: as it would open the door to endless applications for redress! Such are the maxims of Oriental policy—and such the perversions of justice to which they lead.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed in the session of 1834, to examine the whole case, consisted of no less than thirty-seven members, including the leaders of both parties in politics, among whom may be named—Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Althorp, Mr. Charles Grant, the President of the Board of Control, and two of its Secretaries, Mr. Robert Gordon, and Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, Mr. Williams Wynn, an ex-President of the Board of Control, Lord Granville Somerset, Mr. Cutlar Ferguson, an East India Director, Mr. Hume, Mr. Alderman Thompson, and Mr. John Smith, the City Banker—all large proprietors of East India Stock; Mr. Charles Ross, ex-Secretary to the India Board, Mr. Abercrombie, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Walter, Proprietor of "The Times," Mr. W. Ewart Gladstone, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and others—a Committee, as will be seen, strongly imbued with Ministerial and East Indian prejudices and interests. Yet, even these, after many days examination, and a full hearing of all the arguments urged by the East India Company, and their officers in their defence, came to the unanimous resolution—"That your Committee are of opinion that Compensation ought to be made to Mr. Buckingham;" adding further, "That your Committee abstain from expressing an opinion as to the amount of Compensation, in the hope that the subject will be taken into the favourable consideration of the East India Company, and thus the interposition of Parliament in the next session, to fix such amount, be rendered unnecessary."

It will scarcely be believed that, after such a unanimous resolution passed by such a body of men as this, and reported to the House of Commons, the Company should refuse to accede to the recommendation. But so it was. It is understood that as the loss proved to have been sustained by Mr. Buckingham, was the sudden deprivation of an income of £25,000 sterling per annum,

including Lords Durham, Russell, Denman, and other members of the Senate; Sir Charles Forbes, Sir Henry Strachey, Mr. Joseph Hume, and other India proprietors of East India Stock; and Lord William Bentinck, the ex-Governor-General, who presided at a public meeting in London, and passed the highest eulogies on Mr. Buckingham's character and labours; were pleaded by the press; petitioned for by the people; echoed by the Colonies; and recommended for redress by two successive Committees of the House of Commons. Yet he could not even obtain permission from the Company to return to India to wind up his affairs and collect the numerous debts there owing him; and his claims for recompense were repudiated alike by the Company and the Ministry.

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which his popular Journal yielded him of nett profit after all expenses were paid; and the entire destruction of its capital by forcible suppression, amounting to £40,000 of ascertained marketable value:—the economical Mr. Hume, himself a proprietor of India Stock, proposed in the Committee that £20,000 should be named as the sum to be given to Mr. Buckingham in compensation. But the rest of the Committee, pretending that it would be more courteous and complimentary to the East India Company (as if they deserved this homage of excessive delicacy) to leave the sum open, to be settled by their discretion, it was so determined: and as no sum was named, the Company refused to give anything; and treated the resolutions of the Parliamentary Committee as so much waste paper.

It should be observed that out of the large annual profits made by Mr. Buckingham from his Journal, he formed one of the largest and most valuable libraries ever before collected in India, especially of standard works, not easily procurable in that country: and admitted, by the Bishop of Calcutta, to have been admirably selected. As Mr. Buckingham was unwilling to abandon the hope of being able to return to India again, after his case had been examined in England, he left this library behind him, with instructions to have it opened as a Circulating Library for the accommodation of the British residents, and for his own profit. But so determined were the Indian authorities to crush their adversary if possible, by cutting off all his resources, that they absolutely refused to allow this library to be opened: because it might be beneficial to the man, they were determined, if possible, to destroy!

The whole of the evidence given in the Parliamentary Report is full of interest: but we content ourselves with extracting from the General Summary of the whole, three of the concluding paragraphs only, as a specimen of the rest, relating to the conduct of the Indian Government after the suppression of Mr. Buckingham's paper, and when various attempts had been made to sell the presses, types, and other materials to other parties. They are these:—

"That after still further ruinous protraction and delays, the avowed determination of the Indian Government

not to allow the property to be in the establishment of any Journal as long as Mr. Buckingham was to any pecuniary benefit from it, compelled the agents of that gentleman to sell it on such terms as they could obtain, in a market, where, by the operation of this determination of Government, there could be no competitors for its use; and, accordingly, the materials of an establishment which it cost upwards of £ sterling, and five years of time, to bring to the state of perfection and despatch, were sold for so small a sum, and had become encumbered with heavy charges by the delays and difficulties adverted to, as to leave Mr. Buckingham not only without profit, but very largely in debt.

"That Mr. Buckingham has now in England twenty years, during which he has been subjected to the greatest difficulties, arising out of the circumstances described: but he has, nevertheless, persevered in every legitimate and honourable mode of appealing to the India Directors, to the Board of Control, and to Parliament; the Authorities of the Government of India being selected as to render it impossible to obtain redress from them through the Court of Law.

"That the result of all these proceedings has been to entail on Mr. Buckingham the total ruin of all his property and prospects in India, the utter extinction of his establishment there, which was not over-estimated at the value of £10,000 sterling; and the accumulation upon himself, as a party responsible for all the liabilities of the concern, of debts to the extent of nearly £10,000 more."

With the opinions of eminent persons publicly expressed, as to these transactions, it would be easy to fill several pages; but of these also we content ourselves to three only—the excellent and venerable Lord Denman, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the learned and upright Sir Edward Parry, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Bombay, and Lord John Russell, Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee.

Lord Denman said—"Mr. Buckingham had been torn from his country, from his friends, from his hopes, and had been sent to a distant country, where he was ruined

in a letter of Sir Edward West, Chief Justice at Bombay, addressed to Mr. Buckingham, from India, through Sir Charles Forbes, dated October 1, 1827, in all the facts of his case were fully set out the original of which letter has been shown to Lord John Russell, is the very remarkable testimony to the truth of Mr. Buckingham's writings and —

Severe and unmerited as have been the sufferings, you have the consolation of having effected, in the judgment of unprejudiced persons, more good in India than any other individual without exception."

And John Russell said—"I am of course in possession of all the facts that were laid before the Committee. I am prepared to state, that having paid attention to all that transpired before the Committee, my opinion of the steps suffered by Mr. Buckingham instead of being weakened, materially strengthened, by the experience and advice I have thus acquired. For my own part, having had an opportunity of reading all those articles published in Mr. Buckingham's Journal, which were particularly found fault with by the Indian Government, I can make no say, that there is not one of these articles, although they must have been written and inserted in haste, inseparable from the publication of the volume, which not only

destruction. But Mr. Buckingham still bore up against it all, and persevered under the consciousness of right, and a strong sense of duty to his country and to mankind.

And yet he was unwearied. Finding a return to Hindostan impossible, and desiring to employ the information he had acquired for the benefit of his fellow-subjects at home and abroad, after a tour through the chief districts of England and Scotland for preliminary observation of the public feeling and amount of interest in reference to India, he established the "the Oriental Herald," which, from 1824, he continued to conduct to 1829, availing himself of every means to spread information, and arouse discussion respecting that country through every open channel and in every accessible spot, with a view of awakening the people to a sense of the importance of our Eastern possessions, and the benefits that would accrue to both lands by a better system of intercourse with them. In this enterprise he sunk not less than £6,000; the remnant of his property, added to subscriptions raised for the purpose. "And if to this," observes he, in his own outline of his eventful life, "he added the uninterrupted application of every faculty, every thought, and every moment of my time, through good report, and through evil report, by day and night, in sickness and in trouble as well as in

and the "Athenæum," a journal chiefly devoted to Literature, Science, and the Arts, and now everywhere known, were also established by Mr. Buckingham, after which he made a second and more extensive tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the view of stirring up the mercantile and manufacturing interests, ere the then approaching expiration of the Company's Charter, to seek a Free Trade with India and China, and procure a revision of the laws and institutions of the country under the Company's rule. On this occasion he visited every town of any size or importance, connected with mercantile, manufacturing or shipping affairs; enduring immense fatigue, incurring considerable expense, depriving himself of home and domestic enjoyments, and encountering the fiercest opposition and the most virulent abuse. At the same time he commenced a series of Lectures on the Oriental Lands, which attracted crowded audiences, and secured attention to his principal subject, when in its turn it became his theme. He succeeded in addressing, during four years of almost incessant journeying, not less than a million of persons; and formed upwards of two hundred associations in different towns composed of the most influential residents in each, who bound themselves to use their labour, their money, and their united influence, to throw both India and China open to the free intercourse and enterprise of British subjects.

In 1832, Mr. Buckingham was invited to become the representative of the town of Sheffield, where he had been wholly unknown until his public appeals on the subject of India won him the general favour of its inhabitants. Without personally canvassing for a single vote, possessing any local interest, having any personal acquaintance in the place or its neighbourhood, or being subjected to any expense, he was returned triumphantly to Parliament; and in this position, which he continued six years to occupy, he originated and carried successfully several measures of public good. Among these may be mentioned the virtual abolition of Impress-

ment and the substitution of a general Registry for Seamen, with the adoption of other means calculated to advance their welfare,* and prevent the destruction of life and property at sea by temperance and shipwreck. Bills also introduced by him for the first time for the establishment of Public Parks and Gardens for the recreation of the People, and Working Classes in all large Towns, and of Literary and Scientific Institutions for the diffusion of useful and entertaining knowledge among the People, both of which are now highly popular, though at first rejected; while he advocated at the same time the interests of India and Africa; took his full share of labour in all the great questions of humanity, and of moral and social improvement, brought before Parliament, and was ever ready to give his aid and vote for the advancement of civil and religious liberty. Having, however, been invited to visit America (his wrongs had awakened a widely lively interest), and having long contemplated an extensive tour through the Western World, he, in 1837, resigned his seat, and proceeded there.

"When I first set forth," he afterwards remarked, "I adopted for my motto of my expedition the words 'Temperance, Education, Benevolence and Peace,'—desiring to keep before me constantly these high and important objects, the interests of which I felt it my happiness steadily and anxiously to promote." He landed at New York in October, 1837, and continued there till February, 1838; when he proceeded to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, returned to New York, ascended the Hudson river, passed while on the summit of the Catskill Mountains, remained some weeks at Albany, visited Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, Geneva, Canandaigua, Rochester, and Buffalo, and reposed for a period amid the wonders, beautiful beauties and sublimities of Niagara. He then crossed to Vermont, and touching at the Mount Mansions, went on by Concord, Merrimack, and Lowell, to Boston. The interesting cities of Salem, Bedford, and Providence, were

him by an individual in India, whom he had never seen or ever heard of before; but who had left it in his will as a tribute of respect to Mr. Buckingham's public character and principles, and of gratitude for the benefit he believed his writings to have produced in that country.

* There is not a British seaman in any part of the world where our bannered crews are who would not gladly give a month's pay for "Sailor's Friend," the great, eloquent, down-trodden, yet still unconquered and ardent advocate for the abolition of flagging and impressment.—*Ebenezer Elliot.*

ed by Mr. Buckingham; and after his sojourn in the ancient city of Plymouth, he returned to the Pilgrim Fathers, where he devoted his first year's labours in 1841. In the second he proceeded to Scotland and extreme Eastern England; and employed the third and spring one of his four chiefly in Western States and the British Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

During the intervals of these vast travels, Mr. B. appears to have remained incessantly occupied in the preparation of lectures on the "Scriptural Principles of Regions of the Oriental and Western Seas," "Temperance," the "Principles of Education," the "Establishment of Sailors' Homes," the "Furthest Cause of Universal Benevolence," and other benevolent objects.

His reception was generally most enthusiastic. At Philadelphia, 2,000 persons, and 200 members of nearly all the churches in the city, gave him a most cordial welcome. At Washington, the House of Representatives was present at a Temperance Meeting; and he received his audience from the gallery, and by his means a

very important and intimately carried out the progress of the suppression of the slave trade in the Americas. At New York, he was warmly received and his lectures were attended by the largest numbers of persons ever before. Both in England and America, his lectures were attended by the most distinguished persons of the day, and his influence was felt in the most important circles of society. In England, he was particularly successful in his efforts to secure the abolition of the slave trade, and his influence was felt in the most important circles of society. In America, he was particularly successful in his efforts to secure the abolition of the slave trade, and his influence was felt in the most important circles of society.

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General, Lord Sydenham, at his disposal; and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of his audience. At New Brunswick, amid the most tempestuous and inclement weather, there was no diminution of interest or numbers in those who, night after night in uninterrupted succession, attended his assemblages. At Fredricton, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Harvey, and other chief officers, the Bishop of the diocese, the clergy and ministers of different denominations, and the principal families of the city and neighbourhood, with the higher class pupils of all the schools, were among the auditories.

These are but examples of his reception in America, where, indeed, his progress resembled that of some great prophet or apostle, to whose teachings all were eager to listen, and whom all were anxious to honour as the oracle of inspiration. Suffice it to add, that during the three years of his absence, he gave his gratuitous services at about a hundred and fifty meetings for the promotion of Education, Temperance, Benevolence, and Peace; and raised for philanthropic purposes, perhaps 100,000 dollars, the custody and distribution of which were confided to other hands.

In all his travels whether in Europe, Asia, or America, Mr. Buckingham had been constantly impressed with the hospitality and attention shown to our countrymen, whose friend and inviolable union among to foreigners, when venturing to return, presented a most noticeable contrast, and excited his serious regret. Desirous to remove this painful reproach, he conceived the idea of founding an institution which should afford a remedy for the evil; introduce foreigners to the best English society; and, collecting together the most enlightened of our kind, give the visitor an opportunity of becoming acquainted with persons of kindred minds and pursuits. His suggestion and plans meeting the approval of those to whom they were submitted, it was accordingly established under the title of "The British and Foreign Institution," with Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge as its heads, the Earl of Devon as its President, a large and influential body of Associates, and Mr. Buckingham as its first and Resident Director. The Institution, which has been disappointed, is filled with confidence in the probability of its establishment as

being calculated to afford him an occupation at once honourable, agreeable, and remunerative, in the direction of which he might pass the remaining years of his life usefully and beneficially to the world and to himself. But even this hope was at length defeated; the misconduct of others, on whose honour and fidelity to their engagements he had been induced to rely, left the institution without adequate support; and after devoting to it nearly five years valuable time without receiving any salary or emolument, and expending upwards of two thousand pounds on its behalf, he was doomed to see it discontinued, from the failure of those who had been loudest in their promises of support, to fulfil their engagements. The sense entertained of his services by the members most conversant with its affairs was manifested by their contributions to a testimonial, sufficient in its amount to prove that they appreciated his fidelity in the guardianship of their interests, and wished to mark his retirement with a token of friendly respect, but the benevolent originator was after all a sufferer for his patriotism and philanthropy to a very large extent.

In the autumn of 1847, feeling a strong desire to see those portions of Europe which from their proximity and easy access are generally visited before remoter parts, but which he had not yet had an opportunity of examining, Mr. Buckingham set out on a continental tour. In company with his amiable wife he visited Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Holland, and gave the result of his excursion to the world in the volumes so entitled. The pleasure it afforded, induced them to make a second excursion in the year following; when they went through France to Switzerland, and across the Simplon to Italy; visiting lakes Como, Maggiore, and Lugano, the cities of Milan and Geneva, Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Baie, Capua, and Rome; proceeded by Tivoli, Terni, and Perugia to Florence; crossed the Apennines to Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Mantua, and Verona; pursued their route to Padua, Vicenza, and Venice; and passed through the romantic mountains and valleys of the Tyrol, by Innsbruck, Munich, Ulm, Augsburg, and Stuttgart, to Paris.

Mr. Buckingham still survives, and we believe has some intention of giving

to the world his autobiography which, whenever it appears, will safely predict success. A mere logue of the works he has already published, would occupy considerable amounting as they do to nearly *three hundred volumes!* His writings, traveller, are admitted by all acquainted with them, to rank among the highest that treat of the countries he descends; an assertion best proved by the fact that in works of scriptural illustration (including Kitto, Burder, Keith, Ter, Horne, Murray, and near compilations on the Oriental world) his writings have been more liberally and more frequently quoted than of any other modern traveller; and no other man living has done so; perhaps, to communicate vivid, accurate, and delightful pictures of scenery, ruins, manners, and customs of Eastern lands, confirming the truth of the Christian, expanding the sphere of the philanthropist, and enlarging the sphere of knowledge and enjoyment to all. He has, moreover, given before three and four thousand lectures, for clearness of arrangement, felicitous illustration, variety of information, "deep, fervid, limitless," eloquence have, perhaps, never been surpassed. He has lived to see most of the reforms he suggested, laboured for, suffered for, carried out. The improvement in the culture of Egyptian cotton for the supply of the British market; the exportation of British manufactures in return; the preparation of Egyptian youths in England, to become instruments of civilization in their country; the communication with India by way of the Red Sea; the abatement of the duties levied on British Indian merchandize in Egypt; enlargement of hydrographical knowledge; the abolition of West Indian slavery; the diminution of importances; the relief of literature from certain obnoxious imposts; the motion of free and unfettered commerce; the extinction of Suttee widow-burning; the colonization of India by British settlers; the gradual trial by jury to British subjects in India; the freedom of the Indian press; the extension of education in England, America, and India; the reduction of the idolatrous revenues of Jugger; and the promotion of Christian missions in the East; are all measures

is indebted to him for their first
step or advancement.

from foreign rulers he has received
—— testimonials of regard; three
medals of merit from the kings of
—— Belgium, and Sweden; a highly
—— autograph letter from
—— who honoured him with a
—— when he visited Rome;
—— present from the late Govern-
— of France, under Louis Philippe,
and the Prime Minister, and the
— of Instruction, M. Guizot, and
— de Salvandy, with both of
— as well as with the king, he had
— in Paris; and an equally
— present from the Grand Duke
——. Yet our own Government,
—— weakening his claims, has
—— of late, withheld from
—— all marks of consideration.

del. I have the very justice to
state that resolutions have declared
repealed. A meagre pension—£200
annum—has at length been wrung
out of a similar sum from the East
India Company. Millions have derived
benefit, by large and substantial
aid to the exertions of Mr. Buck-
ton, which have always been di-
rected to the accomplishment of some
of the objects which the author and
editor of the *Quarterly Review* have
advocated. The *Quarterly Review*, has im-
proved the moral and political condition
of our country—
has been a powerful and disappoint-
ing witness to the slow and how too late
reform of our laws.

the author's own words, as the book is written by N. S. Karamanli, the first president of the new Turkish Republic. The book is in two volumes, the first of which contains the National Pledge and the National Program, and the second of which contains the National Anthem and the National Hymn. The book is written in Turkish, and is published by the Ministry of National Education, Ankara. The book is a valuable source of information on the history and development of the Turkish Republic, and is a must-read for all students of Turkish history and politics.

[illegible]

most interesting and important topics of political and social science that can occupy the public mind; and in it Mr. Buckingham appears to have condensed and concentrated the experience of his long and varied life. A brief notice of this latest production of his pen, will, therefore, be a fitting appendage to his biography.

In discussing that prolific subject—our National Evils, Mr. Buckingham permits nothing to divert him from his aim, which is no less than the regeneration of society. He comes to the task well qualified by the vicissitudes of his experience, and¹ the disinterestedness and integrity of his character. We have not room to follow him as he lays bare in succession those enormities that destroy the happiness and prosperity of a people. Ignorance, intemperance, and national prejudice—commercial monopoly instead of free-trade fully developed—the popular idolatry of warriors and their deeds—competition, or rivalry and opposition, instead of union and co-operation—the hopeless condition of the unfortunate throughout Europe—all these things are in turn exposed; and the desirableness of a reform is deduced from the narration.

The second part of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the remedy. Mr. Buckingham proposes a Model Town and Associated Community. In this town, to be called "Victoria," both in honor of Her Majesty in whose reign it is hoped to be founded, and to commemorate a victory over the evils of the age, refinement is to be carried to its greatest extent. Everything that can expand the mind and purify the heart would come within the sphere of its cognizance. We are presented with a code of laws that should be binding on its citizens, and with conditions of its membership, providing for religious freedom, education, temperance, limitation of hours of labour, and other objects, that would necessarily tend to relieve us from the ills society seems heir to. We cannot but value the suggestions that this scheme embodies to the regard of the poetical and philanthropist.

The Plan on the Ten Principles of Taxation and Fiscal Reform, adopted in the briefest manner the main features and principles of all taxes, duties, excises, and levies of every kind on articles of consumption, and the

substitution, in lieu of this, of one only system of direct taxation on property and income, so as to get rid of all the expense of collection which the establishment of custom-houses and excise-offices involve—as well as the smuggling to which such duties continually lead. He maintains, however, that a clear distinction should be made between temporary and permanent incomes, and would, therefore, tax at the lowest rate all earnings derived from labour, whether of the hand or brain, as liable to interruption by accident or disease: at the next higher rate, all incomes from permanent sources, rendered independent of labour, but enduring only for life—such as pensions, annuities—life interests subject to no suspension during illness, and ending only by death; and at the highest rate of all, incomes derived from permanent sources, and not ceasing at death, but descending to heirs and others, such as incomes arising from lands, houses, mortgages, and public funds—the proportionate ratio of each to be matter of legislative adjustment. He still further advocates a progressively increasing rate in each of these three classes, rising with increasing incomes; so that persons of colossal fortunes should not only pay absolutely more, but relatively more than the necessitous classes—the scale rising from 1 per cent. on precarious incomes of the lowest amount, to 20 per cent on the highest incomes of a fixed and permanent kind, and such as would descend to heirs and successors—including such colossal fortunes as £300,000 and £400,000 a year—of which there are several among our highest nobility; and showing from many high authorities, the celebrated Doctor Paley, the author of the “Evidences of the Christian Religion,” among others, that 20 per cent. or £50,000, taken as the annual tax from a millionaire, and leaving him still in possession of £350,000 per annum, when his tax would be paid, would not fall so heavily on him as a tax of 1 per cent on a man earning fifty pounds a year by his labour, liable to interruption by sickness, want of work, and other causes, as he would have only forty-nine pounds left for his subsistence.

Mr. Buckingham brought this subject before the House of Commons in 1833, when Lord Althorp was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and has since

republished the debate on it in a separate pamphlet, for the express purpose of comparison with Mr. Gladstone's financial propositions.

Another portion of his proposed financial Reform, is a plan for the gradual extinction of the National Debt, which was embodied in his resolution of 1833 and is discussed in the same debate. The interest of the public funds, then at 4 per cent.; and Mr. Buckingham's proposition was to open a stock, to be called “The National Annuity Fund,” into which all the holders of the then existing stocks of every kind, who chose to do so, should have liberty to transfer their stock at the market value of the day—the condition being that this National Annuity Fund should begin at once to pay an increased interest of 5 per cent. instead of 4, then gradually diminish both principal and interest at the rate of one shilling per annum only for a hundred years, at which time both principal and interest would cease and the debt become extinct. The justice of this proposition was admitted by all parties in the House, being grounded on the daily practice of converting permanent funds at a higher rate; and the only objection raised to it was the difficulty of providing for the increased rate of interest for the first twenty years—an unwillingness, in short, to put ourselves to any inconvenience for the purpose of lightening the burdens on our posterity. The advantage of such a plan is obvious to the stockholder there would have the immediate benefit of an increased income for the next twenty years—where it would require to bring down the interest to its original rate of 4 per cent. and the diminution after that would be so light as hardly to be perceptible—the rate only of one shilling on £100 of stock per annum; while to the nation the benefit would be undiminished—as after that period, the interest paid would be diminishing every year, and our posterity would, in eighty years from that time, be entirely relieved of any National Debt whatever. The motion was lost on a majority of only; but if it had been carried, had a minister instead of a private member been the author of it, the success would have been certain), the welfare of the country at present would have been thus:—One-fifth part of

total Debt, or £160,000,000 sterling, would have been paid off by the end of the 20th year, 1853,—the interest on the public funds would have been still 4 per cent.; and the prospect of the debt being wholly extinct in six years, from the present time, would have been one which any statesman or patriot who cared at all for the country would have been proud to contemplate.

The Essay on the necessity of a Reform Bill, and the purification of the Electoral System, Mr. Buckingham holds views which he put forth in 1837, not previous to his resigning his seat in Parliament and going to the United States of America; and the time has since elapsed, has tended only to confirm the soundness and practicability, and the most prominent features of his plan may be thus described:—The change should be to abolish all property qualification in voters, and establish instead of this an Educational only, which all the ignorant freemen of the country who are bought and sold masses, and who are the chief material of the corruption and riot of elections, should be de-franchised, and their place supplied by an equally large number of men of excellent abilities, and of high moral character, who are far more likely to exercise the elective franchise wisely, than the ignorant masses, who are not free, and who, though they are not bought and sold, are not properly voters—these would be excluded from the franchise, and a large number of the best men of the liberal professions, of the law, and of employments, would be introduced. Mr. Buckingham asserts that the franchise should be given to all who would prove themselves possessed of the following qualifications:—To read, write, and perform the first rules of arithmetic; to be able to sign an independent subscription, or to be recommended by others, as being able to do so; to be a freeman, or a natural born subject of Great Britain. This might not be a very large number, but it would materially diminish the corruption, which is what is wanted, and it will be seen that the great test of education and moral character, put forth by Mr. Buckingham, is now advocated by many of the public journals.

As one of the greatest advantages of

this improved qualification, it would enable the votes to be taken in writing, instead of verbally; and thus prevent all the canvassing, and riotous assemblages of noisy and angry party processions to the hustings and the polling booths. Mr. Buckingham proposes that every elector, as soon as his qualifications were proved before a competent board, and admitted, should sign his name, with all particulars of his birth-place, age, trade, or profession, residence, &c., in his own hand-writing, in a register prepared for that purpose, to be kept in the parish or borough archives; and when an election took place, that he and all other duly registered electors should be furnished with a schedule or voting paper by the returning officer, sent to his residence by the post, for greater security; that the elector should be required to fill this up with the name of the candidate for whom he gave his vote—sign it with his own usual signature—and return it to the office by post, also for security against interception, within twenty-four hours after its receipt, or lose its value; and in any case of doubt or suspicion, the signature of the voter on the polling-paper could be compared with that in the Register, and thus duplicates, or false impersonations prevented. It is worthy of remark, that this proposition also, first put forth by Mr. Buckingham in 1837, has at length found favour in higher quarters; and the Earl of Shaftesbury has recently introduced a bill into the House of Peers, to make this very change in the mode of taking votes at elections, which, if carried, will put an end to the revolting scenes which have so recently disgraced our annuals.

This frequent anticipation of the public perception, and the subsequent adoption of his views by others, who could not keep pace with "the man before his time," forms so remarkable a feature of Mr. Buckingham's public history, that we cannot conclude our notice of his most eventful life, without special reference to it. Often, in years gone by, has he been condemned for indulging in "utopian speculation," and in the pursuit of his objects met with cold contempt, and even rancorous opposition; but as often, he has afterwards found his opponents convinced of the practicability of his measures, and the public weal rejoicing in their adoption.

"But the peculiarity of the case," as an eminent writer has observed, "ends not here: there has also been, even among those who at length did his wisdom the homage of walking in its light, the utmost unanimity in excluding from their discussion all acknowledgment of their obligations . . . He was not simply 'before his day,' he was also above it. The neglect of which he is the subject, is, in part, the penalty of his very superiority. He thought alone, he acted alone, he formed no party, he sought no organization: he was a power in himself, and seemed formed for individual, not associated, action. Satisfied with being the creator of the seeds of things, he left others to sow them, and raise fruit for their own and the public good . . . Again, the astonishing versatility of Mr. Buckingham has been most unfavourable to the distinct impression of his claims on the public mind; instead of fixing on a line and keeping to it, and working out one project in one place—a task too limited for his genius—he has touched upon everything; and after illuminating it, showing what it was, what it was not, and what it ought to be, passed on to something fresh, and to repeat the process elsewhere: the prejudiced had scarcely time to recover from the shock, till the enchanter had vanished. And as with his intellectual, so with his corporeal activity, a sphere less than the globe is too limited for him: he has aspired to something like universal empire, and, in essence, he has obtained it; but he has purchased his imperial honours at the expense of the local homage, which has been attained by multitudes of minor mortals, with all the solid secular advantages thence resulting." Still, as the same writer observes, he has amply avenged himself of all his adversaries, by a statement of truth, with which he prefaces the volume we have briefly analysed. We regret that our space forbids the transcription of this remarkable and interesting production. Instance after instance is given in it, in which things suggested by Mr. Buckingham were frowned upon as futile and impracticable, but have since been realized. We should think that the most obstinate sceptic, in whose eyes every innovation is inconsistent with "the present state of the world," would rise from its peru-

sal, and from the contemplation of such a career as we have attempted to depict, with a resolve to be careful in the future, how he branded that man as a "visionary," whose views differing from his own, were yet based on sound sense and pure philosophy.

Mr. Buckingham's latest labour has been the delivery of a Course of Lectures on India, its past and present state, the measures necessary to be taken by the British Legislature, to do justice to the hundred and fifty millions of our fellow-subjects in that country, and, by the fuller development of its almost boundless resources to make it, what it has never yet been, a source of gain instead of loss to England itself. The Course was delivered preparatory to the introduction of the recent India Bill into the House of Commons; and the final Lecture has been just published under the title of "A Plan for the Future Government of India." In this production, Mr. Buckingham has brought to bear his Oriental knowledge and practical experience of nearly forty years devoted to the examination and study of India and its affairs; and we must say that on comparing it with the Bill of Sir Charles Wood and the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, it is impossible not to be struck with the immense difference between the two. The Lecture will no doubt be extensively read by all who feel an interest in the good government of this vast and important portion of the British empire.

Should this Plan for the Government of India prove to be the closing labour of his long and varied life, he will have no occasion to regret the time or pains bestowed on its execution, as it cannot fail to establish his reputation for consistency, and fidelity to all his early opinions, the sincerity of which none can doubt—since they are expressed now, as they have often been before, in opposition to all those high authorities whom it would be his worldly interest rather to conciliate than to offend; but having suffered so severely for his devotion to Truth and Justice, it is a pleasing spectacle to see him, in his old age, as energetic, as vigorous, and as independent as he was in his earliest youth, in the maintenance of those principles which he holds to be sacred, and which he therefore advocates and defends to the last.

only heights of life, and no change-
tempst or breaking billow can wash
the traces of their steps. Others, on
contrary, are remembered from their
acts. They give laws and promul-
gate sentiments, but are rarely seen in
arena of actual contest; they com-
mand, but they do not fight. The one
factor takes its material, fuses, and
casts it to its fancy; the other insen-
sibly assimilates it to itself. The out-
ward manifestations of the former are
often and prodigal of incident; the
story of the latter exhibits only the
manners and productions of mind.
There can be no question as to which
these two classes JOHN FOSTER re-
sents. He was born September 17th,
1796, at a small farm-house near Heb-
beridge, in the parish of Halifax.
The circumstances of his childhood
were rather to have strengthened than
sanctified the distinctive features of
his years. His father was possessed
of vigorous and thoughtful intellect; his
share of practical energy in addition;
the habits of both, probably from
the closeness of their marriage, were of
a nature to admit of that buoy-
ancy of feeling and affection, which,
if it is a most effective influence, is
one main charm of the home circle,
as he had none, and his only bro-
ther was four years younger than him-
self; and it is no wonder, therefore, that
his early years were childish things. He

handicraft were not easily wedded, and
indeed, though mind asserts its su-
premacny over all circumstantialia, it is
difficult to imagine John Foster at the
loom. The manufacturer he served was
continually resolving to take no more
of his indifferent work. Often, when
he brought his piece for inspection,
would he turn his head aside, and not
deigning to engage in conversation,
submit to the ordeal with unmistakable
repugnance. As it was, there was no
incentive to mechanical contrivance;
had it been otherwise, he might not
have profited, for he was never known
to display much skill or genius in that
direction, though with that boyish in-
strument of all arts, the pen-knife, he
is reported to have employed himself
once in fashioning a globe.

He was already remarkable for the
manner in which he associated ideas.
His mind encircled every object with
interest not properly its own. Even
single words exerted a fascination over
him, some from their meaning, others
merely from their sound; thus the word
"chalcedony" was a favourite with his
ear, and the word "hermit," if we may
refer an illustration in his essays to
himself, was "at any time enough to
transport him, like the witch's broom-
stick, to the solitary hut which was de-
lightfully surrounded by shady and
solemn groves, mossy rocks, crystal
streams and condens of radishes." He

sit on a stool that had formerly belonged to a man whose death had been sudden and mysterious, and whose ghost was said still to haunt the neighbourhood of the house.

His studies at this period were earnest but irregular. A barn was the scene of his cogitations and readings; he would shut himself up here awhile, and then come forth to make an unusual onslaught on his weaving, as if fresh strength had been imparted in the interim to body as well as mind. Beyond the bounds of English literature he was unable to wander; but his father coveted for him a more extended range, and the time was near when privileges were to be given that comported more with his tastes and talents. His moral character was unimpeachable, and never had he been found wanting in generous sympathies with the lofty and the true. "O Lord, bless the lads," was his father's favourite prayer over him, and the one friend his childhood had discovered; and that prayer was answered. Religion, mingling insensibly with his feelings, was germinating within; the flowers and fruits were by and by to appear. When about fourteen, he disclosed to his associate the anxiety he had felt on contrasting his principles and actions with the requirements of the divine law; but spoke, too, of the relief he had found, and *only* found, in reliance on Jesus, the sacrifice once offered for the sins of the world. Six days after the completion of his seventeenth year, he became a member of the Baptist church at Hebden Bridge; and before long, by a special religious service, was appointed to prepare himself for the duties of the ministry. To this he had been urged by friends who had watched with interest his conduct, and particularly by his pastor, Dr. Fawcett; and his own deliberate and conscientious choice soon induced him to act in harmony with their wishes. He now became an inmate of Brerley Hall, that under the immediate direction of that venerable man, he might pursue a course of extended study that should better qualify him for the work in view. A portion of each day was still devoted to the assistance of his parents in their occupation; but notwithstanding, now that ample means were afforded for mental improvement, he studied intensely, even permitting the stars to come and wane as he passed whole

nights in meditation and reading. "His scholastic exercises," we are told, "were marked by great labour, and accomplished very slowly." And so it was with the efforts of later days; his genius could rear pyramids, but it had not the skill that could expedite toil. It is instructive to note the discipline to which men of letters have subjected themselves at the outset of their course. Every one has heard of Demosthenes' transcriptions of Thucydides, and of countless similar stories; and we like to hear them, they lead us away from the glittering honours of fame amidst her "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces," and point to the rugged, steep, and self-made path by which the noblest aspirants have always ascended. We can picture Foster striving to improve himself in composition: there he sits, a hand on each knee, with some favourite author before him, whose sentences one by one he ponders, shaping each into every form of conceivable expression; and all the while, in thoughtful silence, he rocks his body to and fro, "*pumping*" as he calls it; and this is the process by which the stiff but forceful periods of the Essayist are being modelled!

His love of nature deepened as his years advanced; and to his lonely rambles, when he loved to sort out "the glorious likenesses" of which the world is full, we are indebted for much of the richness and novelty of his style, and for many an appropriate illustration. No changing features of the scenes about him escaped his observation. He once walked the river side from eve to dawn, with a friend he had persuaded to accompany him, just that they might see the first approach of light, and its effects on the scenery; and some time after, when visiting his parents he suddenly started forth in a heavy shower, to look at a waterfall in the neighbourhood and, on returning, said, "I now understand the thing, and have got some ideas on the subject, with which I should not like to part."

His sermons were generally successful in investing ordinary subjects with freshness and grace; but yet not unfrequently rather startled than edified the hearer. He regularly visited the cottages of the sick and aged, and prayed and read the Scriptures with them, usually selecting the 145th Psalm. His aversion to certain set forms of speech

great powers, but not happily combined nor fully brought forth. . . . At the age of twenty-two, I feel I have still to *begin to live*. I have yet in a great measure my principles to fix, my plans to form, my means to select, and habits of exertion to acquire."

Leaving Newcastle, he again revisited Yorkshire, where he remained, till called thence by an invitation to Dublin from the Baptist Society meeting in Swift's Alley. In Ireland, he preached rather more than a year, one month of which was passed at Cork; but though endeared to all who intimately knew him, and diligent in the discharge of every duty, his success was by no means proportionate to his desires. This was, perhaps, in part owing to the unbending originality of his character, which placed a gulph, not easily bridged, between his sympathies and those of most others; to use a phrase of his own, his soul was "not formed to coalesce" with an assemblage fashioned in the ordinary mould of artificial society, and this inability tempted him to withhold that exhibition of lively interest in its welfare, which would have been most effectual in elevating it to his own standard.

His avowed contempt of ecclesiastical formalities, his ridicule, not entirely misplaced, of the "cleric habit," and his views on many another point, were all likely to operate against his growth in public favour. We cannot here forbear an extract from a fragment of a journal written at Dublin: it bears on every line the impress of the man, and may faintly illustrate some portion of the preceding remarks, while it gives a sample of such thoughts as, we may suppose, often flitted by him, when, at a later date, the quiet sarcasm of his eye was dreaded even by a Hall. He speaks of an evening party, where "he took no part in the conversation, which, however, was plentiful, but was much amused with observation." "One part of the circle was composed of *ladies*. . . . I listened to their chat. Let me enjoy nonsense no more if I was not delighted. . . . But though full of transitions, it was so rapid and incessant, that philosophic observation was somewhat baffled. Sometimes the ladies would be struck with profound astonishment, would naturally bend forward as they sat, with an inclination of their bodies towards each other, bridding back their heads at the same time, silent for a mo-

ment and staring at one another, as if each had seen an additional *nose* rising on each other's face. I think I heard not one sentiment. There was a long dispute whether a particular house in the town has a door on a certain side. I contemplated with a degree of wonder. I thought, 'Have you no ideas about realities and beings that are *unseen*?' about the Eternal Governor and a future state? Is this all you find in life and all by which you fortify your selves against death?' I wish I could have formed a clear conception of the situation of their minds—that I could be privy to their serious reflections, if they ever have such, or, if not, discover how they escape them."

Foster left Dublin in despair; but after an absence of several months, returned to experiment on a classical and mathematical school. He began with "the room and the forms," but so little success attended the undertaking that it was speedily relinquished. During his latter residence in Ireland, we learn from himself, that his connection with violent democrats, and his share in forming a society, under the denomination of "Sons of Brutus," exposed him at least to the expectation of danger from the strong arm of angry authority. His political opinions were the offspring of his own observation and feeling: the sphere in which he had moved and his friends, both young and old, exerted an influence antagonistic to his enthusiasm, but altogether ineffectual. Nor is this surprising. To a young mind, nurtured in independence, and conscious of inherent power, accustomed to examine all things thoroughly, and to estimate them only by their relative position in its own universe of thought and reason, society must necessarily present many anomalies. It will behold with astonishment prescriptive rights, and what may seem prescriptive wrongs; conventionalities will rather excite its indignation than secure its reverence; and with a consequent revulsion of feeling, it will long to launch upon the tide of time, and like another Columbus, lead the way to a new world where all its fairy visions may be realized. Nor is it till experience has shown the distance between the ideal and the actual, the desirable and the possible, the abstractedly right and the relatively practical, that the effervescence of such a spirit will subside.

of liberty and fraternity
the nations, and appeared to
the advent of another era, his
imagination bounded onward to
the future, and he at once avowed
his decided republicanism. "Royal
and its gaudy paraphernalia"
ever ceased to regard, "as a sad
to the human race;" but as his
increased, his views on many
were modified, and his hopes less
sure. He laid more stress on in-
effort, and looked to Christianity
the grand appointed means of re-
gulating the world." "No form of
religion," he wrote, "will be practi-
cal as long as the nations to be
delivered in a controversy, by their
and union, with the Supreme
God."

His sentiments on many religious
were never materially altered from
he entertained at this time. Were
fort incumbent, we could scarcely
prompting him to tell much of
any. There are no circumstances
which interest connected with

The objective is ordinary, the
very remarkable. It is not as an
or as associated with the activi-
ty of life, but as a character that he
contemplation; and that char-
acter, now that he is dead, is nowhere
so discoverable as in his cor-
respondence and writings. In these he
revealed the habits of his mind,

church, with all its parties, contests, dis-
graces, or honours. My wish would be
little less than the dissolution of all
church institutions, of all orders
and shapes; that religion might be set
free, as a grand, moral, and spiritual
element, no longer clogged, perverted,
and prostituted, by corporation forms,
and principles.

Mr. Foster had already renounced
his belief in the doctrine of eternal pun-
ishment. To a mind constituted like
his, so powerfully imaginative, the very
thought was terrific; and believing in
the reprobation of the greater part of
mankind, he could not reconcile an
eternity of woe with infinitude of mercy.
The moral argument prevailed, although
deduced from dubious principles, and
too exclusively regarded. This fact,
and other peculiarities or uncertainties
of creed were probably exceptions
against him; but at length, in 1797, he
was invited to become the minister of a
General Baptist church, at Chichester.
Here he laboured for about two years
and a half, and with unusual earnest-
ness, to promote the improvement of
his congregation, but met with little en-
couragement. Indifference, that "angel
of death," had been there, and no
warning voice of Foster's could effec-
tually wake the sleepers. Soon after
his departure, the society became ex-
tinct. Battersen was the next post of
occupation, and there for a while he

What an affecting confession is the following, made at Chichester:—

"I know not, I wonder how I shall succeed in mental improvement, and especially in religion. Oh, it is a difficult thing to be a Christian! I feel the necessity of reform through all my soul. When I retire into thought, I find myself environed by a crowd of impressive and awful images; I fix an ardent gaze on Christianity, assuredly the last, best gift of heaven to man; on Jesus, the agent and example of infinite love; on time, as it passes away; on perfection, as it shines beautiful as heaven, and alas! as remote; on my own beloved soul which I have injured; and on the unhappy multitude of souls around me; and I ask myself, why do not my passions burn? Why does not zeal arise in mighty wrath, to dash my icy habits in pieces, to scourge me from indolence into fervid exertion, and to trample all mean sentiments in the dust? At intervals I feel devotion and benevolence, and a surpassing ardour; but when they are turned towards substantial, laborious operation, they fly and leave me spiritless amid the iron labour. Still, however, I do confide in the efficacy of persistent prayer; and I do hope that the Spirit of the Lord will yet come mightily upon me, and carry me on through toils, and suffering, and death, to stand on Mount Zion among the followers of the Lamb?"

His correspondence with Mr. Hughes was of great value; now encouraged, now rebuked, by this faithful friend, he saw more clearly the deficiencies of his spiritual life; and many an emotion of regret did he feel when contrasting the results of his labour with the requirements of the cause and kingdom of Christ; and many a resolve did he make as the conviction flashed upon him, that he must be fatally wrong. "I see clearly," he said, "that my strain of thinking and preaching has not been pervaded and animated by the evangelic sentiment, nor, consequently, accompanied by the power of the gospel, either to myself or to others." Henceforth there was to be less of "unprofitable speculation," and more of affectionate obedience. "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself," was the glorious, all-absorbing truth more fully realized. The innermost shrine of the temple of peace and purity, "the holy of holies," was laid open be-

fore him; and as he gazed thence, traced in celestial lines the finger of mercy, the inspiring—"brighter, and brighter unto the next day."

At Battersea and in the neighbourhood of Downend, Mr. Foster cultivated and congenial society, of "the most delicious months" of life were passed at the latter place; short, there was *one* amidst his acquaintance, in whose presence he constantly felt as if he could "age away without ever being young. While she and a companion were employed in working, I sit down," he sometimes a number of hours together, and pour forth all my imagination or knowledge can supply; and time enthusiastic, cynical, proud, vulgar, by turns. I take a pleasure in dissecting the system of fashion, parade, ceremony, and the like. This lady was Miss Maria Snow, future wife and the "dear friend" whom the "Essays" were addressed to. Foster's courtship was in keeping with the man—impassioned and intense—but who ever heard of such ordinary love-letters as those he wrote? What masculine thought, what originality and elevated sentiment, what diversity of subjects! And all concentrated in a single volume, published, and inscribed to "*my friend*." Few ladies have been so honoured; few lovers more fortunate in their choice. He regarded rather as reciprocated, than "the circle of reciprocation." He read "*Letters to his wife*," and would his protracted affection; they were *I and you—you and I*; "the no excursions of imagination or fancy. He held, that the intervention of interest not *personal*, was required to secure or augment an attachment; "must burn in *oxygen*, or it will go out;" and by oxygen he meant mutual admiration and pursuit of improvement, utility, the pleasant taste or some other interesting element which shall be the element of commerce, and make them love each other, not only for each other, but votees to some third object which both adore." The "*Essays*," in which subjects were confessedly *reverted* had interested the social hour, sprung from germs of thought as in those times of converse above

fiction, humble pride, and teach the noblest that they are only men. Foster, however, not only coined his own thoughts, he made his own language. We like this—the mode of enunciation should always be consistent with the thing enunciated: princely thoughts should ride in a princely vehicle, and common-place sentiment trudge its wearying way in its own beggarly guise. And here we remember a remark apropos that he himself once made with reference to a writer of the last century:—"His language is identical with his thought; the thought *lives* through every article of it. "If you cut, you wound." His diction is not the *clothing* of his sentiments—it is the *skin*; and to alter the language would be to *play* the sentiment *alive*." He was never contented till his conception stood fairly forth with its proportions as manifest to another as himself. He carved his thoughts in *alto-relievo*; and with his fastidious taste, the process was necessarily tedious. "How often," says he, "I have spent the whole day in adjusting two or three sentences amidst a perplexity about niceties, which would be far too impalpable to be even comprehended, if one were to state them, by the greatest number of readers."

In 1805 the "Essays in a Series of Letters" appeared, and he at once gained a reputation as one of the most original and eloquent writers of the age. The autumn and winter were passed in revising, but it was arduous work. The book has "at least five thousand faults"—so says the author—and each of these must be extirpated, however tedious of life! Meanwhile, reviews applaud, Hughes alone circulates one-fifth of the whole edition, and Hall, the Hercules of Nonconformity, himself takes pen in hand, and eagerly does honour to his friend and rival. The emendations at last are finished, the press is again in motion; and in the summer of 1806, a *third* edition is before the world. These Essays are four in number, each thoroughly characteristic of the writer. They embody much of poetry, of lofty sarcasm, of subtle and profound observation; and have throughout the charm of novelty. One peculiarity of Foster's compositions, is the frequency with which he glides into a kind of reverie; he delights to wander in the shadowy realms of supposition, but there he employs himself solely in interpreting real-

ities. He hovers on the wing of speculation, but it is that he may prey upon truth as his prey. Of this are several lengthy illustrations: the Essay on "a Man's Writing-moors of Himself." In the same I occur, too, that forcible passage in which he demonstrates that an atheist, "who knows all things, that is, precludes other divine existence, by being himself, cannot know that the F whose existence he rejects, does exist." The Essay on Decisive Character has probably benefited individuals more than anything of its many a wavering soul has caught spirit, and trampled doubt and doubts underfoot. That "on the Art of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion" has always been our favourite. Yet the review of literature there take think it too exclusively regards dissociated from the age which produced it. He assumes the true standard intrinsic and unchanging worth literature will always bear "the and pressure" of the times, and efficient in purity or truthfulness, its efficiency is the consequence of the time and surely the cause should be arraigned before our tribunal rather than effect. The reaction of an immoral, irreligious literature upon the age, naming it, as well its operation on the after age, is terrible; and though critical estimate we deem it unfair to pass lightly over its historical features, we still admit the individual and tremendous responsibility of all who repeat it.

During the two years that followed the publication of this volume, Foster occupied himself at intervals on the projected Essay upon the Improvement of Time, a subject he was well qualified to handle, but he finally abandoned through the pressure of other literary engagements. In Midsummer, through a morbid state of the throat, which was aggravated by exertion of public speaking, he was compelled to relinquish his pastoral charge at Frome. The next months were spent at Battersea Margate; but the winter found him again at home, and prosecuting his usual labours of his pen. In November he reviewed "Carr's Story in Ireland," for the Eclectic, and the following year contributed three articles. In fact he was entirely a

and he must continually throw himself to the distance, where, when light nothing could be seen. But it fully proved that it was not the day which gilded his existence. Though sufficiently old to be able to be said as the event of his life, that to be desperately and to be indulge anticipations of a more elysian character, it was not the philosophic to avow, as I am, as I can form, that there is no points of congeniality in any instance that I have ever known. Some of them by being of a quiet and small order, will produce a quality of a much richer quality and a more emphasis."

At length the happy hour arrived, and he was amidst the fields" at which he had been patiently tarrying, and he was looking till time rolling rapidly, and had gradually dissipated the influence to the consummation of his life. He removed to Bourton, where was the home of his father, and he became the one constant companion of his days; and in May, 1812, in acquaintance of seven years, and in avowed connection of five, he was married to Miss Maria Snooke, a girl as fresh as the other, were a marriage. In the enjoyment of his life, but never too sanguinely, and he passed the years as they flew rapidly by, in the "quiet"

himself of every circumstance calculated to make his literary career more successful. Almost at its outset he had opposed the neutrality maintained by the Review on several important topics—and heartily did he rejoice when every barrier to free discussion was entirely broken down. He was a man of decided opinion, and his views of society and things in general were too earnest and too heart-felt to be thrust into ambiguous obscurity by the fear of offending any patron or party. In the summer of 1812, he, in company with some friends, made an excursion into North Wales, and by him it was undertaken "really and truly much more to diversify his ideas and lay in some stock in the imagination, than from any calculation of the mere pleasure of beholding." A garret was the scene of his studies, and there books and papers crowded one upon another in strange confusion, intermingled with dust that was never driven from its resting-place. Along the centre of the floor an open space was kept, and this was the promenade where he walked backward and forward for hours daily. The garret now served instead of the fields; "for I cannot make much," said he, "of thinking and composing without walking about, a habit that I learnt early in my musing life." And he added that, although books and pens were required to be more at hand than ever before,

as to allow of his again speaking in public; and throughout the period of his sojourn there, almost every Sunday saw him employed in proclaiming the message of reconciliation and truth in some one or other of the neighbouring villages. "I am become accustomed," he wrote, "to pulpits, desks, stools, blocks, and all sorts of pedestal elevations." As a preacher among the poor and ignorant, conflicting estimates were formed of him by his different hearers, but his discourses were always free from an assumption of superiority. Simplicity was one of their distinguishing characteristics; and all his taste and talents, were enlisted to secure interest, yet there can be little doubt that they would have proved more generally acceptable and more widely useful, had they been as impassioned as they were intellectual.

Mr. Foster was reminded of "the valley of the shadow of death," through which the oldest and most venerated must travel, by the death of his father in 1814, and of his mother two years later. Both of them fell like the golden corn beneath the glory of an autumnal sun; their piety was "entire and sublime," and they relinquished the honours of age only for the bliss of immortal youth. The pressure of outward circumstances had long before their departure been partially lightened by their son, and when the mother survived her husband a short space, he wrote to her more frequently in her solitude, and by every means tried with sedulous love to cheer her loneliness and alleviate her infirmities.

Eight years had passed since his happy settlement at Bourton, when in 1817 he was induced again to return to the scene of his former labours at Downend. Looking backward at this juncture, he writes:—"I cannot but feel some very solemn reflections and emotions, in which regret bears a very prominent share. Conscience admonishes me to how much more effectual purpose these years might have been expended. Gratitude to the Divine forbearance, and the Divine bounty, claims also a large part in the sentiments with which I ought to dwell on the review. Whatever time is yet to come before death shall shut up the account, may the Divine grace enable me to improve it in a far nobler manner."

Mr. Foster did not sustain the pasto-

ral office this second time at Downend for more than six months. The little sympathy his sermons elicited from the majority of his auditors, and the failure of his efforts, notwithstanding his long practice in village preaching, determined him to resign. It is not surprising that the utterances of a mind so reflective and vigorous, and cast in so uncommon a mould, should be disregarded by vapid and ordinary persons; but truth does not force, it wins its way, and with different individuals by different means, and it is clearly, therefore, the duty of those who advocate its claims to seek and use those means which, accompanied by divine energy, are most likely to operate favourably in any particular instance; and Foster perhaps should have been more willing to doff his usual habits of thought, and leave occasionally his favourite haunts. The effort would have been laborious, but the result satisfactory. Not that any should pander to popular taste and caprice; he, indeed, will never do so, whose sole aim is to elevate his audience, who strives in every way to reach the mind and heart, but strives thus to reach them *only* that he may elevate. To lift a thing it may be requisite to stoop, but the very act may display elasticity and grace before imperceptible. He at one time contemplated a volume of sermons, but has left only one in print, namely, the *Discourse on Missions* delivered in September, 1818, on the appearance of which he came before the public in his own name once again, after an absence of thirteen years.

In December of the same year he preached on behalf of the British and Foreign School Society, and the sermon on that occasion was afterwards enlarged into an Essay on the "Evils of Popular Ignorance." This he considered his best work: it was published in 1820, and in the autumn he began to revise it for a second edition. Experience in composition had not brought facility; from the end of October till the following April he sat closely at the task, without leisure to read a newspaper, review, or anything else. "It is a sweet luxury," he confesses, "this book-making; for I dare say I could point out scores of sentences *each* one of which has cost me *several hours* of the utmost exertion of my mind, to put it in the state in which it now stands. At Michaelmas, 1821, he removed from

in quest of its element amongst
important subjects, he was always
true. He treasured moments, as the
darker his particles of dust; and
denied all who misappropriated
it. For this reason he disliked
any work. Once when shown a piece
of work with a great deal of red
it faintly said, "It was red with
blood of murdered time."

Another sphere of usefulness now
opened before him. He had not been
at Stapleton before he was again
using the word of life amongst
villagers; but Bristol had its claims.

Accordingly, in 1822, he yielded to
invitation, and engaged to deliver a
sermon there every fortnight, in the
Methodist Chapel. A night was chosen
in it could interfere little with the
usual religious services of the city, and
consequently the audience, which was
voluntaneous and drawn together solely
out of sympathy with the preacher and his
cause, embraced a more than ordinary
measure of intelligence. Here, then, was
a sphere congenial to his talents.

It was in all probability his endeavours
would be effective; but the
cost of thought was considerable, and
the end of two years his physical
weakness obliged him to seek partial
rest by confining himself to a monthly
sermon.

This, too, he relinquished
at Hall Street in Bristol, deeming
that was his appreciation of his

every form, were obnoxious to him.
When the Emperor Alexander's piety
was a favourite theme with certain de-
claimers, a person receiving their state-
ments, as Foster thought, far too easily,
remarked that really the Emperor must
be a very good man. "Yes, sir," he
replied gravely but with a significant
glance, "a very good man—very de-
vout; no doubt he said grace before he
swallowed Poland!"

Foster's next literary task was an In-
troduction, written for a Glasgow pub-
lisher, to "Dodderidge's Rise and Progress
of Religion in the Soul." It is a mas-
terly production, eloquent, and forcible;
the reader's imagination is at once en-
livened, and his conscience and reason
continually appealed to; the whole is a
sort of reverie, discursive and profound,
but is fairly neither introduction nor
preface. "It was almost all laboured
at," wrote the author, "under a misera-
ble feeling of contraction and sterility."

This was nearly the last effort. Much
is it to be regretted that so original a
mind should have left so little to pos-
terity. But who can accuse of indolence?
Foster was an intellectual Samson, but
bound by seven green withs; we have
to congratulate ourselves on what he did,
despite his bonds. When we recal the
cost of a sentence, and in conjunction
with his published works, remember
his extended correspondence, his one
hundred and eighty-four articles for

acknowledgments like these. Foster's grasp of thought, and difficulty of expression, combine to form a phenomenon worthy of record. Another thing to be noted is that he was not in any sense of the word, a *barrel* man. Many a region of truth was altogether untrodden by him. With natural and mathematical science, with the intricacies and wonders of philology, he was comparatively unacquainted; and this ignorance not only limited his range of allusion, but deprived him of an infinite amount of material which would have helped him to build. Wherever he went it was with royal step; knotty problems vanished at his coming, or gave to him tribute; but he should have travelled farther, for the wider his dominion, the more abundant his wealth.

Foster had passed his fiftieth year, the sun was beginning to decline; already his frame had given proof of the injurious effect of severe mental application; but worse than this, painful forebodings were now excited by the failing health of his wife, the beloved of his heart, the twin-spirit whose sympathies were all enwoven with his own. In 1826, too, the first inroad of death was made upon his family—his eldest son fell a victim to consumption. This event was deeply felt, but when the parent looked above to that sphere where evil is unknown and joy enduring, where the soul's true welfare is attained and the bliss of being realized, and glanced again upon the world, where truth is despised and existence abused, where ten thousand snares beset the young and would destroy them, the very pensiveness of his character, that pictured the scenes of time in darkest shades, brought consolation, and enabled him patiently to sustain his mournful bereavement.

This was an eventful period in English history; new powers were ranging themselves in the pride of strength and right against the prejudices and corruptions of centuries. Foster, in his seclusion, watched the changeful contest and estimated the forces in action, now with sanguine hope and now in despondency. He was not a practical politician; his convictions had been implanted and nourished apart from society. While clouds and storms had been sweeping over it, he had looked on from the distance in the calm light of reason and religion; and his impressions were as

correct as those of the majority actually involved, his interest was as intense, and naturally therefore his mode of expression vehement. It was not till the Reform Bill had passed, and all parties again marshalled themselves in rank and file, that he wrote anything specially upon the subjects in debate. In 1834, however, he inserted two letters in the "*Morning Chronicle*," professedly from "*A Quiet Looker-on*," on the Church and the Voluntary Principle; and in 1851, five letters on the Ballot by an "*Independent Elector*."

Foster's own life-work was nearly finished. Not that his hand trembled or his heart quailed, but that events and circumstances demanded his solicitude. From this date shadows thickened around him; but as they came, he rejoiced in the consciousness of deepening faith, that beyond them all was a quenched sun. His friends began to die. For the "acquaintance-feeling" he never had a faculty, but his attachments, when formed, were invariably strong. His friendship was an ethereal flame, pure and unwavering. And now he was to prove that

There is no union here of hearts,
Which finds not here an end.

Adversity may despoil a man of the luxuries of life, as the winter the oak of its foliage; but the strength of the tree is never so tested as when the hurricane tears from it its branches. In 1831, Robert Hall departed; and to his memory he paid a tribute in his "*Observations on Mr. Hall as a Preacher*." In 1832, it became too apparent that death was about to disturb by an irrecoverable blow, the domestic felicity he had so long enjoyed. The symptoms of decline in Mrs. Foster's health became alarming. With the spring a fatal illness commenced which terminated in the autumn. She died in the house of her brother-in-law, at Bourton, in peace and hope. Her husband was at a distance; the last moment suddenly arrived, and the struggle was over before he could possibly reach her. "I have come hither," he wrote, "so considerable a time since the event, that I am dissuaded from seeing, as I wished to do, the deserted mortal relic, which will be removed early the day after to-morrow, and with the very least possible ceremony. If conventional usages did not come obstinately in the way, my infinite preference would be, that the last office

—**THE** **18th** **1812** **she** **was** **his** **dearest** **and** **most** **prized** **companion**, **prized** **above** **earthly** **things**, **he** **submitted** **without** **plaint** **to** **the** **mandate** **of** **morning** **dom**. **The** **se** **pensive** **emotions** **were** **breed** **and** **deepened** **in** **the** **fol-** **lowing** **year** **by** **the** **removal** **of** **the** **Mr** **Anderson**, **with** **whom** **he** **was** **on** **terms** **of** **cooal** **intimacy**; **and** **also** **immediately** **after** **by** **that** **of** **his** **faithful** **and** **valued**—**brother**, **who** **he** **almost** **say**, **for** **brothers** **they** **are** **in** **talent** **and** **in** **sentiment**—**the** **Mr** **Joseph** **Hughes**. **Hearing** **he** **was** **on** **the** **verge** **of** **eternity**, **he** **seized** **his** **opportunity**, **and** **addressed** **him** **for** **the** **last** **time** **in** **this** **world**, **in** **a** **strain** **indicative** **of** **his** **now** **habitual** **state** **of** **mind**:—**But** **oh**, **my** **dear** **friend**, **whither** **is** **thou** **going**? **Where** **is** **it** **that** **will** **be** **a** **few** **short** **weeks** **or** **days** **more**? **I** **have** **afflicting** **cause** **to** **think** **of** **to** **wonder** **concerning** **that** **unseen** **world**, **to** **desire**, **were** **it** **permitted** **to** **us**, **one** **glimpse** **of** **that** **mysterious** **country**, **to** **ask** **innumerable** **questions** **which** **there** **is** **no** **answer**. **What** **is** **the** **manner** **of** **existence**—**of** **employ-** **ment**—**of** **society**—**of** **remembrance**—**of** **occupation** **of** **all** **the** **surrounding** **re-** **lations** **to** **our** **departed** **friends**? **How** **striking** **to** **think** **that** **she** **so** **long** **and** **so** **recently** **with** **me** **here**, **so** **beloved** **and** **now** **so** **totally** **withdrawn** **and** **absent**, **that** **she** **experimentally** **knows** **all**

extraordinary **things**, **and** **will** **not** **try** **to** **make** **more** **distinct** **the** **charac-** **ter** **of** **the** **man**. **His** **health** **had** **given** **intimations** **of** **failure**. **About** **Christ-** **mas**, **1812**, **he** **began** **to** **spit** **blood**, **and** **in** **January** **of** **the** **succeeding** **year** **had** **another** **attack**. **In** **June** **he** **appeared** **for** **the** **last** **time** **in** **public**, **at** **the** **ex-** **amination** **of** **the** **students** **of** **the** **Baptist** **College** **in** **Bristol**, **but** **his** **debility** **in-** **creased**, **and** **under** **such** **constant** **ad-** **monition** **he** **seriously** **prepared** **for** **the** **change** **awaiting** **him**. **In** **September**, **he** **wrote**:—*"Pray without ceasing"*, **has** **been** **the** **sentence** **repenting** **itself** **in** **the** **silent** **thought**; **and** **I** **am** **sure**, **I** **think**, **that** **it** **will**, **that** **it** **must**, **be** **my** **practice** **to** **the** **last** **conscious** **hour** **of** **life**. **Oh** **why** **not** **throughout** **that** **long**, **indolent**, **inanimate** **half** **century** **past**? **I** **often** **think** **mournfully** **at** **the** **difference** **it** **would** **have** **made** **now**, **when** **there** **re-** **mains** **so** **little** **time** **for** **a** **more** **genuine**, **effective**, **spiritual** **life**. **What** **would** **become** **of** **a** **poor** **sinful** **soul**, **but** **for** **that** **blessed**, **all** **comprehensive** **sacrifice**, **and** **that** **intercession** **at** **the** **right** **hand** **of** **the** **Majesty** **on** **high**." **The** **same** **month** **he** **was** **confined** **to** **his** **room**; **and** **as** **the** **weeks** **passed**, **almost** **each** **day** **gave** **token** **that** **he** **was** **ready** **for** **the** **"final** **journey**." **Many** **a** **thing** **he** **had** **not** **strength** **to** **perform**. **"But** **I** **can** **pray,"** **said** **he**, **"and** **that** **is** **a** **glorious** **thing."** **And** **at** **another** **time** **he** **was** **heard** **to** **whisper** **the** **words** **of** **triumph**:—*"O*

some one may be allowed to sit with him through its dark watches; but he steadily refuses, and all again is hushed within that chamber of sickness. Morning draws near, and the faithful servants listen at the door; all is well—he sleepeth. At six o'clock, again she stands there, anxiously hoping for a sound, however slight, that shall intimate the continuance of life. None is heard—she enters, and there he lies, with arms gently extended, and countenance placid as in slumber; his limbs still warm, but his forehead cold. O, how cold! Death's icy hand has been there, and the contemplative spirit has burst its thralldom and soared beyond the bounds of its highest aspirations.

So lived and so died John Foster, not a faultless man, but still a bright exemplar. He has been called a misanthrope; but the name is misapplied. There was too much refinement of feeling and kindness of heart in him. Take an instance or two from amidst a number. When shown small wares brought to the door for sale, on being told the price, he would say, "O, give them a few pence more; see—there's a great deal of work here; it must have taken some time to make." He has been known to go back to a shop and pay something more for what he thought had been sold him too cheaply. If he had been told of any in distress, though personally unacquainted with them, he seemed constantly to remember them, and would make evident allusions to them in his family prayers; and in rendering acts of kindness in some ingenious manner he always tried to make it appear that he was the favoured person. These traits have too much tenderness and beauty for the character of a misanthrope; and yet there was a grievous deficiency of sympathy between him and the mass of mankind. He loved them, but he could not feel as they felt. It was as if his soul would shake off the shackles of humanity, and expatiate alone in its own ethereal element. He would have been a nobler man, could he have said

with his enthusiasm: "*Homo sum humanum alienum puto.*" He is that his birthplace is increasing in size, and remarks:—"It did not j me at all. It was just saying were so many more *sinner*s in locality. Unless mankind were t an augmented number is nothi be pleased with. On the contr am always apt to be pleased at s vacated sites, and houses deserted in ruins." Had he felt himself n man with men he would never written thus. Instead of dwelling on the dark shades of the picture would have gazed on the hues of l instead of sitting down in melanc he would have bent every energy t demolition of what he abhorred, a the advancement of truth and : He once called the world "an unt and untameable animal," and on reminded that he was a part of joined, "Yes, sir, a hair upon the His sense of individuality—his ception and appreciation of the tiful in nature and morals—his c tutional pensiveness—his habi mind which led him to reflect r than anticipate, and so stole from in part, the pleasures of hope—especially the lofty standard by v he tested things—these combin sever him from ordinary mortals, to make him fail in that intere association with them, which v have nerved him for the accom ment of more than he did. An fault was the predominance of the over the actual; an infusion of practical would have been advantag His favourite problems were, *what be, or might be, or would have*. What a contrast in action between and Dr. Arnold, both though, extens agreeing in sentiment! But if th lives "in deeds, not years," the does "in thoughts, not breaths." A Foster, the man, is forgotten by circle of his friends, Foster, the w shall be remembered by thousand has benefited.

need not occupy a larger and more important page in the annals of history than ages of the ordinary life of humanity. Those crises, decisive of the destinies of nations, those convulsions shaking society to its centre, those revolutions world-wide in their bearings and scattering their issues far into the future, which, like the hurricanes and earthquakes of nature, are generally interrupted at wide intervals, here occur simultaneously, or crowd closely upon one another. Those first-class revolutions in politics and strategy, of whom a race is generally so sparing, here huddle together in constellations. Those social changes, that unchaining of thought and march of sentiment, which are generally effected by the slow and imperceptible hand of time, like the growth of plants and animals, during this remarkable epoch broke out suddenly, convulsively. Within the short space of a few years, dynasties hoary with antiquity were overthrown; institutions that had interwoven themselves with the lives and habits of nations, altogether disappeared; superstitions the most venerated were exposed and profaned; prejudices the most inveterate were uprooted; opinions held as the dogmata of revelation were denied and ridiculed. Within this period, a vast and terrible drama was enacted, of which France was the stage and the world the theatre;

never seeking to stem its progress. When all other parties had been thrust aside or swallowed up, and he and his followers were left alone at the head of affairs, the Revolution had culminated, and this was at once the sign and the consequence. When he and his party fell, the Revolution had receded. Robespierre was its last idea, its ultimate point.

We have prefaced with these remarks, partly to vindicate the assertion with which we commenced, and partly to apologise for the necessary imperfection of the present sketch. It is absolutely impossible within such limits, to give a detailed biography of Robespierre; for links of connection would be found attaching him to all the events of this eventful period. We must content ourselves with presenting him to view, at the critical passages of the history, in the attitudes he assumed, and the conduct he adopted. This will suffice to display the man. These outward and visible facts will give us some insight into that inner self, of which they are but the exponents. And thus, even in the case of this enigmatical character, we may perhaps accomplish the truest ends of biography, by detecting those elementary principles, into which, after all, the strangest and most contradictory phenomena of human conduct are resolvable.

FRANCIS MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE

the expenses of his education. At college he pursued his studies with diligence, and made respectable progress. Even then he was distinguished by the austerity of his manners. The philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau, occupied much of his attention, and made a profound impression on his ardent and speculative mind. Such was his enthusiasm that we find him making a pilgrimage of thirty miles on foot, to visit this great forerunner of the Revolution. On quitting college, he established himself as an advocate in his native town, sharing his time between literature and the law. Two incidents trivial in themselves, but remarkable when considered in connection with his subsequent history, are recorded of this his early career. He resigned a situation as member of the common tribunal of Arras, to which he had been appointed by the Bishop, because his sensibility was wounded on being compelled to condemn an assassin to death. A prize was offered by the Academy of Metz, for the best essay on the inhuman law by which the whole family of a criminal condemned to the scaffold, was rendered infamous. Robespierre entered into the competition and carried off the prize. In his essay he indulges in much pathetic remonstrance, and goes the length of advocating the *total abolition of capital punishments*.

Such was Robespierre up to the time of his election into the States-general, and the incorporation of his biography with the history of France. And we have here the elements of all that he afterwards became, as indeed we should expect in so pertinaacious a character. Some of these circumstances may indeed appear contradictory to the part he sustained in after life, but such contradiction exists only in appearance. Robespierre pedestriating thirty miles to see that great philanthropist, J. J. Rousseau, abdicating the tribunal because too sensitive to condemn a murderer to death, advocating with eloquence and pathos the abolition of all capital punishments; and Robespierre, the extreme democrat of the Revolution, the sanguinary despot of the Reign of Terror is perfectly consistent with himself. Nay, the same principles that, acting upon the susceptible and enthusiastic mind of youth, gave warmth and vigour to his pen when he contested for the premium of the academy of Metz, those same prin-

ciples, coming into contact with the stern and steel'd heart of the fanatic, erroneously and relentlessly applied, still governed him when he consigned his hundreds of daily victims to the tender mercies of the revolutionary tribunal. And these were the principles of the philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Robespierre was consistent with himself in the same way that the dazzling and philanthropic theories of this philosopher resulted in the way of certain consequence in the commotions and outrages and blood of the worst times of the revolution.

Voltaire, Rousseau, and their disciples, were the true leaders of this great and terrible epoch. They had taught the people to examine and think. They had shown that the traditions of ages were open to question, that opinions were not necessarily true because they were universally received and had wrought themselves into the life of a people, that the dogmata of popes and priests were not infallible, that the despotism of kings and nobles was not a matter of inherent right. They had already effected a revolution in *idea*, which was only waiting its opportunity to develop itself in fact. Each of them had his separate department, but they were coadjutors in the same great cause. Voltaire attacked the tyranny of superstition, that tyranny that wielding the *prestige* of tradition, the anathemas of conscience and the terrors of futurity, is the most oppressive and debasing in its bondage, and the hardest to throw off. Possessed of extraordinary and multifarious powers, dexterous in the use of that most trenchant of all weapons, wit, inveterate, even malignant in his hatred, of indomitable perseverance and restless activity, living far beyond the usual term of existence, Voltaire seemed directly qualified and preserved for the purpose to which he devoted his life. Of this purpose he never lost sight. From the commencement to the close of his long career, in all his compositions, and their name is legion, in almost every department of literature, for almost every department he essayed, directly and indirectly, by sneer and sarcasm, laughter and invective, the *church* and the religion with which he unhappily confounded it, were the objects of his incessant attacks. It needed such a foe to overthrow such a colossal tyranny, and emancipate the thought and con-

a soul, and arrayed in the charms of such a style, struck upon deep and ready sympathies in the hearts of thousands. All the youth and enthusiasm of France responded to the wails and aspirations of this impassioned visionary. Amongst the rest we have seen how powerfully they affected the young lawyer of Arras. Robespierre was formed by nature of the temperament out of which fanatics are made. Restlessly active, inflexible of will, capable of long and severe concentration of thought, ardent and ambitious, unscrupulous as to the means by which he attained his ends, he was one of those who, when once they meet with a great and congenial idea, surrender themselves to it with complete and lifelong devotion. It was thus that Robespierre embraced the philosophy of Rousseau. He did not merely hold these doctrines as opinions. They had not merely a cold and barren place in his creed. They impregnated his soul. They possessed him. He gave himself to them, mind and heart, strength and life. He became their incarnation. To realize Rousseau's ideal of regenerated society became henceforth his warmest aspiration, his supreme purpose. He only waited opportunity, and that was at hand, as generally to those who wait for it.

It is thus that the apparent contradictions of Robespierre's conduct are to be reconciled. When he shrank from the infliction of capital punishment, it was Rousseau's humane philosophy that wrought within him; when a few years after he steered his heart to the massacres of the Reign of Terror, it was still as the fanatical adherent of the same doctrines. This was but the baptism of blood, through which society had to pass to its ideal renovation. These lives were obstacles in the way, and they must be removed. He thought that having but the choice of evils, he chose the least. He forgot that nothing—no end—no motive—can sanctify crime. It was a mad, mistaken, relentless, and guilty effort to realize a fascinating impossibility.

This is a long digression, but necessary; not merely to explain these inconsistencies in Robespierre's conduct, but as a key to his entire life. There are really no anomalies in humanity any more than in nature. In what we deem and call anomalies the laws are

only hidden. Either we do not deep enough, or have not sufficient acquaintance with facts. Robespierre an unusual phenomenon, it is true he was a phase of our common na-

In 1789, in consequence of an attack upon the superior council of Arras which had gained for him the favor of the popular party, Robespierre was elected as deputy to the States-General. This convocation of representatives from all classes in the nation had been summoned by Louis XVI. as a desperate measure, to quiet discontent and rescue himself from his embarrassments. These at all events were ostensible causes, yet in truth the cause lay more deep and hidden.

at that time discerned it. It was the growth of public sentiment in advocacy of existing institutions. Society now reached an adult, reflective age and was impatient of the tutelage leading strings of its childhood. Expansion, correspondent with its recent growth, was needed in its institutions. The revolutionary ideas, ready on its irresistible march, reached a stage in its progress which the convocation of the States-General became a matter of necessity. The alternative was between the opening of this safety valve, or some yet more violent and terrific explosion.

throughout the whole of its history, remarkable how, like a secret but irresistible fate, the Revolution was the cause of all things. It was the origin of events, not the consequence of them. It was the convener of assemblies, not the offspring of their deliberations. It employed men as its instruments, but would not submit to be controlled or guided by them. The moment they attempted to moderate or advance or give it direction, their way was sealed. The revolution passed them, or if they persisted to stand in its way, over them. This is the true philosophy of the National Assembly. The embarrassment of the finances, the liberal character of the king, the policy of ministers, the refractoriness of parliaments, these were but the occasions; the Revolution itself was the cause. But this the king and his ministers did not understand. Precedents had existed in the ancient history of France, and they hoped to find in the States-General at the close of the eighteenth century the tractable

recent assembly it had been in the old ages. They forgot that it is a new thing to apply the precedents of ages to the altered sentiments and customs of another. Or rather, they were aware of the changes that had taken place. They knew not what novel ideas were fermenting in the minds of the people. Hence king, ministers, and nobles were unanimous in convening an assembly which did not dissolve till it engulfed the hierarchies of the church and the dignities of the state, and the sanctity of the palace, and led to a form and a shadow the vision of ages.

In the National Assembly Robespierre did not at first occupy a conspicuous place. The eminent men who took the lead in its debates threw him into the shade. His insignificant figure, shrill voice, awkward gestures, and hesitating and confused speech drew but little attention. Impelled by the restlessness of his disposition, and the strong feelings that fermented within him, he freely spoke; but so miserable were his efforts that the Assembly hardly noticed him.

But there were two features in Robespierre's character which carried him triumphantly through these difficulties, and converted the obscure and embezzled deputy into an orator and the poet of the revolution. These were his indomitable perseverance and his fidelity to principle. Nothing daunted by his repeated failures, submitting with the impassibility of his character to taunts, and laughter, and impatience of the Assembly, he persevered, at length he acquired that facility of force of expression so essential to the public man in times of popular emotion. He never possessed the easy and impassioned speech of Cicero to whom eloquence is a natural gift. He seldom trusted himself to extempore effusions. His more important discourses bear the appearance of severe and careful premeditation. And this has been corroborated by the manuscripts that have been found among his papers. But in the art of public speaking he attained great excellence. He gained some of the capital qualifications of the rhetorician, clearness and precision, energy and tact.

It was not, however, the improvement of his oratory, marked and rapid as that was, which ultimately caused

the luminaries of the Assembly to wane before the obscure deputy of Arras, so much as his fidelity to principle. When Mirabeau, to cater to his pleasures and ambition, had taken bribes of the Court; and Barnave had relented at the sight of the majestic grief of fallen royalty, and the innocent fair face of the young Dauphin; when the two Lameths seeing whither things were tending would fain have retraced their steps, Robespierre felt that his convictions yet urged him onward, and he obeyed them. The revolution thrusting aside those who had betrayed it, and mocking the silly presumption of those who would moderate it, demanded a leader. Robespierre presented himself and was accepted. This was the secret of his extraordinary rise.

Overborne by the surpassing talents of his rivals in the Assembly, Robespierre sought without its walls the influence denied him within. The man of the people, to the people he appealed. The organ of the appeal was the Jacobin club. At the commencement of the sittings of the National Assembly, certain Breton deputies belonging to what was then the extreme revolutionary party, had formed a society to concoct measures and stimulate the progress of liberty. Among its founders were Barnave and the two Lameths. It accompanied the National Assembly in its removal from Versailles to Paris, and selected, as the place of its sittings, the old convent of the Jacobins, near to the Manège, where the representatives of the nation assembled. Hence it derived the appellation which became afterwards so notorious and terrible. Here, in the vast and desolate nave in the church, rudely fitted up for the purpose, an uncouth multitude, gathered chiefly from the lowest classes, assembled nightly, and listened, with furious outcries and gesticulations, to the harangues of orators who knew well how to arouse the stormiest passions; while a few straggling torches, barely sufficient to light up the gloomy hall, flung a flickering glare on the bizarre and tumultuous crowd, and bats flitting to and fro, added to the unearthly character of the scene. Revolutionary songs were sung, the most violent propositions carried by acclamation, the speakers perpetually interrupted by the freely expressed enthusiasm or disapprobation of the audience, and debates held at

times so loud and confused, that muskets fired off at intervals were necessary to restore decorum. The avowed object of the Jacobin Club was to influence the legislature by pressure from without. It was a direct appeal to popular passion. And, as the worst passions are unfortunately the strongest, to the worst passions the demagogues appealed. Hatred and envy, suspicion and revenge, were assiduously stirred up amongst all classes prone enough to indulge in them without incitement. The court, the aristocracy, the wealthy, *all above themselves*, were represented as their natural and necessary enemies, who had held them in thralldom for ages, and were now perpetually conspiring against their newly gained liberty. The Jacobin Club had affiliated societies all over the kingdom. Thus, any movement in the parent society circulated its pulsations to the remotest town and hamlet. It was an organized agitation of the masses, close by the side of the legislature, and, as a necessary consequence, soon overawed it, and ultimately overwhelmed it.

At the Jacobins, Robespierre soon acquired an influence almost unrivalled; and it was his personal character that gained for him his position. He was soiled by none of the private vices that disgraced the other leaders of the Revolution; his poverty proved him superior to a bribe, and soon won for him the honourable epithet of "the incorruptible." A selfish ambition appeared but little to adulterate his motives; he was a fanatic, but the object of his fanaticism was the public good. In his speeches there was a simple and transparent philosophy, a constant going back to primary principles, which, though exciting less immediate passion than the other fervid declamations of the tribune, raised higher the character of the speaker, and produced a more permanent effect.

On the 2nd of April, 1793, about two years after the opening of the Constituent Assembly, Mirabeau died, and left the stage clear for the display of secondary talent and the enunciation of opposing sentiments. Had he lived, indeed, the Revolution itself would probably have deposed him, and raised to its leadership those more true to its idea. Mirabeau was doubtless a man of vast genius and daring, and his authority was firmly seated; but the

Revolution would have proved than a match for even him, had he in its way. And already he had begun to halt and waver. Hitherto, not standing, his influence had been dominant in the Assembly. One line may serve to illustrate this. He combatting certain measures of extreme cruelty and injustice. His eloquence was vehement and commanding, concluded by a sarcastic allusion to ultra-Revolutionism of his opponent. Loud murmurs arose from the Jacobin deputies. "*Silence those thirty*" Mirabeau shouted in tones of thunder, and the hall was at once silent. It was the last time that imperious voice heard in the Assembly.

After his death, Robespierre appeared more frequently and conspicuously in the debates. He had hitherto generally taken part with Barnave and the others against Mirabeau, but now they attempted to usurp the position that redoubtable orator had left vacant, he became the nucleus of an ultra-associated with the Jacobins, and rivalling his opponents in revolutionary zeal. About this time we find him engaging in an animated discussion the abolition of the punishment of death. In his speech we recognize the philanthropical philosophy of J. J. Rousseau.

On the night of the 20th of June, the royal family, remembering still the terror the fatal days of the 5th and 6th of Oct., when a furious mob from the streets had profaned the palace, and threatened their lives—and weary of the perpetual alarms and insults of their present captivity, fled from the Tuileries.

During the confusion and consternation of these few days, and the serious discussions that followed, Robespierre advocated the most extreme measures. The flight of the king in itself, regarded as a matter of indifference, not of congratulation. But he endeavored to discover in the whole affair a conspiracy, concerted between the great nobility without the state and the partisans of the king within, a conspiracy in which Lafayette the Commander of the National Guard, and the constituted part of the Assembly were implicated. Thus he made use of the occurrence to foment the suspicions of the people and strengthen his party in the legislature. "I am not one of those," he claimed from the tribune of the Jacobins,

to term this event a disaster; this would be the most glorious of the nation, did you but know how to turn it to your advantage. That which enemies are, seems to reassure all. It is the fact that since this day all our enemies affect to use the same language as ourselves. All are united, and in appearance wear the same aspect. There are traitors among us; there is a secret understanding between the fugitive king and traitors who have remained at Paris, concluding his harangue by an invitation to the danger in which he dared to believe himself placed, by imitation of such sentiments, he soothed the audience, that the vast crowd acted by a simultaneous impulse, and enthusiastic cries and gestures, oath to defend his life.

When the royal family had been spared, and propositions were made in Assembly that a special committee of three should be appointed to receive the depositions of the king.

Robespierre opposed vehemently. "What means," said he, "this royal exception? Do you fear to hand over the royalty by handing over the crown to ordinary tribunals? Do you fear to deny any man any dignity?"

"The people can never be deceived," he said. "The people are not deceived, and I repeat with confidence that the society of men, composed of individuals, is not a society of men; it is a society of individuals."

He then said that the revolution was not a revolution, and that the king was not a king. He then said that the king was not a king, and that the revolution was not a revolution. He then said that the king was not a king, and that the revolution was not a revolution. He then said that the king was not a king, and that the revolution was not a revolution.

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creed, it is said, this inviolability; so much the worse. *An authority more powerful than that of the constitution* now condemns it; the authority of reason, the conscience of the people, the duty of providing for their safety." Barnave replied; but a change had passed over the rival of Mirabeau. Commissioned by the Assembly to conduct the recaptured family in safety to Paris, the sight of so much misery and shame endured with such blended meekness and majesty, had affected his heart.

Leaving alone the abstract question, he took his stand upon the actual provisions of the constitution. He boldly asserted that now that *that* was complete, the Revolution was consummated, and that equal danger was to be apprehended from those who would push it further, as from those who would cause it to retrograde. His eloquence and the strength of the constitutional party, who feared the ultra-sentiments of the Jacobins, carried the exemption of the king.

The National Assembly had now completed its labours. By one of its last acts, it decreed that none of its members should be eligible at the forthcoming elections. This fatal measure was the motion of Robespierre. It had the appearance of disinterestedness, for he was himself involved in it; but was in reality dictated by the profoundest policy. He detected the vacillation of Barnave and the Constitutionalists, and bared best with a large admixture of such elements in the New Assembly, the Revolution should retrograde. He foresaw on the other hand that if none but new men were elected, they would be extreme in their opinions and under the sway of the clubs. There his influence was dominant, and he was content to transmit it to the Assembly through that medium. Provided he saved the Jacobins, and the Jacobins the populace, and the populace the legislature, it was of little consequence to him that his voice was not heard within the walls of the Manège. Thus he argued.

The Constitution was presented to the king, who accepted it, and swore to maintain it. On the 20th of September, however, he caused the Constitutional Assembly to suspend its proceedings, and amidst universal bewailings.

The Legislative Assembly, elected by

universal suffrage, according to the provisions of the New Constitution, opened its sittings on the 1st of October. It will be necessary here to pause and take a rapid view of the character and position of parties within and without the new National Representation, marking especially how they stood related to Robespierre. Within the Assembly three great parties were distinguishable. There were the members of the right or the Constitutionalists. Their leaders—Barnave, Duport, and the Lameths, for instance—had been excluded from the New Representation by “the self-denying ordinance,” and thus their strength had been broken. They were, however, still numerous, and were supported from without by the club of the *Fouillants*, in which their ostracised chiefs retained their ascendancy. The daughter of Neckar, Madame de Staël, a woman of extraordinary beauty and genius, inspired their counsels, and M. Lafayette, the Commander of the National Guard, supported them by the prestige of his fame, and the authority of his office. The Constitutionalists were in favour of a limited monarchy. So long as the Revolution aimed only to overthrow despotism, they aided its advance; but they recoiled from its extremes. It had already gone beyond them, and like the advancing tide, was resistless. On the left of the assembly were the Jacobins. They were numerous in the new legislature, so numerous as much to weaken the clubs from which they were drawn, and with which they maintained a close alliance. By their means Robespierre, though personally excluded, retained a vast influence in the Assembly. He multiplied himself in their votes. For in the Jacobin club, from which they took their opinions, he came shortly to be omnipotent. On the extreme left, certain elevated benches were occupied by the most violent of this party, from their situation called “the Montagnards.” But the most remarkable and as yet the most influential section of the new Assembly consisted of the deputies of the Gironde and those who shared their sentiments. La Gironde was the region about Bordeaux, a district in which a republican spirit had long been cherished by the struggles of the parliaments with the monarchy. The Girondists were men of genius and eloquence,

yet orators rather than statesmen, calculated to adorn than to w governmēt. They were out of in these stormy times when n action were most needed, and and promptitude gave the ascen In peaceful days—where libert been consolidated—their philoso and eloquent harangues would raised them to the first position in a revolutionary epoch crises ar petually occurring, and the quic and strong arm are needed to them. The Girondists were from tl republican in their sentiments. in her palmy days was their idea state; the senate with its ven and patriotic members, their id an administration; the stern old I probity and love of country, thei of a citizen. And this ideal they to realize in gay, fickle, passionate f They forgot that constitutions lasting must grow up naturally the character and habits of a p that all attempts to force the insti of one age and nation upon the di condition of another, must be i doubtful and dangerous. The virtuous in private character, li in disposition, and in public life ruptible. They were ambitious, glory rather than power, and were in the main true patriots, t not over-scrupulous in the mean adopted to achieve their ends. are lasting blots on their memory were they more scrupulous than pierre. In him fanaticism stifled proaches of humanity. In his eye and crime were sanctified, so hi aims could be accomplished. W Girondists it was not so. Revolut zeal had not robbed them of the ings as men. This was one p divergence between these two p But their main distinction was t ferent degree to which the revolut idea was developed in them. opinions of the Girondists the I tion was consummated when a Re was established, elected by the and fairly representing it. They have left untouched the social tions which nature necessitate power cannot remove. In Robesj idea the Revolution was consum when the reign of universal e was established, when the wron miseries that result from the soci dition of mankind were altoget

The Girondists were taken
 to the *Bourgeoisie*, the middle class,
 activity and intelligence of the
 people. With it they sympathised,
 with the elevation of its politi-
 cal status, their revolutionary views
 and Robespierre's sympathies
 went down lower in the social scale
 to the masses that lie at its

Thus far out number all the rest that are above them, hence his voice. When he spoke of liberty and justice he included these. The Gifford did not. This rendered an out-look between the two parties inevitable.

[illegible]

men above their fellows, was, in his eyes, not a crime only, but an affront, an injury to be expiated in blood. Robespierre had little in common with him. The fanatic, whose aims, if mistaken, were philanthropic, despised and hated the savage, who was satisfied with vengeance.

Such were the parties, and such their relations to Robespierre at the opening of the sittings of the Legislative Assembly.

Robespierre had been accustomed to mingle with the Girondists in their evening meetings at Madame Roland's. He had been silent and reserved, but an attentive listener and a penetrating observer. He soon found that their principles and his own did not coalesce. A republic had on one occasion been hinted at. "What is a republic?" asked Robespierre, sneering and biting his nails. It was a pregnant question which he suspected the Girondists and himself would not answer alike. He now began to separate himself from them, and consolidate his power at the Jacobins. There he not unfrequently came into collision with Brissot, and symptoms of hostility manifested themselves. But it was the great question of the *declaration of war* that occasioned the first open outbreak. By the intrigues of emigrant nobles and princes, armies were gathering on the frontiers of the kingdom. Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Russia, Spain—all threatened the newly-gained liberties of France. The Assembly wished to take the initiative. All parties indeed were clamorous for war. The Constitutionals desired it, for they hoped that, according to the precedents of history war would breed a dictator, who would re-estate the monarchy and nullify the Revolution. To this end they procured the elevation of their protégé M. de Narbonne to that department of the ministry. The Girondists desired it, partly because the nation did so, partly from a patriotic thirst of glory, and partly because they were perplexed with the state of affairs and hoped that war would bring about a *deus ex machina* of one kind or another. It was an appeal to destiny. It was cutting the Gordian knot. The Jacobins clamoured for war, partly like the Girondists, to cater to popular feeling, partly prompted against the enemies that threatened the nation, and partly because they hoped that in the shock

the monarch and constitution might be overthrown. Robespierre alone resisted. War in the abstract was opposed to his principles. It did not accord with the philanthropic philosophy of J. J. Rousseau. In the present instance he did not see what good could come of it. If unsuccessful, the Revolution would be crushed; if successful, it might give birth to a Cromwell. In the present unstable condition of liberty, he dreaded any thing that would commit power into the hands of an individual.

Influenced by these convictions, Robespierre, for an entire month, stood singly against all parties. Hot and angry words passed between him and Brissot, the leader of the Gironde. On the 13th of January, 1792, Robespierre delivered a final and eloquent speech from the tribune of the Jacobins. He denounced the intrigues of the Constitutionists, and pathetically portrayed the dangers of war. "In the horrible position," said he, in conclusion, "in which despotism, intrigue, treason, and the general blindness have placed us, I consult alone my head and my heart. I know that some patriots blame the frankness with which I present this discouraging future of our situation. Ah! so that our slumbers be light, what matter, though we be awakened by the clash of chains?"—and in the quietude of slavery let us no longer disturb the repose of these fortunate patriots. No, but let them know that we can measure with a firm eye and steady heart the depth of the abyss! Let us adopt the device of the Palatine of Posnania—*'I prefer the storms of liberty to the serenity of slavery!'*"

The next day the debate was resumed, and the contentions between the two parties became yet more violent. By the entreaties of friends Robespierre and Brissot were induced to embrace; but inflexible as ever, Robespierre immediately exclaimed, "I have embraced M. Brissot, but I persist in opposing him; let our peace repose only on the basis of patriotism and virtue."

During this protracted struggle the respect with which Robespierre was treated evinces the impression his character had made. No suspicion is thrown upon his patriotism, his popularity is unimpaired, his speeches are lauded, his very obstinacy is admired. He emerged from the contest a gainer every way; but the seeds of hate and

dissension were sown between the Girondists. Meanwhile ever powerful than the eloquence tribune decided for war.

Shortly after, the king dismissed ministers; and selected their suc from the Girondists themselves. strife of the rival factions waxed and fiercer. During the April Brissot and Guadet violently and edly attacked Robespierre in the bly. "Be on your guard," er impetuous Guadet amidst unive roar, "against empirical orator have incessantly in their mon words of liberty, tyranny, consp always mixing up their own with the deceit they impose u people. Do justice to such men next day Robespierre vindicate self at length. He quoted the tions of his enemies; he replied eloquent recapitulation of his ply and life; he avowed his d to the Revolution and liberty. ciliations ensued, but they were and fickle, and the breach eve became wider.

Before they had been in office weeks, the king dismissed the dist ministry, thereby exciting placable resentment of that facti wreak their vengeance, and i idea save the state, which, from c misfortune and internal disord in the most imminent dange coalesced with the Jacobins t throw the monarchy. A plot w ed. The conspirators, in a meeting at Charenton, organized ster insurrection, the issues of were left to chance. The king be murdered; he might be ind abdicate; he would, at all eve subjected to the power of the As Accordingly, on the 20th of a vast, tumultuous mob, composed dregs of the populace, issued f faubourgs of Paris, defiled bef Assembly at the motion of the dists, inundated the Tuileries, br the state apartments, and for hours subjected the royal family extremest outrages and insult coarse natures and aroused p could suggest. But this legali did not answer its end. A react sued, loyal petitions poured i Assembly from the scandalized c rebellion fermented in the pr the army murmured, Lafayette

— comparison with the former, attacked the palace. Artillery was employed, the defenders of the monarchy were butchered, the royal family were seen to take refuge in the Assembly. **Reason** was victorious. The suspension of monarchical power, and a new seal to the people by the primary assemblies, was unanimously decreed. This brief summary of events has been necessary. During these stormy days Robespierre kept in the background. He was not amongst the conspirators at Charenton. He did not count that seat of sedition—the Commune of Paris. This was the result—mystery of his character, partly of his principles, and partly of a profound irony. He was a man of ideas, not of men. His throne was the tribune, not the Commune. His weapons were truth and reason, not force. He could have been out of his element organising the insurrectional bands of the **delegates**. That was Danton's sphere, with his huge body, thundering voice, audacious bearing, and tumultuous spirit. Besides, Robespierre was aware that these things tended towards the accomplishment of his idea, and looked on them with suspicion. He had no desire to play the supreme part into the hands either of the **bonapartes** or of Danton and the municipality of Paris. If the state must have a master, better a degraded and

and was greeted with loud applause. The men of action had had their hour; the people now fell back confidently on the man of idea. Their favourite had been for a while obscured, they hastened to re-instate him in their idolatry. He spoke as the expounder of recent events. He pointed out the tendencies of things. He denounced the half measures of the Girondists. Thus he arrogated to himself the credit of events; he threw upon others their responsibility and odium.

During the interregnum that ensued between the dethronement of the king and the assembling of the new Convention, Danton and the municipality of Paris wielded despotic power. Marat emerged from his den, and fomented the general excitement. Frantic with fear and passion, the populace urged their leaders to yet more violent measures. Danton obtained a decree by which a net of armed men was drawn round Paris to prevent escape, and every dwelling searched for suspected persons. The most trivial circumstance warranted arrest. Vast crowds were thus accumulated in the prisons of Paris. On the 2nd and 3rd of September, a general massacre took place. An untold number—some thousands—of these prisoners, innocent and guilty alike, were butchered in cold blood. Men seem maddened with hate and suspicion.

morning and finding Robespierre still in the apartment, St. Just asked him, why he had so soon returned. "Returned!" exclaimed Robespierre in surprise. "what! have you not slept?" "Slept! Whilst hundreds of assassins murdered thousands of victims; and their pure or impure blood runs like water down the streets! No!" continued Robespierre, "I have not slept, I have watched like remorse or crime; I have had the weakness not to close my eyes, *but Danton, he has slept!*"

These massacres disturbed the conscience of Danton, and hung over him a perpetual vengeance. Robespierre reaped immense advantage from not having dabbled in this blood.

Hitherto we have seen but the more mitigated features of Robespierre's character; its darker shades have but partially and occasionally developed themselves. Its sterner elements yet slumber in the depths of his nature. They are there; but as yet dormant or nearly so. The progress of events has not driven him to choose between the sacrifice of his ends or the adoption of bloodiest means. Circumstances have not impelled his fanaticism to override his humanity. He has not yet wholly merged his feelings as a man, in relentless devotedness to an idea. Though by no means scrupulous in his choice of means, the means he has chosen as yet, have not been flagrantly criminal. Hitherto his character will bear favourable comparison with the other leaders of the Revolution, even with the Girondists themselves. The gloomy reverse is now to come.

The Convention opened its sittings on the 21st of September, within its walls the Girondists, and those who like them inclined to moderate opinions, still retained a numerical majority. The departments were devoted to them. The middle classes, the property and intelligence of the nation, in reality sided with them, but were fearful of the audacious passions the Revolution had evoked in the classes beneath them.

But it was a sinister fact, significant of the advance of revolutionary sentiment in Paris, and of the supremacy which the dregs of society had there acquired, that none of this party were elected by the primary assemblies of the capital. Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and the Ultra-Revolutionists, were on the other hand chosen unanimously, and amongst

the first. In fact, during the commotions of the last few weeks, a new power had arisen without the legislature overawing it, already and ultimately overwhelming it—the power of the populace of Paris. The Girondists had themselves evoked it to destroy the monarchy, and advance their own ambitious purposes. They did not know how much easier it is to agitate the passions of a people than to calm them again. They lacked the vigour—the audacity—the crime—to control and moderate the terrible force they had aroused. It fell into less scrupulous and timid hands who turned it against them. The people had learned their strength—that it was resistless, and were ready upon occasion to employ it against their former masters.

Of this tremendous external power the Jacobin Club was the legislature, the Commune of Paris the executive. In the former Robespierre and his coadjutors gave it ideas, in the latter, Danton, Marat, and other yet lower and more violent demagogues, gave it direction and discipline—the one was its head, the other its hand. The Jacobin party in the Assembly were in alliance with it, and hence, though numerically inferior, in every crisis gained the ascendancy over their rivals, and ultimately crushed them.

The Girondists soon became sensible of the condition of affairs. They felt the despotism that tyrannized over the government. They saw that they must outvie their opponents in popularity, or perish. Hence when the Jacobins flung them the challenge to establish a republic without reservation, they accepted it with a feigned enthusiasm, and ostentatiously voted the measure. They sought also to undermine the popularity of Robespierre, for it was Robespierre they chiefly dreaded. Marat was below fear, they despised him, Danton wavered. His personal ambition was too great to suffer him to give the weight of his influence unreservedly to either party. But Robespierre the incorruptible—the avowed and inflexible expounder of extreme ideas—the man of principle—the idol of the people—the voice of the Jacobins—Robespierre was their most formidable rival, and against him accordingly their utmost efforts were directed.

Four days after the opening of the Convention, he was made the object of

bold and violent attack. He was not of intimidating the Assembly zealous of the Jacobins, and the Committee thus aspiring to the dicta-

His attempt at self-defence was futile. He lavished panegyrics on the Assembly, the impatient Assembly greeted with clamorous and sarcastic derision. He never possessed, like many the Girondists, the faculty of self-contradiction, and on this occasion he was assailed by the violence and ridicule of all quarters, and his defence was feeble and tedious. Defeated by his defeat, he for some time absented himself from the Jacobins and the Convention.

Three days after, he was again tried. The impetuous Lanvet denounced him in a long set speech. He articulated Robespierre's political aims, sought to deduce from it evidence of personal ambition. He artfully insinuated his complicity at the scenes of the 2nd and 3rd of Germinal, and concluded with a fierce accusation—Robespierre, I accuse thee of having calumniated without interest the true patriots. I accuse

...leaving spread eulamy abroad
 first work of September—that is
 ...days when eulamy was
 ...of ... I ...
 ...you were capn
 ...presented the ...
 ...in their character,
 ...I ...
 ...yourself
 ...of ...
 ...yourself, to
 ...many ...
 ...people, and
 ...I ...
 ...of ...

[illegible]

...the head of the King's... took the... In his opinion, the... the necessity of his

condition, the inalienable foe of the constitution, and therefore he must die. He must be sacrificed to the public liberty. His personal character, even his public conduct, he maintained, did not affect the question. He must be immolated because *he had been King*. As such he was a political monster, over whom the law and even justice herself extended no protection. The establishment of the Republic was his death warrant. To *try* him was in fact, to try the Revolution—to suppose that he might be proved innocent, was to suppose that the 10th of August might be proved a crime.

Such was the position Robespierre assumed. There was no sham about it, though his reasoning was fallacious. He did not distinguish between the man and the monarch. The sole legitimate punishment of the King, as such, is deposition. This the nation has an undoubted right to inflict; but beyond this, to take away life, is not to punish, but to murder. Death is the penalty of moral turpitude only, not of a mere fault of situation and circumstances.

The death of the King was decreed. The Girondists voted for it against their convictions, and merely to strengthen their tottering popularity.

But the concession came too late, and was wrung from them too tardily. It injured them every way, as half-measures ever do. Had they resisted manfully, they would at the worst have perished nobly and with pure consciences. Had they taken the initiative in the matter, they might have outbid their rivals in the favour of the people. They did neither the one nor the other. Hence they sold their consciences, but did not redound their popularity. They incurred the odium of the proceeding, without reaping any advantage from it. Their popularity rapidly declined. The fear of the departments alone had hitherto prevented a demonstration against them. At last the unhappy events on the frontier-- the Treason of Dumourier, and the defeat of the army-- brought on the crisis. Hebert, Chaumette, and other leaders of the Convention, organized a popular insurrection against them. The weapon was turned against the hand that had forged it. As usual from the practical part of the section, Robespierre held aloof. He let events take their course, not com-

mitting himself, but standing by to seize upon circumstances. When all was ripe, and the issue of affairs was not doubtful, he attacked the Girondists violently in the Convention. This conduct displayed the hesitancy of their characters. Powerful in speech but feeble in action, they harangued when they ought to have struck. By a series of popular insurrections, on the 31st of May, their power was broken, on the 2nd of June, twenty-two of their leaders were arrested.

Robespierre's power was now rapidly culminating. A Committee of Public Safety had been decreed by the Convention, shortly before the fall of the Girondists. It had the right of originating all measures rendered necessary by the public danger, and of calling all officers of the Republic to account. Here were the germs of a vast and irresponsible despotism. The Girondists originally formed the majority of this committee, but knew not how to wield the authority thus placed in their hands. Robespierre saw here the opportunity of that revolutionary despotism which he wished to establish, and he resolved to avail himself of it. He thought that for the success of his schemes, a temporary dictatorship was necessary. *Force*—merciless—resistless. *One* was needed to effect the purification of the Republic—the regeneration of society. This force he sought to concentrate in himself. Personal ambition may have blended with his motives, but his inflexible fanaticism was the predominant one. He only wished to govern on behalf of the Revolution. *That* once fairly consummated, he would lay aside his authority and gladly retire into private life. He wished to become a despot, and establish a tyranny, that he might compel the reign of universal liberty and equality. He was but the tool of his ideas. Their realization was the consummation he sought, and he was ready to wade through seas of blood to bring it about. His aims were philanthropic, though visionary—his means merciless and criminal. If to reduce society to one universal level, it were necessary to annihilate all who rose above it, though he might lament the necessity, he would not hesitate to do it.

Robespierre succeeded in his schemes for the concentration of power. The Committee of Public Safety became

despotic, and he himself was its soul. The Convention was but its instrument, voting its measures passively and without discussion. A revolutionary tribunal was established which barely gave the forms of law to the execution of its victims; and a Revolutionary army was organized from the dregs of the faubourgs—the body-guard of the *Terror*.

Two parties, however, stood in the way of Robespierre's schemes—that of Danton and that of the Commune of Paris. Danton had for some time held aloof from public affairs. Recently wedded to a young wife, he retired to his native village to enjoy the endearments of domestic life. His heart appeared open to the feelings of humanity. He felt the blood of September on his conscience, and would fain make amendment for it by the moderation of his present conduct. Robespierre was uneasy. This very retirement was a tacit reflection upon the Revolutionary Governments. Danton yet retained great influence in the Convention, though his voice was seldom heard there. His rumoured conversations on the state of affairs were reckless and caustic. Robespierre resolved to wait his opportunity, and crush his former associate.

The Commune of Paris disgraced the Revolution. Its leaders were such men as Hébert, the editor of the "*Père Duchesne*," a violent and obscure periodical, and Chaumette who had been thrown up from the dregs of society by the storms of the Revolution, and yet retained the coarse brutality of his origin. They were avowed atheists, and desecrated the temples, and profaned the rites of religion. They fomented tumultuous assemblages of the people. They attacked Danton, and did not fear to accuse Robespierre himself of supineness. They went beyond the Revolution itself, and the Revolution disowned them.

Robespierre made a show of reconciliation with Danton, that he might crush the Commune. Accordingly after declaiming against them, frequently in the Jacobins and the Convention, and thus securing his footing, on the night of the 23rd of March, he ordered the arrest of the leaders of that faction. The next morning they were conveyed to execution, and died ignobly, and unpitied.

And now Danton's hour was come. It was evident that one or the other of the two rivals must be crushed. Several attempts at reconciliation were made, but frustrated by the mutual repugnance of the two parties. Danton, weak from this systematic reign of blood, Robespierre felt that he could not rely upon a man so void of principle as Danton. Their enmity became more embittered. The Convention resolved to sacrifice Danton. They only asked him; but Robespierre was indispensable. Compelled to make their choice between the two, they sacrificed the man of action to the man of principle. Accordingly shortly after the execution of the Hébertists, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Danton's friend, and the others of the same faction were arrested. The forms of trial were hurried through, for Danton's terrible voice was divided, and the people were agitated and seditious. They were of course condemned, for the Committee of Public Safety wished it, and died at the guillotine.

[illegible]

He was a man of great energy at this time, and he pushed the study of the human mind, and yet the consummation of his activity consisted for a period in the study of the law. A paper study of law, however, did not long hold him. He turned to the study of the human body, which was neglected, and was sincerely devoted to, by no means less cultivated man. He often took solitary walks in the gardens of Paris, considering his own and the works of Rousseau or some kindred philosopher. He essayed to restrain the excesses of the Ferret. He

resisted the avowed atheism of many of the ultra-democrats. He carried a decree by which the existence of the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul, were avowed to be the sentiments of the French people. At a solemn and imposing fête he publicly abolished the worship of Reason, and inaugurated that of the Deity. So impressed was he with the necessity of establishing these ideas in order to give a conscience to the Revolution, that he uttered that memorable sentence—"If there were not a God, it would be necessary to invent one." But he found the continuation of the Terror was essential to his safety. In it his power consisted. He had many enemies, and the dread of the guillotine alone restrained them. The only course open to him was to usurp avowedly the dictatorship of the Revolution, extinguish every rival authority, and make use of his power to put an end to the executions and return to clemency. To this his adherents perpetually urged him. But Robespierre hesitated. He had never been a man of action. His policy had been to watch events, not to lead them. He wanted a Danton at this crisis. This hesitation was his downfall.

This colleague in the committee had long been jealous of his popularity and influence. He treated them with an ostentation of contempt which was calculated to aggravate this feeling. Any words of contention passed between them, and when he was alone, they complained without reserve of his *humeur*. In the Convention, too, he had made enemies. But it was none the less regrettable that he feared him, and that he quarrelled with him. The people, however weary of all this carnage, and of the despotic was ostensibly the head of the government, the cabinet attached to him. In the days that alone his popularity was still undiminished, he displayed all the pride of his position. He received a wound, stroke of destiny in the Convention. It was a mortal one. He bled when he should have struck. His celebrated discourse he delivered on the 8th of the month of August, or may had revolutionized the calendar. In the Convention it had not the effect of a shock. His opponents were strong there, and in the end he was defeated. In the days that alone the same orator delivered immediately after excited the utmost

enthusiasm. His adherents urged him to lead them against the committees, but again Robespierre wavered, and again his hesitation was fatal. During that night a conspiracy was organized. The majority of the Convention was gained over to the party of the Committees. Robespierre was ignorant of this. He had secured the Jacobins, the Commune, the faubourgs, and he anticipated a triumph. With such expectations he entered the Convention. To his surprise he found his enemies in possession of the tribune, the assembly and the people in the galleries. His arrest and that of his companions was decreed. Their partisans at the Commune rescued them at the doors of the prisons, and carried them in triumph to the Hotel de Ville. But Robespierre would not act. In vain he was entreated to assume the dictatorship and lead his followers against the Convention. He refused to play the part of a rebel. Meanwhile the convention had acted with promptitude. Barras had organized a force, and locked up the approaches to the Hotel de Ville, and by the majesty of *law* gained over many of its defen-

dants. At midnight an entrance was effected, and a disorderly band penetrated to where the irresolute leaders of the faction were yet sitting. They were all arrested and bound. Robespierre's lower jaw was broken by a pistol shot. During the night he lay in agonies, and the victim of the last indignities. Early the next day he was led to the guillotine, amidst the execrations of the very people who a short time before had caressed and worshipped him as an idol, and executed with his adherents. He met his fate with his wonted impassability.

Such was the career and end of this wonderful man. His character has already been written in the preceding sketch. In estimating it we are in danger both of undue leniency, and unwarrantable severity; leniency, when we consider abstractedly his aims, severity when we contemplate only the means by which he sought to accomplish them. His is one of those characters in fine, upon which the heart-scrutiny of the Deity alone can decide: our most penetrating insight may be at fault.

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE.

(ADRIAN IV.)

A CRITICAL journal of the day reminds us that "the age of Adrian IV. was in some respects like our own. The church had its Mazzini in Arnolfo, and the Pope had been forced to fly from Rome." But here the parallel ceases. The fact that an Englishman of humble birth ascended the Papal throne, and that from the chair of St. Peter he could give away a kingdom to the nation of his birth, reminds us rather of the vast difference between the Rome of the middle of the twelfth century and the Rome of the middle of the nineteenth. Whatever were her merits or demerits in other respects, she had then some claim to the title of Catholic. Catholic at least she was, if not in adapting the work she accomplished to the spiritual needs of the whole of mankind, yet certainly in offering the tools—such as they were—to all who could handle

them. The bestowal of the triple crown had not yet become an affair of mere Italian intrigue. It was open to the meanest serf of remote Saxondom, who had the talent for wearing it worthily. The headship of the church was therefore an honourable and influential post, because it was the goal of something like free competition. In such a fair field of rivalry, it is not surprising that many upon whose brows nature had impressed the stamp of veritable kingship, should be found among the successful aspirants; or that having once gained the sceptre of this double royalty—of an empire, spiritual and temporal—they should be so fortunate in extending its sway. Dominion—whether political or strictly ecclesiastical—generally sets its own limits. The prestige of possession once acquired, it is not outward opposition, but inherent

inscribing their names as lavish contributors on the proposed monument to Adrian IV. at Rome. But his position among great English churchmen of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the strength of his individual character as well as the traces he has left in the history of his country, demand the passing tribute of a few moments' recollection. Standing as his name does, in the list of European sovereigns, we almost forget it in its natural relationship to those of Anselm, Thomas à Becket, and Stephen de Langton. But that a wider field opened to his ambition, he might have troubled England with sacerdotal feuds like his famous contemporaries, or anticipated the honour of his deservedly illustrious successor in blessing it with civil freedom. The particulars of Breakspere's life that have reached us are not numerous, but they are sufficiently vivid and characteristic to redeem him from the number of that wan and ghostly troop of historical personages, that, as in the faded colours of an antique tapestry,

— come like shadows, so depart;

and leave us incredulous of their existence—still more so of their renown. We have here the life of a clear-sighted and stalwart Englishman; of one who did not creep into high station by mean acts and subterfuges, but by the vigorous exercise of stern mental energy, not without giving offence to the indolent; of one who, of the stumbling blocks thrown in his way, had the courage and the talent to make stepping stones for an ascent by a higher path to a loftier pinnacle of ambition than he had at first contemplated. In fact, but for early discouragement, his ashes might now be reposing—with *small* distinction at any rate—among the Abbots of desolate Verulam instead of claiming new honours in "the eternal city."

It is one of the most gracious uses of biography, that for every kind and form of despondency to which generous youth can be tempted, it has provided a sanative and counter-charm. Both in the department of pure intellect and of "practical" life, it affords striking examples of early repulse followed by signal triumph. In modern times, we see one of the ablest critics in an age of able criticism, recommending the most richly endowed practical genius of a period not scantily favoured by the muse,

to employ his acknowledged talent more congenial sphere; and that, out any assignable ground for prejudice or animosity. With as little apparent reason, the most successful of English ecclesiastics was repulsed from orders by one whom we may reasonably judge to have been wont to deem of men's capacities for the cloister the chilling admonition, "Wait, son, till you are better qualified," as rejected by Richard, Abbot of Albans, that Adrian IV. makes his as an aspirant to church dignities.

Beginning in the lowest capacity find him traversing faithfully round of the ladder of ecclesiastical ferment; for with greater truth Wolsey, he could claim to have "sot all the depths and shoals of his Robert de Camere, his father, a servitor in the monastery of St. Al And at Langley, in the vicinity, the close of the eleventh century Nicholas Breakspere was born—son seems to have followed the humble calling as the father, who, ever, ultimately rose from his subordinate position to a rank among brethren. Nicholas, in endeavour to follow in the same path, met the repulse just mentioned. He probably discharged the mean office of his station with zeal and faithful but, if the abbot's judgment is rightly interpreted, clerical skill was not Regarding this as the actual allegation in bar to his claim, there seems ground for suspecting the sincere discernment of the venerable and. An impeachment of his but would have been more plausible possibly more just: for one of the monies against him is that "he was a sharp wit and ready utterance cumspect in all his words and act polite in his behaviour; neat and elegant; full of zeal for the glory of and that according to some degree knowledge; so possessed of all the valuable endowments of mind and that in him the gifts of heaven excelled nature; his piety exceeded his station; and the ripeness of his judgment and his other qualifications excelled his age." At a later period, when the menial of St. Albans had become of Rome, and a congratulatory message was sent to him from Henry through Abbot Richard's successor Robert, the bearer of it, finding

superior, or whether the latter es-
sential part of a holy asceticism to
deny and renounce all natural affec-
tions does not appear; but we are
told that Nicholas's failure was at-
tributed by him to a supineness of
nature which he could not forgive.
Breakspeare had to fight his way in the
id as best he might; and the suc-
cessful passage in his story is singularly
in harmony with the whole tenor of his
life. Stung into greater activity by
consciousness of having deserved
what he suffered, or, as is more proba-
bly, stimulated by a feeling of its
injustice, he left the petty
struggles of St. Albans for the broader
arena of mental rivalry afforded by
intellectual metropolis of medieval
Europe. Of his strivings and achiev-
ements at Paris, only a brief record
remains; but could we find the auto-
graphy of the hard-bested student,
it should light upon no common-place
career in the annals of the pursuit of
knowledge under difficulties. He had
learned as well as to learn; and in both
experiments of effort—one of which is
impossible enough for ordinary mortals
he acquitted himself bravely. His
aiming for better qualification was to
no purpose; as all such waiting, in
a discipline of self-culture, probably is.
As if some natural attraction drew
him by degrees to the scene of his
future glory, his next step was towards

that they who made a show of austerity
and abstinence, should cultivate the re-
ality. Not so the brethren of St. Rufus.
They impeached their Mother Superior
before the reigning Pope. But Euge-
nius III. better understood the interests
of the Church than to condemn one of
its most faithful servants. When they
urged their accusations as a reason for
diminishing or depriving Nicholas of his
abbatial authority, "This man," said
the Pope, "shall be no burden to you."
If they knew not how to profit by the
stern vigilance of an able superior, there
were others who would or should; and
nine years after his election at Avignon,
Breakspeare was made cardinal-bishop
of Alba—an office originally importing
a papal vicariate in the immediate vicin-
ity of Rome; the number of whose
occupants has been limited to six, and
who may be regarded as among the
Pope's most immediate ministers. He
had now a fair stage for his talents, and
rapidly attained summit after summit
of his ambition. Northern Europe was
still to some extent Pagan. Indeed the
last traces of Paganism have not yet
disappeared from European Russia.
But at that time, the important king-
doms of Denmark and Norway were
unconnected with the Catholic Church.
The strict disciplinarian proved an
equally successful missionary, and the
natives of those kingdoms professed
themselves converts, as the result of

It would be almost absurd to imagine it otherwise. But just at the period in question, the headship of the church was no sinecure. Eugenius III. and Anastasius had bequeathed a troubled state to their successor in office; and he that would bear St. Peter's keys must draw St. Peter's sword. History records that Adrian IV. was elected strongly against his wishes. In this case, however, he had no reason to complain of being misunderstood or undervalued. The sacred college needed a strong and stalwart man—a real ruler—and having found such a one in this well-tried Anglo-Saxon, they thrust him into the post of honour and danger.

The status which the Bishops of Rome had assumed for the past century had withstood the assaults of external foes—kings and kaisers and recalcitrant ecclesiastics. *Outside* the States Territory of the church, the despotism of the Roman see was ever popular with the commonalty. It was pleasant to them to see haughty heads—whether of temporal or spiritual rulers—bowed beneath a power, whose aspect the chasm of distance transfigured into that of a benign and fatherly sway. "The magnates of holy church," writes the Emperor Henry IV. to Hildebrand—"archbishops, bishops, and priests—thou hast trodden under foot as slaves, and gratified the envy of the vulgar for the sake of their applause." But nearer home a spirit of revolt had begun to shew itself. The popes had been unblushing levellers; and the people were disposed to follow their spiritual guides after fashion of their own. The former had invoked the mighty shades of old republican and imperial dignities to justify and gild their novel assumptions; and the latter hastened to draw the parallel more closely and faithfully. While the popes "compared their legates with the proconsuls of ancient Rome,"* their Italian lieges reflected that subjection to a petticoated priest was a miserable exchange for the republic of the Catos or the empire of the first Cæsars. Like Pío Nono—but we think with less pure intentions—they had set rolling a stone whose course they found it difficult to check or to direct.

Arnaldo, a monk of Brescia, gave to these vague sentiments of discon-

tent an organised existence and tongue. As a disciple of the heretical Abelard, he had been initiated in more liberal philosophic views than most of his contemporaries and, as is often the case, a disposition to free political enquiry followed in the wake. With his assistance a republic approaching the model of the ancient constitution, was established: the chief feature of which was a senate of fifty members, chosen by a body of delegates from the thirteen districts of the city. We shall not be surprised at the comparative facility with which this revolution took place, when we remember the certain character of the authority—fluctuating between spiritual and temporal sway—in all quarters of the Pope's dominions. Romans might still profess themselves humble vassals of the Church, in one respect, while they resented its claims in another. By the whole of Arnaldo's public life was a time of intermittent civil war, frequently marked by fierce and savage encounters. While the Reformer, against whom no spiritual crime could be alleged, was condemned by the second Lateran Council, on a novel impeachment—viz. *for political heresy*—the vengeance of his followers lighted their adversaries in a more palpable form. A disturbance arising from this quarrel Lucius II. was even mortally wound with stones. Eugenius, Breakspear patron, was obliged to flee for refuge. Riot and pillage prevailed in the city and the mansions of lords, spiritual and temporal, were plundered and burned. In fact, but for the bold and resolute Englishman who now came to the succour of the falling Papacy, the See of St. Peter might have been deprived of the States of the Church; and with them, perhaps, permanently smothered a large portion of spiritual as well as temporal sovereignty.

One of the first acts of Adrian IV. shows a decision of character which seems to contrast strongly with the vacillation of his predecessors. He had relied on the weak arm of temporal dominion. He exerted at once the irresistible force of ghostly authority. The fair vision of restored liberty vanished at once. The forms of freedom were a vain show, for the minds of the *soi-disant* freemen were still enthralled. They had contemned and rebelled against the *magistrate*, but

* Ranke's History of the Popes. Book I. Bohm's edition.

souls bowed
 temporary al
 only show
 ponderous yoke the Holy Father
 rested upon the Roman neck.
 The attack of the popular party on
 Cardinal Gerard of St. Pudenziana
 right affairs to a crisis. The deputy
 the people had been previously d
 sed by Adrian with contemptuous
 see; but he now resolved upon a
 over measure.

That the cessation of its gaiety wot
 to Paris—of its literary activity
 the—of its commerce to London—
 must have been the effect of t
 sence of Papal interdict to Rome.
 (this fearful ban Adrian was not slow
 pronouncement. The very life and soul
 the consecrated city must have been
 alysed by a sentence which even when
 ened in less sacred localities, "was
 elated to strike the senses in the most
 ressive manner. The people were
 rived of the exterior rites of reli-
 a; the altars were divested of their
 sessions; the instruments of sacred
 ship were laid on the ground; the
 and of the bells ceased in the churches;
 ecclesiastical ordinances were ad-
 mitted, but baptism and the com-
 munion of the dying; the bodies of the
 al, excluded from consecrated ground,
 re thrown into the ditches, or buried
 the fields; the use of meat, all amuse-
 ments, and pleasures were forbidden;
 anything appeared as in darkness and
 stress, and as though there were dan-
 ger of the immediate infliction of the
 time indignation and wrath." The
 fiction of such a penalty on a city of
 arches and church festivals, must have
 used the gloomiest imaginations of a
 puritanic people. The phantom of
 literal emancipation—however charm-
 ing when it occupied the whole field of
 mental vision—grew wan and weak
 among the intrusive and threatening
 side of alienated patrons and avenging
 gods. Arnaldo was banished by the ter-
 rible republicans; and the holy Father
 wanted to take up his abode among his
 peasant children. The reformer had,
 however, found a hiding-place among
 lords of noble rank in Campania;
 here he left his ecclesiastical foe to re-
 ply the scarcely less hazardous contest
 between the Papal throne and its here-

rival, the imperial power of
 Germany.

Barbarossa (of Hohen-
 staufen) who ascended the throne of
 in 1152, was travelling to
 to receive coronation from the
 Pope. He was attended by a nume-
 rous train of nobles and soldiers; and
 the wary Adrian took care that the au-
 thority which he was about to con-
 secrate, should be previously exerted in
 support of his insulted jurisdiction. The
 rebellious monk was demanded from
 his Inspector—the Viscount of Cam-
 pania—in order to be tried for the alleged
 heresy. Frederic seems to have been no-
 thing loth to issue his order to his vassal
 accordingly. Others, on the contrary,
 report that Arnaldo was captured by the
 injured Gerard. Such an arrest would,
 however, require the sanction of the
 imperial will. Of the ultimate fate of
 the defender of Roman freedom there is,
 unhappily, no doubt. He was hanged,
 his body burned, and his ashes scattered
 to the winds in the second year of Ad-
 rian's sovereignty.

But this piece of practically service-
 able obedience to the papal wishes was
 not allowed to excuse the performance
 of an act of humiliation before the Fa-
 ther of the Church, with which the
 Emperor would rather have dispensed.
 It seemed an unnecessary degradation
 to be required to kiss the feet, to hold
 the stirrup, and to lead forth for nine
 paces, the palfrey of a petty despot who
 had but just returned from virtual exile,
 and who owed his permanent security
 to the very prince from whom he now
 demanded this servile recognition of
 superiority. It looks too much like
 feudal *homage* instead of a mere token
 of respect for a spiritual dignity; and
 in no point was it so essential to the
 safety of the Empire to be scrupulously
 punctilious, as with regard to a possible
 misunderstanding on this head. It re-
 sembled too much those pious frauds on
 which the Papal throne had been
 erected; perversions of innocent or un-
 meaning forms to justify the most out-
 rageous assumptions of actual power.
 But Adrian would take no nay. The
 kiss of peace was refused till the Em-
 peror should bring his mind to comply,
 at which the terrified cardinals, fearing
 the imperial displeasure, fled to Airta
 Castellana. But, finding, after a deli-
 beration of two days, that this ceremony
 was nothing more than the established

• History of All Ages, p. 477.

eastern, Frederic yielded the point, and the rival heads of Christendom proceeded peacefully to Rome.

The advent of the new Emperor had aroused at once the hopes of the republicans. The senate sent their ambassadors to Frederic, offering him the crown of the empire, but stipulating for a large sum in payment of the expense of the coronation, and requiring to be confirmed in an exclusive temporal authority over the city. "I come to give, and not to receive laws," was his reply. The Emperor took up his position on the north of the Tiber, in the more modern part of Rome; and the ceremony of coronation by the Pope immediately followed. The mass of the Roman people stood aloof in sullen indifference, which was soon changed to open hostility. As if to bring out in stronger relief the reassertion of ancient freedom against the combined force of modern despotism and the new superstition, while Frederic's army surrounded the Vatican, the senate and people held council in the capitol. A sudden attack on the German soldiery resulted in a sanguinary but indecisive combat. The city continued in a disquieted condition, and the two sovereigns proceeded to Tivoli, which the Emperor soon afterwards quitted for the north of Italy.

Immediately on Adrian's succession, his former sovereign, Henry II., had despatched that embassy, headed by the Abbot of St. Alban's, to which we have already referred. Its mission was one of congratulation, and—*risum tenetis*!—of glowing admiration. The royal Mentor urged that, in conferring ecclesiastical honours, he should be guided by the purest motives! that no secular advantage should have the least weight with him; and that, above all, since it had pleased God to raise him to the very summit of ecclesiastical dignity, he should be careful to glorify his office by cultivating a sublime spirituality in his own soul!

The Abbot had also to present the good wishes of his monastery to their quondam sovereign; and the well-timed compliment already mentioned was not unsuccessful. St. Alban's received the distinguished honour of being freed from all ecclesiastical jurisdiction, save that of Rome.

King Henry soon found occasion to test the result of his pious counsels. The year following, he sent another

mission, complimentary of course, like the first; but instead of admonition, there was humble entreaty, couched in a spirit unmistakeably worldly. The purport of the request was, that he might have the Pope's sanction for attempting the conquest of *Ireland*. The circumstances of that country were such as to make its actual subjugation an easy matter. It was rent by hostile factions, and those factions were composed, to a large extent, of undisciplined and "naked savages." To show the nature of the contest, we may note that a force of 10 knights and 90 archers, sent by Strongbow, utterly defeated an army of 5000 men under O'Helan, and killed 800 of them; and this is only a specimen of the usual fortune of the field during the whole struggle. But a question of *right* had to be settled, and possibly the jealousy of neighbouring monarchs to be obviated by something like a plausible pretext. Ireland was not Pagan, else it might have been safely dealt with on the principle of "No faith with Infidels." Parts of the sister isle claimed to have been even centres of religious light to the British isles in a period of general darkness. Another plea must be recorded. Fortunately for Henry's wishes, though Ireland was enrolled among "the islands enlightened by Christ"—as Adrian's bull has it—it was not yet subject and tributary to the see of Rome.

It is the grand evil of sacerdotal religionism, that it transfers the appeal, in questions of right and wrong, from the inflexible tribunal of God and conscience, to the corruptible arbitrament of one whose thoughts are as our thoughts, and his ways as our ways. There was little difficulty in bribing the court on this occasion; for the judge was to share in the plunder secured by the sentence. Adrian issued a comprehensive bull, in accordance with Henry's wishes; of which the following, cited in a work previously referred to, are some of the most characteristic sentences:—"Adrian, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his most dear son in Christ, the illustrious King of England, sendeth greeting and apostolical benediction. . . . We are confident that, by the blessing of God, the success will answer the wisdom and direction of the undertaking. You have advertised us, dear son, of your intended expedition into Ireland, to reduce that people to the

adherence to the Christian faith, . . . and, therefore, being willing to assist in the missions and laudable designs of the King, according to your petition, do grant unto the said party to make a descent upon the island in order to enlarge the front of the Church, &c. And for the more effectual, as your highness knows, that all the islands enclosed by Christ . . . are essentially of St. Peter's right, and belong to the Holy Roman Church." It was a condition that for every house in the newly acquired territory, Peter's pence should be duly paid; so that if English colonies of the advantage were in England, so of them, that of the Papal was evident enough.

1. the secular recognition of ecclesiastical
 2. superiority in secular matters outside the kingdom; Henry had no right
 to claim that he had to suffer, as
 3. the papacy might by its assertion
 4. of the independence of the dubious
 5. papal ecclesiastical rule against
 6. the king, if it ought not to have
 7. been known that the double empire
 8. referred to himself at home
 9. 10. The King of France urged one of
 11. 12. the reasons to draw St. Peter's
 13. 14. against Henry, and to study
 15. 16. the extraordinary justice
 17. 18. of the Holy See.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. What is the issue that needs to be addressed?

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

probably hoped for an interval of peace. He had had enough for the present of those fierce struggles, which drew from him the exclamation—when reproved by his old friend John of Salisbury, for his tyrannous and haughty bearing—“The crown seems to have been put burning on my head.”

But in propitiating his more recent foe, he had only re-suscitated the hostility of his more formidable rival. Frederic impeached his good faith on account of the independent treaty he had made with the King of Sicily; and also on the ground of negotiations entered into with the Greek emperor, in which he (Frederic) had not been called upon to participate. More serious indictments were not wanting. Adrian had had the audacity to call the imperial crown "a *beneficium* or fee of the see of Rome;" and to boast that Frederic had received his crown from him as his suzerain. That this implication far transcended the usual limits of papal assumption is evident from the feeling of indignation which it aroused even among the spiritual lords of the empire. The bishops joined their protest with that of their secular neighbours; and Adrian felt compelled to retract "in a letter full of respectful submission," and ex-
 states.

Commitments of grievances were made by continuing on the Pope's side. The Emperor had been sending out his emissaries to force a superior business transaction of money. The patriarchy of St. Peter was bandoned with being on the side of the temporal sovereignty of the territory and revenues of the Empire. Metals of the mines of Spain and of Corsica and Sardinia were captured in state of the empire on behalf of the Pope.

A few enemy ships, however, in the course of attempting to make sorties, were obliged to make outriggers, and the encounter between the *Torres* and the *Hong Kong* (Hankow station) vessel, ending with the capture of the latter. Another ship, *Leit*, captured at sea, at which time was secured also the *Leit* and *Arcton* in the neighborhood of Suifu, on the 10th. A few boats and landing devices were sent to the port of Suifu, and the *Leit* and *Arcton* were ordered to stay there until the first of the month, when they were ordered to stay at the old place, in order to the presence of an undoubted Chinese power, and the *Leit* and *Arcton* double's command a do true

quarters, and a few rooms in the castle situated at hand. The Duke of Württemberg, following the general movement, founded at Stuttgart the *Blind Academy*, an institution where 25 of more than eighty masses derived lectures upon almost every branch of human knowledge. Law, history, constitution, the military, the arts, painting, sculpture, and music—such was the full of Cuvier's education at the gymnasium and the academy as he obtained in his studies. Cuvier attracted the notice of the Duke. The Duke had a personal interview with the young man, and named him in one of his letters to Stuttgart for the purpose of securing him the office of expert. "In the beginning of May, 1784," writes the reviewer, "he accordingly transferred his residence from the ancestral and sequestered of the Duke, travelled to the university, and at once took his place among the most distinguished students of the Caroline academy. Some years before, the perusal of Cuvier's history of animals, and of Buffon's great work, had already taken in Cuvier's mind a taste for the study of Nature. He had begun to take observations for himself, to draw lessons from the facts within his reach, and even to begin to his school hours on points connected with his favourite pursuits. At Stuttgart, he

found a room for us as an personification, the one of the real, the other of the ideal. The "Song of the Bell" and the "Discourse on the Revolutions of the Globe" were in days to come to earn an immortal reputation for the two Stuttgart students. Cuvier made also the acquaintance of Süssminger, a person more according to his own heart, and who became in after life one of the most eminent entomologists in Europe.

Our hero could not any longer wear the uniform, and "short" the pig-tail which then distinguished the inmates of the Caroline. He had gone through the whole curriculum of studies, and was now apparently fully equipped for a struggle in quest of scientific fame. He became by a rapid and engaging acquaintance in a French nobleman's family, where they view both of increasing his studies, and of improving himself. He found the Count de Hervey, to whom he had been recommended, fully secured the services of so promising a young man, and took him to a chateau on the coast of Normandy where Cuvier found an active, capable, the advantages of the best society, and the most ample field for botanical, or zoological, researches.

We are not long to wonder what circumstances Cuvier came to France. The country was of study, which Süssminger had been by the mouth of Cuvier, was named now to be a matter

examining fossil terebratulæ, Louis XVI., the Girondists, the Dantonists, and the Terrorists successively fell under the executioner's knife. It is very probable that if Cuvier had been staying in the metropolis or in some other large town, his talents would have procured for him an accusation of *uncivisme*; and the fate which the illustrious Lavoisier met with, clearly tells us what he might have expected himself.

Cuvier's first journey to Paris, and his debut in public life, took place in consequence of a singular event. The inhabitants of Ecamp, a town distant only one short league from Count de Hervey's château, had at last caught the *chancrotte* infection, and determined upon organizing a political society of their own. This was like springing a mine under a barrel of gunpowder. The neighbouring gentry, fortunately, had still influence enough to assume the management of the club, and they generously substituted lectures on rural economy for dry and unprofitable discussions about the rights of man. The meetings were generally very well attended, and one of the most assiduous members was a person who filled the office of chief physician to the military hospital at Valmont. Whenever questions respecting the theory and practice of agriculture happened to be started, the military physician was always ready with an accurate and profitable answer. Cuvier wished very much to know who this stranger was, and, upon enquiring, he found out that his name was Tessier. "Tessier!" exclaimed he, "why, to be sure! he must be the *Abbe* himself—the illustrious member of the Academy of Sciences—the writer of the clever articles on rural economy in the '*Encyclopédie Méthodique*;'—how delighted I am!"

The next meeting of the club was as good and crowded as ever. Tessier took his accustomed seat, and he was very unsuspectingly going to address the chairman on some point connected with the debate, when Cuvier ran up to him, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, said, "Good morning, Monsieur l'Abbe; it gives me great pleasure to see you well."

Our readers may fancy Tessier's consternation upon hearing himself designated as "*Monsieur l'Abbe*," at a time when priests, monks, and nuns were considered merely as fit subjects for the guillotine.

"I am known," answered he, "and consequently lost."

"Lost!" exclaimed his friend. "No! you shall henceforth be the object of our most anxious care."

The clerical character of the physician soon ceased to be a source of danger; and the two philosophers, whom Providence had thus brought together, continued to confer on each other mutual benefits, while they united their labours in the advancement of science. The *Abbe* Tessier informed his Paris acquaintances that he had found a pearl in the dunghill of Normandy. He had already been the means of introducing the mathematician, Delambre, to the notice of the scientific world; and subsequent events proved that he was right when, recommending Cuvier to Professor de Jussieu, the celebrated botanist, he wrote, "in the department of Natural History my young protegé will be a Delambre also."

The formation of the Institute under the auspices and according to the ideas of Bonaparte, is one of the most important data in the annals of science. Laplace, Lagrange, Carnot, Berthollet, Chaptal, Haüy, and many others equally distinguished, brought together the rich treasures of their intellectual powers, whilst their teaching excited the emulation of those who were at a later period to render immortal the names of Biot, Cauchy, Fourier, Gay Lussac, and Arago. Cuvier was attached with Daubenton and Lacépède to the section of Zoology; he obtained speedily the professorship of Natural History in the central school of the Pantheon, and became likewise assistant to Mertrud, an old and incapable man, who, out of consideration for past services, had been appointed to the recently instituted chair of comparative anatomy.

During his residence in Normandy, Cuvier had lost his mother. But he was now in a position to realize one of his fondest wishes, and he immediately carried it into execution. He summoned to Paris his father and his brother Frederick, and, surrounded by those upon whom his affections were centered, he set to work with renewed energy. The Jardin des Plantes, where he had taken up his residence, was at that time merely a second-rate botanical garden indifferently provided for. In a lumber-room, four or five old skeletons collected by Daubenton, and which Buffon used

may be said to be the first of the young men already one of the most celebrated men of his age, succeeded at once in the chair of Natural History in the College of France; and, on the death of Mertrud, in 1802, he became titular professor in the Jardin des Plantes.

Scarcely a tradition has preserved the date of the first lecture delivered by him at the central school of the Pantheon. The spirit of the orator, his gestures, his learning, and the brilliancy of his style, struck all his hearers. The following sentiment, particularly, is recorded with unanimous applause: "Bernard," said the professor, "was a very great painter; his pictures drew little notice, and he has not left behind him much reputation, but he is the master of Raphael! . . . In the same way, gentlemen, it will be yours, my privilege, one day to go down to posterity through the reputation attained by some of you. This I shall consider as an ample reward for all my toils." Cuvier soon became an especial favourite amongst the Pantheon students, and he was cherished by them (Bernard was by his grenadiers). Whilst the French savans who had accompanied to Egypt the unfortunate expedition of the Corsican general, were making observations in the various mines of science, Cuvier's few miles' peregrinations in the environs of Paris

respecting the animals which have since been made, there is reason to believe that the species of extinct animals are more numerous than the living ones. Petrifications are no longer viewed as objects of mere curiosity, as things isolated and unrelated to the rocks of which the crust of the earth is composed; on the contrary, they are now considered as one of the most important features in the strata of all the regions of the earth. By the regularity and determination of their distribution, they afford characters which assist us in discriminating not only single beds, but also whole formations of rocks; and, in this respect, they are highly interesting to the geognostical enquirer. To the geologist, this beautiful branch of Natural History opens up numerous and uncommonly curious views of Nature in the mineral kingdom: it shows him the commencement of the formation of organic beings; it points out the gradual succession in the formation of animals, from the coral, near the primitive state, through all the wonderful variety of form and structure observed in shells, fishes, amphibious animals, and birds, to the perfect quadruped of the alluvial land; and it makes him acquainted with a geographical and physical distribution of organic beings in the strata of the globe, very different from what is observed to hold in the present state of the organic world. The zoologist views with wonder and amazement those hosts of

details on this subject, we shall refer the student to Cuvier's great work on fossil bones: it is universally considered one of the most splendid contributions to Natural History ever furnished. The "Introductory Discourse"—a volume of itself—has been often separately reprinted. It gives a view of the formation of the earth's crust, and discusses the different systems proposed at various times to explain that formation. The following passage, from another publication of the same author, will sufficiently explain the interest Cuvier felt in his researches:—

"I at length found myself as if placed in a charnel-house, surrounded by mutilated fragments of many hundred skeletons of more than twenty kinds of animals, piled confusedly around me. The task assigned to me was to restore them all to their original positions. At the voice of comparative anatomy, every bone and fragment of a bone resumed its place. I cannot find words to express the pleasure I experienced in seeing, as I discovered one character, how all the consequences I predicted from it were successively confirmed; the feet were found in accordance with the characters announced by the teeth; the teeth in harmony with those indicated beforehand by the feet. The bones of the legs and thighs, and every connecting portion of the extremities, were found set together precisely as I had arranged them before my conjectures were verified by the discovery of the parts entire. In short, each species was, as it were, re-constructed from a single one of its component elements."

When the Emperor re-organized the Institute, he requested Delambre and Cuvier, who had just been appointed its two perpetual secretaries, to prepare reports of the progress made, since 1789, by the mathematical and natural sciences. These documents were presented to Napoleon in the council of state; they are still read with considerable interest, and are important additions to the history of scientific investigation. Cuvier's essay was particularly admired, and upon hearing a passage which alluded to the merits of the modern Alexander as a man of science as well as a warrior, the hero of Marengo and Arcole exclaimed, "That's praise, such as I like it."

It appeared quite evident that Cuvier was becoming a great favourite at

the new court. In 1802, he was appointed one of the six inspectors-general for establishing lyceums or grammar-schools in thirty of the principal towns of the empire. Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Nice were included within his circle of inspection, and by pursuing zoological researches on the shores of the Mediterranean, he made a purely administrative tour subservient to the interests of Natural History. Having been nominated one of the life-councillors of the university, he was entrusted with the organization of the academies in those Italian states which had been temporarily annexed to France; and the regulations which he established at Turin, Genoa, and Pisa were maintained by the sovereigns of these cities, after they returned to their dominions. From Italy, Cuvier went to Holland upon a similar mission; he accomplished it with equal success, the arrangements he made both there and in the Hanseatic Towns having survived the usurpations of the conqueror. As a reward for his exertions he was appointed master of requests in the council of state; Napoleon even intended to trust him with the education of the King of Rome, but the disasters of 1813 prevented him from carrying his plan into execution.

It is easy to account for the partiality which Napoleon always entertained for Cuvier. There was between those great men a remarkable similarity of views, tastes, and manners. The universality of genius which characterized the Emperor rendered the naturalist eminently useful on several occasions when the talents of the legist or the administrator alone were required. Whether it was in the lecture-room of the Jardin des Plantes, at the council of state, or amongst his colleagues in the university, he seemed uniformly at home and thoroughly able to grapple with any subject brought under his notice. He was a man whom Utopias could not dazzle, and who had been taught at the school of experience the value of idle theories. He unravelled with ease the most intricate difficulties, and saw at once the solution of problems, which would have puzzled others till doomsday. His style was concise and perspicuous, his language pre-eminently clear, and there was no mistaking the opinion he delivered or the verdict he pronounced.

When the allied sovereigns marched

and France, and an invasion of the
 entry became a matter of actual fact.
 and war on the left bank of the Rhine
 attempting to organize resistance, and
 and the spirit of patriotism in po-
 nations which a long series of wars
 and piety wearied. But resist-
 was useless, the white flag of the
 and was hoisted once more on the
 Louis XVIII. ascended the throne with the straight-
 ward intention of establishing his
 authority upon the solid basis of con-
 stitutional government. A great deal has
 been written lately about the restora-
 tion. Besides M. de Chateaubriand's
Memorial, we have read the works of
 M. Fauriol, Louis, and de Vaulch-
 is. and the impression produced by
 these publications is decidedly favour-
 able to the character of Louis XVIII.
 and is shared on by the ultra-royalists
 as well as the reaction. he had the good
 fortune to get a return to old institu-
 tions and old prejudices would be found.
 and would yield to the passion.
 the most violent amongst his sup-
 porters, and of the functionaries who
 almost distinguished by moderation
 as distinct, and Cuvier was con-
 sidered in his own dignity of councillor
 of state. Louis XVIII. made a number
 of appointments to the various offices
 of the government, and the result of the
 was a complete restoration of the
 and the country.

animals is red, whilst in others it assumes a white colour. Now, according to the system of Linnaeus, all the animals with white blood, which comprehended more than half of the whole number, were thrown together, without order, into the class of worms; and it was, therefore, in this department, that Cuvier began his career of reform and discovery. He laid the foundation of a new classification in a memoir published as early as 1795, and then proposed a subdivision of the white-blooded animals into three classes: 1. *Mollusca*, or animals possessing a heart, a complete system of circulation, and breathing by lungs and gills; 2. *Insecta*, having no heart, but merely a simple dorsal vessel, and breathing by *trachea*, or air-vessels; 3. *Zoophytes*, or *animal-plants*, which possess neither a heart, nor blood-vessel, nor any distinct organ of circulation. Three other classes were added by Cuvier at a later period, namely, the *Formes* or worms, the *Crustacea*, and the *Echinodermata*.

This short sketch will give some idea of the positive revolution Cuvier introduced in Natural History. His great merit consists in the adopting of a clear, logical, *accountable* method, based upon the accurate observation of facts, and constructed with almost mathematical exactness. The discoveries he made are too numerous to be described here, but the principal one is that of the correlation of animals, which we considered as the foundation of our modern comparative zoology. It is the key of the system, and of the method animals we have not even attempted the structure of the skeleton of vertebrated animals, of the system of forming the Crura.

As one of the secretaries of the Institution, I was privileged to write the obituary of our departed members. The obituary of our departed physician, in these columns, stands as a fitting and lasting monument, and for the author a seat in our Ancient Hallway. These obituary notices are printed in a collected volume, and serve to beautifully portray him. His Section of the life of Daniel, in particular, contains a few lines of fiction, which is one of the best of the kind. A lot of great

On the 15th of May, 1861, he arrived in
London, at Northfleet, where he saw
the first of the great ironclads, and re-
turned to his post with so much glory.
He first measured it in all its extent;

he saw at a glance what he had to do, what he could himself do, and what he required the aid of others in doing. . . . To give life and motion to a science that is cold and inanimate; to paint nature such as it is, always young, always in action; to sketch in bold lines the admirable harmony of all its parts, and the laws which unite it into one system; to throw into the picture all the freshness and lustre of the original;—such was the difficult task of a writer who wished to restore to this fine science the grandeur which it had lost; and for such a task, the ardent imagination of Buffon, his lofty genius, and his profound feeling of the beauties of nature, preeminently qualified him."

In this striking portrait we see only some of the features belonging to the naturalist. The most important have not been introduced, such as accuracy, perspicacity, soundness of judgment, and habits of labour. Buffon had none of these; he was a man of great powers of imagination, but without merit as a philosopher; and, high as he still stands in the realms of literature, Cuvier is by far his superior. Suppose the assistance of Daubenton could not have been secured, it is doubtful whether Buffon would have accomplished even the monument which bears his name. Cuvier met through life with many a faithful associate and a zealous coadjutor, but he was never *compelled* to apply for their scalpel, their pencil, or their pen. "Buffon," says he, a little further on, "of an athletic frame, an imposing mien, and an imperious temper, desirous in everything of immediate enjoyment, seemed anxious to guess the truth rather than to observe it. His imagination was ever placing itself between himself and nature, and his eloquence seemed to exercise itself contrary to his own reason before he employed it to convince that of others."

Let the reader endeavour to realize the very reverse of all this, and he will have the true character of Cuvier.

The great naturalist's reputation extended far beyond the frontiers of his own native country. When, in 1818 and in 1839 he visited England, he was received with every mark of sincere respect. He explored the different collections in the metropolis, proceeded to Oxford, and carefully inspected the various objects of public interest which were at that time attracting the atten-

tion of foreigners. The political usages of Great Britain could not fail to engage his notice, and the sight of a Westminster election with its usual accompaniments in the way of projectiles—cabbages, mud, eggs, brick-bats—afforded him plenty of amusement. He was introduced to king George IV., and whilst conversing with him on the subject of the natural history collections scattered throughout England, he suggested the union of all the private museums into one great national dépôt, which, from the extent of the colonial possessions of this country, would, he conceived, surpass every other collection in Europe.

We have already said that, on Cuvier's appointment to a professorship in Paris, he had summoned to his side the surviving members of his family. His aged father died a few years after, in consequence of a fall, and his sister-in-law in giving birth to a son. The two brothers, George and Frederick, being left alone to lament the losses they had sustained, George married, in 1803, the widow of M. Duvaucel, one of the farmers-general, whom the Convention, in 1794, had sent to the scaffold. Four children were the offspring of this union; they were all removed from this world in the bloom of youth, and the death of Mademoiselle Clementine Cuvier in 1828, was felt in Paris as a public calamity. This young lady, then twenty-two years of age, the only surviving child of her father, was distinguished not merely by the usual accomplishments of her sex, but by the most active benevolence and the most genuine piety. A member of the Lutheran church, she took a prominent part in every work tending to the glory of God, and was indefatigable in pleading before the world the cause of the Bible and the Missionary societies. Hospitals, clothing clubs, district visiting, meetings for prayer and for the exposition of the Scriptures—with institutions such as these, the name of Clementine Cuvier was ever found associated. She was indeed a burning and a shining light. But graces and attainments of this description, when developed in such rich maturity, do not long adorn this world. On the 28th of September, 1828, a disease of the chest, the first symptoms of which had manifested themselves in 1826, removed Clementine from earthly happiness,

his first words were drowned in a shout, and his face in his hands, and he fell in agony. A profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. Then Cuvier raised his head and said, "Gentlemen, I was a spectator of this last sight." He then, after a violent effort, resumed his seat, and pronounced judgment.

Cuvier found relief in intellectual work, and returned to his studies for some while. In 1832 he had been elected a peer of France, and, on the 8th of May of the same year, had opened a course of lectures on the History and Progress of Science. Five days after he was lying in his grave. On the 13th

secretary to the Academy of Sciences, and M. Villemain, vice-president of the royal Council of Public Instruction. According to custom, funeral orations were pronounced over the grave.

We have come to the conclusion of this biographical essay. In glancing thus summarily at the life of Cuvier, we have omitted to mention his defects. It is not, our readers will believe us, from any desire to invest him with an imaginary perfection; but the task of a critic is never a pleasant one, and on perusing some of the authorities we thought right to consult before assuming the character of Cuvier's historian, we found ourselves forestalled.

G. M.

ROBERT HALL.

THE Rev. ROBERT HALL was born at Aynsby, near Leicester, on the second of May, 1761. His father, bearing the same name, was a minister among the Baptists, while he himself afterwards became, and is represented as a man of good plenty and earnest religion.

In the fifth year Robert gave no

life became predominant. As soon as he could speak he became a *talker*, and as soon as he became to a certain degree possessed of the signs of thought in language, he became a steady and rapid thinker. This seems to be much to say of a child; but in Robert Hall, if we may believe his biographers—and of their veracity we have no question—

At this time, while under six years of age, his unconstrained application to reading and solitary thought was remarkable. The grave-yard, where he first learned to say his letters, spell, and speak, continued to be his favourite study. Hither, with pinnace stuffed with books, and with grave and moody countenance, the future intellectual Hercules would frequently retire from the din of his numerously tenanted house; and there would he remain until the shades of night, or the unscrupulous nurse, would compel him to return.

At six he was sent to a school, a little distance in the country, conducted by a Mr. Simmons. Here his intellectual vigour and power of attainment became so great, that by the time he had completed his eleventh year his master ceased his superiority, and frankly confessed his total inability any longer to keep pace with his pupil. While at this school his favourite books were of a very extraordinary class. Before he was nine years old he had "perused and reperused with intense interest" the treatises of Jonathan Edwards on the "Affections" and on the "Will," and had carefully read Bishop Butler's "Analogy." It is not necessary to suppose that works like these, which are productions of the mightiest and most matured minds, and which have supplied the acutest and profoundest metaphysical students with materials of enquiry and points hard of solution, were examined with much discrimination, much less mastered by our youthful Divine; it is sufficiently extraordinary that he should at this age have attained to such a power and scope of mental action as to be capable of perusing, and that with "intense interest," and without any apparent encouragement, works so ponderous and involved. "The child is father to the man," Robert Hall, the child-student at Wigstone, was the faithful antecedent in taste and general bent of intellectual activity of Robert Hall, the friend and equal of Mackintosh, the first preacher of his age, and of whom John Foster said that "his like or equal would come no more."

Before he was ten years of age this little enquirer had become a rather prolific *writer*. The knowledge he so rapidly acquired was carefully elaborated, and systematized, and thrown forth in the form of essays and sermons, which the young preacher thought good enough

to be listened to by his frequently congregated brothers and sisters. About this time he and his brother had a solemn conference on the subject of the "division of the inheritance." Anticipating that their good father would some time or other die, Robert was anxious that there should be no misunderstanding between him and his brother about the "portion," and proposed that John "should have the cows, sheep, and pigs, and leave for him the books." It would seem that in his ardour to have a claim upon the books, he forgot the poor sisters, to whom no portion was allotted.

His precocity was equally remarkable in the talent he evinced for public speaking. Soon after leaving the above school, and when his father was about taking steps towards his introduction into a theological academy, he paid a visit to a friend at Kettering. This gentleman was so struck with his power of address, that he prevailed on him on several occasions to deliver a kind of sermon to a select company, convened for the purpose, at his house. These, with the exception of the homilies he addressed to his brother and sisters, or fellow-scholars, which were not of rare occurrence, were his first efforts at public speaking. Of the wisdom of encouraging one so young to take a position so prominent, he himself after the lapse of many years said, "Mr. W—— was one whom every body loved. He belonged to a family in which probity, candour, and benevolence constituted the general likeness. But conceive, sir, if you can, the egregious impropriety of setting a boy of eleven to preach to a company of grave gentlemen, full half of whom wore wigs. I never call the circumstance to mind but with grief at the vanity it inspired; nor when I think of such mistakes of good men, am I inclined to question the correctness of Baxter's language, strong as it is, where he says, 'Nor should men turn preachers as the river Nilus breeds frogs,' (saith Herodotus) when one half *moeth*, before the other is *made*, and which is yet but *plain mud*."

For a year-and-a-half Robert was placed under the care of the Rev. John Ryland of Northampton, a distinguished preacher and careful trainer of youth. Here he made great progress in Latin and Greek, and the principles and practice of Elegant Composition. At fifteen he entered the Academy at Bristol, and had there as his tutors the Rev.

by his able biographer, Dr. Gregory, as having probably "set too high an estimate on merely intellectual attainments, and valued himself, not more, perhaps, than was natural to him, yet too much, on the extent of his mental possessions." These said possessions, however, it strikes us, are things "too much valued," but very much so. A high appreciation of them is ever essential to that energy and power of pursuit that will issue in making them one's own, and they are so precious an ingredient amid the complex lumber made the objects of human pursuit, and too rarely sought for to merit any slighting remark of us on any who are their lovers. Robert Hall may have under-rated other attributes of the preacher, but that he over-rated intellectual culture and achievement we venture to question. Dr. Gregory may have been an erring guide. At the same time we must admit that young Hall's heart was not quite free from an admixture of pride — pride which perhaps went beyond the limit of the warranted. An incident even which in an hour of anguish exacted from him a confession to that fact. He was appointed, according to the College rules, to preach at Broad-church Chapel Vestry, before the tutors and others. After proceeding for a while with facility, and much to the delight of the auditory, he "suddenly

staid. Not only in having able professors was he fortunate, but in the companionship and friendship of one whose mind was of kindred texture, and whose name became afterwards perhaps even more celebrated than his own. This was Sir James Mackintosh, the eminent jurist, mental philosopher, and historian. At once these young men felt a strong sympathy for each other. They were of the respective ages of seventeen and eighteen, Mackintosh being the elder. Though in many things dissimilar, they had so many points of contact, and an attraction so powerful in literary taste, that they were ever in each other's company, and polishing each other's mind by the attrition of argument and interchange of idea. They read together, sat together at lecture, and took their walks together. Their tastes in the department of morals and metaphysics were identical. They maintained incessant discussions, without ever disturbing their mutual attachment. Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher," Butler's "Analogy," "Edwards on the Will," were analysed point by point, and debated with utmost warmth and energy. "From these discussions, and from reflection upon them, Sir James learnt more as to principles (so he assured Dr. Gregory), than from all the books he ever read." Classics were not neglected. The brother-students read much in Greek — Xenophon and Herodotus

Macaulay is one of all the men of modern times, possessed of the intellect which most resembles that of Bacon. Twenty years after this, when the powerful mind of Hall had undergone a temporary eclipse, his friend, then the Record-keeper of Bombay, hearing of his affliction wrote to him a characteristic and very beautiful letter, from which our space will admit of only a few extracts:—

"Bombay, Sept. 21, 1835.

"MY DEAR HALL—I believe that in the hurry of leaving England, I did not answer the letter which you wrote to me in December, 1833. I did not, however, for a year, in a rising and friendly, from whom I have had one letter, from Constantinople, and to whom I have twice written at Cairo, where he now is. No request of *grace* could, indeed, be lightly esteemed by me.

"It happened to me a few days ago, in drawing up merely for my own use a short sketch of my life, that I had occasion to give a faithful statement of my recollection of the circumstances of my first acquaintance with you. On the most impartial survey of my early life, I could see nothing which tended so much to excite and invigorate my understanding, and to direct it towards high, though, perhaps, scarcely accessible objects, as my intimacy with you. Five and twenty years are now past since we first met, yet hardly anything has occurred since which has left a deeper or more agreeable impression on my mind. I now remember the extraordinary union of leisure, if not with acute intellect, which would have excited more admiration than it has done, if it had been directed to the amusement of the great and the learned, instead of being consecrated to the far more noble office of consoling, instructing, and reforming the poor and the forgotten.

"It was then too early for me to discover that extreme purity, which in a mind pre-occupied with the low realities of life, would have been no natural companion of so much activity and ardour, but which thoroughly detached you, subduing to Mr. Hall's mental absorption from the world, and made you an inhabitant of regions where alone it is possible to be always active with our impurity and where the ardour of your sensibility had unbounded scope amidst the inexhaustible combinations of beauty and excellence.

"It is not given to us to preserve an exact idealism. Nothing is so difficult as to decide how much ideal models ought to be combined with experience; how much of the future should be let in to the present, in the progress of the human mind. To ennoble and purify, without raising above the sphere of our usefulness; to qualify us for what we ought to seek, without unfitting us for that to which we must submit; are great and difficult problems, which can be but imperfectly solved.

"It is certain the ideal may be too merely, not only for his present enjoyments, but for his future prospects. Perhaps, my good friend, you have fallen into this error of superior natures. From this error has, I think, arisen that exaltation with which it has pleased Providence to visit you, which, to a mind less fortified by reason and religion, I should not dare to mention, but which I really consider in you as little more than the indignant struggles of a pure mind with the low realities which surround it—the fervent aspirations after regions more congenial to it—and a momentary blindness, produced by the fixed contemplation of objects too bright for human vision. I may say, in this sense, in a far grander sense than in which the words were originally spoken by our great poet,

—and yet

The ideal which he has stray was light from his ven.

"On your return to us, you must surely have found consolation in the only terrestrial produce which is pure and truly exquisite—in the affections and attachments you have inspired, which you were most worthy to inspire, and which no human pollution can rob of their heavenly nature. If I were to prosecute the reflections, and indulge the feelings which at this moment fill my mind, I should soon venture to doubt, whether for a calmity derived from such a source, and attended with such consolations, I should so far yield to the views and opinions of men, as to seek to console with you. But I check myself, and exhort you, my most worthy friend, to check your best propensities, for the sake of attaining their object. You cannot live *for* men, without living *with* them. Serve God, then, by the active service of men. Contemplate more the good you *can* do, than the evil you can only lament.

"Let me hear from you soon and

he quitted the University, he devoted himself with utmost assiduity, to subjects more immediately congruous with the sacred office he had assumed. The Greek language, Moral Philosophy, Church History, Biblical Criticism such as it then was, and Theology proper, were specially embraced. On his return to Bristol, he had a mind well furnished, powerful, and intensely warm, and capable with facility to marshal all its forces for combined action whenever required. His preaching at once attracted attention. Men were not long in learning that a great mind and a genial heart poured forth their treasures from that pulpit. From far and near, rich and poor poured in to listen to his eloquence. Although he was at this time only twenty-one years of age, in three months after his settlement he undertook the duties of classical tutor at the academy where formerly he had been a pupil, and these, for more than five years, he discharged with credit and success.

In 1790, Mr. Hall was invited to succeed Mr. Robinson at Cambridge. Robinson's name is well known as that of one who for many years filled the first place amongst Nonconformist evangelical preachers, and who had gradually waned, and at last entirely conformed to the form of Unitarian doctrine taught at those days by Dr. Priestley. It has been said that no man in that section

of fortune. The doubting people of Cambridge hailed with joy their new minister's arrival. "Thinking themselves liberal and unshackled, they could not but congratulate one another that their new pastor, a man of splendid talents, was *almost* as liberal and unshackled as they were." But this apparent harmony in free-thinking led to an issue little contemplated. It is said that the moral condition of the Church acting upon the genuine heart and acute sensibilities of their young minister, led to the adoption of a modified creed. "Their want of devotional seriousness, by the force of contrast, heightened his estimate of the value of true piety; and this produced an augmented earnestness and fidelity, which they first learnt to tolerate, and afterwards to admire."

Mr. Hall's ministry at Cambridge embraced a period of fourteen years, during which his popularity and usefulness steadily advanced. The attraction of his genius penetrated beyond the conventional boundaries of sects. University men, from undergraduates to heads of colleges, attended his chapel. Extraordinary events gave occasion for extraordinary displays of his powers. The French Revolution called forth his "Apology for the Freedom of the Press." The excesses, again, of the irreligious democracy which subsequently had such disastrous prevalence in France, and spread itself over England, stirred his

alarmingly increased. It embarrassed him in his duties, and preyed alarmingly on his spirits. Unfortunately his medical adviser urged him to reside at some few miles distance from Cambridge, and to have recourse to horse exercise. From this arrangement he derived no material benefit, while he was deprived of the refined and stimulating society he enjoyed in the town, as well as of general intercourse with his flock, both of which contributed so much to restore his mental elasticity after the dreadful paroxysms of exhaustive sufferings he endured. He sought for a substitute for these in closer application to study. Twelve hours per day he frequently spent in laborious abstraction.

The consequence of this might well be anticipated. A disordered body and an over-wrought mind gave way under the pressure, and for two months mental derangement ensued. Careful and skilful treatment in that succeeded in his restoration. But he had only resumed and pursued his labours about one year when similar causes again led to the same distressing catastrophe. He again speedily recovered, but was now advised to relinquish his charge at Cambridge, and for a time as far as possible retire from preaching and all public excitement. It was about this time that he received the letter from Sir James Mackintosh inserted above.

No more returning to Cambridge he now sojourned a while in his native neighbourhood, in Leicestershire, revisiting many a familiar spot, and recalling to recollection associations of early life. He saw Arncliffe once more, with its graveyard and tombstones. On his father's grave he knelt and prayed. The "books" were now his, and the "cows and pigs" his brother's; but of his childhood's companions and of those who had gathered around the same hearthstone as himself, many, many were now reposing under those clods, and he himself was as one who had risen from the dead—from the shadowy and dismal regions created by the eclipse of the sun of reason. Having employed his mind leisurely for some year or two, partly in preparing critical notes on the New Testament (which labour he relinquished on discovering that in Macknight's translation he had been anticipated), and partly in preaching in surrounding villages and towns, he at last settled at Leicester. The con-

gregation at Harvey-lane when he became its minister, was small and sinking, and greatly inferior in point of intelligence and respectability, to the people he had left at Cambridge. The splendour of his pulpit performances, however, and his diligence as a pastor, soon produced a change. In the course of his twenty years' ministry at that place, the chapel was twice enlarged, and to the last continued to be well filled. In 1808, he married, a step which contributed materially to his comfort, regularity of habit, and general cheerfulness, and thus to the preventing a recurrence of his mental affliction. His church regularly increased. The whole county of Leicester felt the influence of his presence. He zealously promoted all the great philanthropic and religious institutions, Bible and Missionary societies, then in their infancy, met with his ready and powerful aid. Christians of all denominations were embraced in the circle of his charity, and he was claimed as the property, not of a set, but of the church and the public at large. Through the press he still continued, although at rarer intervals, to pour forth the mellowed fruits of his fertile intellect. A sermon on the "Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes," was much admired. But his discourse on the lamented and premature death of the Princess Charlotte, was the most remarkable and powerful thing he wrote while at Leicester. No production of the press on the subject, could for a moment be compared to it. A nation was weeping; and genius poured out its strains of panegyric and lamentation in a thousand pulpits: but far in advance of all in power, grace, dignified, and Christian patriotism, purity and majesty of style, eloquence, and wide excursiveness of thought, was the sermon of Robert Hall. In reading it, one marvels at the imperial grandeur of the execution, as the mighty preacher groups together and manages with a master-hand, and with the apparent ease of a child at play, the various momentous considerations, which the event was fitted to awaken, in a mind capable of comprehensive survey. It is Christian genius weeping and uttering wisdom at the tomb of a virtuous princess. Hall was a disseminator, in many respects a reformer of the most radical sort, a friend of the people, and no worshipper of tinsel: but he at

ment of dissent; and I am inclined to think that, were I in a private station (not a minister, I mean), I should, under certain circumstances, and in certain situations, be disposed to practise it; though nothing would induce me to acknowledge myself a permanent member of the Church of England.

"In regard to episcopacy, it appears to me entirely a human, though certainly a very early, invention. It was unknown, I believe, in the apostolical times; with the exception, probably, of the latter part of John's time. But as it was practised in the second and third centuries, I should have no conscientious objection to it. As it subsists at *present* among us, I am sorry to say, I can scarcely conceive of a greater abuse. It subverts equally the rights of pastors and of people, and is nothing less than one of the worst relics of the papal hierarchy. Were everything else what it ought to be in the Established Church, prelacy, as it now subsists, would make me a decided dissenter.

"I remain, &c."

After a ministry of more than twenty years at Leicester, he was, in 1825, invited to return to Broadmead, Bristol, the scene of his youthful ministry. He was now in his sixty-second year, and though retaining still the leading characteristics of more immature days, in chasteness of style and sobriety of conception, as well as general aptitude for the governance of men, he was a very different man from the Robert Hall who quitted Aberdeen for Bristol in 1785. His vivacity in conversation, and his energy in the pulpit continued unimpaired, notwithstanding the agonies he endured from the unrelenting constitutional complaint already referred to. Still it was noticed that the scope of his conceptions was less expansive, and that his imagination (so Foster says of him, when in his sixty-sixth year) had "considerably abated, as compared with his earlier, and his meridian pitch." The same great man, perhaps the most discriminating of his admirers, then dejectingly adds—"His friends have now surrendered all hope of his doing anything more in the way of authorship; they have ceased to remonstrate with him on the subject, but most deeply deplore this lack of service to the Christian cause, when they consider that he might have produced half a dozen, or half a score (the more the better), of volumes

of sermons, which would have filled a lamentable chasm in that province of our literature, and would have been decidedly considered, in their combination of high qualities, the foremost set of sermons in our language."

After a ministry at Bristol of six years, his attacks became more frequent and violent, until at last nature was completely overpowered in a paroxysm of unspeakable agony, and his great and happy spirit departed on February 21, 1831. By post-mortem examination it was discovered that his life-long sufferings were caused by "a large, rough, pointed calculus, by which the kidney on the right side 'was entirely filled.'"

Such is the very imperfect outline we can give of the public life of the Rev. Robert Hall. To analyse his mental character, and give a vivid picture of his *tout ensemble* as an author and a preacher is next to impossible. A man so distinguished, so imperial, can have his picture nowhere except in the living heart of the generation he served. Foster tried, and confessed his inadequacy. Even his own published works—a large proportion of which, by the way, is from the too scanty notes of other people, taken while he was preaching—are incapable of conveying a true idea of his performances. For forty years he, perhaps, had no rival in England. We naturally ask, Wherein did his power consist? How enchained he the minds of thousands in rapt attention, as if without an effort? Why did the greatest men of the Senate, and the greatest men of the Church and of the Bar draw nigh to the spot where he stood? Wherein lay his power? Not, certainly, in any of the factitious trappings of the mere rhetorician. It was not in graceful action, nor in majesty of mien, nor in power of voice, nor in mastery of its intonations. In all these respects he was rather defective. His action was often cumbersome; he was at the farthest remove from pomp and flourish; and his voice was weak. The power of this great preacher was most assuredly in the *man*, somewhere, not in the accidents. And equally clear is it that it was not in the marked predominance of any one special endowment or acquirement separately, for this was a thing you looked for in vain in Robert Hall. Perhaps we shall be safe if we give it as our opinion, that his power may be accounted for by the fact, that in him all

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regular philosophical culture. Hall had the field almost to himself.

Like most men of note in scientific theology, Robert Hall had his theoretical difficulties, and his deviations from the straight line of prescriptive teaching. When he returned from Aberdeen, and during his first residence at Bristol, his bold freedom of thought and phraseology gave great concern to many honest and grave people. "1784, May 7. Heard Mr. Robert Hall, jun.," says that good divine, Mr. Fuller, "from 'he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.' Felt *very solemn* in hearing some parts. The Lord keep that young man!" Dr. Ryland records, June 8, 1785, "Robert Hall, jun., preached wonderfully from Rom. viii. 18. I admire many things in this young man exceedingly, though there are others that make me *fear for him*." On a visit to Birmingham, Hall had been rather lavish of his charity towards the Socinians of the day—had said something to the effect that, "if he were the judge of all, he could not condemn Dr. Priestley;" which speech gave a "general disgust" to his friends at Birmingham. Excellent Dr. Ryland, faithful and affectionate to admonish, writes to him an exhortation to be on his guard and to examine his ministry, promising, "And more of my fears and grief were never excited to see a man so devoted to duty as you are, and yet so far from it."

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Hall, though as capable as any of taking an independent course, tried more than once his hand at imitation. At the age of twenty-three he heard Mr. Robinson of Cambridge preach. His admiration was excited,—he thought he would copy style, manner, matter, and all. He tried, and failed. Some years subsequently, a friend alluding to the circumstance, he said, "Why, sir, I was too proud to *remain* an imitator. After my second trial, as I was walking home, I heard one of the congregation say to another, 'Really, Mr. Hall did remind us of Mr. Robinson.' That was a knock-down blow to my vanity, and I at once resolved that, if ever I *did* acquire reputation, it should belong to my own character, and not be that of a *likeness*. Besides, sir, if I had not been a foolish young man, I should have seen how ridiculous it was to imitate such a preacher as Mr. Robinson. He had a musical voice, and was master of all its intonations; he had wonderful self-possession, and could say *what* he pleased, *when* he pleased, and *how* he pleased; while my voice and manner were naturally bad; and far from having self-command, I never entered the pulpit without omitting to say something I wished to say, and saying something that I wished unsaid; and besides all this, I ought to have known that for me *to speak slow was ruin*. You know, sir, that force or momentum is conjointly as the body and velocity; therefore, as my voice is feeble, what is wanted in body must be made up in velocity, or there will not be, cannot be, any impression." He tried his hand at Johnson also. "Yes, sir, I aped Johnson and I preached Johnson, and, I am afraid, with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays; but it was youthful folly, and it was very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbersome costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of words in which I tried to clothe them."

Mr. Hall was a great, but very select, reader. Many valuable books he laid aside after discovering an error. Madame de Staël, on Germany, was thrown into a corner after a mere glance, because the authoress represented a certain

idealist as being of the contrary school in philosophy. He had no patience with prolix and illogical writers. "Do you think highly of Dr. Owen?" asked a friend. "No, sir, by no means. Have you read much of Owen, sir?" "I have read his Preliminary Exercitations, &c. &c." "You astonish me, sir, by your patience. You have accomplished a Herculean undertaking. . . . To me he is intolerably heavy and prolix. . . . As a reasoner, Dr. Owen is most illogical, for he almost always takes for granted what he ought to prove, while he is always proving what he ought to take for granted; and, after a long digression, he concludes very properly with, 'This is not our concernment,' and returns to enter upon something still farther from the point." Still more severe if possible was his onslaught on poor Dr. Gill. "When Mr. Christmas Evans (a celebrated preacher from the Principality) was in Bristol, he was talking to Mr. Hall about the Welsh language, which, he said, was very copious and expressive. 'How I wish, Mr. Hall, that Dr. Gill's works had been written in Welsh.' 'I wish they had, sir, I wish they had, with all my heart, for then I should never have read them. They are a continent of mud, sir.'"

It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Hall had but a languid taste for poetry. Milton's were the only poetical works he thoroughly admired. He could not read Byron. "I tried to read *Childe Harold*, but could not get on, and gave it up." "Have you read the *Fourth Canto*, sir, which is by far the best?" "Oh no, sir, I shall never think of trying." "But, sir, independently of the poetry, it must be interesting to contemplate such a remarkable mind as Byron's." "It is well enough, sir, to have a general acquaintance with such a character, but I know not why we should take pleasure in minutely investigating deformity."

His systematic reading was mainly limited to the great men of antiquity and to the ablest authors of modern times. During the first years of his Cambridge life he somewhat reduced his converse with books, in order more effectively to discharge his public duties. This he afterwards considered an error. He returned to his former habits, and ever after to the very verge of life kept faithful to his resolves. It was his plan at first to carry on five or six courses of study simultaneously; but this, during

* The reader will have by this time observed that Mr. Hall was unusually fond of the word "sir" in conversation.

in the last dozen years of his life, he abandoned, confining himself specially to one subject at a time. His field of subjects embraced a great variety, but the principal portion was allotted to narrative works. Jonathan Edwards never ceased to interest him. Reading Bulfinch's "The Pilgrim's Progress," he said, "Just like reading a novel." In actual economy he was a great admirer of Bentham, both in regard to every good matter; and declared that if he were compelled to legislate to the end upon "uninspired principles," he would "take Bentham and go from him to state with as firm a step as if he walked upon a pavement of adamant."

Arnold learnt German to read Nietzsche, and Hall, notwithstanding his aversion to poetry, studied Italian to read Dante. Probably his achievement was not very complete, for he confesses that he cannot say with Milton,

Now my task is smoothly done,
I can walk or I can run."

His progress in the language is so great that he perused Dante with great relish.

One feature of Mr. Hall's character as a minister of religion, we must not overlook—we mean his wise and unselfish regard for the secular interests of his flock. He was not a "political" minister. His chief phrase was in those days, "I am not to be used," he still *was*, but not capriciously used, he still *was*, but not systematically, by a religious party. He had strength and endurance of mind sufficient to discern the selfishness of the secular and the selfishness of the efforts of men, and yet to be so good as not to mangle the secular interests of some about his political views. The French revolution set him on a new path. The sublime and progressive world of men and nations that he gazed at by the light of the French revolution, he no longer regarded as a mere *means* to an end, but as an end in itself. His religious and his secular aims were merged, and he has since been a man of one mind.

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of St. Stephen's. He had seen so far as to apprehend the momentous truth, hidden from many wise, that to act for the benefit of man is to act religiously. His patriotism was nourished by his religion; and so also was his enthusiastic love of liberty, for he deemed liberty essential to human progress in intelligence and piety. England he loved for the same reason, for England was—then more than it even is now—the asylum into which liberty had fled for her life. His country was to him not simply the soil which had fostered his youth and sustained his manhood—it was, in respect to the war waged between liberty and despotism, the very "Thermopylae of the universe." Listen to a few of the sentences he uttered when Napoleon threatened the invasion of England.

"To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought for an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of a lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed, in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled, in the Thermopye of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine, under God, in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and condition of their destiny. If liberty, a form long extinguished on the Continent, is to be preserved here, where is it ever to be lost, in the triumph of that thick night that

will invest it? It remains with you then to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition and invited the nations to behold their God, whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. . . . Works, vol. i. pp. 189—191.

In the society of his friends Mr. Hall was particularly frank and communicative. The impression was at once given that he was an honest and guileless man. In the company of cultivated females he delighted. Visiting the people of his charge, he would frequently, when he knew they expected him at a given hour, step in an hour earlier in order to have a chat and gambol with the children. His power of conversation was almost equal to that of Coleridge, while he was less obtrusive and dogmatic than that man of mystic wisdom. Foster said, "Hall commands words like an emperor, Coleridge like a magician,"—alluding to the habit the latter frequently indulged in, of passing the bounds of the readily intelligible. In another place he calls Coleridge "the prince of magicians, whose mind, too, is clearly more original and illimitable than Hall's. Coleridge is, indeed, sometimes less perspicuous and impressive by the *distance* at which his mental operations are carried on. Hall works his enginery *close by you*, so as to endanger your being caught and torn by the wheels, just as one has felt sometimes when environed by the noise and gigantic movements of a great mill."

Although free from dogmatism, Mr. Hall was always decided and unequivocal in rendering an opinion. His

criticisms on persons, and, as we have already seen, on authors, were often caustic and unsparing—he did nothing by halves. "Speaking of Mr. —'s composition, 'Yes, it is very eloquent but equally cold: it is the beauty of frost.'" "Poor Mr. —" (a nervously modest man) "seems to beg pardon of all flesh for being in the world." "Poor man" (speaking of Bishop Watson), "I pity him! he married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarreling with his wife." "Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. —?" (Dr. Chalmers, we presume). "Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented; what do you call it?" "You mean, I presume, the kaleidoscope." "Yes, sir, it is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form; but the object presented is still the same. His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion but no progress. When he was at Leicester he preached a most admirable sermon, but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."

Notwithstanding this outspoken boldness in rendering an opinion on men and things, Hall was eminently benevolent and genial in his intercourse. He spread a sunshine of delight around him wherever he moved. He was a true friend of *man*, and as such was recognised by the common instinct of all who approached him. True and ever earnest, he was no jester, no flatterer, no actor of parts: what he said he meant, and went straight on, as his clear intellect, regal judgment, and impulsive generous heart indicated, with few enquiries, if any, as to how men would think or speak. Not only was his soul instinct with goodness, but this goodness too ever emanated in beautiful forms. The imagination which garnished the colossal thoughts he uttered from the pulpit, as gold and silver clouds drape the Alpine peaks at sunset, descended also to give lovely hues to the flowerets of his quaintest and most incidental observations. Indeed the sphere in which his mind habitually

father was a bookseller in the town, a lineal descendant of one of the oldest families in Devon, which had been ruined and dispersed by a chancery suit. Like his ideal partner in misfortune, Jarndyce of Bleak House, he seems to have been peculiarly concerned about the changes of the wind; and west, south, north, or east, whatever the quarter, it was recorded in his journal, where the most important and trivial notes were alike in general concluded by a "wind W.N.W.," or some similar inscription. Young Benjamin was a self-willed and passionate child; but the charms that in after-life soothed many a troubled moment, were not without power over the scarce-fledged nursling. One day, when he was raving in ungovernable rage, his mother entered the room with a book of engravings in her hand: it was a last resource and proved effectual, for the "pretty pictures" silenced him, and he became so interested as to be unwilling to part with them for the rest of the day. When six years old, he began to go daily to school. This was a period of great excitement throughout the nation and the world. All eyes were directed to France, and the fearful tragedy acting there thrilled the age with anxious interest. The king was beheaded, and strange discussions and prophesyings were heard on every hand. Even the innocence of childhood was affected. French prisoners crowded Plymouth, and guillotines made by them of their meat bones were sold at the prisons, and became the favourite plaything of the day. It was Benjamin's delight to draw this instrument of terror, with Louis taking leave of the people in his shirt-sleeves, which he copied from a print. The pencil, indeed, had become his constant companion, and he even ventured to wield it in infantine caricature. He was now sent to the grammar school, then under the guardianship of the Rev. Dr. Bidlake, a man of versatile taste, of talent a patron-in-general, kind-hearted yet eccentric, fond of country excursions, a mimic painter, a musician, a poet, but fond of the rhyming dictionary and accustomed to scan with his fingers. Observing Maydon's love of art, he invited him with a school-fellow to attend him in his painting-room; but, alas for the old gentleman! this was a fine opportunity for boyish mischievousness. As he turned round and walked to a distance to study the effect

of his touches, his observant pupils would rub out or disfigure what he had done, to his great perplexity and their infinite amusement. On one occasion Benjamin's mate was despatched with orders to cut off the skirt of an old coat to clean the palette with; but, whether he deemed it a joke or made a mistake, the skirt of the best Sunday coat was sacrificed. The next Sunday the doctor sallied forth as usual in his great coat, but on removing it in the vestry to put on the surplice, what his horror when the clerk exclaimed in surprise, "Sir, sir, somebody has cut off the skirt of your coat!"

The head man in the binding-office of his father was a Neapolitan, who used to talk to him of the wonders of Italy, of Raphael and the Vatican, and who, baring his muscular arm, would say—"Don't draw *de landscape*; draw *de feejoore*, master Benjamin." Most of the half-holidays were spent with him, when he went through a catechism of some hundreds of questions. By and by master Benjamin did begin to draw "*de feejoore*," to read anatomical books, to meditate in the fields, to discover that he had an intellectual head, and to fancy himself a genius and an historical painter; and then with true school-boy fickleness, he threw aside his brushes for the cricket bat, or in riding, or swimming, or some less creditable sport, gaily passed the days away. At length the measles came; and in this extremity the neglected drawing-book was welcomed as a friend that had been wronged, and with a secret resolution of future constancy. In the summer of that year he drew from nature for the first time—and from that date every leisure hour was spent in devotion to the art. Time rolled on rapidly enough; and, now watching the evolutions of volunteer corps that were swarming around, now sketching with Dr. Bidlake in some sequestered vale, Benjamin had nothing of which to complain. His habits, however, were lax, and it was evident that the discipline of a boarding-school would prove a proper corrective. He was accordingly sent to Plympton Grammar School, where Sir Joshua had been brought up; and here, instead of murdering Homer and Virgil, he was compelled to do homage to Phœdrus for a while, an humiliation unwelcome but profitable, for Virgil and Homer came again in their turn, and for the

six months he was a boy of the
dishment. As a des d
he counting-house for
was drawing; but his
ey was spent in caricatures which
spied; and such was his skill that
lay-hours the boys were found round
sketching as he directed. One
they saw a hunt on the hills, and
they came home, his admirers at
he furnishing him with burnt stick
saw it all round the hall so well,
it was permitted to remain for some
time.
From Plympton he was sent to Exeter,
perfected in merchants' accounts;
there he did little, save take a few
les in crayon-drawing from his mes-
sages, and distinguish himself by do-
everything and anything rather than
duty. At the end of six months he
moved to Plymouth, and was appren-
ticed to his father for seven years; as
he began "that ceaseless opposi-
tion he encountered through life." He
did be a painter; the certain inde-
pendence that the business eventu-
ally led, was unworthy of regard beside
subject of his ambition. Repugnance
work daily increased; the ledger as
accounter, and the shop and the cus-
tomer, and the town and the people,
all hated. He rose early and sat
late: he ridiculed the prints in the
show; insulted purchasers; strolled
the sea, whose heaving waves and
endless freedom were in harmony
with the struggles and aspirations of
his breast. His fond father pointed
to him his prospects, and the absurd-
ity of letting so fine a property go to
him, for he had no younger brother.
Who has put this stuff in your head?"
Nobody: I always have had it." "You
will live to repent." "Never, my dear
father; I would rather die in the trial."
Funds were called in, aunts and uncles
asked, but still his language was the
same. At this crisis he was taken ill, and
a short time was suffering from chronic
inflammation of the eyes. For six weeks
he was blind; at last he fancied he saw
something glittering, put out his hand
and struck it against a silver spoon.
That was a day of joy: he had another
ask, but his sight recovered, though
not perfectly. "What folly! How
you think of being a painter? Why,
I can't see," was said. "I can see
enough," was the reply; "and see or
lose, a painter I'll be; and if I am a

great one without seeing, I shall be the
first." Health returned, and nothing
daunted, Benjamin formed a plan of
procedure. Searching for books on art,
he met with "Reynolds' Discourses;"
and reading one, was so aroused by the
stress it laid on honest industry, and
the conviction it expressed that all men
were equal, and that application made
the difference, that he eagerly bore them
home as a prize, and read them all be-
fore breakfast the next morning. His
destiny seemed fixed; he left his cham-
ber and came down to table with Rey-
nolds under his arm; at once declared
his intentions, and with resolute energy
demolished every objection. His mo-
ther burst into tears, his father was in a
passion, and the house in an uproar.
"Everybody," says he, "that called
during the day was had up to bait me;
but I attacked them so fiercely that they
were glad to leave me to my own reflec-
tions. In the evening I told my mo-
ther my resolution calmly, and left her."
He now hunted Plymouth for anatomi-
cal works, and seeing "Albinus" among
the books in the catalogue of a sale,
determined to go and bid for it, and as
the price was beyond his reach, then to
appeal to his father's mercy. It was
knocked down to him for £2 10s. He
went home, induced his mother to in-
tercede for him; and at last had the
happiness of hurrying off the book to
his solitude, of gazing upon the plates
as his own, of copying them out, and
by such means acquainting himself
thoroughly with the muscles of the
body. His energy was indefatigable;
and the thought of London as the
scene of honour and independence
urged him unceasingly onward over
every obstacle. "My father," he wrote,
"had routed me from the shop, because
I was in the way with my drawings; I
had been driven from the sitting-room,
because the cloth had to be laid; scolded
from the landing-place because the stairs
must be swept; driven to my attic,
which now became too small; and at
last I took refuge in my bed-room. One
morning as I lay awake, very early, the
door slowly opened, and in crept my
dear mother with a look of sleepless
anxiety." She sat down on his bedside,
took his hand, and affectionately expo-
sulated with him. "I was deeply
affected; but checking my tears, I told
her, in a voice struggling to be calm,
that it was of no use to attempt to dis-

suade me. I felt impelled by something I could not resist. 'Do not,' said I, 'my dear mother, think me cruel. I can never forget your love and affection, but yet I cannot help it—I must be a painter.' Kissing me with wet cheeks and trembling lips, she said in a broken voice, 'She did not blame me; she applauded my resolution, but she could not bear to part with me.' I then begged her to tell my father that it was useless to harass me with further opposition. She rose, sobbing as if to break her heart, and slowly left my room, borne down with affliction. The instant she was gone, I fell upon my knees and prayed God to forgive me if I was cruel, but to grant me firmness, purity, and piety, to go in the right way for success.

At length, when all remonstrances had failed, and resistance was evidently useless, it was agreed he should leave; and his friends gave him twenty pounds with which to start upon the world. His books and colours were packed, his place was taken in the mail—London and High Art were the objects of his musing; but his heart throbbed alternately with feelings of duty and affection, and of ambition and hope. The evening drew near, the guard's horn rang through the streets, and the moment of farewell was come. Where was his mother? He rushed upstairs, but his call was answered only by violent sobs. She was in her bed-room, and could not speak or even see him. "God bless you, my dear child," was all he could distinguish. He slowly returned, his heart too full to find utterance for itself; the guard was impatient, he shook hands with his father, got in, the wheels again rolled round—and his career for life, come weal or woe, was fairly begun.

This was on the 14th of May, 1804; and on the following day Haydon found himself in the Strand; in the midst of that vast and ever growing city which is continually attracting to itself the genius of the land—which history has consecrated by ten thousand associations—where oratory has spoken in its most persuasive tones, and poetry penned its sublimest sentiments,—where art and science and commerce and civilization and religion have won their noblest triumphs,—where humanity has illustrated all that it has ever achieved, all that it is or can be,—where it has

collected in "most admired disorder" the mightiest and the weakest, the richest and the poorest, the man of culture and the slave of ignorance, idiocy that is scorned and intellect that a world reveres. There stood Haydon as the tide of life swept by, alone, and the experience of eighteen years his only counsellor; but resolved to be a great painter, to honour his country by rescuing his chosen art from every stigma cast upon it. Passing the new church in the Strand, he asked what building that was, and when in mistake it was answered "Somerset House," "Ah!" thought he, "there's the Exhibition, where I'll be soon." Having found his lodgings, washed, dressed, and breakfasted, away he started to see the Exhibition; and springing up the steps of the church, and mistaking the beadle with his cocked hat and laced coat for an official at the door, he offered him money for admission. The beadle laughed, and pityingly told him where to go; and in a few minutes he had mounted the stairs, and reached the great room of what in truth was Somerset House. He looked round for historical pictures, criticised and then marched off, inwardly saying, "I don't fear you." The next thing was to find a plaster shop. This was easily done; and he purchased Laocoon's head, some arms, hands and feet; and returned home to unpack Albinus, darken his room and prepare for work. Before nine the next morning, he had commenced; and for three months from that time his books, casts, and drawings were all he saw. His enthusiasm was unbounded. When he awoke he arose, at three, four, or five, and drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from his casts from nine to one, and from half past one till five—then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. He was once so long without speaking that his gums became sore from the clenched tightness of his teeth.

After months passed in this way, he began to think of Prince Hoare, the companion of Kelly, Holerst, and others of similar character, to whom he had a letter of introduction. Prince had studied in Italy and knew something of painting; and when Haydon explained to him his principles and showed him his drawings, he was pleased with his ardour and gave him letters to Northcote and Opie. Northcote was a Plymouth

and Haydon. First He was in a room, where he in an old library, his spectacles pushed up on his head. "Looking keenly at me," said Haydon, "with his little shini-
 He opened the letter, and read it, a dialect as a, "ter doo-co?" Historical inter! why straw under robed the advised per-
 nance in it, but recommending a pupil of some particular Haydon reflected, and then re-
 ed to proceed as he had begun. On theote he frequently called the was introduced to Smirke. Smirke
 been elected keeper of the Academy, the king refused to sanction his ap-
 tment, when told he was a det-
 e. Fuseli was then chosen, and a ful painter,
 gien soon found easy ac-
 e. He invited to call on him with his wings, and went, thoroughly nervous
 the thought of an interview with one
 from a boy he had revered, and
 every circumstance of later days
 tended to make an object of myste-
 are. He entered the house of
 a "terrible Fuseli." He "heard his
 steps, and saw a little bony hand
 round the edge of the door, followed
 a little white-headed, lion-faced man
 an old flannel dressing-gown, tied
 and his waist with a piece of rope, and
 on his head the bottom of Mrs. Fu-
 's work-basket!" All fears vanished,
 he addressed him in the kindest way,
 expressed his satisfaction at what
 saw. Fuseli concluded with—"I
 a keeper of de Academy, and hope to
 you dere de first nights." Haydon
 ended in 1805, after the Christmas
 tion, and was gratified by receiving
 a very first evening a public token of
 's approval. The second day he
 at eleven, and before it was passed,
 d formed an acquaintance with Jack-
 a, who became, as he was one of the
 first, so one of his warmest friends.
 's besetting sin was indolence,
 when with March the first term
 ed, he was walking into the country
 dly landscape or clouds, or rushing
 to see fine pictures; Haydon,
 'sater, was still intent on High Art.

he lost not a day, but worked out his twelve or fourteen hours as he felt dis-
 posed.

Just at this time came a letter from home, announcing the serious illness and probable death of his father. In two days he was at Plymouth, his father exhausted but recovering. And now came back upon him in full force the persuasions and exhortations of former times; yet the very sight of his arrival, midst bones and muscles procured from the hospital, he sat down to his studies in inflexible determination; and day by day, despite interruptions, scoldings, reproaches, he pursued his task, and slowly progressed in knowledge and skill. But still he was unhappy, for with all his enthusiasm he was not insensible to those tender and dutiful emotions of the soul which are more ennobling to their possessor than refinement or delicacy of taste. That man is incomparably above all others who appreciates correctly the beautiful both in nature and in morals. One morning he strolled forth to muse on Mount Edgecumbe, the early sun adorning the scene with its softened glories, and here he brought his struggles to an end. He returned, told his father that if he wished it he would stay, but only on a principle of duty, as most certainly he should eventually leave him. His father was affected, and replied that his mind also was made up—to gratify his invincible passion, and support him till he could support himself. Haydon was overjoyed, wrote to Fuseli and Jackson, and in a few weeks, with the good wishes of all his family and friends, prepared to start a second time. Jackson had written—"There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie."

Haydon was soon in town. The term had commenced, his friends welcomed him back, and the next day he went to draw. An hour after he entered the room, Wilkie came. Was he going to be an historical painter? thought Haydon, and he grew fidgetty. They glanced over each other's drawings, but not a word passed between them. The next day Wilkie was absent, but the day following that he was there, asked Haydon a question, which was answered; they began to talk, to argue, and went out to dine together. This was the beginning of a cordial intimacy. Unlike each other in many points of character, some-

times rather rivals than friends, and often quarrelling for a while, they nevertheless maintained to the end of life a mutual regard that was too deep to be shaken by transient feeling or varying circumstances. They visited one another, took meals together, and went in company to places of resort. Barry was lying in state at the Adelphi, with his paintings for his escutcheon. Wilkie had tickets of admission, and the two students determined to go. But a black coat was of course an essential at a funeral ceremony. Wilkie had not one, so borrowed of Haydon, neither advertising to their difference of figure. The Academy was the place of meeting, whence all the artists were to go together. They waited, and at the eleventh hour Wilkie arrived; he caught Haydon's eye and held up his finger entreating silence, as if painfully conscious of his awkward position—the sleeves half-way up his arms, his broad shoulders stretching and cracking the seams, and the waist buttons most marvellously exalted above the humble station their maker designed them to occupy! Wilkie, however, had a commission—there was a good time coming—and many a hearty laugh could he afford over this misfortune. The Exhibition of 1806 arrived. "The Village Politicians" was finished, and capitolly hung. On the private day people crowded about it; and folks read in the news, "A young man, by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work." Jackson and Haydon hastened to congratulate their friend. "I roared out," writes the latter, "'Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!' 'Is it rea-al-ly,' said David. I read the puff—we huzzaed, and taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired! By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's 'rea-al-ly' the following will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie, 'Do you not know that every one complains of your continual rea-al-ly?' Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, 'Do they rea-al-ly?' 'You must leave it off.' 'I will rea-al-ly.' 'For Heaven's sake don't keep repeating it,' said Calcott; 'it annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, 'Rea-al-ly.'"

One of the trio then had won distinction; his table was covered with the cards of people of all ranks: and his

companions were eager to obtain similar honours. Lord Mulgrave was Jackson's patron, and when the season ended, he and Wilkie were amongst the fashionable departures. They were invited to Mulgrave Castle to meet Sir George Beaumont, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a party, to paint and spend the time delightfully. Haydon, too, went out of town, to the rippling shore; but in the midst of his luxurious ramblings came a letter from Wilkie, dated Mulgrave Castle, Sept. 9, 1806. He read, and how were his spirits elated on discovering that it contained a commission for a grand historical picture, Dentatus the subject. In imagination, all trouble was for ever gone, and the Plymouth folk, when they heard, believed his fortune unmistakably made. Ere the expiration of the month he was back to town, again amidst its mighty whirl and surrounded by every variety of passion and thought—its very smoke, "the sublime canopy that shrouds the City of the World," inspiring him with energy no other spectacle could produce. The canvas was ordered for his first picture, of "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt;" and "on Oct. 18, 1806," he says, "setting my palette, and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting." Religiousness was a predominant element in Haydon's character. Night and morning he bowed the knee before the Deity; and during the day, in the fervour of conception, occasionally asked a blessing on his designs. But it was a false and fatal religion, the essence of which was selfishness—a religion which invested its victim with a deceitful glare, and where "Glory to God in the highest" should have been engraven, cherished ambition and pride. Its tendency was to beget belief in a "divinity within;" a result productive perhaps of energy and decision, but fraught with multiform dangers, and usually consummated by disasters tremendously awful. Haydon's object was glorious, his art had often borne the epithet *divine*, he perceived the sublimity of truth, his imagination supplied the place of lowly faith, and his ardent feelings bore him upward in lofty aspiration; but, whatever the form of his petitions, their aim was in reality the glory

his art as compared with the grandest principles of art, thus disregarding the creature enthroned where Heaven had the right to reign, and while even was called to witness and execute the usurpation. Haydon's position in his better moments was enthusiasm, which struck in by all the sweetest chords of his life; at other times, it was a romantic constitution, fascinating yet inconsistent; it was always a religion rather than knowledge, of admiration and obedience.

In November, Sir George and Lady Mount paid the artist a visit, and asked him to dine with him a few days. The hour arrived, and after dressing and brushing, and shaving, and so on, and many an anxious study before the glass, he sallied forth accompanied by Wilkie, to make his *début* in his life. The ordeal was easily passed, conversation was enjoyed, no blunders were made, but yet all was not satisfactory—he was paid attention to as a celebrity, before he had done anything to deserve it. In February, Lord Mulgrave arrived in London, and invitations of this sort soon became quite the fashion; and at dinner it was, when all of prior rank had gone off—"Historical matters first—Haydon, take so and so." The Exhibition of 1807 brought him before the world; and his first picture was considered an extraordinary work for a student. This gave encouragement to him, and he immediately made arrangements for the commencement of *Antony*. Before their completion he was summoned again to Plymouth by the illness of his father, who once more recovered. He found his mother unwell, a victim of a disease in the heart. She resolved to return with him to consult a physician in London, when death struck her at an inn by the wayside. At the pang of separation from a mother. "It is," said the son, "as if the life of one's nature had been drawn out and cracked in the drawing, leaving one half of it shrunk back, to torture with the consciousness of having left the rest." He saw her buried in the family vault, stole from the mourners her hand, and stretching himself upon the floor, lay long and late, musing on the future; then on his knees by her side he begged for a blessing on his actions, and prepared for the battle of life.

The following months found him in Marlborough Street, occupied upon *Dentatus*. Wilkie proved a capital companion; they shared their criticisms, their amusements, their dinners together. But now came an epoch in Haydon's life. They had obtained an order to see the Elgin Marbles, and went to Park Lane without delay. There, in a dirty pent house, lay before them relics of the most tasteful people the world ever produced. Haydon's anatomical studies rendered him able at once to appreciate; he saw the essential detail of actual life combined with the most heroic style of art, and then, *when no one would believe him*, declared that these "would prove the finest things on earth, that they would overturn the false beau-ideal, where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau-ideal, of which nature alone is the basis." He was in a fever of excitement, went home, dreamed of the marbles, arose, talked of them everywhere, and at last secured an order to draw from them, on condition his drawings were not engraved. For three months he had uninterrupted admission, and often was he there, morn, noon, and night, ten, fourteen, or fifteen hours at a time. The study of these noble specimens of antique sculpture at this juncture was of great value. On their "everlasting principles," the picture of *Dentatus* was carefully painted; as this approached completion, people of rank thronged to see it, and were lavish in encomiums—a great historical painter had at last arisen! In March, 1809, it was finished after fifteen months of actual toil. With what exultation was it taken down! with what care was it conveyed to the Academy! Leigh Hunt was with the artist, torturing him all the way: "Wouldn't it be a delicious thing now, for a lamp-lighter to come round the corner, and put the two ends of his ladder right into *Dentatus's* eye? Or, suppose we meet a couple of dray-horses playing tricks with a barrel of beer, knocking your men down, and trampling your poor *Dentatus* to a mummy?" Haydon was so nervous that, in his anxiety, he tripped up a corner man, and as near as possible sent *Dentatus* into the gutter. However, it reached its destination, and then came the hanging. Academicians thought differently of its merits to those without; it was hung ultimately in the ante-room, where decent light was wanting for a great

work. This was a bitter disappointment; the more polite regretted if the picture could not be placed where it deserved to be; but this mode of condemnation was mortifying in the extreme. After so many flatteries, to find one's painting room deserted; after such brilliant anticipations of immediate success to find,

"what seemed corporeal melted
As breath into the wind"—

who could calmly bear it? Haydon sank, a curse seemed resting over him, but it was only for a moment. Lord Mulgrave, then of the Admiralty, seemed to feel for him, and procured him the benefit of a trip in a cutter from Portsmouth to Plymouth, for the sake of change. Wilkie went with him, and once more among old scenes and faces, his spirits revived, and he could forget the past in the amusements of the present. They tarried by the sea for five weeks, then visited Mr. Canning's mother at Bath, and after a few days in London, set out again for Coleorton, the seat of Sir George Beaumont, where they passed a fortnight as pleasantly as it was possible for painters to do, reveling in their art, with the productions of Claude, Rembrandt, and Rubens about them as *sources of inspiration*—pictures now the *chefs* of our national collection.

"Macbeth" was the subject of the next sketch, for which Sir George had given a commission, but an unfortunate disagreement or misunderstanding as to the size arose between the patron and the painter. An unpleasant correspondence ensued, which the latter, relying on the justice of his own statements, had the delicacy to show. The facts were soon generally known, and the exposure brought matters to a crisis; but if Haydon's pride was gratified, his interests were injured. He enlarged the canvas as he felt inclined, and Sir George allowed him to go on with the picture for him, on the condition that if he did not like it, he should not be obliged to take it, but he considered engaged for a smaller one. Meantime he began to feel the want of money; his father had generously supplied him hitherto, but as yet no means of return had presented themselves save portrait painting, which he despised as infringing on his time and leading him from his design—the improvement of High Art. Just at this period the directors of the British Gallery offered a prize of one hundred

guineas for the best historical picture. Lord Mulgrave's permission was obtained, and Dentatus sent to the institution. It was placed at the head of the great room, and May 17th, 1810, Haydon was declared the victor almost unanimously. He now resumed work with fresh vigour, taking casts from nature, dissecting, poring over the *Elgin Marbles* beside "the lantern dimly burning," and then illustrating in his own figures the principles he had learnt. His resolutions, however, were suddenly shocked by a letter from his father, saying that he could no longer maintain him. What was to be done? His expenses were necessarily many, but his habits were not extravagant. His diligence was undoubted; would that his success was equally so! But he had won the prize for Dentatus, why not with Macbeth win the three hundred guineas now offered by the same Institution? Thus reasoning he borrowed, and here began obligation and trouble. This one step involved him in perplexity the remainder of his years. He should have stooped to anything rather than have thrown himself on contingencies. We have no right to draw on the future for the debts of the present. The future supplies incentives, and to attempt the transformation of these into means is as ruinous as it would be absurd to substitute hope for experience.

Haydon this year put down his name for admission to the Academy, but had not a single vote. Nothing, however, could check his enthusiasm. Thoughts streamed through his mind day and night. He read Shakspeare and the poets to bring his fancy into play, that his whole being might be in harmony with the subject engaging his attention. This thoroughness of feeling was one characteristic of the man; when painting Dentatus he had pondered over the glowing conceptions of Homer, Virgil, and Dante, and now he was resolved that Macbeth should want neither the fire of imagination nor the chastened excellencies of judgment. This picture was completed by the end of 1811; Sir George Beaumont declined purchasing, but offered the artist £100 as a compensation for his trouble in commencing it, or to paint another picture of a different size, both which offers he refused. It was exhibited at the Institution; and he was waiting with anxiety the award of the premiums, when to his indigna-

He learnt that they were withdrawn last in the purchase of an indifferent one which had appeared on the 20, and was voted by the jealous admirers, and every criterion that set their influence, to be the only correct painting England had produced. Haydon had in a measure cast upon himself this unpleasant lot. Just at the time of the appearance of *Macbeth* before the public, he made an attack in the "Examiner,"

Payne Knight, a powerful patron of the prince of the dilettanti; and content with exposing some of his whims, had the following week assailed the Academy itself. This step was decidedly impolitic: it incensed all and made violent opponents of all who would at least have been silent. Had he thus thrown down gauntlet to a man by a pure love of low-verdistrust the consequences, it is less must have been applauded. There are no patents of nobility in the arts of art; no *ipse dixit* can create master-ship or a genius, nor can circumstances long uphold a despotism. But he was exasperated by neglect, oppressed by debt, fearful of the future, he wrote, and "walked about in a low, gloomy and better."

[illegible][illegible]

and seemed interested. As I was escaping with a sort of lurking horror, she said, 'Mr. Haydon, Mr. Haydon, my master wishes to see you.' Thought I, 'it is to tell me he can't trust!' In I walked like a culprit. 'Sir, I beg your pardon, but I see by the papers you have been ill-used; I hope you won't be angry—I mean no offence; but—you won't be offended—I just wish to say, as you have dined here many years and always paid, if it would be a convenience during your present work, to dine here till it is done—you know—so that you may not be obliged to spend your money here, when you may want it—I was going to say you need be under no apprehension—heh! for a dinner.' My heart really filled. I told him I would take his offer. The good man's forehead was perspiring, and he seemed quite relieved. From that hour the servants eyed me with a ludicrous regret, and redoubled their attentions. The honest wife said, if I was ever ill she would send me broth or any such little luxury, and the children used to cling round my knees and ask me to draw a face." And now there was the landlord, already a creditor for £200. Haydon returned, and called him up. "I said," Perkins, "I'll leave you if you wish it, but it will be a pity, will it not, not to finish such a beginning?" Perkins looked, and muttered, "It's a grand thing—how long will it be before it is done, sir?" "Two years!" "What, two years more, and no rent?" "Not a shilling." He rubbed his chin and muttered, "I should not like you to go—it's hard for both of us; but what I say is this, you always paid me when you could, and why should you not again when you are able?" "That's what I say." Well, sir, here is my hand, and a great fat one it was; 'I'll give you two years more, and if this does not sell, affecting to look very severe, "why, then, sir, we'll consider what is to be done; so don't fret, but work!" And Haydon did work, as vigorously as though nothing had happened, till his health began to fail. This was an interruption, but a short excursion from town speedily restored him. 1812 passed away and not a person of rank came nigh him; but he found some original spirits, whose society was far more valuable and valued than all he had lost. Wilkie, Jackson and the Hunts had remained faithful throughout, and to these were added

Hazlitt, Lamb, Barnes of the "Times," and others. Necessities were growing meanwhile; his watch had long gone, and now he began to part with his clothes and with book after book; yet he was constant at his work; and thus passed another year. In it he lost his father: when the letter came that announced his death, he was painting a head, and so intensely occupied that the news made no impression for the time. When he had done, he saw and felt his loss. At the end of February, 1814, the *Solomon* was finished; and sent to the Water Colour Society for exhibition. First came, on the private day, Payne Knight and the Princess of Wales; *they* condemned. Then came the nobility and then the mass. It had not been fairly opened to the public, without distinction, half an hour, before £500 were offered for it. This was refused, but the same party in a few hours agreed to the price, 600 guineas. The third day Sir George Beaumont and Mr. Holwell Carr came, deputed to buy it for the Gallery; but it was too late, "sold" was put up. Sir George was delighted, and shook hands with the painter before a crowded room. In walked Lord Mulgrave and General Phipps: "Haydon, you dine with us to-day, *of course*." He bowed. Who has bought it? was now the question. "O, a couple of Devonshire friends," was said with a sneer. "That may be," he replied; "but, as Adrian said, is a Devonshire guinea of less value than a Middlesex one? does it smell?"

The tide of fortune seemed to have turned, and suddenly reached its full. Visitors came in shoals. The victory was complete; and what was equally gratifying, the money was in hand. £500 went easily the first week, and then not half the debts were paid—it was sufficient to establish credit.

Paris was now the most interesting place on earth. The allied armies were there, and Napoleon was on the way to Elba. Wilkie and Haydon secured passports, and alike from sincere gratulations and shallow flatteries, hurried away to the Louvre. A month or two in the capital of France passed speedily by. Everywhere there were signs of memorable struggles, everywhere were objects of excitement and interest; the whole scene was full of details worthy the artist's regard, and then there were the cartoons of Raffaele and the rich collec-

tions of art that victor armies gathered.

Haydon, on returning to England found that the British Institution voted him 100 guineas as a mark of admiration for the *Judgment of Solomon*; and shortly after, in lieu of the same, he received the freedom of his native town. Not one commission, however, followed all this éclat. Sated by the past and full of aspirations for the future, he commenced his journey into Jerusalem: succeeding me found him occupied upon it in his accustomed manner. In June, the victory of Waterloo caused a slight interruption. He was greatly excited, for with all devotion to painting, his mind was vigilant and excursive to be unintermitted by transactions around. Soldiers amongst his models, and many a conversation did he have, and many an anecdote did he glean, respecting famed fight. Rumours in the interval had begun to circulate in disparage of the Elgin Marbles, in behalf of which he had always proved himself a zealous advocate. In November, he obtained permission to take casts from some of them, still ardent in admiration. The same month Canova visited both him and them, and Haydon was delighted to hear him say, "ces statues produisent un grand changement dans les idées." His opinion boldly expressed and sympathy in general were very acceptable to the still struggling artist. In December came a letter from Wordsworth, whose friendship he had won with his three sonnets, one specially interesting to himself, and concluding—

"And oh, when nature sinks, as well she may
From long-lived pressure of obscure distress
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness:
Great is the glory for the strife is hard."

In February of the next year the committee met which had been appointed by Government to survey the Elgin Marbles. Haydon was not called for examination; Lord Elgin's friends soon dismissed, and witnesses invited to the Marbles questioned at length. Payne Knight had said that they were Roman of the time of Adrian, and driven from his position, declared that the work of mere journeymen. Impetuous Haydon was annoyed, retired to his painting-room, dashed down his thoughts; and the result a spirited article, appearing both in

"Examiner" and "Champion,"—"On the Judgment of Connoisseurs being referred to that of Professional Men. The Elgin Marbles, &c." There was much truth in this paper; he showed that it was the union of nature with beauty that ranked these Marbles above all other works of art; but he ran severe upon the patrons and nobility upon Mr. Knight in particular. "It has saved the Marbles," said Lawrence, "but it will ruin you." The Committee proceeded, and the result everybody knows.

Notwithstanding public applause and some success, the artist's necessities became dreadful and harassing. He had anticipated the fruit of his labour, and was treading a perilous path. He was without commissions, employment, money; but his will was fixed: he must have at any percentage; nothing should prevent his devotion to art, or any his attempts to raise the taste of the country. This was the infatuation of an earnest spirit, but it was not unalloyed with pride. He had taken pupils with a desire to form a school of painting, but it was as their instructor and friend and without the thought of gain, for he took not a shilling from them.

Among these were the Landers, Henry, Chotfield, and afterwards eminent.

He then commenced a periodical called "The Artist of Art."

His labours gave him full use, and he spent his favourite hours in these vigorously advocated. Anthony and all his as vigorously assented by any and every one.

He had already not a few friends—Horace Smith,

and Keats were additions to his list. From Keats he received a letter saying,

"I am as sick as a dog, and as weary."

And he was one.

—One day, as he was taking a walk, he met a new friend.

He had just returned from a dinner at the house of a friend in Finsbury Grove,

and was now standing in the doorway, looking out at the world.

He was looking at the attractions of the place. In the middle of this delight-

ful scene, a gentleman, a tall, thin, and elegant man, had called on me.

He had known my friends, had an

introduction to Wordworth, and begged

I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet. I thought it a liberty; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come. When we retired to tea we found the comptroller. In introducing him to Wordworth, I forgot to say who he was. After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up, and said to Wordworth, 'Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?' Keats looked at me; Wordworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, 'Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?' 'No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordworth if he were not?' 'Oh,' said Lamb, 'then you are a silly fellow.' 'Charles, my dear Charles,' said Wordworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire. After an awful pause, the comptroller said, 'Don't you think Newton a great genius?' 'I could not stand it any longer,' Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordworth seemed asking himself, 'Who is this?' Lamb got up, and taking a candle, said, 'Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?' He then turned his back on the poor man; and at every question of the comptroller he chaunted

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on."

The man in office, finding Wordworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, 'I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordworth.' 'With me, sir?' said Wordworth. 'Not that I remember.' 'Don't you, sir? I'm a comptroller of stamps.' There was a dead silence; the comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While we were waiting for Wordworth's reply, Lamb sung out,

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle!"

'My dear Charles,' said Wordworth—

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,"

chaunted Lamb; and then rising exclaimed, 'Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs.' Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed

and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the comptroller was irreconcilable. We soothed and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man, we parted all in good humour, and no ill effects followed."

In 1817, when the Grand Duke Nicholas was in England, Haydon was introduced to him by a Russian artist. The place of meeting was in the British Museum, before the Elgin Marbles, at which "the distinguished historical painter" was especially delighted; and, as it happened, he had ample opportunity to explain and extol these works studied by him in a damp and dusky penthouse, but now deemed worthy of a visit by a royal personage. In the beginning of the succeeding year, perhaps partially as a consequence of this interview, he was chosen by the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg to select casts for Russia, and to appoint whom he pleased to transmit them. In the autumn of the same year he was informed, through a friend at the Foreign Office, that if he had a mind to go to Italy free of expense, he could be accommodated with a bag of dispatches for Naples, which would allow him to take his own time. He had suffered much for High Art in England; public interest was now excited; things seemed coming to a crisis; he reflected, and then determined not to leave the battlefield while the fight hung in the balance.

In 1820, after six years of painful effort, the Jerusalem was finished. The Egyptian Hall was secured for its exhibition; it was removed, put up and ready for glazing; then came a halt—there was no money to buy hangings and begin fittings. This difficulty was surmounted to be followed by another species of excitement. The first day was successful. Mrs. Siddons entered with her tragic and majestic step, and pronounced decidedly in favour; and when the people found admittance, the enthusiasm reached its height. Sir Walter Scott came to town just then; he saw the picture and approved. Haydon was invited to meet him at a dinner, and thus began their intercourse. The clear profit of this exhibition amounted to £1,298 12s., every shilling of which had been paid away. But now, when creditors knew that money was at hand, the least delay, though thoroughly

explained, was followed by a lawyer's letter.

It was proposed to purchase the painting by subscription; but the attempt ultimately failed. Haydon therefore resolved on an excursion into Scotland into the very midst of the Blackwood Tories; and away he went, sending round his picture by sea. His receipts there were about £3,000. He was thoroughly well treated, too, by Scott, Wilson, Raeburn, and such like men. They hunted, dined, and talked together, and the pseudo-cockney returned flushed with triumph. And yet withal he was *still* in debt; and, what made matters worse, he had for some time been deeply in love with a charming young widow with two children, and every month made him more eager to be married.

John Scott, the editor of the "Champion" and of the "London Magazine," and Keats were the first of his friends that died; the former was shot in a duel. About the same time he made the acquaintance of Belzoni, by whose good sense and unconquerable spirit he was much struck. There was always a deep sympathy between him and such characters: in their daring and extraordinary undertakings, their struggles and successes, he saw himself reflected, or discovered incitements to renewed exertion. Thus Nelson was almost an idol with him; and "Victory or Westminster Abbey" often his own motto; and indeed in determination, in impetuosity and frankness of nature they resembled each other. Napoleon was another whose genius excited him; all memoirs relating to him were fascinating in the extreme. Reading them, he said, "was like dram-drinking. To go to other things afterwards is like passing from brandy to water."

Through 1821, he worked at his new picture of Lazarus, as circumstances permitted: but difficulties thickened around, he frequently had not a shilling, and how to escape arrest was a problem not easily solved. At length in June, the moment long expected and often skilfully postponed, arrived, and he was arrested. The bailiff was requested to walk into the painting room while his victim prepared to go. He did so, and when Haydon came down, he found him perfectly agitated before Lazarus. "Oh, sir," said he, "I won't take you. Give me your word to meet

at twelve at the attorney's, and I take it." He did so, went, explained matter, and appointed the evening to arrange. "But you must remain in the officer's custody," said the man. "Not he," said the bailiff; "him give me his word, and I'll take enough I am liable to pay the debt." Word was given, and this man, who never seen him before, left him free at night, when all was settled; such the influence of the painting upon

the next month, Mary, his betrothed, in town, and Haydon all joy. went to the coronation together. In October their marriage took place. This change of relationship exerted a delightful influence over the life. It soothed his irritations, buoyancy to his hopes, tempered ambition; and now, where the pursuit of his art had been his only goal, he had another and unfailing ally in the love of his wife. Happy it may have been for him could he be thrown off the burdens of the past; still hanging heavily about him; and as Mary's affection could lighten, alas! must now share his troubles.

A while he went quietly on with his work, but not many months were over, and he was again requisite to the public for the satisfaction of his employers. His days were lost in battling with them, in running round the country, in begging and borrowing of one and another. In December 1824 his engagements to exhibit a picture of the birth of a son of the Virgin Mary succeeded. Lazarus, the subject, and forthwith exhibited, the picture was considerably, and respectfully, appreciated, but these were all the good things, and expectations were not fulfilled. On the 15th of January 1825 it was put in on the walls of the great hall, begins an epoch in the history of the "Kings of the world." Well, I am in person, and give me a hundred and twenty-five guineas. Here is a consolation. Haydon appears to have had peculiar success in this, but it is to have been put in as the champion of High Art. The work was almost bound to succeed. It was a martyr to the cause, and it is a pity that no man is at present to be seen by the public. He is a martyr to the cause of painting. When he received information of his elec-

tion as a member of the Imperial Academy of Russia, an honour strangely contrasting with his present position. All attempts at arrangement failing, he had to face the insolvent court, and not one out of 150 creditors appearing against him, he was discharged on the 25th of July. Meantime friends had given tokens of substantial sympathy—Walter Scott, Miss Mitford, Sir Edward Codrington, Brougham, &c. The last named presented from him a petition to the House of Commons, praying for public encouragement to historical painting, and the employment of distinguished artists (himself, of course, included) in the decoration of national buildings. This was the first step in a long career of unsuccessful agitation. No sooner was he free, than he again urged upon Sir Charles Long this measure, and the propriety of beginning by decorating the great room of the Admiralty. He laid before him a plan, but in vain. From this date he was incessant in his application to parties in power—to Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Robinson, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne. Much of his journal is occupied with this correspondence; no sort of reply could dishearten him. He pertinaciously continued his assaults, too pertinaciously perhaps, when we reflect that his own interests and his own vanity were not unfrequently the impelling principles. He maintained that the character of a nation was elevated by the influence of art, and that never would art in England assume its true and high position till, by the public employment of artists, they were rendered independent of a capricious patronage, and of party jealousies. These doctrines he was the first to advocate, and though unpalatable then, their truth has since been recognised, and in the new Houses of Parliament his designs have been partially realized.

He now found it absolutely necessary to curb his inclination for the heroic and paint portraits and smaller subjects. Few sitters, however, came, and when they did, the occupation was very distasteful. His great pictures had been sold to creditors for prices far below their value; and want stared him in the face. 1824 came. His journal opened with the motto—

"Not strong tower, nor walls of iron I was,
Nor strong dungeon, nor strong arms of men,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

But before the year was passed, there were entries that told of the inward struggle, like this:—"Alas! I have no object in life now but my wife and children, and almost wish I had not them, that I might sit still, and meditate on human ambition and human grandeur till I died. I really am heartily weary of life. I have known and tasted all the glories of fame, and distinction, and triumph; all the raptures of love and affection, all the sweet feelings of a parent. And what then? The heart sinks inwardly, and longs for a pleasure calm and eternal, majestic, unchangeable. I am not yet forty, and can tell of a destiny melancholy and rapturous, bitter beyond all bitterness, afflicting beyond all affliction, cursed, heart-burning, heart-breaking, maddening. . . . The melancholy demon has grappled my heart, and crushed its turbulent beatings in its black, bony, clammy, clenching fingers." In October, Mr. Kersey, his legal adviser yet warm friend, came to his aid, and offered him a year's peace at four per cent. and under certain conditions as to the dimensions and prices of the pictures painted in the interim. Thus in a measure freed from embarrassment, he became comparatively happy. Commissions that would once have been refused, were now welcomed, and he worked regularly on. Towards the end of 1825, another subject approached completion, Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites. But, December 18th, he records his "fits"—fits of work, fits of idleness, fits of reading, fits of walking, fits of Italian, fits of Greek, fits of Latin, fits of Napoleon, &c. &c.: "My dear Mary's lovely face is the only thing that has escaped a fit that never varies." In February, 1826, he sent another petition to the House of Commons. In April, his *Venus and Anchises* was also finished, and this, after some deliberation, he resolved to send to the Academy for exhibition. He would concede nothing, yet longed for reconciliation; and, encouraged by the gratification this first step gave to many, afterwards went round to curry favour with the principal members. In May, he received from Lord Egremont a commission to paint *Alexander taming Encephalus*; and this was followed in November, by an invitation to his lordship's seat at Petworth, which was accepted, and the visit thoroughly enjoyed. Yet he finished the year "more harrassed than ever;"

and on the 31st of December wrote, "For want of a vent my mind feels like a steam-boiler without a valve, boiling, struggling, and suppressing, for fear of injuring the interests of five children and a lovely wife."

1827 opened with an execution in the house, and an arrest was only adverted by the prompt interference of friendship. Nevertheless, before the end of June, Haydon was again in the King's Bench prison. While there he saw the mock election, a subject of which he afterwards made good use. In July, a public meeting was called for the examination of his affairs, when it appeared that his embarrassments in part arose from anxiety to discharge those debts from which the law had exonerated him, and that he was in general entitled to sympathy. The consequence was his release. Working more expeditiously than of yore, he brought his picture of the Mock Election to a finish by the end of the year. This the king ultimately purchased. He next painted a kindred subject—the Chairing of the Member; and then *Eucles* was placed upon the easel, a classical and beautiful design. At the end of 1828 he was actively engaged in writing on the old topic—public patronage for art—and requested permission to dedicate a pamphlet upon it to the Duke of Wellington, but even this token of approbation he could not obtain. Punch was the subject of his next picture—he had alighted on a comic vein; and then he began *Xenophon and the Ten Thousand* at the first sight of the sea. Portraits and smaller pictures he painted whenever opportunity offered; but, notwithstanding, his wants were still pressing. Many a day was spent in running to and fro; and many an exorbitant demand was met, to prevent a third arrest. Expenses, too, by these proceedings were greatly increased. He had borrowed of the future, and now, as years rolled on, it was exacting from him compound interest at an ever growing and enormous rate. From September 1829 to May 1830 he paid as much as £93 law costs connected with the settlement of small bills. In the month last named the King's Bench prison again closed its doors behind him. Then came the trial, and then another acquittal.

It is mournful to follow the man through the details of his latter years; to see his distress which, great as it was,

came an invitation to Walmer, where he passed several most agreeable days in company with the hero whom he had always revered. The Duke sat to him as he pleased, but would not see the picture, which he deemed to be solely a concern of "the Liverpool gentlemen." Wordsworth wrote a sonnet on this, as he had done on Napoleon. These things cheered the buffeted painter; but nothing more than the success with which, about this date, he delivered his lectures at Oxford—"a day-dream of my youth."

In 1841, his picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention, which had introduced him to Clarkson and others, was finished. He was comparatively free from pecuniary harass; but other grievances were at hand. This year the Fine Arts Committee for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament sat and examined witnesses; but he was not summoned. He felt this severely; it gave him a presentiment of coming disappointment. Another blow was the death of Sir David Wilkie, for whom he still entertained a strong affection. Amongst the paintings completed in the following year were the Battle of Poitiers, the Maid of Saragossa, Curtius leaping into the Gulf, Alexander the Great encountering and killing a Lion, and Wordsworth on Helvellyn, on which last Miss E. B. Barrett (now Mrs. Browning) sent him a sonnet. Through 1842, the Fine Arts Commission was sitting. In April their notice was issued of the conditions for the cartoon competition, by which it was intended to test the capabilities of artists for the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament. Haydon exulted in this advance towards the achievement of the great object of all his labours; but not without painful forebodings that the victory was not for him. He ascribed the adverse tendency of things exclusively to his enemies; but to others it was evident that his obstinate self-assertion and incessant intrusion of his views upon public men and bodies were in part the cause; and that, moreover, the power of earlier days was not so visible in his paintings now, for manifold anxieties had shaken the man. He, however, at once began to exercise himself in fresco; and by the time appointed, June, 1843, he had safely lodged two cartoons in Westminster Hall, where thirty years before he had drawn a gigantic limb on the wall with the end of his un-

brella, and said to Eastlake, his companion, "This is the place for art." His subjects were—the Curse pronounced against Adam and Eve, and the Black Prince entering London in triumph with the French King prisoner. In July the prizes were declared, and Haydon's hope as regarded himself in that quarter forever blighted. That in the very triumph of those principles to which his energies had through life been devoted, he himself should fall disgraced.

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."

It caused a severe pang, but he recovered, and resolved to retrieve his character before an impartial public arrests threatened, still he lectured, still he painted; and then he commenced a series of cartoons to illustrate what is the best government. These were to be six in number; the first showing the injustice of democracy—"The Banishment of Aristides with his Wife and Children;" the second showing the heartlessness of despotism—"Nero playing his lyre while Rome is burning;" the third and fourth exhibiting the consequences of Anarchy and the cruelty of Revolution; the fifth and sixth the blessings of Justice and Freedom under a limited Monarchy. This had for many years been a cherished conception; the plans had been before many a minister and now he determined, since patronage failed, to execute it independently and prove his competence to the world. The two first of the series were completed, and on Easter Monday, 1846, the exhibition opened at the Egyptian Hall. To show the overweening confidence in his habits of prayer and thought he begotten, we make an extract from his diary, dated May 25th, 1843, written when he began these pictures:—"O God! I am again without any resource but in thy mercy enable me to bear up and vanquish, as I have done, all difficulties. Let nothing however desperate or overwhelming stop me from the completion of my six designs. *O these my country's honour rests,* and my own fame on earth. Thou knowest how for forty-one years I have struggled and resisted—enable me to do so to the last gasp of my life."

The exhibition proved a complete failure. On the private day, only Jerrold, Bowring, Fox Maule, and Holhouse went. It rained; but twenty-six years before rain would not have prevented. On the Monday he writes:

Receipts, 1840, £1 1s. 6d. ARTISTES.

Receipts, 1820, £19 10s. JERUSALEM.

In God I trust. Amen."

Each day told a similar story. The exhibition closed May 23rd, we read: "There be Aristides and Nero, unmasked & sent to the gallows up. Aristides, a great battle would have praised and complimented me on!—and £111 1s. 5d. loss by showing it!" This was a fearful blow; he seemed condemned and despoiled at every tribunal. Embarrassments were thickening, yet he did not proceed with the third of his life. Sir Robert Peel came generously to his assistance; but the battle was early over. Here are the closing entries of his journal; "June 20th.—O God bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow and got up in agitation.

"22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

FINIS

of

B. R. HAYDON.

Stretch me no longer on this rough world.—*Leir*.

End of Twenty-sixth Volume."

This last entry was made between, eight past ten and a quarter to eleven, on the morning of Monday, the 22nd of June, 1840. Before eleven, the hand of the clock was cold in death. He died at an early hour in the morning, and his body was rapidly interred; at ten o'clock his printing rooms, soon after closed, were surrounded by a fervent crowd of his friends. About a quarter of seven a report of firearms was heard, which was supposed to proceed from the troops then reviewing in the great square. About an hour afterwards the soldiers entered the printing rooms, and the body lay there, by her side, until the moment of his unfinished career. At 11 and the first British painter's whole hours staid with

blood, a half open razor smeared with gore beside him, in his throat a fearful gash, and a bullet wound in his skull!

The coroner's jury found that the suicide was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act. His debts amounted to £3,000; but the assets were considerable.

On his table were found these "last thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten:—

"No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity.

"I create good.—I create,—I, the Lord, do these things.

"Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples, and, I fear, the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged, nothing but good would have come from me, because, when encouraged, I paid everybody. God forgive the evil for the sake of the good. Amen."

So perished Benjamin Robert Haydon, in the 61st year of his age. His story tells its own moral. As an artist, he was powerful in execution and bold in design, more successful in the diffusion of correct sentiments than in the attainment of reward. As a writer, he was clear, graphic, and vigorous; as a speaker, enthusiastic and earnest. As a man, he was conscious of genius, and therefore self-reliant; imaginative and resolute, and, therefore, sanguine. His principles were in general pure, and his objects lofty; but he knit too closely the glory of himself with the glory of his art. He was frank and generous, yet he persecuted his opponents. His religion was tied to his ambition, when it should have been the harmonizer of his passions. He lacked the sublime consolations of a holy faith, and hence his terrible and mournful end.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

SECOND NOTICE.

In the same month of August, 1840, Lord Ashley moved in Parliament for a select committee, concerning the state of the mines and factories, and also applied to Her Majesty's Government for a commission to investigate

the condition of women and children employed in collieries and mines. The commission was readily granted.

During the progress of that investigation he continued his oversight of lunatic asylums, not only in London and its

neighbourhood, but in the provinces. It was his object to separate those unhappy persons from the poor-houses, where they were often found together with other paupers, and collect them in county asylums. As chairman of the commission of lunacy he had observed, with grief, that no sooner was a person confined in a lunatic asylum, some few cases excepted, than even his nearest relatives seemed to think themselves discharged from the solemn duty of watching over him; as if the maniac were dead and gone, the survivors of that living death appeared to have shaken off even the memory of his existence, and he was left unvisited, as in a grave, to be shut for ever out of sight. His lordship, therefore, desired to make the legal oversight of those establishments universal; satisfied that the recent law was a means of amelioration in London, he wished to extend it to the provinces; and anxious to mature plans for the improvement of the law itself, he desired that the commission, then about to expire, might be continued in action for three or four years longer, in order that he might mature a plan for comprehensive and effectual inspection. In pursuance of this design, another member of the House of Commons, Lord G. Somerset, brought in a bill in March, 1812, for the inspection of county lunatic asylums. Lord Ashley warmly supported this measure, and gave the House much information derived from private correspondence and observation, collected far beyond the circle of his operations as chairman of the original commission. That office, it must be stated, he filled gratuitously, and his research cost him no little expense, anxiety, and labour. Yet he had to tell the House that many of those provincial asylums were not known beyond the places where they existed—that many lunatics were immured beyond the knowledge of any but the persons who had conveyed them thither—that there were many wicked incarcerations of sane persons, brought about by violence or guile—that many insane and even furious persons roamed at large to the peril of the public. Aided by this powerful advocate, Lord Somerset obtained leave to bring in a bill to meet these and other evils. The subject commanded the attention of Parliament, and after the lapse of about three years more, the law of England as to this

class of sufferers attained to its present state of precision and mercy.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of toil spent by the subject of our narrative in preparing to bring the Mines and Collieries Bill into Parliament. He had to familiarize himself with a mass of wretchedness far more disgusting than that which had been disclosed by the Factory Commissions, and, in order to do so, went himself into some of those districts. On the evening of Tuesday, June 7th, he moved a bill for the relief of the degraded and oppressed women and children: the scene—if one may so call it—was out of sight, in the bowels of the earth. With that fixed and calm dignity that is characteristic of the man on great occasions, he rose to address the Speaker. His exordium was chaste, familiar, courteous, and recognisant of the attention which had often been rendered to him by the Government and by that House when he had been pleading for humanity. Pointing to the voluminous report which lay upon the table, containing the experience of the commissioners and the depositions of witnesses during a period of nearly two years, he committed it to their attention in such terms as these:—

“It is not possible for any man, whatever be his station, if he have but a heart within his bosom, to read the details of this awful document without a combined feeling of shame, terror, and indignation. But I will endeavour to dwell upon the thing itself, rather than on the parties that might be accused as, in great measure, the authors of it. An enormous mischief is discovered, and an immediate remedy is proposed; and sure I am that if those who have the power will be as ready to abate oppression as those who have suffered will be to forgive the sense of it, we may hope to see the revival of such a good understanding between master and man, between wealth and poverty, between ruler and ruled, as will, under God’s good providence, conduce to the restoration of social comfort, and to the permanent security of the empire.” “Other reports will develop more amply the whole length and breadth of our perilous position; but—*ex pede Herculem*,—it has shown you the ignorance and neglect of many of those who have property, and the consequent vice and suffering of those who have

fatigues might have contended with
is that affected thousands, but num-
bered not thousands, were now coun-
ted; and in a matter of such gravity
would adduce facts, even at the
cost of being tedious, but would not
empty declamation.

As to the age and sex of his clients,
they were women and children. Poor
women and undefended children. Com-
monly at seven or eight years of age,
often at six, frequently at five, and
often at four years of age, children, both
male and female, were taken under-
ground. At four o'clock in the morning
many of them were taken out of their
beds, and led or carried to the pits.
In the smaller collieries, away
from the hills of the Midlands and
the North, more than in the larger
ones, under a twofold obscurity and
opposed by a yet baser lust of gain,
exploiters used them in earlier
years in greater numbers, and with
tyranny of more excessive ruthlessness.

The subterranean caverns where these
wrecks were immolated to mammon,
were often horrid. They were coal-pits,
with imperfect ventilation, and yet more
executive drainage. And under the hills
of Derbyshire, for example, the "black-
water," a mephitic vapour, constantly
accumulated and often did gaseous ex-
haustion, pent up, explode at the flash-
ing of a candle, to the destruction of
many lives. There was a heavy and

chains attached to girdles passed round
their bodies. So in Scotland, and so
elsewhere, women were compelled to
drag small carts full of coals for dis-
tances of a hundred or two hundred
yards, creeping along the narrow seams;
and this labour was never interrupted
through the long hours allotted to them,
while a candle would burn in the foul
and watery air.

Young persons and tender children
thus drudged under the loads. Drove
of children, many and many a fathom
deep under the green turf, out of sight
except to the eye of God and of their
drivers, went upon all fours. Around
each panting body was passed a girdle.
To the girdle, under the belly, hung a
chain. The chain passed between the
"hind legs," as they might be called.
The human droves pulled loads of coal
through avenues worse than common
sewers, quite as wet, and often more con-
tracted. Drivers so far as they could
penetrate, followed them; and when the
children, pained by the girdles that were
blistering and lacerating their sides,
liver red or greened, the skin being
broken, and the blood running down, the
drivers quickened their speed by blows.
Infants of six years were made to crawl
thus all day, until they could not stand
upright when brought out. Girls, from
the age of seven to twenty-one, did the
work of "trappers and hurriers" in com-
pany with boys, the girls being naked to

rows of women were struck off the ladders, and dashed to pieces. Children were set at the windlass, and through heedlessness, sport, or weakness, let go, or pulled too far, and men and women were precipitated down the shafts. Mothers, exhausted, injured, or deformed, gave birth to dead children; or, when their offspring had come to life, were hurried back to the pits again within a week or ten days, leaving the babes to badly paid dry-nurses, but trusted perhaps to the care of those ministering spirits whom God sends in pity to watch over the motherless. Those poor women all seemed old by the time they were thirty. "You must tell the Queen Victoria," said one of them, "that we are quiet, loyal subjects. Women-people here don't mind work, but they object to horse-work. Tell her that she would have the blessing of all the Scotch coal women if she would get them out of the pits, and send them to other labour." Lord Ashley quoted her words, and they drew tears from the eyes of many an honourable and noble member.

In the subterranean hells of Yorkshire new diseases, exotic in the world of day, such as are not known above ground, had become rife. By constant tooping the human frame lost its form. By filth and wet it became scrofulous. Stunted growth and crippled gait betrayed to passengers above-ground through the villages the horrid pressure, torture, and infection that were prevalent beneath. *Melancholia*, or "black spittle," when the blood of the patient could no longer be decarbonized, attended by an awful languor, and by emaciation, boded irrevocable death. In those poor women the spine was often curved, the pelvis contracted, the ankles twisted, the heart beat quick and high, the lungs toiled under asthma. Their children were sickly, diseased and distortion became hereditary, and there were symptoms of physical degeneracy in entire colliery populations. The mind, with the body, sank lower and lower into depravation. Husbands, fathers, mothers, lost the emotions of natural affection. Their tempers were described as "hellish," and their habits as grossly intemperate, dissolute, and vile. Many proprietors longed for legal assistance in order to bring about a reformation, but others feared it. Women were more submissive—women and children were cheap and easily managed; therefore women and children were preferred.

Then there was another abomination. "Guardians of the poor" apprenticed pauper children to the colliers, who carried them to the pits, worked them and flogged them at their pleasure, and some of them committed atrocities too sickening to be recited here. Lord Ashley, therefore, proposed two comprehensive measures; a prohibition of employing women in mines and collieries, and an abolition of those pauper apprenticeships for ever. And then he closed a speech of the first order of parliamentary eloquence with the sentences following:—

"Is it not enough to announce these things to an assembly of Christian men and British gentlemen? For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro, and it was a blessed deed. You may, this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your country-people, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, to enter on the enjoyment of their inherited freedom, and avail themselves, if they will accept them, of the opportunities of virtue, of morality, and religion. These, sir, are the ends that I venture to propose: *this is the barbarism that I seek to restore.*" The House will, I am sure, forgive me for having detained them so long; and still more will they forgive me for venturing to conclude by imploring them, in the words of Holy Writ, "to break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquillity."

Mr. Fox Maule seconded the motion. Member after member spoke for it. A strain of eulogy on the mover ran through every speech, and Lord Ashley's bill was read a first time. No sooner were the facts made public, than indignation and pity filled the public mind; but after a third reading in the Commons without change, the opposition of interested parties prevailed so far that it suffered some amendments in the Lords, which amendments, however, Lord Ashley reluctantly accepted, hoping that the movement would eventually be carried to the full length demanded by religion and humanity. A month afterwards he failed in an effort to obtain a government bill for amending the act relating to mills and factories, but he might rejoice in having

* A member had lately charged him with wishing to restore barbarism!

surprise," said an employer to the sub-commissioner of factories who visited Halifax, "at Thomas Mitchell not having heard of God. I judge there are very few colliers hereabout that have." Vice, the universal companion of ignorance, was general. The manners of both children and adults were extremely dissolute; and the working class, separated from those above them by so broad a barrier, were envious and discontented, and regarded "magistrates, masters, pastors, and all superiors, as enemies and oppressors." Yet there *was* a kind of teaching imparted to them all. Depraved and cunning men imbued them with impiety and insubordination; and in one of those towns a working man's hall was opened on Sundays, where 300 poor children were initiated into infidel and seditious principles. Atheistical orators harangued assemblages of operatives, and infused into them a wild and Satanic spirit. After laying a mass of astounding information before the house, his lordship uttered another of his gravely impassioned perorations, and amongst other things spoke as follows:—

"In ten years from this hour—no long period in the history of a nation—all who are nine years of age will have reached the age of nineteen years; a period in which, with the few years that follow, there is the least sense of responsibility, and the power of the liveliest action, and the greatest disregard of human suffering and human life." "So long, sir, as this plague-spot is festering among our people, all our labours will be in vain: our recent triumphs will avail us nothing—to no purpose, while we are rotten at heart, shall we toil to improve our finances, to expand our commerce, and to explore the hidden sources of our difficulty and alarm. We feel that all is wrong: we grope at noon-day as though it were night: disregarding the lessons of history and the word of God, that there is neither hope, nor strength, nor comfort, nor peace, but in a virtuous, a wise, and an understanding people. But if we will retrace our steps, and do the first works—if we will apply ourselves earnestly, in faith and fear, to this necessary service, there lie before us many paths of peace, many prospects of encouragement." "We owe to the poor of this land a weighty debt. We call them improvident and immoral, and so many of them are; but that im-

providence and that immorality are the results, in a great measure, of our neglect, and, in not a little, of our example. We owe them, too, the debt of kinder language and more frequent intercourse. This is no fanciful obligation. Our people are more alive than any other to honest zeal for their cause, and sympathy with their necessities, which, fall though it may on unimpressible hearts, never fails to find some that it comforts, and many that it softens. Only let us declare, this night, that we will enter on a novel and a better course—that we will seek their temporal through their eternal welfare—and the half of our work will then have been achieved. There are many hearts to be won, many minds to be instructed, and many souls to be saved: '*Oh Patria! oh Divum domus!*'—The blessing of God will rest upon our endeavours; and the oldest among us may perhaps live to enjoy, for himself and his children, the opening day of the immortal, because the moral, glories of the British empire."

The Queen was addressed accordingly, and Sir James Graham, in consequence, brought in his famous Factory Bill, which appeared objectionable on account of clauses that would have made the education of the poor subservient to the extension of the Church of England, but prejudicial to religious liberty. That particular measure failed, but the facts and the appeals were not lost. A system of national education, comprehensive of all religious denominations, or independent of them all, has not been established; nor is it likely to be; but, in the matter of education, the Government of England has been fairly pledged to such a liberal policy as will not only tend to benefit the masses of the people by the multiplication of schools, and the intellectual elevation of teachers, but constitutes a precedent of inestimable value for the guidance of all successive administrations. This is mainly attributable, under God, to the devotedness and perseverance of the present Earl of Shaftesbury.

It might be tedious to recount, from year to year, the numerous parliamentary proceedings in which he took part. As member of the Board of Control of the East India Company he must have become cognizant of Indian affairs, but his habit of investigation made his knowledge intimate, and, ever on the alert when the claims of humanity re-

ured his interference, he pleaded for the imprisoned Amoyers of Scinde, with whom he contended that England had taken faith. And he raised his voice against the French invasion of Tahiti and the Romish missionaries. But for his first constituency—if it be lawful so to speak—for the poor of his native island, he laboured on every occasion, and at every opportunity. In 1843 he brought a bill for allotments of land for field-cultivation to the poor, and for the legislation of loan-funds. The first effort did not succeed, but, eventually, success crowned his perseverance. Of course it did not escape misapprehension; many manufacturers regarded him as an enemy. From Scotland, especially, petitions to Parliament for exemption from the operation of his act for the relief of women and children in collieries. One of those petitions bore the signatures of two hundred ladies, who, in duty bound, prayed that their humble countrywomen might be sent back again into the sides of the pit, and be more consigned to darkness, tears, privation, and pestilence. But those petitions were not granted. Honourable members, too, laboured, although in vain, to disprove his statements, or they did so with imputed allusions to his "country." One of them roundly told him, with introducing a system of "cable legislation." To him he replied:

"I think that the right honourable member should have thought it necessary to come this way in order to see the present motion for the regulation of the hours of labour in factories, as the beginning of a course of Jack Cade legislation. However, sir, I am not disposed to quarrel with the gentleman, but I will repudiate the charge. I will ask the House what was the first Jack Cade? Was it not the first time they were writhing under oppression, when they were not able to bear it?"

"I think I feel able to persevere, Lord Ashley, in pursuing his great object during the session of 1844 in passing amendments to the Factory Act, in order to secure the education of young persons to the same degree. Nothing could surpass his perseverance. His patience under the most gratuitous imputations was his noblest triumph, and filled with his courtesy and grace. Not once, not even when assailed by provocation that might have overthrown the self-possession of any

man, did he incur a call to order from the chair, nor, as it seems, let fall a word that it became necessary to retract. Throughout all his speeches there was an affluence of illustrative evidence and a force of argument that never became attenuated or wavering, and even in the hour of defeat he sank not. On May 10th of that year, he moved a clause to the above effect, according to previous notice, in amendment of the bill then read for the third time, the forms of the House having prevented the motion for such an amendment at an earlier period, and thus was opened a most animated debate, resumed, by adjournment, three days afterwards. A few sentences only, from that speech, as personally characteristic, may be given to show the Christian and gentlemanly temper that, in circumstances the most exciting, distinguished his addresses.

"—I find myself in the condition of being summoned to refute the charge that I, who propose the scheme, am far more inhuman than they who resist it. Now I, for one, will reject the use of such epithets as these; nor will I retort any accusations that here or elsewhere have cast on me the imputation of malignity or cant. I regret but one thing in the course of these debates: I deeply regret that I should have been accused of calumniating the whole body of masters. I totally disclaim it. I should be ashamed of myself if I had used such language towards a class of men that can boast of as worthy and magnificent individuals as ever supported or adorned the institutions of this country. Nor am I, because I address myself to a particular evil, to be considered as the enemy of the factory system. Remove some few imperfections, and it may become a blessing, if not absolutely, at any rate relatively, to the present state of our labouring people." "When I first introduced this subject, I did not attempt to handle the commercial argument; I did not think it necessary for my view of the question, nor do I now; but I owe it to those whose interests I represent, to show that I have not left any part with our due consideration; that I have not rushed like an enthusiast into the career, neither knowing nor caring what consequences might ensue from the attainment of my ends. I said then, that I entertained a full confidence that what was morally wrong could not be politically right. I had and I have,

an equal confidence that what is morally right cannot be politically wrong; and everything that I can acquire by thinking, reading, and above all by communication with those are able to instruct me from their practical experience, confirms my conclusion."

So powerful was the effect of the speech from which these sentences are taken, that it drew from Sir James Graham a declaration, contrary to what had previously been understood as his intention, that he would resign his office as minister of the crown if the ten hours' amendment should pass. Sir Robert Peel also, no doubt believing that the interest of the manufacturers and of the factory population demanded it, summoned up all his eloquence in opposition to the proposed amendment. The whole weight of ministerial influence was brought down upon the House, and the natural consequence was a defeat. It must be observed, however, that by successive votes of the House of Commons, when dealing with the details of factory labour on previous occasions, his lordship's principle as to time had been approved. They had even gone so far as to determine that young persons, that is to say, persons eight years of age and upwards until fourteen, should work *less* than twelve hours, which was the term of daily labour now to be fixed in spite of all. Against this breach of faith, this triumph of parliamentary tactic, wielded by the executive over the understanding which had for some time prevailed, nay, over decisions of the House itself, Lord Ashley inveighed with a tempered but just indignation, at the moment when he apprehended that such a triumph would be consummated in the rejection of his measure.

"Sir," said his lordship to the Speaker, "the whole question of representative governments is at stake. Votes have been rescinded before, but never such as this. You are almost declaring to those who are your ordinary friends, that they shall never exercise a vote but at the will of the minister. This is a despotism under the forms of the constitution; and all to no purpose; for your resistance will be eventually and speedily overcome, but your precedent will remain, more fatal to true liberty and independence than all the reform bills. Sir, it is possible, nay more, it is probable—for their efforts have been great—that her Majesty's ministers

will carry the day; but for how long? If they would render this victory a lasting one, they must extinguish all the sentiments that gave rise to mine. Their error is stupendous." "Could you, simultaneously with your extinction of myself, extinguish, for a while, the sense of suffering, or at least all sympathy with it, you might indeed hope for an inglorious repose; and, by the indulgence of your own ease, heap up, for your posterity, turmoil, anxiety, and woe. But things, will not end here. The question extends with numbers, strengthens with their strength, and rises with their intelligence. The feeling of the country is roused; and so long as there shall be voices to complain, and hearts to sympathize, you will have neither honour abroad nor peace at home, neither comfort for the present nor security for the future. But I dare to hope for far better things." "It may not be given me to pass over this Jordan; other and better men preceded me, and I entered into their labours; other and better men will follow me, and enter into mine; but this consolation I shall ever continue to enjoy—that, amidst much injustice, and somewhat of calumny, we have at last lighted such a candle in England, as by God's blessing, shall never be put out."

He then moved the clause; the debate followed. The issue has been stated.

In the session of 1845 he brought in a bill for the regulation of the employment of children in calico works, but although the Government did not oppose this motion at the first reading, and merely signified their dissatisfaction with some details, the opposition was real, and the bill was lost on the second reading.

In the same year he earnestly opposed the endowment of the Romish College at Maynooth, for the training of young men to the dogmatic pugilism that constitutes the staple of their theology. The arguments employed by his lordship were the same as are now familiar to every well-instructed reader, and, therefore, they need not be repeated here. Remembering, however, that he voted for what was called "Catholic Emancipation" in 1829, when a much younger man, and when older men than he were also but children in regard to a very necessary branch of knowledge, it is perhaps necessary to say that he dis-

who are essentially a Protestant, and whose established policy an anti-Papal Union, to unite ourselves in their action—to act together with them—to teach, in a national institution, what we have to be their errors—to inculcate and propagate for them, with them, and at the cost of the nation, errors that we have to be utterly inimical to the prosperity, and even to the safety, of every nation where they are prevalent. These were his lordship's reasons at that time, and it is well known that he stands them still.

Subsequently on another subject, the admission of Jews into Parliament, he took an equally decisive opposition. The writer of the present article entertains, of course, his own view of this question, but considering that good men, undoubtedly good men, entertain diverse opinions on it, he suppresses, at the present every indication of that view, and merely observes that the Earl of Shaftesbury, no less conscientious than independent, deems it right to oppose the admission into the British Legislature of those who cannot swear, at the table of the House of Commons, on the faith of a Christian."

On yet another subject, having direct bearing on the morals of the country, his lordship pronounced his judgment June 16th, 1845, in the most emphatic language. Mr. Roebuck—one of his old opponents, we may say—had made

the statutes of the realm, called him to account next time he went to the House; relating the visit, reading the letter, and commenting on the right of every member to express his views with entire freedom without being exposed to barbarian assault in consequence. Men who had no wish to shoot others were not to speak there, in the sight of God, their constituents, and the country, under the apprehension that they would themselves be shot at by any person whom their utterances might happen to offend. Much less did it become legislators, and much less again did it become legislators whose own mercurial temperament might at any moment betray them into indiscretions of language, to attempt the introduction of that barbaric chivalry that would settle questions of world-wide importance by bullet or by sword. And then Mr. Roebuck moved that "John Patrick Somers, Esq.," for the reasons given, "is guilty of contempt, and of a breach of privilege of this House." Lord Ashley was instantly on his feet, and seconded the motion, saying that he viewed "with disgust and horror the prevalent notion of what is called honour." The offending member quailed before the censure of the House, and made an apology, ample in its commencement and clear, but rather ambiguous towards the close, so ambiguous that it gave rise to a lengthened and serious conversation, and issued in

Government would not help, but hinder. Sundry members indulged in what one of his lordship's honourable supporters fitly called "wet blanket eloquence." The bill dropped out of sight, indeed, but although a wet blanket may still the burning of a chimney it cannot so much as damp a conflagration. Lord Ashley's zeal was not of that languid sort that can smoulder out. His charity towards the poor and the feeble burned up too high to be smothered by a parliamentary defeat on any detail; and, whatever might happen in the House of Commons, his most fervently cherished aspirations were already sparkling out through Great Britain in the imperative accents of the law. Only a concrete measure failed. His principles were substantially adopted.

In the year 1816 he resolved to support the movement for a repeal of the corn-laws; but finding that his constituents in Dorsetshire, or, at least, some considerable number of them, expressed great dissatisfaction with him on that account, he did not choose to sit for a county which he could not represent, and therefore resigned his place in Parliament early in the year following.

It was in 1818 that Viscount Ashley appeared in the House of Commons as a member for Bath. It may suffice just to note that his first act was to speak and vote contrary to the wishes of his constituents, on Lord Duncan's motion for the repeal of the window-tax. He felt convinced that such a repeal was necessary. He had avowed his conviction that no sanitary reformation could be effectual until it had taken place, and then repented the avowal; but when he heard that the loss of that item from the revenue, no equivalent being at the moment in prospect, would embarrass the Government, and threatened injury to the State, he refrained, for that time only, from supporting the motion that otherwise he would have rejoiced to make his own.

Five or six weeks afterwards, however, he seconded Mr. Horsman's motion for a resolution, "that in the opinion of this House, the distinction between episcopal and common funds, restricting the application of the surplus revenues of the archbishops and bishops to Episcopal purposes, and permitting no part of it, in any circumstances, to be applied to the relief of parochial destitution, is inexpedient, and ought not to be con-

tinued." This proposal he did not second from any disloyalty to the Church of England, of which he is a member; nor even because he objected to a favourite scheme of some, an increase of the number of bishops, but because he desired to see an equitable and merciful appropriation of public property to public need; and, as for an increase of evangelical labourers, ministers of his own church, men who would work hard among their parishioners, not neglecting the most needy and the least esteemed of them, this he did most earnestly desire.

But now we must proceed to trace him in a new course. Not new, indeed, for it was only a continuation of his former pursuits; but yet new in the presence of the public, and in relation to some important public institutions with which he is now associated. Long had he gone into provincial districts where oppression or heedlessness, or cupidity had ground the faces of the poor. Long had he allowed the poor man free access to him, and welcomed him with a rare mingling of sympathy and condescension. Long had he gone into the cottages of the poor, known or unknown. He understood their manners, their necessities, their language; and he made their cause his own. But he always returned to his own mansion undebauched by vulgar intercourse. It was not as a democrat that he courted the people. It was never in the character of a demagogue that he fell into opposition towards the Government. He presided at meetings of working men, received deputations from bodies of operatives in all parts of the kingdom, spent no small part of his time in correspondence and interviews with persons of humble station, sometimes even of the humblest, but without drooping beneath the intrinsic elevation of his nature, and without sacrificing the proprieties of his rank. Sometimes impostures cheated him; but to suffer thus is only to pay the tax that our poor humanity levels on all its benefactors; a contribution this trifling in comparison with wealth of soul, and even with the material benefits that the Father of mankind is ever pleased to shower on those who despise not one of his little ones, and who hold the cup of consolation to the lips of the wayworn and the fallen. Once, for example, a

[illegible]

they travel east of Temple Bar? His lordship had learned lessons of mercy that now guided his feet willingly into the domains of woe. Perhaps in earlier life, his apprehension of the higher truths of Christianity; of those which, when apprehended, subdue and change their subject, may not have been so vivid. But now the blessings of them that had been ready to perish were come upon him richly. Who can tell how many restored fugitives, brought home to Christ in consequence of rescue from those coal-pits, had prayed for their human deliverer? Who can tell how many lunatics, who had been protected, shielded from malicious persecution, and brought to sound mind again under his watchful supervision, had poured out prayers for him at the throne of everlasting pity? Aye! and can any mortal estimate the preciousness of that reward which God above most surely renders to the almoners of His own compassion here on earth? One thing we know. We see that the blessing did rest on him, and that, fraught with its energy, he went on to fulfil a new mission to the suffering classes of London.

Just let us take a glimpse at him while out on a midnight errand. Accompanied by a few persons whose involvement he could appreciate, and who served him as guides and assistants, he made his way to Victoria Street, close to the line where the line of general lighting at the foot of Holborn Hill, which bears that name in anticipation of what, perchance, it may at some future time deserve, — and once a distance known by juvenile vagrants as the Victoria Archway. A lighted candle enabled the party to find their way from one dark corner to another to search after the corners where they expected to find the "little fellows," the narrator of this incident having already blowing in the candle, and having then returned to the lamp posts or the electric lanterns, they passed on a steady supply of dark stuff, — "brown and blue" — they called it, — and "grey" stuffs were "paying quality over and over." They paid handsomely for their purchases, and by two o'clock in the morning had collected a variety of them, and a new friend to the Holborn Road School, who, as we saw, were the real victims of the sufferings of school and out-of-school children, for the cause of "Austrian man, engineering."

court was taken, where eight were admitted. They were grateful for the bare boards; friends afterwards contributed mattresses, &c. A small house of four rooms in Fox and Knot Court was shortly after taken, and fitted up as a dormitory. Concerning *fifty* of the poor creatures collected by this single effort, "it was ascertained that *thirty-three* had lost both parents, *fourteen* had only one parent, and *three* only had both parents living. *Twenty-three* had no shirt; *sixteen* no shoes, and most of them had their clothes in a most tattered and filthy condition. Some of them had not slept in a bed for five weeks, others for five months, and a few seldom for two years." This was about the end of May 1849. "By the munificence of a benevolent lady, through the Earl, a Refuge was opened in May, 1851. It has since been enlarged, and now accommodates upwards of one hundred and sixty persons nightly." How welcome this charity is to these forlorn wanderers, may be judged of from the fact that, on the night when it was first opened some twenty youths who had been supplied with tickets of admission were standing around the door in waiting. "They presented a spectacle of extreme wretchedness, but conducted themselves with a demeanour of respectful gratitude. Before they retired to their sleeping-berths, the rules of the institution were read over to them and explained. Then a portion of Holy Scripture was read, a prayer offered, and a short and kind address delivered. Order and attention prevailed."

Both in the establishment of Ragged Schools, and in providing the poor with suitable dwellings, Lord Shaftesbury has become more eminent than any other living man. With regard to Ragged Schools it may be observed, in general, that they existed long before they were generally known. But they were few in number, extremely few, and it is probable that many had been formed from time to time, and relinquished after a very brief existence. The idea had found place in many simple minds, but it had not grown popular, and it is doubtful whether his lordship was cognisant of those isolated efforts. The great effort, so far as he was concerned, arose out of an advertisement in the "Times," of the Field Lane Ragged School, just mentioned. The statement struck him as meeting the very case of

all the miserable children that he daily. He threw himself freely in work—how freely, may be judged by his visit to the Victoria arch. He was elected president, and the Ragged School Union was formed. Under his presidency, by the Divine blessing, the great movement advances at home is followed in other countries. When he became president, there were in London but *seven* Ragged Schools and scholars. When the schools were formed into a union there were twenty. Numbers last reported were *one hundred and sixteen* schools, and 27,673 children in London and the suburbs. It is agreeable to follow out the narrative and the statistics even of this last, and yet more delightful to expand the broad field that the mention of Ragged Schools suggests, but we confine attention to our present subject and refer our readers to the reports of the Ragged School Union, to be had of the office, No. 1, Exeter Hall, or of booksellers, through Hatchard, or Bell, or Partridge and Oakley.

Lord Ashley made abundant use of the information obtained in the prosecution of these enquiries. Hence we find him representing in the House of Commons the condition of the abandoned children of the metropolis. He describes them as filthy, idle, and tattered, and states that they are chance vagrants, beggars, pilferers, might be extinguished or reformed, a numerous class, having bad habits, pursuits, manners, customs, interests of their own. He acknowledges the contributors of much information to have been London missionaries, Sunday School and Ragged School teachers. The number of this juvenile population he confidently states to be not less than 30,000, and that they are naked, filthy, roaming, &c. And he earnestly asserts that, "they are left in their present state exposed to all the detestable influences that surround them, the influence of the clergyman and the mission will be in vain. You undo what the other hand performs. The Penelope's web, woven in the morning, but unravelling at night, is a proof of the general statement. It reduces the evidence of minute examination of large numbers of these children and discloses the habits and character of this juvenile community, with

of worship, to acknowledge the mercies of Almighty God on the days of humiliation and thanksgiving. It was now proposed to us, and we must decide—'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' He (Lord Ashley) could only answer for himself—yet he believed he might give the answer in the name of millions in this country—'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'

Another event of that year was the temporary suspension of Sunday labour in the Post Office, to which his lordship contributed; and, when the subject was before the House, presented a petition in its favour from 31,000 of the inhabitants of Manchester. He also united his labours for the abolition of intramural interments.

In 1851 he strenuously supported the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill. And resuming a subject which had previously engaged his attention, obtained leave to bring in a bill to encourage the establishment of lodging-houses for the working classes. The common lodging-houses, whither the beggars, thieves, and other criminals resorted, were haunts of pollution, and hot-beds alike of disease and vice. Poor persons of a different class were also driven to those places for a sort of shelter, or they were beguiled into them and ruined. This was his last act in the House of Commons.

On the death of his father he became Earl of Shaftesbury, and was called to the hereditary seat in the House of Lords, where he first addressed their lordships a few words on the second reading of the same bill in its passage there. The interests of religion being no less dear to him than those of humanity, and the recent "Papal aggression" having aroused his concern in all that relates to that evangelical confession of it which we call Protestantism abroad, as well as at home, he moved an address to the Queen, "praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct that a circular shall be addressed to the several ministers of Her Majesty at foreign courts, and also to the consuls, where they discharge diplomatic functions, instructing them to report on the facilities which are offered in the several countries in which they reside for the erection of Protestant chapels, and for the formation and regulation of Protestant burial grounds; and also on the laws which prevail in the several countries

where the Roman Catholic religion is established, touching the exercise of that Protestant religion."

On the formation of the "Protestant Alliance," Lord Shaftesbury became its president; and he still discharges the duties of that office with characteristic industry, himself presiding with great frequency, both at meetings of the general and the managing committees.

And in the present year he has followed up his great object, the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, by drawing attention to the distress and mischief that have resulted from the demolition of dwellings of the poor by railway companies, and in clearing ground for new streets, without making a correspondent provision for their accommodation in the same neighbourhood. And out of Parliament, as well as in it, he takes the lead in promoting the erection of suitable buildings for lodging-houses and dwelling-houses. Under the patronage of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, there is a society "for improving the condition of the labouring classes," having this object especially in view. His Royal Highness Prince Albert is president, with a brilliant train of vice-patrons and vice-presidents, the work being done by a committee, at which the Earl of Shaftesbury sits as chairman. Already the high influence of this institution, and the model dwelling-houses raised by them and some more especially under the direction of their royal president, have done much towards establishing a better sort of human habitation, and sustaining by this material instrumentality, the moral efforts made for the improvement, for the temporal and eternal happiness of the poor of our country. His lordship also presides over the Labourers' Friend Society, and it would be difficult to enumerate the institutions to which he occupies a similar relation. The Bible Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, the Malta Protestant College, and the London Society for the conversion of the Jews, may be mentioned as among the principal.

Not without some opposition, yet successfully, his lordship has just now carried a measure for the suppression of juvenile mendicancy. There are persons unworthy of the name of parents, and a disgrace to humanity, who turn out their young children on the streets

beg. Beggary is to be their vocation, and they are compelled to follow it, with adjuncts of cold, nakedness, and hunger. Crime, too, is an accompaniment of beggary, and into that they are initiated. Vice rather than indigence at one time has been in almost every instance a motive to this abomination, and no ad of necessity can be pleaded in its justification. But it is now swept away, far as the law can do it, from the metropolis of England, and those who serve the diminution of infant mendi-

cants in our streets will do well to recollect to whom this change is due.

And here we must close this sketch of the Earl of Shaftesbury. It does not pretend to do full justice to the subject, nor could it be expected that, even with the most ample material, that could be done within so small a space. But no labour has been spared to make sure of trustworthy information, and, which is not less necessary, to avoid the insertion of statements which would not stand the test of the most rigid inquiry.

DAVID FRIEDRICK STRAUSS.

the history of illustrious Destructives, the name of Strauss occupies a prominent position. He is the great modern iconoclast. With a strong hand and a cool art, he has entered into the Christian temple, extinguished the lights of the altar candlestick, stripped the holy robe of its grand historical signs and emblems, left no personal God to be worshipped, and substituted a figment in the room of the God-man Christ Jesus. On the battle-field of German Theism, not a few daring and well-armed captains had previously committed great spoliation. But a lull had ensued. The interest in the strife was at the wane. The ground was open for some new development in the art of iconoclasm. A new hero was looked for, and here rose Strauss, a master-spoiler of Israel. He centered in himself all the scattered powers of scepticism. He seized himself in the spoils of prevailing deprecators, in boldness and unflinching severity outdid them, and on the iconoclastic throne

"——— exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence."

It is a leading design of this journal to exhibit the distinguished of all time in their relation to the immutable principles of truth." In accordance with this, we shall endeavour to present our readers with a condensed biographical and critical sketch of this celebrated neologist.

DAVID FRIEDRICK STRAUSS, who still lives, and whose name must not be confounded with that of the eloquent court preacher at Berlin, was born at Lud-

wigsburg, a handsome and well-built town in the kingdom of Würtemberg, on the 27th January, 1808. Having received the rudiments of education in his native town, he was, at the age of thirteen, placed in the theological seminary of Blaubeuren, a small town in the same state. At this primary theological school he remained for four years, going through a regular and fixed course of study, whence he was transferred to the university of Tübingen. Here he completed his preliminary studies. In 1830 he became assistant to a country clergyman, in which capacity he seems to have officiated only for a few months. The following year found him at Berlin, then and since the great centre of attraction to German students. Hegel, the celebrated philosopher, had just died; the sun of the philosopher having gone down, while with the philosophy itself it was noon-day.

"I am downcast about my philosophy," said Hegel not long before his death; "for, of all my disciples, one only understands it; and he does not." It has indeed been questioned whether Hegel himself understood it. Its popularity, nevertheless, was amazingly high. Multitudes, to whom it was in a great measure incomprehensible, believed it to be all true. Schleiermacher, who occupied a sort of midway position between the rationalists and the evangelical party,—inclining much more to the latter than to the former,—was then at the head of the theological department. This great man, to whom

belongs the honour of originating the modern evangelical movement in Germany, was vainly endeavouring to unite the deductions of the new philosophy with the Christian faith. In this attempt he made great concessions. "Like a man attacked by a violent storm, he sacrificed masts and sails to save the bulk of his vessel." He who has been instrumental in bringing many off from rationalism, was nevertheless urged far beyond the simplicity of Christian truth by a rationalistic philosophy.

Strauss, on entering the university of Berlin, attended the predilections of Schleiermacher, attracted more by the scientific than by the Christian interest—having a stronger zest for the liberal exercise of criticism than for the living piety, the union of which two elements constituted the broad characteristic of Schleiermacher's theological tendency. Returning shortly after this to Tübingen, fully equipped with the Hegelian armour, he began to read lectures in the university, expository of the new philosophy, with great applause. Here he endeavoured quietly for some years to sustain two incompatible characters—that of a tutor in a theological and evangelical school, and that of an assailant of evangelical truth. By his position as a teacher he was bound to unfold and defend a historical Christianity, whereas, by the very principles of the philosophy to which he had yielded himself, he was constrained to reduce Christianity to a skeleton, and deprive it of its historical basis. Strange to say, the philosophy which furnished the weapon to stab Christianity in the heart, threw a covering over the assassin which for a time concealed him. Hegelianism had a Christology which in words differed but little from the evangelical creed; it retained the Bible phraseology while it tore the heart out of the Bible itself. With that phraseology Strauss clothed himself, and thus in the Christian mask he assailed the Christian cause. Schleiermacher endeavoured to preserve the doctrine of Christ in its integrity, and philosophy unimpaired in its leading principles. Strauss not only saw the futility of the attempt, but from his Hegelian stronghold he covertly sought to dismantle the towers and bulwarks of the gospel. Still Strauss was unknown to the world. Within a limited circle he was famed as an expositor of the new

philosophy, and an occasional contributor to periodical literature. In a still narrower circle, it was not only known that the mountain was in labour, but a thing was expected to come forth that would produce great consternation in the theological world. Ominous reports had gone abroad that the young popular lecturer at Tübingen was about to spring a mine, and desolate the Christian world at a blast. But the appearance of "*Das Leben Jesu*" was more than Germany expected. It produced a prodigious sensation. It disconcerted the boldest among a people accustomed to hold things in speculation. Its author, then in his twenty-seventh year, had, by this publication, his name, for the first time, brought prominently before the public.

This famous work gave at once a new direction to the course of biblical criticism in Germany. The interest which had hitherto been centered on the Pentateuch, so long the battle-ground of German critics, was now gathered around the four gospels. Strauss subjected them to the same critical treatment that De Wette had brought to bear on the five books of Moses. The latter having been deprived of their historical basis and resolved into a system of myths, it only remained to complete the work of demolition by applying to the New Testament the principles of mythical interpretation which had been applied to the Old. The necessity of this had been avowed by De Wette himself. But it was reserved for the bold hand and the icy heart of the Tübingen lecturer to bear the evangelical histories into mythical ground, and place the top-stone on the mythical structure. Not a whit of originality is in his theory. He has only the merit, if merit it be, of having adroitly advanced on the path marked out by his predecessors, taken the weapons out of their hands, and, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, borne them to new points of assault. "This work," says Edgar Quinet in his eloquent article on the "*Leben Jesu*" "was the consequence of premises laid during half a century. The author, for the first time, put together the most contradictory doctrines,—the schools of Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Lessing, Kant, M. de Maistre, under whatever names they were transformed or disguised—materialism, spiritualism, mysticism; amateurs of symbols, of natural, or figurative, or

chair, and his withdrawal from the country. He was compensated for the loss of office by a government pension. His name, in consequence of these connections, became famous throughout Europe; and "Das Leben Jesu" assumed an importance and reached a circulation which it otherwise would not have acquired. The theological mind of Germany, for some years hence, was engrossed with these bulky volumes. Such veteran antagonists as Tholuck, Neander, and Müller entered the field and did effective service against the great Goliath. More recently, younger men, such as Ebrard and Wiesler, between whom the palm is said to lie, have severely battered his strongholds and exposed his foundations. Strauss has necessarily been thrown on the defensive. In his advocacy he has betrayed something of the instability of water. The preface to the third edition of his great work contained some important admissions as to the modifying influence which the writings of Neander and others had exerted upon him. These admissions he has retracted in the fourth edition. He felt himself advancing beyond his philosophical principles. A further advance or a retreat became inevitable. Hegelianism has brought him back to his first love. He has, to use his own expression, whetted out of his good sword the notches which he himself had hacked on its edge. He had driven him farther than ever from Christ; and, for aught we know to the contrary, he still rests in the cold negation, that "a life beyond the grave is the last enemy which speculative criticism has to combat, and, if possible, to overcome."

Our space permits but a very condensed view of Strauss' work, and a few brief remarks on it. The title of a book is generally an index of its contents. It is not so, however, in the case before us. The "Leben Jesu" of Neander is really, what it pretends to be, a life of Christ in its historical connection and development. The "Leben Jesu" of Strauss is a complete misnomer. It is neither a history nor a biography. In all honesty it should have been entitled, "The Life of Christ reduced to nought from a philosophic standpoint, or the Four Evangelists made unworthy of credit."

His great aim in this work is to destroy the historical credibility of our Lord's life as narrated in the four gos-

pels, and to invalidate the miracles contained in them. To this task brings a vast amount of theologic and biblical learning, a coolness and impossibility that are truly wonderful, a penetrating judgment, much precision of style, though we cannot add candour or fairness. In the strictness to which he subjects the narratives, he not only finds the culties and apparent discrepancies honest criticism had previously uncovered, but he contrives by a systematic perversion to bring forth contradictions. One thing, moreover, Strauss acknowledges in his exploring vein, and that is the presence of miracles. He admits the gospels to be miracle narratives. Miracles, as Dr. Newman remarks, "form the substance and groundwork of the narrative, and the figure of Phidias on Minerva's shield, cannot be erased without destroying the entire composition." Because the gospels are miracle narratives, Strauss, in order to avoid the obvious contradiction between the order of human experience, he admits that they cannot be true. In the introduction to his work he lays it down as a first principle, that a narrative is historical, i.e. the things related did take place in the manner in which they are set down, when the narrated events are inconsistent with the known universal laws which regulate the succession of events. The impossibility of miracles he coolly takes for granted. Pantheistic philosophy allows no special intervention of God. "A chain of endless causation," he says, "can never be broken." The claim of the gospels are thus prejudged before they are examined.

But who will grant him the concession on which he proceeds to his demolition—the impossibility of miracles? No enlightened theist will do it; because, if we admit that God intervened in bringing the material universe into being, we cannot refuse to believe, on clear evidence, that he subsequently intervened in the production of such a momentous event as the gospel dispensation. No true philosopher can do it; not only because geology furnishes evidence of creative acts having all the nature of miracles, but because it is really a philosophical—a vulgar illusion, diametrically opposed to that modesty and simplicity which characterize genuine wis-

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being rejected as fictitious these
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 still pretends to hold all the great
 of Christianity. Sceptics of a
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 and disowned it as an imposture;
 in modern assailants, while letting
 e life's blood, are covetous of being
 ed Christ's friends and true pro-
 s of his cause. Yea, the author
 "Loben Jesu," after having under-
 the historical foundation of Chris-
 turns round upon us, and boldly
 that he has placed it upon a
 base than ever. It was once
 the foundations be destroyed,
 will the righteous do? But

having deprived the Christian
 from resting in a historical reve-
 lation, points him with a sardonic smile
 back floating like mist in the
 ether. His Hegelianism trans-
 a Christianity of palpable facts
 into a dream-world into a land of
 phantasies and pure invention.
 Strauss is a modernist. Briefly his
 position may be summed up in the
 following words. According to this,

the New Testament and Scriptures
 are a collection of Jewish
 legends and myths. In the myth
 of the resurrection, with the
 resurrection of Jesus, and his
 resurrection, stand, first, Mary
 Magdalene, then the twelve
 apostles, and lastly the whole
 church. The resurrection is a
 purely Jewish legend, and the
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waxed mightily after his death. This
 is the skeleton of historical truth al-
 lowed by Dr. Strauss to the life of Christ.

The state of mind in the first disciples is
 made to account for the rest. They
 were anxious, it is alleged, especially
 after his death, to glorify Jesus whom
 they had hailed as Master and Lord.
 With this disposition they readily as-
 cribed to him those miraculous glories and
 traits of character which they expected,
 from Old Testament predictions, to be
 manifested in the Messiah. Thus the
 name and person of Jesus became a nu-
 cleus around which gradually clustered
 all that was glorious in the Old Testa-
 ment record, in rabbinical tradition,
 and in the conceptions of the early dis-
 ciples. The historical character of the
 New Testament, in its fulness and mi-
 nuteness of detail, is denied. And it is
 affirmed that the body of myths, said to
 constitute the basis of the gospel narra-
 tives, was formed during the thirty years
 which elapsed between the death of
 Christ and the destruction of Jerusalem;
 the composition of the entire narratives,
 containing according to his theory
 both myths and legends, being assigned
 to the middle of the second century. If
 the product is wonderful, the process of
 realising it is much more so.

There are some fatal objections which
 have been repeatedly urged against this
 wild and baseless theory. It has been
 justly maintained that such mythical
 inventions, as the evangelical histories
 are supposed to be, could not possibly
 have taken place in the interval which
 must necessarily be assigned for them.
 Within the space of 110 or 150 years,
 we have a collection of sacred stories of
 mythical and legendary character ex-
 alted to the position of undoubted his-
 tory. This is contrary to all experience;
 utterly extravagant and preposterous,
 especially when we consider the un-
 mythical state of society in which such
 inventions are said to have arisen. My-
 thological systems, like geological forma-
 tions, and the slow growth of ages.
 It has been so with the Greek, the Hin-
 du, and all other popular mythologies.
 Men may write a fabulous narrative in
 a short time, but we have no experience
 of a series of myths and legends, em-
 bodying the prevailing religious ideas
 arising in the popular mind, and taking
 a consolidated historical form, in such
 an interval as is assigned to the forma-
 tion of the evangelical history.

But in granting Strauss the middle of the second century for the composition of the gospels, we grant him too much. It has been satisfactorily shown by citations from Papias and Justin Martyr, who lived in the early part of the second century, that the gospel histories were received as apostolic, and were circulated among the Christians long before the date which Strauss would assign to them. Nor is this all. The theory, already so much damaged, has received its death-blow, in so far as historic evidence is concerned, by the appearance of the famous work of Hippolytus "On all Heresies." Hippolytus, bishop of Pontus near Rome, a man of eminence and a distinguished writer, who lived during the latter part of the second century and the earlier part of the third, introduces, in this work, Basilides, who is supposed to have written about the year 117, as giving quotations from John's gospel as a book of established authority at that period among the disciples of Christ. John himself had died only about twenty years before. The man, therefore, who can believe that the contemporaries of the apostles, or those that were nearly so, received gospels of a mythical and legendary character as if they were historical and real, is a man prepared to swallow any paradox, however extravagant and preposterous. To this pass Straussism is now driven. The historical conditions of the mythical theory are all a-wanting. Sand lies at the foundation instead of rock; and, unless men mean to persist in an unreasoning unbelief, they must now place Straussism in the obituary of extravagant and fantastic forms of scepticism.

The state of society in which these myths are said to have arisen is, as we have already hinted, another damning evidence against the theory. One of the canons which Strauss brings to his critical inquiry is, that "if the substance of a narrative strikingly agrees with certain ideas which prevail in the circle in which it is born, and which appears to be rather the product of preconceived opinions than the result of experience, then it is, according to circumstances, more or less likely that the narrative has a mythical origin." The myth must be an expression of the age in which it is said to have arisen. Now the substance of the gospel narratives is strikingly at variance with

the opinions and expectations prevailing among the Jews at the time of appearing. The meek, and low crucified Jesus of the gospels, a kingdom not of this world, is development of the common vic feelings of a people who were awaiting for a temporal Messianic image on the coin does not, in the correspond with the stamp that legend to have made it.

The age, both in its intellectual and moral characteristics, was perhaps least favourable of all ages to the development of a mythical religion. "This," says M. Coquerel, "throughout the epoch which most resour our eighteenth century; an age of doubt, of unbelief, of continuation and scorn, wanting in respect all ancient faiths; an age when nothing was questioned, when it was desired in all things; a of which the true representative Lucian, he who has been called Greek Voltaire — Lucian, the arch author of 'Dialogues of the Gods' — Lucian, who jested with Olympian deities, regardless of the Pantheon at which was filled with immortal divinities. It was in unbelief Europe that Christianity at one root, and established itself in a manner without delay. It was in the civilised, the most corrupt, the learned cities — Corinth, Athens, — that the gospel found its converts and its first martyrs. A contradiction, that the people believed nothing — of whose the Pilate was the very echo, when he fully asked, 'What is truth?' — so quickly learn to construct a religion, by the assistance of some of the legends of the East. Strauss invalidates this overwhelming reply, — mythology can be established on a simple, ignorant, and credulous and not in one of dispute and doubt."

In short, the more the problem is investigated, the more evident will be that not one of the conditions for a mythology is possible can be for the case of Christianity. Strauss fails to account for its origin. I also to account for its reception. Strauss admits that the belief in Christ's resurrection contributed to the reception of the gospel by multitudes. But in the resurrection itself he resolves into a

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parades the whole narrative. There
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nt, not to mention others, which, for
historic reality, are a direct proof
that the mythic theory of Strauss
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of Paul the apostle. They are no
faint legendary heroes. Paul's char-
acter bears all the impress of historic
Jesus, the holy, harmless, and
loved One,—the ideal of all excel-

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ful impress of individuality in the
nages, as belong to no mere com-

tion of ideas, as accord with no con-
ition of a mythical and legendary
mater. It has often been remarked
t the introduction to Luke's gospel

lence, is a practical ideal. It is a cha-
racter which, though divinely excellent,
is still human. He does the will of his
father. He goes about doing good.

But what justice could the gospels
meet with at the hands of Dr. Strauss,
who has come to the study of them with
a preconception against them? His
foregone conclusion, that miracles are
impossible, has led him to refine away
historical personages, and to transmute
a table-land of historic facts into a re-
gion of dreams and fables. On Strauss'
principles, all history may be resolved
into an illusion. Instead of having a
firm footing in the past, we might be
left to wander among nothing but phan-
toms; and, in grasping at real historical
personages, we might find that we had been
laying our hands on fictions. Learned
Germany has seen this to be the inevi-
table result of Straussianism. Hence
the growing discredit which, in the land
of its birth, has come upon this mythic
theory. Men have shrunk back from it
as from a horrible pit, in which could
be perceived no bottom.

Good often comes out of evil. Every
assault which infidelity has made on
Christianity has only shown the strength
and divine supremacy of the gospel.
When the smoke and dust of the battle
have cleared away, we have been sum-
moned to walk about Zion, to tell the
towers thereof, to mark well her bul-
warks, and to consider her palaces.
So has it been in the case before us.
Strauss has given a blow to the frigid
naturalist school of Paulus—a school
which resolved the Bible miracles into
merely natural occurrences—from which
it can never recover. He has given a
strong impulse, in Germany and else-
where, to the study of the gospels.
They have been made to pass through
such an ordeal of close and severe cri-
ticism as no other book has passed; and,
in coming out of the trial, they have
been powerfully declared anew to have
come from God. In driving the old
rationalism out of the field, Strauss has
brought his mythic scheme to occupy
its place and to receive a no less decided
overthrow. Such men as Neander and
Ebrard have exploded the myths, as he
himself had defeated the pure naturalism.
The gospel of Christ towers above the
scene, like the everlasting mountains;
while Strauss, once so terrible with his
"Leben Jesu," now appears

"Umbra magni nominis."

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

It was a time of general movement. Europe was awaking from the long night of ages; and all things portended a moral revolution. A pure and intelligent religion was slowly germinating in England. Wickliffe had assailed errors that few had seen, or, if they saw, had dared to condemn—errors venerable from their antiquity, and dreaded from their adherents, supported by all the power, rank, and wealth of the land, and the more formidable, because enthroned by superstition in the hearts of the populace; and, greatest of all his achievements, he had given the Bible to his mother tongue, thus, as his adversaries complained, making for ever common to the laity “what was before the chief gift of the clergy.” Persecution had commenced, and all classes of society had furnished victims. And now men quailed; and, concealing themselves from an infuriate priesthood, sought in seclusion to satisfy their spiritual desires.

Another influence was meanwhile developing. A new life had re-animated the intellect of the world. Literature and the arts were again objects of interest. Printing had been discovered, and, as if to intimate its lofty destiny, the first book issuing from the press was the Latin Bible. Erasmus, the champion of letters, the knight-errant of reviving intelligence, had gratified the court of Henry VIII. by his genius and learning; he had watched the storm careering round him in fury and pride till he began to fear, and then had retreated to the shelter of some less conspicuous station. But from the presses of Basle there came a book, the fruit of his vigils, which was signally to triumph where he had failed. This was the New Testament, now first published in Greek, with a fresh translation in Latin. It crossed the Channel, and was welcomed in the colleges and halls of England.

Thus, then, was the way prepared for a Reformation. There was on the one hand a people ready to receive the truth, and on the other an instrumentality for its diffusion. There were consciences writhing under oppression ready at the first impulse from without to assert their liberty, and there were minds aspiring

after knowledge, whose researches closed new and living motives.

At this period WILLIAM TYNDALE appeared on the scene. He was about 1484 at Hunt's Court near Nibley, a village situated on a slope almost at the foot of Stinch Hill, and opposite the town and of Berkeley. Here was his boyhood passed, and often doubtless did he wander now beside the Severn and through the valleys, and then over the green hills, gazing on the extensive and picturesque scenery, where rich woodlands and fields were interspersed, and cottages and churches met the eye in every direction. This spot of all others in England was most in subjection to the Pope, and was his richest garden, and had borne him goodly fruit. Four Italian bishops in succession luxuriated in it. One of all orders, and religious houses, every name so abounded there, that it was a common and profane proverb, “As sure as God is in Gloucester.” A mighty enemy was being nurtured in the nest and beneath the wing of papal culture.

Tyndale went early to Oxford, where he studied philosophy and grammar in St. Mary Magdalen's Hall, adjoining the college of that name. His progress was rapid, and his success in the acquisition of languages especially great. The first classical scholars of the age were his tutors; but in the regions of human knowledge he had another teacher—the Holy Spirit, originator and interpreter of celestial truth. The New Testament of Erasmus had reached the university before him. He was attracted to it by the learning it displayed, at least as a manual well fitted by its style and pathos for devotional exercise. He read it, and the divine energy of the word becoming daily more potent, transformed the youth, and enabled him to recognise and love it as the revelation of his Lord and Saviour. His bold and active disposition, his confidence, his purity of his character and conviction, the correspondence between his tenets and his life, soon drew the younger students about him. He sought to instruct them out of the Scrip-

length his zeal excited the enmity of monks, he was in danger, and priests dictated a retreat. Accordingly he fled to Cambridge. Oxford had at the same time borne testimony to his scholarly attainments—he had taken his degrees; and now the sister university was to render a similar acknowledgment.

His Greek Testament had already been its converts at Cambridge. Thomas Bilney, an LL.D., and Fellow of Trinity College, allured by its Latin had purchased it on its arrival. At first reading he chanced upon that verse of St. Paul's, "It is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be esteemed, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief and principal." He had long been distressed from the consciousness of sin, and vainly sought relief by application to the priests; but this declared declaration exhilarated his heart, opened his eyes. He believed; and the first promptings of his regenerate soul resulted in continued effort for enlightenment of others. Tyndale and Bilney became constant associates, and a third ally was soon added in John Fryth, a young man of great mathematical attainments.

These three men, who had successfully introduced the word of God, "The word of the Lord," to the three young scholars, were now to pass it on. They proceeded with enthusiasm, and with courage. Great success was the consequence, but in the midst of the ardour of excitement they forgot to attend to the sacred law which forbade the extension of its end of the world.

At length Tyndale left Cambridge and returned home. Also eight males from the parsonage of Little St. Martin's House, the abode of Sir John de Walsingham, of hospitality and of the most distinguished humanity, had taken counsel there, and were generally the then young and ardent. Here Tyndale resided as a layman for years. On the Sundays and holy days he was heard in the church of St. Andrew, where the rays of his light in the national mind were zeal, they carried him into the great towns and parishes, where the many eyes of the priests, who had not been expelled from the church, were directed to listen to him. He was to be found preaching even in Bristol,

and frequently delivering his message with power on St. Austin's Green. But the scene of perhaps severer struggles and greater courage was the dining-hall of the Manor House. Here, around the richly laden table, there gathered in their varied costume, abbots, deans, archdeacons, doctors, and monks; and foremost among the many subjects of conversation was the new heresy. Tyndale well knew how to wield "the sword of the Spirit;" and never failed to speak his opinion simply and plainly, refuting their errors and confirming his sayings by reference to *the book*, which was always at hand and produced whenever occasion demanded. With his finger before them upon the verse that contradicted their assertions, there was no more argument; but malignity supplied its place. The ecclesiastics were angry; and inviting Sir John and his lady to a banquet where no restraint of this kind was imposed upon them, and with none to gainsay, talked glibly on their favourite topic, and strove to impress their guests with the propriety of their views. The effort was in part successful. Sir John and Lady Walsingham, both nevertheless intelligent and worthy people, went home to reason with their tutor. He, in turn, expostulated. "Well," said the lady, "there was one doctor there worth a hundred pounds, another two hundred, and another three hundred; and what! were it reason, think you, that we should believe you before them?" Strange logic this! but it silenced Tyndale; and for some time after he said little on the subject. He was at that time busy in translating from Erasmus, the "Christian Soldier's Manual." Once finished, he presented it to Sir John and his wife; and the wisdom of this tacit rebuke was soon apparent. A silent revolution was taking place in the Manor House. The priests were not so frequently invited, and when they came, it was to receive fewer tokens of respect, and to partake of cheer that intimated a less hearty welcome. In consequence they soon discontinued their visits; and, exasperated with Tyndale as the cause of their exile from the mansion, spread through the country false and malicious reports respecting him. Mendicant friars and ignorant curates trooped together to the abbey, which they made their preaching place, and there before the peasantry declared his sayings to be heresy, multi-

plying the evidence as it suited their imagination and anger. A tempest was gathering. The tutor quietly observed their actions. He saw that the Scripture was the great object of their hatred; that it was the most effectual exponent of their abominable doings and doctrines; that by tradition, by worldly similitudes, by sophistry, by allegorizing, by expounding it in many senses, they deluded the common people. He saw them quench what-soever truth was taught, and perceived the impossibility of establishing correct sentiments without the Scriptures being laid open to all. These things, he afterwards confessed, induced him to translate the New Testament.

The dignitaries of the church were not idle. They complained to the chancellor of the diocese, who directly convoked a conference of the clergy. Tyndale was summoned to appear; and, suspicious of their conduct, probably anticipating violent treatment, he went, crying heartily to God on the way "to give him strength to stand fast in the truth of His word." The chancellor administered a severe rebuke; and, annoyed at Tyndale's calm reply, then burst forth into grievous threats and reviling, scorning no language that his passions suggested. Tyndale demanded his accuser, but, of all his enemies collected on the spot, not one dared witness against him. The chancellor, ashamed of and vexed by the desertion of the priests, dismissed the matter, and the heretic returned victor to Sodbury. "Take away my goods," he said one day, "take away my good name; yet so long as Christ dwelleth in my heart, so long shall I love you not a whit the less."

Not far off there dwelt an aged doctor, an ex-chancellor of a bishop, and well acquainted with the controversies of the age. With him he frequently conversed, disclosing the secret workings of his heart, and discussing the important questions that then absorbed his attention. "Do you not know," said the doctor, "that the Pope is very Antichrist, whom the Scripture speaketh of? But beware what you say; that opinion may cost you your life." This idea gave fresh energy to Tyndale.

Soon afterwards he was in company with a celebrated divine of the priestly school. The conversation waxed warm between them. The divine defended

himself, the tutor assailed; at last the former, brought into a dilemma whence there was no escape, exclaimed, "It were better to be without God's laws than the Pope's!" "I defy the Pope," said the indignant bearer, "and all his laws; and if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do!" Noble words were these, right nobly spoken. The spring-tide of feeling had burst its banks; pure and deep was the gushing stream. "I defy the Pope and all his laws!" The words echoed through the country; they were whispered in cloisters and denounced in cathedrals; the people were astonished and the priests enraged. Under the shadow of consecrated edifices, and in the midst of innumerable devotees, a man, dwelling in a stronghold of the popedom, had been found bold enough to defy the Pope and his laws. He must reap the reward of his audacity. Of course "he is a heretic in sophistry, a heretic in logic, a heretic in divinity." Calumnies are industriously circulated; he is said to rely upon the favour of his patrons, to be proud and boastful. "Nevertheless," added many, "he shall be otherwise spoken to." "Banish me to the obscurest corner of England," replied Tyndale; "provided you will permit me to teach children and preach the gospel, and give me ten pounds a year for my support, I shall be satisfied."

His resolution was formed and expressed; he began to mature plans for its execution. The greater portion of his time was now passed in the library. There he prayed and read, and commenced his translation; but it soon became evident that it would be impossible to complete it there. Arrest and condemnation were not improbable. Therefore, dreading interruption, and fearful lest he should expose his protector to danger and trouble, he determined to remove; so gathering up his papers and taking his precious Testament, bade adieu to his friends and his pupils, and prepared to seek elsewhere the security his work required. Whither should he go? At this juncture he recollected the Bishop of London, whom Erasmus had eulogised as "the first of Englishmen in Greek and Latin literature." "Ah!" thought he, "in that man's service I were happy;" and accordingly he bent his steps towards the metropolis, little con-

us of what was there transacting. John was intimately acquainted with court, and by his letters of introduction gained him easy access to persons of influence. Tonstall, the new boy, was the first and only man whose patronage he ever sought. To go through Sir Harry Guildford, the great comptroller, he presented a relation of an oration of Isocrates, as proof of his learning. Tonstall received it favourably, and at Guildford's suggestion Tyndale then addressed him there, which was delivered by one of the bishop's officers, an acquaintance of Tonstall. An audience followed. "Mas?" said Tonstall, "my house is full. I have more than I can well employ. Look to the city, *where you cannot lack a hearer*." The design of the interview was frustrated, but thus the Bible-people of later years incidentally bore testimony to the ability of the trans-

[illegible]

a year rolled by. Ere its conclusion Fryth had joined him in his labours, but now came doubts and fears again. Longland, the king's confessor, had instigated Toustall himself to attempt the suppression of the growing heresy. Humble Christians who met together to read portions of the Scriptures were summoned from the streets round Munmouth's residence, and flattered or frightened into silence and orthodoxy. Then at length Tyndale understood "not only that there was no room in my lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also, that there was no place to do it *in all England*." He looked towards Germany. To forsake his country, his home, his friends, was a sacrifice; to go abroad, without resources and alone, was hazardous; but his affections were chastened by heroism, and his difficulties forgotten amidst brilliant hopes; his patriotism developed itself in lofty aspirations and earnest actions, and his faith inspired courage and determination. In the Thames lay a vessel loading for Hamburg. Munmouth gave him ten pounds towards the expenses of his journey, and other friends contributed similarly. He left half the sum with his benefactor to be remitted as his wants might require, and then sailing down the river launched upon the sea.

"The world was full of things where to choose
His place of rest, and I was too his guide."

Meanwhile great events were engaging the kingdoms of Europe. A new era was on the eve of inauguration; and at the crisis there were not wanting men of powerful mind and unflagging energy. In the church, in literature, in politics there were like men of renown, but there was one who in influence, if not in talent, eclipsed the rest. This was Wolsey, whose character remains a wonderful revelation of history. Peering beyond belief in his designs, without a parallel in the craftiness of his diplomacy, forgetful of his origin, or vain of his elevation,

The walk continued to a diamond ridge, where
 St. George's had been.

and his ruin was the consequence of his own insatiable pride. In Shakspeare's works.

Hear ye, ye noblest of our people, and ye knowest,
 How we have loved to speak and persuade;
 To give ye counsel that we felt him need,
 And to be sure to show that we felt him sweet as
 summer.

About this period he gave utterance to one of his grand conceptions—his resolve to found a college, "the most glorious in the universe." There is great reason to believe that Lord Herbert's interpretation of this design is correct. "If men," wrote he, ascribing the argument to Wolsey, "were once persuaded that they could make their own way to heaven, and that prayers in their *native* and customary language might pierce heaven, as well as in *Latin*, how much would the authority of the mass fall! How prejudicial might this prove to all our ecclesiastical orders! For this purpose, since printing cannot be put down, it were best to set up learning *against* learning; and by introducing able persons to dispute, to suspend the laity betwixt fears and controversies." And so it seems the king thought also, for Cardinal College^{*} was founded, and the choicest young men of England gathered within its walls. Amongst these was John Fryth.

Tyndale found numerous friends to the gospel in Hamburg, and, encouraged by their presence, took quiet lodgings in that olden city. He appears to have remained there a year or more, during which time the gospels of Matthew and Mark were completed and printed separately. At first he had engaged as amanuensis a man of kindred spirit: this faithful companion, however, soon left him to travel and proclaim the truth where it had never been preached. One William Rove, a friar-observant of Greenwich, took his place; he was a man alienated from Rome but not united to Christ—docile while without money, but self-willed when supplied. He remained with the reformer a considerable time, and occasioned his master much trouble, who was glad, as soon as circumstances permitted, to bid him "farewell for their twolives, and, as men say, a day longer."

Tyndale lived with great economy at Hamburg, enduring hunger, and cold, and fatigue, without repining. He progressed in his work, but his money was exhausted; and when Mummouth's remittance came, he determined to seek another abode. It is not unlikely that at this time he went to see Luther. Neither one had need of the other to enlighten or convince; but a meeting would have breathed fresh energy into

their spirits, and, intimating the spread of religious life and its divine origin, have been the harbinger to their faith of victories new and widely felt. Cologne was the place he ultimately sought, attracted, not by its pretended relics or its ancient churches, which were thronged with thousands of pilgrims, but by its celebrated printers—Quentel and the Byrekmans had warehouses in St. Paul's churchyard, a circumstance that might facilitate the transport of the New Testament from the banks of the Rhine to those of the Thames. Symptoms of reform had violently manifested themselves in this cathedral city; the bishop, therefore, had forbidden all evangelical religion, so that Tyndale, for security, took obscure lodgings and kept himself closely hidden. Soon, however, he ventured to call on the printer with his manuscripts, and ordered six thousand copies, reducing the number on reflection to three thousand, for fear of seizure. This was to be a quarto volume. The press commenced its operations; and as sheet after sheet issued from beneath it, his heart was gladdened in anticipation of the result, the object of many efforts, and long desired. Just at this moment there was driven, as an exile into Cologne, Cochlæus, a most virulent enemy of the Reformation. By his words and writings he maintained to the end of life an angry warfare against all its most distinguished adherents. Leaving larger volumes out of the account, he hurled from his pen more than one hundred and twenty light missives against it. Ever active, he had determined to make the most of his compulsory visit to this city. Over against it, on the right bank of the Rhine, there stood a monastery, one of whose abbots, in the twelfth century, had advocated an acquaintance with the Scriptures. The Reformers were about to publish his opinions. Cochlæus had interfered and secured his works, and was determined, in printing them, to make the pious abbot bear evidence in favour of the Papacy. Thus engaged, he was thrown into frequent contact with Quentel and the Byrekmans. Their meetings often were of a convivial character—wine circulated freely—and the printers, excited, would sometimes boast that whether the King and Cardinal of England wished it or not, all England would in a short time be Lutheran.

* Now Christ Church.

curiosity was so, when he had seen the Englishmen in the streets, and retired to his chamber, but could never by any chance find them. A plan occurred to him. He invited the printers to his lodging, and showed them liberally the proofs of the work, that traitor to all secrets, and seized the opportunity to demand copies of the Luther translation, confidentially of the intoxicated men, and pressed, and advanced to the press, and advanced to the press. The expenses are supplied by the English merchants, who will import the work, before the Cardinals are aware of its existence. He felt alarmed and distressed at the appearance of the work, and dreaded lest England should become the seat of the Pope, and he detested make new conquests. He went privately, therefore, to the house of a patrician and councillor of the King, who had been on an embassy to Henry VIII., and had always shown great attachment to him. Herman Rincke listened to his story, and excited at the thought of the noble sequel, immediately sent a messenger to see if such incredible news were in reality preparing. But the messenger had reported the truth, and Rincke, finding it so, hastened to the King, unfolded the affair, pleaded in the name of Wolsey and the King, and gained from them, forgetful of the loss of liberty, an interdict, which actually prevented the printer from sending farther. Tyndale heard the news; disappointment again seemed to smother his path, but there was not a moment to be spared for idle reflections. He hurried to the office, collected the sheets already printed, and packing them safely in a boat, without delay crossed the Rhine with his companion Roye. This misfortune was to prove an ultimate triumph. Whether now should the translator go? They stemmed the tide of the Rhine. Smiling villages and mountain glooms, rocks and frowning fortresses, thick forests and churches, were passed in silence. In five or six days the land of Worms was in sight. Four years

before, Luther had entered it, surrounded by a concourse of people: "I will go," he had exclaimed, "though there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs of the houses!" Now Tyndale entered it unknown, but with a purpose no less sacred and a courage as dauntless. He deliberated. The edition begun was well marked by his enemies; they would advise the Cardinal and his coadjutors of its character; there would be a scrutiny at the ports; it would be intercepted on its journey. So he argued: and to mislead his inquisitors, resolved to substitute an octavo for the quarto form. In due time, however, both editions were completed; and thus, by redoubling Tyndale's energies, did the wrathful interference of Cochlæus recoil upon his own head. Of the three thousand quarto volumes but a single fragment now remains, a few leaves, to testify to the rage excited against them. They contained glosses, and a prologue very unacceptable to the public authorities. They were first denounced, and seem for a while to have served as a decoy that shielded from harm the small octavo New Testament, which was without note or comment. The large edition was first obliterated, and of the other there is left at the present day only one perfect copy, and that is to be seen in the museum of the Baptist College, Bristol.

It was January, 1526; and the New Testament was in England. Wolsey was engrossed in affairs of state, Toustall was ambassador in Spain, sickness prevailed, and the powers that be were scattered in confusion. Just then came some ships of the Hanseatic merchants, and concealed beneath their ordinary merchandise lay the invaluable book, whose divine spirit, infused into the nation, was to place it among the happiest and most glorious of the earth. In February an alarm was given. On the feast of Candlemas, that celebrated book, "The Supplication of Beggars," was strewn through the streets. It was dedicated to Henry himself. Bishops, abbots, priors, deacons, archdeacons, suffragans, priests, monks, canons, friars, pardoners and sumners, were all assailed in it. They were denominated idle cormorants. "Priests and doves," it said, "make foul houses; and if you will ruin a state, set up in it the pope, with his monks and clergy. . . . Send these sturdy loobies abroad in the world

to get their living with their labour in the sweat of their faces." This was too much for the Cardinal; and then, too, to find the New Testament actually in the country, and, in spite of every precaution, making converts on every hand! There must be a secret search, he commanded, simultaneously in Oxford, Cambridge, and London. Another crusade was about to begin, in which the gallant weapons of chivalry, its lance and flashing helm, its courtesies and pomp, were to be exchanged for the faggot and the rack, for mean and malignant cruelty.

Foremost among the suspected was Garret, the curate of All Hallows, in Honey Lane, Cheapside. Not only had he received, he had scattered far and wide the prohibited volume. The search, therefore, began at his abode. At the time he was fortunately absent, for his holy errand had taken him to Oxford; but he was ultimately captured there. He and others in the university of like mind, amongst whom was John Fryth, were condemned to walk in procession through the street, each bearing a faggot, and being compelled to cast into a fire the book he loved. All of them were then thrown into a loathsome cell, where they languished for some months, during which four of them died. Of these young men not fewer than eleven came from Wolsey's favourite college, a greater number than from any other—from the college specially designed by the learning and genius of its inmates to uphold the dignity and influence of Rome. So true are those words, "He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise; He taketh the wise in their own craftiness; and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong." At Cambridge, Dr. Barnes, prior of a monastery, a convert of Bilney's, and a prominent advocate of the reform doctrines, was at once arrested in the hope of intimidating his party. He was taken to London and before Wolsey. The terrible words, *burnt alive*, were continually repeated in his ear. Every effort was made by the zeal of his mistaken friends to allure or frighten him into a recantation. At length, overcome by their fatal kindness, and deceived by his own fears, he resolved to confess himself wrong, pleading to his conscience with strange inconsistency that the prolongation of his

life would enable him to serve the of truth through succeeding years.

Tyndale's New Testament had been six weeks in the country—its enemies determined signally press their abhorrence of its contents. The city of London had not recovered from the excitement of Candlemas; a secret search was scarcely closed, and February had not reached its close. It was Sunday, and old St. Paul thronged in every part. On the steps a scaffold had been erected, and there sat Wolsey, mitred and purple. Around him were ranged and thirty bishops, abbots, and all his chaplains and doctors in damask and satin. In front of stood baskets full of books; and in the pulpit newly raised was the Bishop of Rochester, despite the confusion that filled the building, eloquently weighing against heresies and heathenism. The sermon over, the Cardinal descended, mounted his mule, and rode off beneath a magnificent canopy. Then before the crucifix at the north gate of the cathedral, they lighted a huge fire. With downcast eye was trembling, and with him five of the Hansardian clergies who had imported the heresy. The smoke curled upward, the flames flashed more brightly, the contents of each basket were thrown into the pile. The multitude gazed in amazement—the murmur of approval half lost in the murmur of subduing indignation and of fear that dared utter its secret wishes. In every and shrivelled page there was a mortal truth, a vitality that no could destroy—and thus those five conscience-stricken victims knelt each in renunciation of his belief, thrice round the fire, and fired the third time cast another faggot into it. To conclude the ceremony, I who had preached, pronounced kneeling populace absolution and pardon for so many days as a reward being present at his sermon. Barnes! bitterly did he rue this. Sixteen years after he nobly redeemed his character, and went to the stake, the spirit of his sublime words: "To live or to destroy me cannot so greatly profit them; for when I am dead, the sun and the moon, the stars and the water and fire, yea, and also stones defend the cause against them; but the verity should perish."

by a typographical error was left out its anathema! Tyndale meanwhile quietly pursued his apostolical path. We find him at Antwerp, whence a third edition by Christopher Eyndhoven, consigned to London. Hackett, English envoy in the Low Countries, had just received orders to get this edition printed; but the Lords of Antwerp refused to give judgment without coming into the matter; they decided that the heresies should be burnt—a task that the accusers found awkward to undertake. Hackett therefore bought what copies he could, and tried to satisfy his master by burning them. England was being taught a lesson respecting the civil rights of the subject that she was afterwards proud to have learnt. The Hanseatic cities were then almost the only refuge for heresy in Europe—an insignificant speck upon a vast and troubled sea. The cities were conspiring to favour the cause of the Reformation. Rome had been sacked and confusion and blood-triumphed within its walls; so that the noise that, says a chronicler, "even thunder would have rolled and—" The inviolable Pontiff was alarmed, and, on escaping with the assistance of the Emperor Charles, fled from the eternal city. The tidings of these new difficulties encumbered the old, and brighter hopes invigorated

looked for; *no more shall they do if they burn me also*, if it be God's will it shall be so." Here was a fearful yet glorious anticipation. The same year an Antwerp bookseller printed a fourth edition of the New Testament, an edition more beautiful than any of its predecessors, being enriched with references and engravings on wood, and having each page bordered with red lines. How was it to cross the seas? A war with Flanders seemed imminent, and commerce between the countries had almost ceased; but it was a period of great scarcity in England, and provisions were demanded by the people, who were ready to break forth into violence. France, although an ally, could not supply the deficiency. Just then a fleet of ships appeared at the mouth of the Thames. The Flemish merchants brought an abundance of grain, and were eagerly welcomed; little did the citizens suspect that, concealed beneath other commodities, they brought the *bread of life*. In one vessel alone one man had secreted five hundred copies of the Testament!

Tyndale found it expedient for the preservation of his person to remove from place to place. About this time he was joined by his friend John Fryth, of Cardinal College, who had escaped from the dangers of his fatherland, and was desirous of aiding him in his translations. They settled at Marburg, and con-

werp would not yield to his requirements; a trial must take place before them ere the heretic can be sent out of the emperor's dominions. Delays occurred, evidence was wanting, and the envoy himself at last narrowly escaped disgrace. Wolsey then dismissed Friar John West, of Greenwich, in search of Tyndale and his companion, and gave him a letter to senator Rincke of Cologne. Rincke, however, was at Frankfurt, but the ardent West followed him thither. It was fair time in the city. Rincke read the letter, and hurried to the burgo-masters, begging them to confiscate the English translations, and seize "the heretic who was troubling England as Luther troubled Germany." "Tyndale and his friends," they replied, "have not appeared in our fairs since March, 1528, and we know not whether they are dead or alive." Rincke, not despairing, continued his inquiries, but with regard to their main object they were fruitless, and poor West returned to his monastery on Thames' bank, to find the opinions he condemned prevailing there, and to become the ridicule of his brethren. Tyndale before long gave proof of his existence and diligence by sending the books of Genesis and Deuteronomy into England. While they were crossing the water, Toustall, Sir Thomas More, and Dr. Knight, the king's secretary, passed over to the Continent on political business. This transacted, they found time to draw up a treaty between the King and Lady Margaret in the name of the Emperor, one article of which forbade the printing or selling of any Lutheran books in either country. Might not these distinguished men be successful if they attempted to apprehend Tyndale? The Bishop of London resolved to make the effort, and accordingly repaired to Antwerp. He would at least secure and destroy the hated book. During his sojourn there he met with a merchant who professed to know where it could be purchased. "It is be your lordship's pleasure to pay for them," said the man, whose character and dissimulation are by no means worthy approval, "I can get for you every book that is printed here and unsold." "Get them by all means," answered the bishop, "and with all my heart I will pay *whatsoever* they cost you." The merchant, who secretly favoured Tyndale, went to the translator's abode, reminded him how he had endan-

gered his friends and beggared him and congratulated him on the means of improving his circumstances, as offered. "Who is the merchant?" Tyndale. "The Bishop of London." "O, if he buys my books, it must burn them." And then they continued together. What if the word be b the world will cry out against those who burn it. Tyndale was in distress; time, the money would pay his and help him to correct another better edition. He consented scarcely had the delighted bishop sited his prize within the walls of the palace, carefully guarding it that at fitting opportunity he might put to devote it to the flames, than "and threefold" came fresh volumes from England, printed with the very which he had supplied in the moment of need! Tyndale, notwithstanding, was in great jeopardy. In every placard announced the Emperor's intention to proceed against all heretics and the officers of justice, so everyone was on the alert for victims. Tyndale solved to sail for Hamburg, so giving his books and manuscripts together embarked on the Scheldt. But he had to encounter the perils of the sea. A tempest arose; the billows bore away triumph over the vessel; the exertion of the crew was ineffective; the winds and waves hurried it to the coast and dashed it on the rocks. The passengers escaped with their lives only; and Tyndale, as he reached the shore, breathless and wet, the waves and clouds of heaven and the depths of ocean all seeming to conspire against him, saw the fruit of his labours and all his resources engulfed by the waters. A second time he retired to sea, and the ship bore safely to Hamburg, where he went to congratulate him on his preservation, and encourage him in the recovery of his losses. This was Miles dale. They abode together for several months during the autumn, and conferred on the great work of translation to both important and absorbing. The Pentateuch was soon completed, the misfortune of the shipwreck remedied by untiring diligence and energy. In England, the royal proclamation had gone forth, specially interdicting the New Testament and other books in favour of its doctrines, commanding that all importing of

ang, or having written them, should
pursued even to death by fire. This
[what the bishops had long coveted,
opportunity was seized with avi-
l; but persecution is like an au-
tumn wind, that sweeps over the plain
bends the tree and the flower — by
very roughness it scatters the seeds
multiplies the plant. Wolsey's
in autumn, had begun to wane.

Thomas More succeeded him as brother; and now this man of pure and noble intellect was to show to world and posterity, how fanaticism betray genius and wisdom to its dark purposes. He commenced obtaining a licence from Toustall to Tyndale's books; and then, bringing his wit and learning to bear on the subject, published his comments, *Dialogue of Sir Thomas More, Knt., against the Pestilent Sect of Luther* Tyndale, by the one begun in Sax-
e and by the other laboured to be
sight into England." Tyndale pro-
ved the book, first finished his treatise
"The Practice of Prelates," and then
as an "Answer" to its calumnies
isophasms. "The Practice of Pre-
lates" was the first to appear. This was
directed against the Papacy, and
tains some able and fearless writing.
with a periphrastical will show

1. The first paragraph will show
 2. the Holy Father came up,
 3. the growth of an *ivy tree*. First,
 4. the growth of the earth, and then
 5. the growth of the ground,
 6. the growth of a great tree; then it
 7. grows up the earth slow unto the
 8. top, and creepeth up a little
 9. to the top and setteth. And at the
 10. top it will it is yet thin and
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of Rome, at the beginning crept along upon the earth, and every man trod upon him in this world." And then the writer prolongs the parallel, showing how the insidious pretensions of the papacy have defrauded nations of the civil power, and concluding: "And thus the *ivy tree* hath under his roots, throughout all Christendom, in every village, holes for foxes, and nests for unclean birds in all his branches—and promises unto his disciples all the promotions of the world."

In the May of 1530, there was another burning of books in St. Paul's Churchyard. Tonstall had reserved his purchase for this auspicious occasion, but the effect produced was the reverse of that intended. The people concluded that there must be a visible contrariety between the precepts of the book burned and the practice of the clergy, and their wish to read it increased. Tyndale himself was in greater danger than ever before. Henry desired to lure him into England, that like a lion he might raven on the prey in his own den. Stephen Vaughan was despatched into the Low Countries, commissioned to keep this object in view. He was a man of mild and merciful temperament, too straightforward to be successful in his mission, and yet desirous of winning approbation from his superiors. Cromwell was now rapidly taking Wolsey's place in the esteem of his majesty; and he was Vaughan's patron. The first step of the envoy was to write to Tyndale, filling his letters with persuasives and assurances of Henry's clemency, and sending them to three different towns in hopes that one of them at least might find him. An answer came which he was not slow to forward home; and with it, anxious for the reception of his despatch, he sent a private note to Cromwell, in which his own fears were confidentially expressed. "Would God," wrote he, "he were in England!" The reformer was now engaged in answering the Dialogue of Sir Thomas More. This was reported to Vaughan, who being fortunate enough to meet with a portion of the manuscript, eagerly transcribed it for the gratification of the royal curiosity. One day while thus occupied, he was surprised by the entrance of a messenger. "A friend of yours," said he, "wink even once, wishes very much to speak with you, and begs to deliver a perfect tale to you, I verily

him." "What is he and where is he?" asked Vaughan, consenting to follow the stranger, who, leading him beyond the gates of Antwerp, brought him into a field, where stood—Tyndale! The interview was mutually welcome; the persecuted exile defended himself against the false accusations of treason current against him, and pleaded so eloquently for the justice of his cause, that the envoy himself seems to have been touched. In vain he strove to persuade him to return to England, and promised security from all danger; Tyndale retorted that whatever promises were made, they would soon be broken at the instigation of the clergy, who would affirm that promise made with heretics ought not to be kept. The next day, Vaughan's pen was busily recording the substance of the conversation; the influence of his opponent over him is evident by the terms in which he is made to speak. For instance, after representing him as proving himself possessed of "the heart of a true subject," he puts amongst others this sentence in his mouth: "If, for my pains therein taken—if for my poverty—if for mine exile out of mine natural country, and bitter absence from my friends—if for my hunger, my thirst, my cold, the great danger wherewith I am everywhere compassed; and, finally, if for innumerable other hard and sharp fightings which I endure, not yet feeling of their asperity, by reason that I hoped with my labours to do honour to God, true service to my prince, and pleasure to his Commons; how is it that his Grace, this considering, may either by himself think, or by the persuasions of others be brought to think, that, in this doing, I should not show a pure mind, a true and incorrupt zeal and affection to his Grace!" As might be expected, a despatch thus worded was not exactly to Henry's taste; and back came to Vaughan an intimation to this effect: "Ye bear much affection towards the said Tyndale, whom, in his manners and knowledge in worldly things ye undoubtedly do much allow and commend: whose works being replete with so abominable slanders and lies, imagined and only feigned to infect the people, declareth him both to lack grace, virtue, learning, discretion, and all other good qualities. . . . Wherefore Stephen, I heartily pray you" (writes the pope), "in all your doings, and writing to the King

Highness, ye do justly, truly, without dissimulation, show you his true, loving, and obedient service bearing no manner of favour, love, affection to the said Tyndale, in his works, in any manner of ways; utterly to condemn and abhor the same. Vaughan, however, was resolved to himself of any loophole for the exercise of mercy; so seizing on the concluding paragraph of Cromwell's letter sought a second interview with Tyndale and relying on his lively sensibility read to him the crafty postscript of a minister, which was expressive of the joy his sovereign would feel in the conversion of the heretic, and of the goodness he should receive on returning into his realm. Tyndale's heart touched, the tears rose to his eyes; these to him were indeed gracious words, and then he gave an answer which evinces true nobility of soul even supported by a courtier, to the King his "I assure you," said he, "that if it be the King's most gracious pleasure permit *only a bare text of the Scrip- ture to be put forth among his people*, the translation of what person's shall please his Majesty, I shall immediately make faithful promise *not to write more*, nor remain two days I in these parts; but repair into your realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal Majesty, offering my body to suffer what punishment, yea, what death his Grace shall think fit *so that this be obtained*. And till that time, I will abide the asperity of my chances, whatsoever shall come, and endure my life in as many pains as I am able to bear." Tyndale was of a true nature, an earnest patriot, yet a true subject. THE BIBLE FOR THE PEOPLE was the motto of his life, the singling object of his actions; and, that reverence he gave to his country the element of all national virtue, and of that simplicity and true grandeur which, in every age had vainly sought to ex-

In the April of 1531, he stood before the world in the arena of controversy. He had dared to unsheath his sword against the noblest intellect of England. Sir Thomas More's *Dialogue* ran through three hundred folios, and was answered by Tyndale's *Answer* in two hundred and fifty. The attack. Tyndale's reply was a pathy series of a thousand te-

fore be modified in their development. So argued many; but the zealots of the "old" party were the more enraged. At the head of these was Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester. He determined at this crisis to make another effort for the capture of Tyndale, and selected for the purpose, one Henry Phillips, of Poole, in Dorset; and a monk, Gabriel Donne, of Stratford Abbey. The former played the part of a gentleman, and the latter, in disguise, of his counsellor and servant. Coming to Antwerp and mixing with the merchants there, they soon discovered Tyndale's abode. Phillips meeting with him at the table of friends, immediately sought to win his confidence, and so successful was he in his mean and villainous stratagems, that the frank and unsuspecting Tyndale told him his heart, and engaged him to lodge in the same house. Phillips having thus completed the first act, rode to Brussels, the nearest resort of the imperial ambassadors, and, by treachery to his own sovereign, gained the emperor's assistance in accomplishing his murderous intent. He brought back with him the emperor's attorney and various other officers. Then proceeding to Tyndale's house, he engaged in friendly conversation, and consented to go out to dinner with him. The way lay through a narrow passage; at its end he had planted his emissaries, and walking behind his generous victim with feigned courtesy, by raising his hand over his head, gave the signal for his capture. His person was directly seized, a few ceremonies were passed through, and he was carried off to the castle of Vilvorde. A few bold friends made an ineffectual attempt to secure his release; but his life-work was accomplished, and "the crown of righteousness" was full in view.

Time sped rapidly onward with the captive. For eighteen months and more he had endured confinement without repining. His consistent bearing had won the gaoler and his daughter, with others of the household, to the side of truth. All within the castle declared that if he were not a good Christian man, they could not tell whom to trust, and even the emperor's attorney testified favourably of his learning and piety.

It was the 6th of October, 1536. The day of trial was passed. Tyndale had fearlessly defended his own sacred cause, and the sentence was pronounced. He

came forth now to die—glorious consummation of a pure and earnest life! He blanched not at the sight of the stake. Amidst foes in a strange land, deserted, nay hated and betrayed by his own countrymen, the last utterance of his patriotic heart was a prayer for the monarch of his fatherland. With loud voice and fervent zeal he cried, "Lord! open the eyes of the King of England." He was then strangled, and his body afterwards burnt. Never were the words of Cowper more applicable—

"His blood was shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar and to anticipate the skies,
Yet few remember him. He lived unknown
Till persecution dragged him into fame,
And chased him up to heaven. His ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. With his name
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this."

So fell William Tyndale. No victor slain on the battle-field of his fame ever perished so nobly. Truth hailed from above the spirit of her champion, and welcomed him to the honours of immortal climes. Compare Tyndale's death with that of his most prominent opponents—with that of Wolsey, owning, as he ceased to breathe, "If I had served God as I have served my king, he would not have deserted me in my grey hairs;"—with that of Fisher, the preacher of the sermon at the grand Bible-burning, on whom Henry's brutal taunt was fulfilled, that they might send him a cardinal's hat from Rome, but he should not have a head to wear it on;—or even with that of More or of Cromwell;—Tyndale's death is in proportion more glorious than theirs, as his career was more honourable and sublime.

His legacy to his country was the entire English Bible, translated from the original languages. This was published in the year succeeding his martyrdom. What Wycliffe had partially effected in manuscript, he did worthily and completely in print. The correctness of his version is evident in the fact, that the major part of that commonly used is substantially his; many a minor alteration was made for the worse. Its superiority to Coverdale's translation resulted in good part from the independence of its author. *He had no patron; Coverdale could compare that monster of tyranny and wickedness, Henry VIII., to Moses, David, Jeho-*

land, close together, once the hope of "Young India," were not remembered then. The public dwelt on the last loss. Politicians wrote, statesmen talked, and military men were compelled to act in the new crisis of Indian affairs. The conqueror and ex-governor of Scinde had returned home in a bitter mood with Anglo-Indian administration, and his anger was not groundless. The panic of the year had even entered Apsley House, and the Commander-in-chief sent for Sir Charles Napier. The conversation was short. The Duke of Wellington offered the chief command of the Indian army. The owner of Oaklands began his usual complaints of the civil authorities of India; but his old general had no right to redress, and no wish, therefore, to hear them. He cut short every argument with the announcement, "India is probably lost, and you or I must go; if you cannot, then I can." The command was accepted. Three years have come and gone—the grave has closed over the peer and the commander—St. Paul's has the first and Portsmouth the last, and who would now save India, for Britain's great men die fast?

The death of Sir Charles Napier leaves a vacant place in the Army List that will not be easily occupied. A soldier for sixty years, and from boyhood, he was ardently attached to his profession. His zeal for the character and efficiency of the army rendered him a radical reformer of military abuses. His education, either in, or attached to the camp, produced contempt for civil administrators, which was strengthened by his communications with corrupt officials. Bravery in battle, combativeness at his desk, and discipline of the strictest character in all circumstances, and at all seasons, inherent in his family, were conspicuous in his life. These qualities secured for him that esteem in the army essential to successful operations in the field. The conqueror of Scinde has left no leader in the British forces more likely to inspire his foes with dread or his friends with courage; and yet he has gone down to the grave, in a time of peace, an untitled soldier, and until the Scinde war not a very wealthy man.

Kingdoms, or their writers, have contended regarding the descent of Sir Charles Napier, as the cities of Greece contested the honour of Homer's nativity. The arguments of different

claimants in reference to the General are strong, and the case is not clear. He belonged, as one of the Napier family, to Scotland. His father was a Scotsman. He was born in England, in London, in Whitehall; and his mother was an Englishwoman. And he was educated in Ireland, at Castletown, county of Kildare; but the period of education, in its usual meaning, was short. He had an ensign's commission in his twelfth or thirteenth year; and, like Abercromby, Harris, Moore, and other distinguished soldiers, acquired the greater part of the knowledge which he possessed in the camp.

The private biography of Sir Charles Napier, like that of all other men, might be compressed within a few lines. He was born, in London, on the 10th August, 1782, and he died at Oaklands, his country seat, near Portsmouth, on the 30th August, 1853, in his 71st year. He had, indeed, completed his 71st, and entered a few weeks upon his 72nd year. His father was a military man—the Hon. Col. George Napier; and his mother was a daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. The Hon. Col. George Napier received a military appointment in Ireland; and the removal of the family to that country formed the only connection between Sir Charles Napier and that island. He has left two brothers, an elder and a younger, both soldiers, both lieutenant-generals, both literary men and writers of high standing: the former, Lieutenant-General Sir George Thomas Napier, once governor of the Cape of Good Hope; and the latter, Lieutenant-General Sir William Francis Napier, the distinguished historian.

Sir Charles J. Napier was not married until 1827, when, in his 45th year, he married the widow of John F. Kelly, Esq., who died in 1833. He married, in 1835, the widow of Richard Alecock, Esq., R.N. The mutual attachment of the Napiers contributed to their domestic happiness, without aiding their progress in life. They have admirably served their country, without securing those rewards which are bestowed on men less gifted. The remark is equally applicable to their cousin, Admiral Sir Charles Napier. Blunt speech and plain writing do not recommend officers in the army and navy; and we must allow, that the rebukes of these distinguished officers have been less courteous

an honest; and that they have been solved in many disputes, which either cunning, or greater prudence, could have taught them to avoid.

Although Sir Charles J. Napier entered the army at an early age, his progress in the profession was not remarkably rapid. He was a captain in 35, nine years after he had joined the ranks. In 1806, he was major in the 22nd Regiment; in 1811, he was a lieutenant-colonel. Thirteen years afterwards he obtained the colonelcy of the 22nd Regiment. After the peace of 1815, he was named governor of the Ionian Islands; and if he did not succeed in pleasing the Colonial Office and the Home Government, he gave great satisfaction to the Cephalonians, who did not yet forgotten the man whose influence of mind gained the hearts of sailors. Twelve years after the attainment of his colonelcy, he was, in 1827, a major-general; and, in 1836, he gained the higher step of lieutenant-general. He passed some years of his life usefully and at home, in the command of the northern district, repressing disorders and reforming evils in the discipline of the regiments which came through his circle. Although destined to perform a great part in India, yet he terminated his fifth year before the

although Ensign Napier held an inferior position, yet his ardent mind found hard work to perform. But however necessary the measures consequent on this rebellion were deemed, they were permitted to pass without an efficient record; for still greater events followed rapidly, spreading consternation through the land; and amid the continental convulsions, forgetfulness of the Irish battles was desirable.

But even now, when more than half a century has passed, the memory of the dead survives in wearied breasts, much longing for their promised rest in those quiet graveyards that sometimes creep down to the edge of the lochs that deeply indent the northern province—rest long promised, long withheld—beside those who were laid there in a red winding-sheet, in haste and bitter sorrow, when war rent asunder the families of the land. Even yet the peasant at the twilight time passes softly by dark spots, where aged friends have told him that a gallows was erected for the brave, if also they were—as no doubt they were—the erring. Even now, in brilliant rooms, when the day is over, and the hours of night are beguiled by song or story, when mirth and music chase away many cares, deep shadows sit on old brows, beneath a fringe of silvered hair

and these are shadows that never can be lightened; for old men will tell a stranger of a husband, or father, or brother, who, cut in ninety-eight, were sent upon a dark field, or harder still, were sent upon a darker hill. Rapidly rushes the deepening tide round sharp craggy rocks in those deep lochs that mark safe harbours to the land, and give a charm to the scenery that nothing else can supply. He had those low banks, the pebbly sea wheels and white, so brightly, but in slow and solemn procession, as if it were a living organism that, with unobtrusive might, had swept up his prey with leisure. It was with no murmuring and menacing hum, but with a low and incessant hiss, as if the waves were more still than those that beat in the bay in the sunlight, and came out to sea in this world of light, and then sank down to the appointed place and waited for the next wave, greater and more terrible, which would suddenly sweep up his prey, and then, as it was, and

Napier was very young at the commencement of the rebellion and the French invasion of Ireland; but he had well remembered the deplorable events of that stormy period, terminated by courts-martial, by military executions, and military rule in all the provinces of that island. He had longed for a change of employment, and the scene shifts. The French foes are driven out of Ireland, or they have perished beneath bayonet and bullet, or the stormy surf of its angry seas. The Irish rebels are beaten, broken or scattered, in hopeless exile, over the Western Continent. As generally occurs in such cases villains have escaped; but the chivalrous, the enthusiastic, the thoughtless, and the young have perished in a fine burst of patriotism. Green were then the wounds caused by that rebellion; but the stricken land had peace—a few precious years of peace—during which new men were rising to be sacrificed on those altars of war that were in preparation for the offering. During these years young Napier was acquiring that general knowledge which in after life rendered him a dangerous and ready disputant. Often we may suppose he turned his thoughts to that far-off oriental land where a young Irish officer had acquired and was acquiring fame and fortune. The romance of India stirred his soul, but the strong voice of necessity said ever, "Not yet, not yet;" a time was to come, but not then—a time, but not until long afterwards—when the name of the dreamer would be enshrined upon the Indus, over battle-fields equalling Assaye, or Delhi, or Arguum, in their wonderful history.

Another schemer, meanwhile, was planning work for the Moores and the Napiers of the day. An ambitious eye was thrown from the towers of Notre Dame to those of the Escorial. The ambition that had plucked trophies from Germany and Italy sought to gather them on Spanish soil. Opportunities were easily obtained. The royal family of Spain abdicated. The House of Braganza fled. The former accepted a pension, and the latter sought independence in their colonial possessions. Kings may fly, but the people must remain. The latter have, therefore, the larger interest in peace. Napoleon had determined to appropriate Spain and Portugal; for the world itself was rather too limited to

supply the wants of his family; and the peninsular peasantry also determined to keep their own, after they had been abandoned by their princes.

These events led to the Peninsular War. Sir John Moore, in the interval between Rolica and Vimiera, and Wellesley's second descent on the peninsula, received the command of the British army. No general was ever more beloved by his army or by his countrymen, and yet he was sacrificed to jealousy at home and treachery abroad. Amid all the fast shifting scenes of his rapid advance from Portugal, and still more rapid retreat on Corunna, before Napoleon, the 50th regiment of infantry and their major often appear. They formed the rear-guard in the trying march upon Corunna. Napoleon was humbled and irritated by the defeats of his forces and his marshals at Rolica and Vimiera and still more by the convention of Cintra. He was anxious to capture or to destroy the British army under Sir John Moore. The extent of his forces, the horrible roads, blocked with snow, when they were not flooded with rain; and the utter incapacity of all their Spanish allies, except Romana, rendered the annihilation of Sir John Moore's army highly probable. Major Charles Napier was employed to cover the retreat. In that service he acquired the maxims which actuated him in his reforms of the Indian army. From the passage of the Esla to the battle before Corunna he was acquiring that antipathy to officer's baggage, which ultimately appeared in his celebrated opinion against anything more than two shirts, an extra pair of shoes, a little soap, and a tooth brush. We may often trace peculiarities of character to incidents in life. General Sir Charles J. Napier's opinions were based upon Major Charles J. Napier's experience in three weeks from the 21st December, 1808, to the 16th January, 1809. Every day was occupied in marching and skirmishing. Napoleon originally, and Soult after New-Year's-Day of 1809, left the retreating army no time for rest. Combats occurred daily, and on some days almost hourly; until Major Napier became rather too well known to his pursuers. On the 7th January, the French attacked at Lugo, and were repulsed by Sir John Moore in person with a heavy loss. On the 16th, the British army were stationed in the villages around Corunna, and the

British fleet were at anchor in the bay. It was to be abandoned for a time, as Napoleon's object had not been achieved, and could not be gained, unless the embarkation of the army could be prevented. Soult, therefore, determined to attack them. The result is well known. It was a victory dearer than any previously achieved by the British forces, because it secured nothing except a retreat. Sir John Moore was mortally wounded, by a cannon ball, while leading on the 42nd and 50th regiments at the village of Elvina. He was carried by soldiers of the 42nd into Corunna, and lived to know that, like Abernethy and Wolfe, he died in victory. Sir David Baird had lost an arm on the right, and Sir John Hope, on whom the command devolved, could make no further use of his success than to bury his dead and embark in peace.

One prisoner was left behind, to whom restraint was torture. In endeavouring to lead forward the 50th regiment, he had been suddenly left with four soldiers in the presence of a large body of the enemy. Three of his followers were at once shot down, and the fourth was wounded. Major Napier attempted to assist the fourth; and while doing so he was struck by a musket ball in the leg, and some of the bones were broken.

Using his sword as a staff, he endeavoured to get out of the way; but a French soldier stabbed him in the back with his bayonet. The major turned, and, wounded as he was, rapidly dismissed his opponent; but he was cut in the head by a sabre, some of his ribs were broken by a cannon ball; and knocked down at last by the butt end of a musket, he was dragged out of the fight, insensible, by a benevolent French drummer. Soult treated his distinguished prisoner with much consideration. His wounds were skilfully tended; and when the Marshal left Ney in command at Corunna, Major Napier was nearly restored to health.

An English frigate ran into the bay one day with a flag of truce. The captain sought information regarding Major Napier. The request was reported to Ney by his aide-de-camp; and the "bravest of the brave" directed that officer to allow his countrymen an interview with their prisoner. The French captain looked steadily on his commander. "General," said he, "Major Napier has a mother."

"Has he," was Ney's answer, "then let him go with his countrymen, and he can take twenty-five British soldiers with him." The act was generous and noble; at least equal to the erection of a monument to Moore by his adversary Soult; and it was one of those traits in the character of Ney, which cast around his own fate a deeper tinge of sorrow than might have been felt for a less worthy foe.

Few men ever acquire the experience gained by Major Napier in life. Upon his return to England, he was engaged in the transaction of unusual business at Doctors Commons. His name was returned in the list of killed at Corunna. His friends entertained no doubt of his fate, and his heirs administered to his property. The error had to be corrected, and the officer marked dead in law had to be again acknowledged among the living.

At this period he was unsuccessful in his applications for employment at the Horse Guards. No young officer deserved better of his country; but even the exigencies of the service could not always overcome the favouritism of faction; and although, as the grandson of the Duke of Richmond, Major Napier was not destitute of influence, yet three officers had to be provided for in one family; and they were not grateful, according to ministerial notions. They could fight. All their friends and foes acknowledged that they fought well; but they also talked and wrote, and their opinions were crimes.

Wearied with applications which brought no positive result, Colonel Napier returned to Spain as a volunteer. Early in 1810, he was again with the Allied army on the border land between Portugal and Spain. He was engaged with General Crawford's light division in a severe action on the Coa, near Almeida, on the 24th of May. This contest terminated in the destruction of many French soldiers in a vain effort to cross the Coa, at a ravine in front of Crawford's division, and had no result except the death of so many men. The summer of 1810 passed away without active operations; and a man of Colonel Napier's character and disposition might have been as agreeably occupied in Piccadilly as on the banks of the Mondego river; but towards the close of autumn, Massena

having completed his arrangements, and obtained reinforcements, determined to invade Portugal. He might have accomplished this object by flanking the mountains on which the British army at the time were stationed. Massena decided on forcing the shorter route, probably because he knew that Wellington would gather all the harvest before the lines of Torres Vedras within that temporary fortification.

The battle of Busaco commenced early on the morning of the 27th of September, 1810. The British and Portuguese forces were strongly posted on the Serra de Busaco, a high ridge, with, in some places, thick pine forests, on the sloping and steep ground in front. They were greatly outnumbered by the French army under Massena, assisted by Marshals Ney and Regnier. Lord Wellington might have been attacked at great disadvantage on the previous evening; but Massena was engaged with Colonel Trant and the Portuguese partisans in his rear. The morning of Busaco was shrouded in mist, and the French divisions had nearly climbed the heights before they were attacked. The battle from the nature of the ground did not admit of scientific movements, and it was short although severe. It ended with the morning. Before noon the French had retired from all points of the hill; and during the afternoon they were peaceably engaged in the removal of their wounded men. Colonel C. J. Napier was severely wounded in the conflict. He was struck in the face by a musket shot. The ball broke his jaw-bone in which it lodged. After the battle the colonel, desirous to be rid of this incumbrance, mounted his horse and rode for two days, to obtain good medical assistance. The anecdote illustrates the energy of the man. We may also add that it illustrates the incompetency of the service, at that time, in the medical department. An army which had every reason to live in daily expectation of broken bones, should have comprised an efficient surgical staff, and rendered Colonel Napier's hard ride entirely superfluous.

A cold and dreary winter followed within the lines of Torres Vedras; but while the British army possessed an abundant commissary, the French, without the lines, suffered dreadfully

from disease and want. Early in March of the following year, 1811, Massena left Santarém, and commenced his retreat into Spain. For rather more than a month the two armies had daily skirmishes, of which Colonel Napier had more than a fair share. During his long life he had a habit of falling into hard, and to himself unprofitable, fighting; and he scarcely ever escaped without some contusion or wound. Portugal was finally abandoned by the French early in April. The celebrated battle of Fuentes d'Onore was fought on the 6th of May, and although peculiarly fatal to officers, yet Colonel Napier, who was present in that conflict, reached victory without a wound, an unusual event in his case. That month of May was very fatal to the armies engaged in the Peninsula: and Albuera, nearly the most bloody battle in the war, was fought by Marshal Beresford on the 16th; but the subsequent months were not distinguished by grand operations, although skirmishing was always found for men like Colonel Napier, few in number, as they are, in all armies.

The winter of 1811 and 1812 was extremely severe; and yet in the midst of that winter Lord Wellington formed the design of storming Ciudad Rodrigo. He moved his army from cantonments on the 8th of January. On the 19th he summoned the garrison to surrender. A stern denial was his answer; but during the evening he stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, to the utter amazement of Marshal Marmont, who was approaching with a large force, to raise the siege. Colonel Napier was present during the operations, but one of the two storming parties was led by Major George Napier, his brother, who was severely wounded. The brothers were present at the siege of Badajos and its storming three months after the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo; but although Colonel Napier attracted the regard of the Duke of Wellington, who had great discrimination in the selection of his officers, yet he never attained a very prominent position in the Peninsular War; and that circumstance explains his eagerness to enter upon a more independent field of action in the war which the United States, very imprudently and ungenerously, at that moment commenced against Great Britain.

Both nations a
tion better now

and their posi-
tion did in 1810;

quarrelled with the Home Government. We feel that a governor of a distant dependency who gains the esteem of the governed and the antipathy of his own government, is an honest, although he may be mistaken, man. Sir Charles Napier succeeded in both particulars. He gained the love of the Cephalonians, and he did not preserve the confidence of the Colonial and War Offices. He was recalled, but his memory was not easily obliterated from the minds of the islanders, who adopted the means in their power of steadily expressing the esteem in which one of their governors was held.

The Greek revolution brought Sir Charles Napier into correspondence with the late Lord Byron, with Mr. Hume, and other English friends of Grecian independence. They did not exactly please him by their conduct, and he did not please them with his counsel; but he knew more of fighting, and probably of Greeks and Turks also, than the great poet, or the famous financier.

He passed some years at this period of his life in England, unemployed; and even when he obtained the command of the Northern Military Division of England, he could only exercise his influence for the improvement of discipline in the regiments under his control. Life was meanwhile wearing over. Peace was firmly established in Europe; and although it had been broken repeatedly on the Continent, yet Sir Charles Napier never offered his services to any foreign state, even when he approved the cause of war. He laid the foundation of many reforms in the army. He improved the position of the private soldier, so far as his influence and power went. He enforced very strict discipline in barracks, and he undoubtedly made changes in their physical and moral circumstances of a favourable nature.

He approached his sixtieth year before the Bombay command was offered to him; and he left England for the presidency in 1841. He did not agree cordially with any governor-general, during his Indian connexion, except the Earl of Ellenborough, who appreciated and fully understood his character. The reverses in Afghanistan, and the position of the Sikhs on the upper part of the Indus, caused great anxiety among the Anglo-Indians and in this country. Scinde was under the control of the Ameers; and their power at the mouth

of the Indus was likely, under adverse, to be employed against the British empire. Suspicions existed on grounds that they had urged the British to attack our forces in the mountain passes. The situation of affairs peculiarly embarrassing. Defeat in Scinde would have been ruinous, yet Sir Charles Napier had scarcely an army. He had only a respectable detachment, for the conquest of a country. He offered his terms in Scinde as an invader, with 3,000 men. 10,000 Europeans and natives behind, and 20,000 men before him. The disparity of our armies caused no distrust to his less mind. The Ameers did not attack him, he did not attack them, but hovered in some long, weary marches through the deserts to communicate with Generals Nott and Pollock, then engaged in an Afghanistan campaign; and he seized the fortresses on which the British relied in these marches, thus compelling them to fight on the open plain. He took the strong fortress of Ennaum with only 300 men of his Irish regiment, the 22nd, and two pieces of artillery. Mahommed Khan, who accumulated stores and treasure in the fort, fled before this small European force; for a very salutary dread of Sir Charles Napier depressed the contrary the Ameers. This fear of their enemies was to be increased.

The small army under his command was surrounded by opponents, seemed to be cut off and in extreme danger. Therefore he resolved to attack 16,000 Belooches, strongly posted in Meance, before they could be reinforced by other divisions. He had 2,600 men. The resolution, therefore, resented despair, but his calculations were appointed. The Belooches succeeded in joining their forces, and brought into the field 25,000 infantry, and 1,000 irregular cavalry. Sir Charles Napier had 1,800 infantry, and 800 cavalry opposed to this great army. In addition to numbers, the Belooches had the advantage of two positions, which they selected and strengthened. They deavoured to draw forward the band of their opponents within range of these mud walls, in order that they might attack them on the flank and rear. Sir Charles observed the opportunity in the wall, through which their buscade was to sally, and he ordered the grenadier company of the 22

at this portal. They obeyed his
and although their captain was
in the gate, yet this company of
men cooped up six thousand in
their own snare, and virtually gained
victory. The resistance in front was
furious. The Belooches were brave
desperate men. They charged the
with vehemence, although the
practice of the Irish muskets
razed their ranks rapidly, or laid them
regularly where they had stood.
English artillery men swept the
front of the opposing army with contin-
uous showers of grape; but they had
to protect from the fury of their
opponents, who absolutely tore at
them, and endeavoured to overturn
while they were being blown from
cannon-mouth in companies. The
scene was appalling—the courage that
taught it unbending—but the Beloo-
ches were crowded in struggling masses,
on whom a musket never missed, and
artillery tore up bloody lanes at every
charge. The physical endurance of
these fellows, however limited, and after his
army had been engaged for more
than three hours in this dreadful
struggle, Sir Charles Napier saw that a
new effort was necessary. He
led his cavalry to charge. The
Belooches closed upon the thick
columns, and the British opposed to
them by two yards. The bayonets
were fixed to the guns, passed
the ranks around
the last struggle for vic-
tory was desperate—death
was the result. The army of the
British consisted of the sixth division
of the Bombay Cavalry. The
Belooches had a force
of about 6000 men, and a handful
of guns. The British had a
force of 8000 men, and a much
larger number of guns. Six thousand
of the British were killed, and
about 1000 of the Belooches. The
British lost all their baggage, and
the remainder of the army was
driven back to the coast. The
Belooches were victorious.

commencement at the close. The victory was, therefore, narrowly won; and if the battle had lasted longer, it would have ended in the defeat and extermination of this small band. The odds were fifteen to one against them in the morning, and a limit exists even in the contests of disciplined and fully armed soldiers with masses of brave men; and the Belooches were brave.

This battle of Meance, fought on the 17th of February, 1813, was not surpassed by any former contest in India, full as the history of British India is with the romance of war, either in the vast results produced by slender means, the courage of the general and his men, the intensity of the struggle, or its decisive termination.

Wellington gained Assaye with *nine* men to one hundred of his enemies: and he lost one-third of his force in killed and wounded, amounting to nearly two thousand, in inflicting a loss on the Malrattas not greater in numbers than the Belooches suffered at Meance. The succeeding victory of Wellington at Argaum was decisive, but not greater in reference to the proportionate means by which the end was achieved than Assaye, and not equal to Meance.

These facts should not be forgotten now by those who value military services and reward them: for we feel, and all men feel, that they were rather overlooked during Sir Charles Napier's life.

The commander of Scinde was a brave, daring, skilful soldier, but he was not a reckless officer. He felt the embarrassing nature of his position when Hyderabad was opened to his little army. He applied to Lord Ellenborough for reinforcements, and the government ordered all the men whom he could spare from other emergencies to join the army of Scinde. Shere Mahomed, the greatest of the Amirs, known in his own country as "the Lion," had another army ready, or the remnants of the old army reorganised in little more than a month after Moonsie. He refused to surrender, and Sir Charles Napier met him at Durrat, near Hyderabad, on the 24th of March. The British army was now 5,000 strong, and the Sikandars were only 2,000 men. The disparity was great, but not hopeless, as at Moonsie. Still three hours of fighting and a brave slaughter were needed before Shere Mahomed was driven from his strong position at

Dubba, and Scinde was finally won. The battle was brilliantly fought and victory bravely achieved; yet the result proved the necessity for those re-inforcements which Sir Charles Napier prudently demanded and Lord Ellenborough promptly supplied.

That governor-general at once made the conqueror of Scinde its governor; and the resolution was amply vindicated by the result. Sir Charles Napier applied his administrative talents incessantly to the organisation of the resources of Scinde. He planned bridges, canals, and roads. He provided means for the protection of life and property. He promoted agriculture and commerce. Within a few months he had repressed disorder, secured industry in its rights, suppressed the banditti formed from the broken ranks of a desperate army, and turned the lawless and wild borderers into peaceable men of work. Covered with wounds, constitutionally weak, somewhat bent by years and fatigue, but mentally active, energetic, and strong, he moved incessantly over the vast land which he had added to the empire, corrected abuses, repaired injuries, and supplied incentives to industry. He was a strict disciplinarian, and much sentimental writing was employed to depict and denounce his conduct to the Amceers; but he never had promised to respect the claims, further than they were well founded, of the idle, the weak, and worthless. He had never offered encouragement to a feudal system of life. His practice always vindicated the maxim, that those who live by, should also live for, mankind. The Amceers, therefore, had no reason to anticipate any exaggerated regard from a man who lived for the people rather than their rulers. In Scinde he was a despot, but one of a beneficent character; illustrating the opinion of some, that in certain stages of society a despotic government would be suitable if any security could be afforded for its quality. A good and wise despot, however, is of very rare occurrence.

We recur to the battle of Dubba only to contrast it with the brilliant victories of Lord Lake at Delhi, Agra, and Laswara. The achievements of General Lake were most decisive, and they were accomplished with limited means, but neither of them excelled the victory of Dubba, or approached the tremendous fight of Meancee; yet they gained for

General Lake a place in the peerage. No student of Indian history says the honours were ill-bestowed on that brave man. Few remember without regret that he who should have borne, as could have well sustained them, died early in the olive grove, and sleep among the crags and rocks of Rolic. But without referring to the deeds performed by living men, and the honours awarded to them, it is scarcely possible to recall the names of great India leaders, without feeling that a sad omission has occurred in this case—or also that cannot now be fully rectified.

The defeat of regular armies in the field was an easier matter probably than the effectual discomfiture of the desert chiefs on the borders, who had lived and prospered by plunder, and knew a better means of replenishing their larder. This object was, notwithstanding its difficulty, not only completed by Sir Charles Napier, but effected in a spirit that won the hearts of the vanquished Sirdars, who first named their conqueror the brother of the Evil One, for his success in war; and then gave him their allegiance, for the lessons he taught them in the arts of peace. Two swords were carried upon his coffin at Portsmouth. One of them was notched and worn, for it was his father's, and the blade had suffered no disgrace in the keeping of the son. The second was the "Sword of Peace," presented to Sir Charles Napier when he left Scinde by those robber-chieftains whom he had turned into honest men.

The great Sikh war broke out while the hostilities in Scinde were quelled. The activity of the governor of Scinde was shown by the magnitude of the army which he collected and held ready to march upwards to the Sutlej. Lord Ellenborough had then resigned the governor-generalship, and an old soldier occupied that high position. His plan did not include the employment of the Scinde army in the Sutlej, although movement up the Indus was, we think, proposed by Sir Charles Napier, and would have been effective. Following the instructions of Sir Henry Hardinge, he occupied Bewalpoore, and thus missed the great battles of Ferozepore, Aliwal, and Sohraon; but some persons believed that if Sir Charles Napier's corps, then numbering 12,000 to 15,000 effective men, had been drawn up the Indus, sufficient time, under their gallant chief

in 1797. He found his country
lying under great calamities, and
dictating grand political changes; but
ardour with which he was welcomed
the army extended also to the citi-
ship of the land; and his country-
men instinctively recognised in him a
hero and a great man—a man
who was never idle, and whose engage-
ments were invariably directed against
vices and corruption.

The conquest and annexation of
the present Sir Charles Napier's char-
acter in three distinct departments:
a soldier, performing prodigies of
war, unrivalled in the disproportion
between his means and the results, by
preceding achievements in India;
an administrator, who, succeeding to
the guidance of a kingdom in a state of
anarchy, repelled with an equitable,
though a strong hand, the crimes of
armed banditti; created confidence
in his government; established peace,
order; elicited the forgotten
resources of the land, and increased the
number of the population, and the re-
vival of the state, with almost incon-
ceivable and incredible rapidity; and as
a ruler, defending his proceedings, on
all points, against corrupted and un-
principled adversaries. The military,
in contrasted with the civil service
of India, is poor and pure. Charges
predominating in the disappointment of
scamp followers who expect an en-

lightenment—a science or which their
practical successor could not compre-
hend the profit. We admit that the
brave soldier was not also a patient ex-
ponent of his own policy. He met
censure by rebuke; but if his answers
were sharp, like his sword, the attacks
in which they originated were often
dastardly and vindictive.

The discussion of the Indian bill in
the present year has furnished con-
vincing evidence that his plans for the
government of Scinde comprised all
that is deemed essential for an enlight-
ened administration of Indian resources,
and also superabundant proof that the
civil service of the older presidencies
has been grievously neglected. A very
short time has passed since his death,
but during that interval accounts have
been received of the business transacted
at the fair of Kurrachee. Those state-
ments of "Manchester men," from the
spot, develop a new explanation of the
jealousy of Bombay interests at the
annexation and settlement of Scinde.
Sir Charles Napier expected that the
Indus would be turned to commercial
advantage when he completed the con-
quest of the country forming in some
measure its delta. This great river
almost meets the Ganges at its springs;
has the Sutlej, comprising the five rivers
of the Punjab, for its tributary; ex-
tends in its course from the frozen
regions high on the Himalaya moun-

the Bombay press, not candidly and openly, but in strictures on the war in Scinde, which they could not or would not understand; and homilies on economy, to which, in the management of public affairs, they were entirely unaccustomed. The governor of Scinde never possessed the gift of patience under wrong, in an eminent degree. An ardent disposition was so ingrained into a generous nature, that the conqueror of Hyderabad could not so far conquer himself as to remain quietly under injustice, until time should redress the wrong. He thus involved himself in anxieties and cares which calmer, if less valuable, men would have escaped. But that fact forms no apology for the unjust criticisms to which he was exposed, or the erroneous statements employed to support them.

After the return of Sir Charles Napier from India, his time was occupied in promoting changes in the system of government pursued there, in correspondence and pamphlets on Indian affairs, and in his military reforms. Reference has been already made in this sketch to the second Sikh war. Disasters seemed again impending over north-western India. Lord Gough had not been successful, and confidence was not felt in his policy. The ideas entertained regarding his military skill were perhaps unjust; but the stake was great, and the risk imminent. The government of the day required the late Duke of Wellington to supply a list of three names from whom a successor could be appointed. It is said that he wrote Sir Charles Napier's name thrice upon a sheet of paper, and enclosed it. The precaution was not unnecessary. The Duke of Wellington had a practical end in view; and in the discharge of a great trust he determined that no mistake should occur. A second time, and when approaching his seventieth year, Sir Charles Napier crossed to India. Before his arrival the exigency had passed, and Lord Gough had defeated the Sikhs; but his successor was thus enabled to carry out reforms which he had planned, in the Indian army. These changes were all favourable to the material efficiency and the moral improvement of the forces. Extravagance and gambling were suppressed. Economy and simplicity were recommended in the service. Young men were taught, by example and precept, the means of

acquiring independence; and no man could lecture better on that subject than the officer of whom it has been said, that when the messenger from the India House, bearing the despatch which announced his appointment to the chief command of the Indian army, called at his residence in Berkeley-street, he was admitted by a female servant, and found the general at dinner, who quietly expressed his regret that he should trouble him to call again—but added, that he had no second apartment in which he could invite him to wait.

A warm welcome to India was followed soon by a final farewell; and Sir Charles Napier left its shores to return no more; yet his heart was in that land. More than many British statesmen, he felt its importance; more than many Anglo-Indians, who had acquired fame and fortune on its plains, he planned and studied for its people's advantage. Death found him still in harness and at work. His last pamphlet on Indian affairs is, and now will ever be, an unfinished essay—a fragment, suspended and stopped by disease. He left London as the end of his days approached, by his physicians' orders, in the hope that the peace of Oaklands might tend to restore his broken health; but all the battles of that courageous spirit, except one, were passed; and he went home, only to die.

The character of this man is not easily drawn. He has done much in various departments and always well. He finished whatever he commenced, and no enterprise appeared too great for his mind. We must remember that his active life began early. Sixty years of military service out of seventy-one years of life left little time for the systematic acquisition of knowledge; yet he knew much, and was not often caught in error. He held enlarged views on our colonial empire at an early period of life. He had studied social politics carefully, and could expound them advantageously. He loved his country well, and never, even when neglected, did his patriotism suffer any diminution. He was warmly attached to his profession, and the common soldiers followed and regarded him as a friend. He was severe and simple in his habits of life; and yet the natives of India, fond of display and ostentation, were soon and strongly attached to his character. He was eminently brave, and a great military commander; but it

y he doubted whether he was not really great as an administrator and manager of civil government. His life was remarkably active, his labours peculiarly abundant; and he escaped the ills and temptations of idleness. His mind was never robust; and instead of death now causing astonishment, it is surprising that he lived so long. He captured and pacified Scinde, while labouring under disease that would have killed ordinary men to a bedchamber, and enriched their physicians. His stout and energetic mind might long have worn out the frail and aged body, in which, lacerated as it was by steel, torn by lead, and broken and bruised by all kinds of weapons, he nevertheless, consistent with the old motto, "Ready, aye ready!" to attack and to act, to bleed and suffer, to die for his country's honour, peace, and welfare.

He was buried at Portsmouth, and it is a matter where that sadly cut and mangled body was laid: but Britain has not stored in grand and national edifices that in life laboured more, or died better in her defence, or for prosperity. He was carried to his grave by soldiers; and strong-minded Britons they lowered his coffin to the earth as well they might, for in all his life he had death and funeral splendour, and death was poorer by a brave man than the heart lost to the land—

a reformer in peace — and a leader in war whose name was strength to her friends and terror to her foes. The lion-hearted chief, of whom it might be truly said, he never feared the face of man, sleeps where in danger's hour he would have lived or died — not in the centre of his country — not in the midst of her millions, but in the outpost, the foreground, the vanguard of all the land. His friends have buried him where he would have stood, if England ever had been threatened by foreign foes; and while men long and look, and pray for peace on earth, they need not forget that often peace is threatened by evil passions; and if soon again this nation has to encounter the shock of battle for existence, or for great principles, the eye is closed that would have directed her armies; the hand is cold and crumbling, that would have grasped a stainless but a well-worn sword in her defence; and that chivalrous spirit has passed from us for ever, who in prosperity was often neglected by courtiers and politicians, because he was too honest to be diplomatic; but on whom, in adverse days, all trusted once; and all again, in darker hours and greater dangers, would have followed eagerly and trusted well.

When it was said that Sir Charles J. Napier was dead, all men felt that England could not often mourn for an equal loss.

JOHN MILTON.

...of the Danish Museum a high regard for the Illustrations. The artist is not to present to our eyes a mere narrative of the events of life, but a pertinent analysis of them, directed mainly to seize upon the prominent feature of his subject, and bring it out into bold relief. He knows nothing about the Muses. Most persons think of the artist as a kind of "Olympian" and "Mystic" who does "the things of the gods" in which he is engaged in a mysterious work. He is not so, as well as an Artist. He finished two great works in his

life time—one for his own country and his own age, and the other for all countries and all ages. The latter, more glorious and more congenial work, he had proposed to himself from his very childhood, as the thing to which his whole life was to be consecrated; but, as we shall presently see, at the urgent call of what he considered present duty, he gave up for a time the nobler calling of the Artist, and set himself to work practically as a Citizen for the immediate welfare of his fatherland.

It is difficult to speak of Milton without thinking of his writings. He himself lives in them, his character peeps

out of them; he is identified with every one of them. In looking at his works, we cannot help seeing the Man Milton standing there at the back ground. All poets exhibit their real character more or less in their writings. The Poem is but the expression of the inner spirit of the Poet. But this general rule must be applied with great discrimination. Some poets have the faculty of going out of themselves, as it were—of throwing themselves into their subjects, and thus losing themselves in their works. And surely we must acknowledge that these are the greatest poets. They are “many-sided,” as our German friends would say. They understand everything; they sympathize with everything; by turns, they seem to be everything. Sometimes it is as hard for us to know what their own real, personal, private views and feelings are, as it is to know the colour of the chameleon. The world has seen but few specimens of this highest type of genius. It will suffice to mention the two acknowledged masters of the type—Shakspeare and Goethe. The men do not appear in their works. They identify themselves so little with what they say, that we are sometimes tempted to look on them as mere channels, through which streams of thought flowed from a higher source.

Milton's genius was of another kind. We see the Man in all that he did. His poetry is but the counterpart of his life. In all his poems he embodies his own personal views and feelings. If this is true of his poetry, it is still more remarkably true of his prose works. They were the simple, natural, unforced outpourings of his mind—of his daily thoughts, and feelings, and wishes. They contain his private contemplations on the passing events of the time. He did not write them for the sake of writing. He wrote for the purpose of telling his countrymen what he, John Milton, thought of the state of affairs, and offering his advice as to what ought to be done under the circumstances.

These remarks furnish us with a clue by which we may find out the leading feature of Milton's character. To do this, we have just to ask, “What is the leading feature of his writings?” We need not go far for an answer. By universal consent they are called sublime. Indeed the very name of Milton has become a synonym for all that is grand and majestic. When we wish to say

that any work is sublime, in conception or style, we say, “It is Miltonic.” Sublimity or majesty, then, is the leading feature of his genius, as displayed in his works. It is also the leading feature of his character. In all his effusions Man Milton bewrayeth himself. They were but the outward expression of the inner man—which was great, so manly. Indeed, we should not be wrong, if we presented him as one of the best models, which the world ever seen, of the GREAT AND MANLY CHARACTER. His character corresponds with his writings.

And, in saying this, we mean to set him up as a specimen of perfection. Faults there were in him; though judging of the alleged failings of X and all his compatriots of the Commonwealth, we must never forget the generation which succeeded them, which has transmitted to us the seeds of those “failings,” was restrained by no scruples of delicacy, or honor, or truthfulness, from misrepresenting and maligning their character. But, in the alleged faults of Milton, we see nothing little or mean. They but the darker shades of a rich color. Even they partook of the grand of his nature. Even as portrayed by his enemies, his image stands out before a large heroic figure. It appears, in grand outlines, just as we may find gods appeared to the ancient Greeks, not faultless, but great. We may apply to him the description which Cicero has given of another majestic man, and call him “the colossal and adamant spirit, standing erect and clear as Cato Major among degenerate men, to have been the teacher of the young, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue, in the groves of Academe.” The man rises before us, amid contradiction and debate, like a granite tower amid clouds and wind. Rid of the best that could be conjoined has been already tried against him, it could not avail. What was the use of a thousand wits to him? Thea thousand thoughts, assailing the cliff of granite? Seen from the sun, these, as they winged the midday, showed scarce so large as beetles; their cry was seldom even audible.

Milton considered it impossible to be a great poet and a bad man. And it is. Lord Byron has been ment as an instance to the contrary.

is not what we should call a great

Call him brilliant; call him fas-
t; call him what you will besides;
do not call him great. Raving in-
dy, with bursts of heavenly music
and whisks—exalting licentiousness

the queenly throne of poesy—in-
ag morbid passions and unholy
re-into thousands of bosoms, which
for him, might have heaved only
the stirrings of virtue, and vi-
ed only to the melodies of heaven.—

fallen archangel, though he might
e been one of the brightest stars in
poetic firmament, deliberately
ed his bright diadem of genius,
trampled it underfoot, and prosti-
ed it to the basest of his passions;
all that is true and holy, let us not
that great. It is what all high and
r beings would call essentially little.

he who wishes to be a great Poet,
a be-a great Man. It is refreshing
be able to set up Milton against
ea. Let us hear what our great
has to say on this point. "He, who
all aspire to write well hereafter,
fit himself to be a true poem—that
a composition and a pattern of the
and honourable things—not pre-
ing to sing high praises of high
and famous cities, unless he have
the experience and the prac-
all that is poets-worthy." Such

Milton said of the Poet. A great
to be a great Poem. And such
to be a poem which his life pro-
editions. It seems to us as
he said of a great poem. Nay, it
seems the great poem, a poem
which would be well for us to read
and to be as attentive as his "Para-

discovery, as he owed to the
discovery, but just then was disin-
tained, and he had no intention of becoming
a poet, and had tried the profession
of a lawyer. But his talents and deli-

his professional duties were an assid-
to be a poet, and he was on an estate
Milton's father, as he had Horton, in
the year 1608. He seems to have
a great deal of an accomplished man,
and a great deal of an accomplished man,
and a great deal of an accomplished man,
and a great deal of an accomplished man,
and a great deal of an accomplished man,
and a great deal of an accomplished man,
and a great deal of an accomplished man,

He was a man of a high and noble
character, and he was a man of a high
and noble character, and he was a man
of a high and noble character, and he
was a man of a high and noble charac-

that son addressed him in one of his
most elaborate Latin poems.

His son, the poet, was born on the
9th of December, 1608, in his father's
house, at the Spread Eagle, Brend-
street. His father seems to have been
very anxious to give him the best edu-
cation that the country afforded. He
was first placed under the care of a
private tutor (the Rev. Thomas Young);
then sent to St. Paul's School; and at
length removed, in his sixteenth year
(1624), to Christ's College, Cambridge.
On leaving College, he spent five years
at his father's house, at Horton, during
which time he is said to have read most
of the Greek and Latin writers. So
well had he profited by the opportuni-
ties of culture, which had been offered
to him, that he was at this time known
as one of the most learned and accom-
plished men in England.

Fortunately, we have ample mate-
rials for drawing a picture of his outer
and inner man, at this period of his life.
Perfections of body and of mind are at-
tributed to him, which, in the present
day, seem almost mythical. He was
eminently handsome and beautiful—so
that he was called the lady of his col-
lege. Aubrey says,—"This harmonical
and ingenuous soul dwelt in a beautiful
and well-proportioned body." Anthony
Wood, his political opponent, says—
"His deportment was adfable—his gait
erect and manly, bespeaking courage
and undauntedness." His hair, which
was of a light brown, was parted at the
top, and hung down in rich and luxu-
riant clusters on his shoulders. He was
vigorous and active, and delighted in
the exercise of the sword. "His eye was
quick, and he was accounted an excel-
lent master of his weapon." His ear for
music was acute and delicate; and he
was not only an enthusiastic lover and
a skilful performer of music, but was
endowed with a "delicately sweet and
harmonious voice."

Nor was he less accomplished in
mind than in person. He was inti-
mately acquainted with the old
English literature. In theological lore
he was a master. He was familiar with
all the languages which were considered
learned, or polite—Hebrew, Syriac,
Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and
French. In Latin, his skill was such
as to place him in the first rank of
writers and critics. A great classical
scholar has pronounced that he was the

first Englishman, who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classical elegance. In addition to all this acquired mental garniture, he had the original fount of genius—the poetic spring of inspiration—which had already flowed forth in works, which, even now, the world “will not willingly let die.” When he was a boy, he had written poems, of which many a full-blown poet might be proud. At the age of eighteen, he had composed many of his Latin Elegies. When he was twenty, he had produced his noble piece “On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity,” which, after two hundred years, has still power to stir the soul and arouse the enthusiasm of old and grey-haired veterans. We can never forget the effect it produced on us at the age of twenty. It seemed to us then to correspond with his own description, in the piece itself, of the effect produced on the shepherds of Bethlehem, by the angelic choir, “on the morning of Christ’s nativity;” and we shall quote that description as a specimen of his powers at that age:—

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasures loth to lose,
With thousand voices still prolongs each heavenly close.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night
arrayed:
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes to Heaven’s new-born
Heir.

Such music, as (tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning sung;
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the swelling waves their oozy channels
keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres—
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven’s deep organ blow,
And with your nine-fold harmony,
Make up full concert to th’ angelic symphony.

In 1631, “Comus, a Mask,” was “presented at Ludlow Castle, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then Lord President of Wales.” In 1636, he composed the “Arcades,” and the “Lycidas, an Elegy.”

Now, what was to be the vocal life of this man—so richly endowed nature, so rarely cultured by art?—nothing but the Artist—the Poet. This had been his ambition from boyhood. It was the occupation congenial to his natural tastes and inclinations, and the one in which that he would be most happy contented. And, accordingly, he refused to spend some years in foreign travel to put the finishing touch to the education he had received. In 1638, he left England and proceeded to France and Italy. Everywhere he seems to have received with enthusiasm by the learned, refined, and accomplished in Europe. The applause, which his poems elicited, confirmed his determination to devote his life to poetry; and thus realize the loftiest and fondest ambition of his life and his youth.

But he had not been more than a year abroad, when he received news from England, which were calculated to put his manliness to the test—what stuff there was in him, and whether he was prepared to sacrifice inclination to duty. The civil disturbances in England had commenced; and ever pleasant it might be to spend time in foreign travel and artistic culture, Milton could not help feeling at such a crisis, it was his duty to return to his country, and take part in that great battle of freedom and law, which was then being fought on English ground. Few, perhaps, can understand how severe the mental struggle have been. He was called upon to give up the dream of his boyhood, his cherished ambition of maturer years. All his natural tastes and inclinations were certainly opposed to political action. But he knew that he had great conversational powers; and, feeling that his duty to employ them at that time, he struggled with his natural taste, mastered them. It was his initiation into a life of self-control and self-discipline. He showed that he was a real force. As he himself says, “I thought it to be travelling for amusement all while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home . . . I perceived that, if ever I wished to be of use, I at least not to be wanting to my country, to the church, and to so many fellow-citizens, in a crisis of so much danger: I therefore determined to

in the other pursuits in which I was
engaged, and to transfer the whole force
my talents and my industry to this
important subject."

[illegible]

But we should not be doing justice to the subject, if we did not extract his own noble and touching account of it (done as it is), which he gives in the "Reason of Church Government," published in 1611. After apologizing for choosing such a controversial and comparatively ephemeral subject for his publication, when so many high and noble and universal themes invited him to themselves, he goes on to offer a sort of apology for descending from the dignity of poetry to the lowliness of prose. He says :—

"I should not choose this manner of writing, wherein, knowing myself inferior to myself—led by the genial power of nature to ANOTHER TASK—I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand. And, though I shall be foolish in saying more to this purpose, yet, since it will be such a folly as wisest men go about to commit—having only confessed, and so committed, I may trust with more reason, because with more folly, to have courteous pardon. For, although a poet, soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might, without apology, speak more of himself than I mean to do,—yet, for me, sitting here below in the cool element of prose—a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit—to venture and divulge unusual things of myself, I shall petition to the gentler sort that it may not be envy to me. I must say, therefore, that after I had from my first years, by the ceaseless care and diligence of my father (whom God recompense!), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools,—it was found, that, whether ought was imposed upon me by them who had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice—in English or other tongue,—prosing or versing (but chiefly the *latter*),—the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much lat-tier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabouts for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there, met with acceptance above what was looked for; and that other things, which I had omitted, in search of

books and conveniences, to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent, both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that, by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these others—that, if I were certain to write, as men buy leases, for three lives and downwards, there ought no regard to be sooner had, than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country.

"Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting." Here he goes on to speak of the various modes of utterance in which the divine gift of poesy may express itself; and, after alluding to various ancient poems, he speaks of "the Apocalypse of St. John" as "the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harpingsymphonies." "These abilities," he says—"these poetic powers,"—are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, yet to some in every nation, and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbue and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought, with high Providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly, through faith, against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave—whatsoever hath passion or

admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties or refluxes of man's thoughts from within—all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe; teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed—that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life now appear rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."

Having given this glowing description of the functions of the poet, and informed the reader of the high and cherished ambition of his youth to fulfil those functions himself, Milton goes on to allude to the sacrifice he had made in resigning this ambition. "The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me, ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath plucked from me by an abortive and foredated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but, that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit than none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend, and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelacy, under whose inquisitorial and tyrannical duncery, no free and splendid wit can flourish." Here he proceeds to give a promise of the "*Paradise Lost*," twenty years before he actually wrote it. "Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that, for some few years yet, I may go on trust with him, toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine—like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amouirist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim.

in writing political pamphlets—seems to us a mightier conqueror than Wellington at Waterloo.

From his return to England in 1610, up to 1618, Milton worked on quietly and noiselessly at the uncongenial task which the sense of duty had prescribed to him. During that time, he published his "Reformation in England," "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy," "Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnus," "Apology for Smectymnus," "Arcopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," "Tetrachordon," "Collasterion," "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," and various other minor pamphlets. But his genius wholly altered the character of his task. He infused the creative power of the poet into the effusion of the pamphleteer. These works contain some of the most splendid passages that are to be found in the English language. They are full of wisdom and eloquence. Qualities the most various, and even opposite, are to be discerned in them, lying side by side. The deepest philosophy, and the highest poetry—the coolest logic, and the most burning eloquence—the most playful wit and humour, and the most intense earnestness—following each other in rapid succession,—combine to make these works the most wonderful productions of the kind in the English language. But, perhaps, the most striking peculiarity about them,—that which distinguishes them from most other political pamphlets,—is the deep spirit of piety, of honest unaffected devoutness, which breathes through them all: as a specimen of which, we shall quote the conclusion of his first pamphlet, "Of the Reformation in England," merely omitting the denunciation of the enemies of the true faith, which forms the last sentence. After rising to a pitch of glowing eloquence, he suddenly bursts out into a sublime prayer:

"O, Sir, I do now feel myself enwrapped, on the sudden, into those mazes and labyrinths of dreadful and hideous thoughts, that, which way to get out, or which way to end, I know not, unless I turn mine eyes, and, with your help, lift up mine hands, to that Eternal and propitious Throne, where nothing is readier than grace and refuge to the distresses of mortal suppliants.

"Thou, therefore, that sittest in light and glory unapproachable—Parent of angels and men! next thee, I implore, Omnipotent King—Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature thou didst assume—Ineffable and Everlasting Love! and thou, the third subsistence of Divine Infinitude, Illuming Spirit, the Joy and Solace of created things!—One Tripersonal Godhead! Look upon this thy poor and almost spent and expiring Church: leave her not thus a prey to these importunate wolves, that wait and think long till they devour thy tender flock—these wild boars that have broke into thy vineyard, and left the print of their polluting hoofs on the souls of thy servants. O let them not bring about their damned designs, that stand now at the entrance of the bottomless pit, expecting the watchword to open and let out those dreadful locusts and scorpions; to re-involve us in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, where we shall never more see the sun of thy truth again—never hope for the cheerful dawn—never more hear the bird of morning sing. Be moved at the afflicted state of this our shaken monarchy, that now lies labouring under her throes, and struggling against the grudges of more dreaded calamities.

"O thou, that, after the impetuous rage of five bloody inundations, and the succeeding sword of intestine war, soaking the land in her own gore, didst pity the sad and ceaseless revolution of our swift and thick-coming sorrows—when we were quite breathless, of thy own free grace didst motion peace and terms of covenant with us—and, having first well-nigh freed us from Anti-Christian thralldom, didst build up this Britannie Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter-islands about her,—stay her in this felicity. Let not the obstinacy of our half-obedience and will-worship bring forth that viper of sedition, that, for these threescore years, hath been breeding to eat through the entrails of our peace; but let her cast her abortive spawn without the danger of this travelling and throbbing kingdom, that we may still remember in our solemn thanksgivings, how, for us, the northern ocean, even to the frozen Thule, was scattered with the proud shipwrecks of the Spanish Armada, and made to give up her concealed destruction, ere she

of Divorce, which he published about this time in his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" (1644)—"Tetrachordon" (1644)—and "Colasterion" (1645). Milton's position was this—that uncongeniality or untitness of mind was a better ground for Divorce, than infirmity of body, which is yet good ground in law; and he attempted to prove that his opinion was sanctioned by the Word of God. But, in justice to him we ought to observe, that his doctrine on this point was but a part of one grand idea of perfect and universal liberty— inward and outward—personal and social—civil and religious. Toland tells us, "As he looked upon true and absolute freedom to be the greatest happiness of this life, whether to societies or single persons,—so he thought constraint of any sort to be the utmost misery; for which reason, he used to tell those about him the great satisfaction of his mind, that he had constantly employed his strength and faculties in the defence of liberty, and in direct opposition to slavery." He himself tells us that he turned his thoughts, "to the promotion of real and substantial liberty, which is rather to be sought from within than from without, and whose existence depends, not so much on the terror of the sword, as on sobriety of conduct and integrity of life. When, therefore, I perceived that there were three species of liberty, which are essential to the happiness of social life—religious, domestic, and civil; and, as I had already written concerning the first" in his "Reformation in England," "Prelatical Episcopacy," "Reason of Church Government," &c. &c., "and the magistrates were strenuously active concerning the third,—I determined to turn my attention to the second, or the domestic species. As this seemed to involve three material questions—the condition of the conjugal tie—the education of children—and the free publication of thought,—I made them objects of distinct consideration"—in his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," "Of Education," and "Arcopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." We may add that the question of "Civil Liberty" is discussed in his "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," and his two "Defences of the People of England."

Such works, as Milton had written between the years 1641 and 1648, could

not have been published without producing a deep impression on the country. He was already known as a man of mark—a man of wisdom and of power. The people had already fallen in the habit of looking upon him as the primary defender of the Commonwealth. Cromwell was its military defender. The public opinion needed but a confirmation. It soon received it. We are informed that in the month of March, 1648, some gentlemen, of the highest authority, were deputed to the Council of State, "to repair the lodging of one Mr. Milton—a house in Holborn, which opens its ward into Lincoln's-Inn Fields." The following entry yet stands legible in the Order book of the Council of State:—"Die Martis, 13th of March, That it is referred to the same committee—that is, Whitlocke, Sir Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Devon, Mr. Marten, Mr. Lisle,—or any one of them, to speak with Mr. Milton, and know, whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Foreign Language. Milton accepted the offer. It was a high and honourable office; and he discharged its duties well. The demands of his political sagacity and industry, in this office, which still remained—the "State Letters," written in the name of the Parliament; the two Protectorates, to various king governments of Europe—the "Festo of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, against the" —and various other official papers would of themselves be enough to prove him as a man of extraordinary judgment. Milton was a man of universal genius and it would be difficult to conceive his failing in any undertaking, in learning or sagacity—wisdom or common sense—could ensure success.

His official career completely triumphantly refutes the notion, which is but too common, that the genius is unfit for any practical employment, and must never meddle with the government of his country. It is certainly a most extraordinary notion. It is as absurd as to say: "Leave your country governed by your fools and your idlers. The idea, if logically carried out, would really lead to the conclusion—that the more foolish and stupid a man is, the better fitted he is to govern the country. The less he is able to govern his country, the more fitted he is to govern o

we had better at once choose our
 out of the choicest inmates
 private sayings. We are not so
 as to advocate such opinions
 we want to have our pigs go-

If we had our choice, other
 being equal, we would rather
 wise man than a fool to look
 or swine. The wiser a man is,
 re likely he is to keep them out
 a way. We should be sorry to
 him to a simpleton, lest they
 prove too wise for him. Even
 all be more orderly, more obe-
 dient, on the whole, better governed,
 they have a wise man, than when
 we a fool, for their ruler. And
 to believe that it is easier to
 men than to govern pigs?

radical error has been believed
 ed on, in all ages and in all
 ies—that the MEN of the time are
 be the RULERS of the time. Alas,
 e not ample reason for the remark
 the wise Swedish Chancellor made
 son, "See with what little wit the
 is governed!" The problem,
 comes up for solution to every
 y and to every age, is, "To find
 a governor;" and the past history
 world tells us how that problem
 en solved in most ages. How few
 if genius we can single out, who
 in any country or in any age, had
 ing to do with the government of
 country! A few there have been,
 as Pericles and Demosthenes
 the Greeks—Cicero and Cæsar
 the Romans—Mirabeau and
 sparte among the French—Crom-
 well and Chatham among the English.
 What are these names compared
 the greater names which do not
 r on the list? What becomes of
 omers, the Platos, and the Shake-
 speares? Can we conceive of any one
 qualified to govern men than our
 William Shakespere? With his intu-
 itive knowledge of human nature—with
 his keenness and comprehensiveness
 of mind, which could grasp at once the
 great masses and the smallest minutiae
 of his many-sidedness and univer-
 sality, which could see into every thing
 and assign to it its proper place in the
 universe—with his power of going out of
 himself, as it were, and placing him-
 self in the situation of every other man
 in his deep political insight, so
 just and true, that no one has
 been able to point out any error

in his principles of government, as en-
 unciated in his Dramas,—can we con-
 ceive of any man better qualified than
 William Shakespere to govern a great
 nation?

One thing we know. His great,
 though lesser, compeer, Milton, was
 entrusted with the management of a
 high department of state; and fulfilled
 his office with admirable wisdom and
 success. If we had nothing to judge
 by but his "State Letters,"—we should
 consider them as proofs of his great
 capacity for business. With all his
 poetic genius, he had a large share of
 plain common sense—raised by his
 genius into a nobler power. No mere
 mechanical drudge could have written
 those letters. Everything, that the most
 consummate diplomatist could have done,
 is accomplished by them; and a great
 deal more, which no mere diplomatist,
 however consummate, could ever have
 achieved.

We have seen that Milton took office
 under the Parliament and the Pro-
 tector; but he preserved his indepen-
 dence and manliness of character amidst
 all the restraints of his position. On
 every point—even on the smallest trifles
 —he acted out the convictions of his
 own conscience. It was impossible for
 such a man to be what is called a party-
 man. Indeed, strictly speaking, he did
 not belong to any of the great parties of
 the day. He did not identify himself
 with any of them. So far as he agreed
 with them, he worked with them; but,
 on every point in which he differed from
 them, he pursued his own course alone.
 His was a mind too large and ma-
 jestic to be narrowed down within the
 limited range of any sect, and too tough
 and strong to be stretched on the Pro-
 crustes' bed of any party. It is impos-
 sible to classify him with others. He
 did not belong to any special class, just
 because he formed a class of his own.
 He was simply, a "Milton." He was
 an independent Thinker, and an inde-
 pendent Speaker of his thoughts. He
 was not to be shackled by any man or
 set of men. He was too deeply im-
 pressed with the majesty and the sacred-
 ness of truth, to compromise it for any
 one; and not all the tyrants on earth,
 nor all the devils in hell, could have
 compelled him to renounce it. This is
 what we call true MANLINESS. If we
 believe that what we think and pro-
 fess is true and right and noble,—

what matters it to us that our neighbours think otherwise? They have liberty to think as they will; only let them not dare to touch us in our liberty. We are not accountable to them. We are accountable to our God alone; and let not our neighbours dare take us to task for our thoughts.

These were Milton's principles throughout life. He had his own opinions on all the great events of the day, as well as the great principles involved in those events; and he gave a bold, manly, and fearless utterance to those opinions, without stopping to ask whether they would please friend or foe. Whenever and wherever he found what was wrong, he unflinchingly attacked it, whether that wrong was to be found in his own party or in the opposite. He would have made what is called a troublesome member of the House of Commons—troublesome both to friend and foe, whenever they are guilty of a trick, or perpetrate a job. And, no doubt, many of his own party found him troublesome enough. They could not gag him on any point. He would speak out. He did not hesitate to oppose and desert his friends, as soon as they deserted and opposed acknowledged principles. Indeed, to a great extent, he stood alone. His gigantic form was seen towering far above the heads of his countrymen. With a few exceptions, he lived in a crowd of inferior beings; and so he separated himself from them, and retired into the depths of his own majestic soul. Indeed, there was nothing in Milton more remarkable than this grand individuality. From his very childhood he lived apart. The actual world was too low for his soaring spirit; so he lived in an IDEAL WORLD of his own. He could find none to sympathize with him; so he retired into his own soul, and there held communion with himself and with his God. It might be said of him, that, while he faithfully and conscientiously discharged all his duties on earth, "his conversation was in heaven." Truly does Wordsworth say, in his "Sonnet to Milton,"

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was as the sea—
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.

Even when he was most popular, his contemporaries did not thoroughly understand or appreciate him. They understood his more popular opinions;

but his sublimer and more spiritual ideas—his lofty aspirations after absolute and universal liberty—they did not and they could not understand. The Puritans themselves, with a very few exceptions, did not understand what liberty meant. They could not see how it could be right for their opponents to think for themselves. It was right for *them* to think and profess what they chose, because they believed and professed the *truth*; but their opponents were in *error*, and they must be compelled to receive the *truth*. Milton had joined the Presbyterians, because he hoped that they would carry out his grand principle; but, as soon as he discovered that they had fought, not that all men might be equal, but merely that *they* might get the upper-hand—not that all might be free to think for themselves, but that *they* might be able to compel all others to think as *they* thought, he turned away from them with disgust, and joined the Independents. The Independents were a little more liberal—but very little. He acted in the same way repeatedly, though he knew that thus he was alienating friends and creating powerful foes; but friends, and foes, and worldly interest, and everything else on earth, he was ready to give up for what he believed to be the cause of truth and justice and humanity.

Would that this right of private judgment, which Milton carried out to its fullest extent, were better understood among ourselves! We talk much about it in the present day; but it is evident that we have not yet reached the point which the poet of the seventeenth century attained. We feel that we cannot be too earnest on this point. We ought to think no man the better for agreeing with us—no man the worse for differing with us. Differences of opinion will exist among the sincerest, the noblest, the godliest. It would be as impossible to produce uniformity of opinion, as it would be to produce uniformity of stature. We cannot prevent diversity. Nay, we would not, if we could. God loves variety in nature; and we believe that He loves it in the human soul. But these differences of opinion need not divide us. They ought not to break the unity of Christ's Church. Though we cannot see eye to eye, we may still honour and love one another, and rejoice in one another's spiritual progress.

in the year 1651; and the effect of the loss was the most striking unanimity. During that year, Salmasius, the most renowned scholar of the age, had published his "Royal Defence of Charles I." This book was a direct attack on the English Commonwealth. Written by a man of unrivalled genius in literature, it attracted universal attention, both at home and abroad; and it seemed to require retaliation. Moreover, the juncture was a very critical one for the Commonwealth. The Council of State, as usual, voted that Mr. John Milton be requested to give an answer. Milton had already lost some of his eyes; and his physicians told him plainly, that, if he attempted to write a reply to Salmasius, he would lose the other. Milton was not to be deterred by that. The noble man said that the liberty of his countrymen was more precious than his eyes. So he sat down to write the work, and—LOST HIS EYE. We can never listen unmoved to his own noble account of the deed. His opponents crowded over his calamity in a very opprobrious manner, and represented it as a judgment from God for his sedition writings." In the preface to "Second Defence of the People of England" he answers one of them thus:—

"With respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct, I have scrutinized my soul, I call Thee, God, the searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious, either in the early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation. But, since my enemies insist that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness that I never, at any time, wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I feel the same persuasion now. Nor was I ever tempted to such exertions by the influence of ambition—by the lust of power or of praise: it was only by the conviction of duty and the feeling of patriotism—a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty. Thus, therefore, when I was justly solicited to write a reply to the

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Defence of the Royal Cause—when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye—and, when my medical attendants clearly announced, that, if I did engage in the work, it would be irreparably lost,—their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself, from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast. My resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty. I considered that many had purchased a less good by a greater evil—the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by little suffering—that, though I am blind, I might still discharge the most honourable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem. I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy, as beneficial as possible to the public interest.

"Thus it is clear by what motives I was governed, in the measures which I took, and the losses which I sustained. Let then the calumniators of the Divine goodness cease to revile, or to make me the object of their superstitious imaginations. Let them consider that my situation, such as it is, is neither an object of my shame nor of my regret—that my resolutions are too firm to be shaken—that I am not depressed by any sense of the divine displeasure—that, on the other hand, in the most momentous periods, I have had full experience of the divine favour and protection—that, in the solace and strength, which have been infused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God—that I may oftener think on what he has bestowed, than on what he has withheld—that, in short, I am unwilling to exchange my consciousness of rectitude with that of any other person—and that I feel the recollection of a treasured store of tranquillity and delight.

"But, if the choice were necessary, sir, I would prefer my blindness to yours. Yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps

from my view only the coloured surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there, besides, which I would not willingly see—how many which I must see against my will—and how few which I feel any anxiety to see! There is, as the Apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit—as long as, in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the divine presence more clearly shines—then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and, in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. O that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And, indeed, in my blindness I enjoy, in no inconsiderable degree, the favour of the Deity; who regards me with more tenderness and compassion, in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. Alas! for him who insults me—who maligns and merits public execration. For the divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack; not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings, which seem to have occasioned this obscurity, and which, when occasioned, he is wont to illuminate with an interior light, more precious and more pure."

Milton's activity was not impaired by the loss of his sight. Though blind, the vigour of his mind was such that he continued to discharge the duties of his office as Foreign Secretary, and still carried on his controversies on behalf of liberty. When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, in 1653, just two hundred years ago, he did not resign his office. Dr. Johnson has thought fit to sneer at him for his adhesion to Cromwell. He says, "Milton, having now tasted the money of public employment, would not return to hunger and philosophy, but, continuing to exercise his office under a manifest usurpation, betrayed to his power that liberty which he had defended." But it is evident that Milton and Johnson took different views of Cromwell's character and deeds. And, indeed, what subject is there on which they could have thoroughly agreed? In-

tellectually and artistically, as well as politically, they stand at the very antipodes of each other. Milton's opinion was, that Cromwell had preserved *True Liberty*;—that he was the only man who *could* preserve it—the only man who could save the country from anarchy and destruction. It is deeply interesting, in the present day, to read the tribute which the *GREAT POET* has rendered to the *GREAT RULER* of the seventeenth century, in his "Second Defence of the People of England." After giving a graphic description of the dissensions which distracted and tore the country at the time of Cromwell's assumption of the Protectorate, he addresses the Protector in these words:—

"In this state of desolation, to which we were reduced, you, O Cromwell, alone remained to conduct the government, and to save the country. We all willingly yield the palm of sovereignty to your unrivalled ability and virtue;—except the few among us, who, either ambitious of the honours which they have not the capacity to sustain—or who envy those which are conferred on one more worthy than themselves—or else who do not know that nothing in the world is more pleasing to God, more agreeable to reason, more politically just, or more generally useful, than that the supreme power should be vested in the best and wisest man. Such, O Cromwell, all acknowledge you to be: such are the services which you have rendered as the leader of our councils—the general of our army—and the father of your country. For this is the tender appellation by which all the good among us salute you from the very soul. Other names you neither have, nor could endure; and you deservedly reject that pomp of title which attracts the gaze and admiration of the multitude.

For, if you had been captivated by a name, over which, as a private citizen, you had so completely triumphed and crumbled into dust, you would have been doing the same thing as if, after having subdued some idolatrous nation by the help of the true God, you should afterward fall down and worship the gods which you had vanquished.

"Do you then, sir, continue your course with the same unrivalled magnanimity. It sits well upon you. To you our country owes its liberties; nor can you sustain a character at once more momentous and more august than that

the author, the guardian, and the preserver, of our liberties. And hence you are not only eclipsed the achievements of all our kings, but even those which have been fabled of our heroes. Often meet what a dear pledge the beloved of your nativity had entrusted to its care; and that liberty, which she was expected only from the chosen ever of her talents and her virtues, now expects from you only, and by only hopes to obtain. Revere the expectations which we cherish—solicitudes of your anxious country. were the looks and the wounds of your companions in arms, who, under a banner, have so strenuously fought liberty. Revere the shades of those who perished in the contest. Revere the opinions and hopes which sign states entertain concerning us, as promise to themselves so many advantages from that liberty which we so bravely acquired—from the establishment of that new government which has begun to shed its splendour on the world, which, if it be suffered to wither like a dream, would involve us in the deepest abysses of shame. And, lastly, love yourself; and, after having endured so many sufferings, and encountered so many perils, for the sake of liberty,—do not suffer it, now it is gained, either to be violated by yourself, or in any one instance impaired by others. You cannot be truly free, unless you are free from; for such is the nature of liberty, that he who intrenches on the liberty of others, is the first to lose his own, and become a slave."

Milton's activity was not confined to the duties of his public office. Blind as he was, he undertook three great literary works, each of which, we might have supposed, expressly required the use of sight, namely, "an Epic Poem, the history of England, and a Dictionary of the Latin Tongue." It seems almost incredible that a blind man should be able to compile a dictionary; because, according to the acknowledgment of Dr. Johnson, who himself had ample experience of the difficulties of the undertaking, it is a work which "depends on a perpetual and minute inspection of collation." And yet Milton continued at this work "almost to his dying day." "To compile a history from various authors, when they can only be consulted by other eyes, would seem the almost as difficult; but probably

some modern instances will at once occur to our readers as rivaling Milton's.

As to the epic,—since it is a work which the world "will not willingly let die," we shall be justified in giving a more minute account of its history. We have already seen, that, as early as the year 1641, Milton had "covenanted with the knowing reader" for the production of this great work. In his verses to Mansus, he hints that King Arthur was to be the hero of his song. But he changed his purpose; and, at length, after much deliberation—"long choosing and beginning late,"—he fixed upon "Paradise Lost" as the subject of his poem. It is deeply interesting to notice the progress of this poem—how gradually his plans were matured—and after what changes the poem took its present shape. It seems that, at one time, Milton thought of casting his thoughts into the shape of a "Drama" or "Mystery." Phillips tells us that he had seen what he calls part of a tragedy, beginning with the first ten lines of Satan's address to the Sun. In a library at Cambridge there are "some sketches of poetical projects left in manuscript;" and, among other things, there are two plans of the "Mystery" or "Tragedy" of "Paradise Lost." As a specimen of the work, as it shaped itself first in Milton's mind, we shall present one of these plans from Johnson's Life.

"THE PERSONS.

Moses.	Labour.	} Mutes.
Divine Justice.	Sickness.	
Wisdom, Heavenly Love.	Discontent.	
The Evening Star,	Ignorance.	
Hesperus.	Fear.	
Chorus of Angels.	Destiny.	
Lucifer.	Faith.	
Adam.	Hope.	
Eve.	Charity.	
Conscience.		

ACT I.

"Moses *προλογίζει* (loguiter), recounting how he assumed his true body—that it corrupts not, because it is with God in the mount;—declares the life of Enoch and Elijah;—besides the purity of the place, that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds preserve it from corruption;—whence exhorts to the sight of God;—tells they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence, by reason of their sin.

Justice, } Debating what should become
Mercy, } of man, if he fell.
Wisdom, }

Chorus of Angels sing the Hymn of the Creation.

ACT II.

"Heavenly Love.
Evening Star.
Chorus sing the Marriage Song, and describe Paradise.

ACT III.

"Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin.
Chorus fears for Adam, and relates Lucifer's
rebellion and fall.

ACT IV.

"Adam, & Eve.
Eve. — Fall'n.
Conscience enters them to God's examination.
Chorus bewails, and tells the good Adam has
lost.

ACT V.

"Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.
Adam and Eve presented by angels with—

Labour,	Mutes,	Pestilence,	Mutes,
Grief,		Sickness,	
Hatred,		Discontent,	
Envy,		Ignorance,	
War,		Fear,	
Famine,		Death,	

To whom he gives their names. Likewise
Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c.

Faith, —
Hope, — Comfort him, and instruct him.
Charity, —

Chorus briefly concludes."

Such is the rough outline of the idea as it first entered Milton's mind. We have only slightly to glance at the foregoing rude sketch, to feel thankful that the "Paradise Lost," as we have it, is indeed "not a work raised from the heat of youth," nor "obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge;"—and that, "to this," the author *did* "add industrious and select reading—steady observation—in-sight into all seemingly and generous arts and affairs,"—before he ventured to carry out, and complete, and give to the world, the work which had at first suggested itself to him in such a rude shape. But we are enabled to have a glimpse of the work at a higher stage of maturity. We have another sketch of the poem among Milton's unpublished papers, which is as follows:

"ADAM UNPARADISED.

"The Angel Gabriel either descending or entering—showing, since this globe was created, his frequency as much on earth as in heaven—describes Paradise. Next, the chorus, showing the reason of his coming to keep his watch in Paradise, after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God; and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent new creature, man. The Angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a prince of power, tracing Paradise with a more free office, passes by the station of the chorus, and, desired by

them, relates what he knows of man—as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage. After this, Lucifer appears—after his overthrow, bemoans himself—seeks revenge on man. The chorus prepares resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs—whereat the chorus sings of the battle and victory in heaven against him and his accomplices. As before, after the first act, was sung a hymn of the creation. Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and exulting in what he had done and the destruction of man. Man next, and Eve having by this time been seduced by the Serpent, appears confusedly covered with leaves. Conscience in a shape accuses him. Justice cites him to the place whither Jehovah called for him. In the meantime, the chorus entertains the stage, and is informed by some angel the manner of the fall. Here the chorus bewails Adam's fall. Adam then and Eve return—accuse one another; but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife—is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears—reasons with him—convinces him. The chorus admonisheth Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. The angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but, before, causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a mask of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled—relents—despairs. At last appears Mercy—comforts him—promises the Messiah—then calls in Faith, Hope, and Charity—instructs him. He repents—gives God the glory—submits to his penalty. The chorus briefly concludes."

Such are the first rude sketches of a work which has taken its place by the side of Homer's *Iliad* and Dante's *Vision*. It is deeply interesting and instructive to see great works in their germ—to watch their growth and expansion—to trace their progress from the first rude conception to the last artistic touch.

While Milton was engaged upon the "Paradise Lost," an event occurred which altered all his prospects. This was the Restoration, in 1660. He was, of course, deprived of his office, and had more leisure to devote to his literary occupations. But, at the same time, he was denounced and prosecuted. The cause, with which he had identified himself, had failed. Most of his friends

is killed or sea. Liberty was
 then under foot. His name was a
 word among the realists. An
 it was issued to some of his
 his, and burn them by the com-
 mon. He had indeed, as he says,
 been on evil days and evil tongues,
 in darkness and with danger com-
 mitted round." Few would have had
 heart to do anything at such a time.
 At such a time it was that our great
 devoted himself to the maturing
 completion of the great work which
 had undertaken in youth. It seems
 as noble a spectacle as any in
 any, to see this grand old man, having
 his work for his own age, and being
 blind, and poor, and neglected,
 shy and confidently sitting down to
 his for future ages. He could do no
 for his beloved country. On
 political questions his mouth was
 sealed. The oracles of the great man
 were prized no more by his degene-
 rated countrymen. But he heeded it
 not.

Silently and steadily he worked
 at that book which he dedicated to
 his country.
 The "Paradise Lost" was published
 1667. Milton sold the copyright to
 Samuel Simmons "for an immediate
 payment of five pounds, with a stipula-
 tion to receive five pounds more, when
 seven hundred copies of the first
 edition should be sold; and, again, five
 pounds after the sale of the same number
 in the second edition; and another five
 pounds after the same sale of the third.
 Some of the three editions were to be
 printed beyond fifteen hundred copies."
 In two years, thirteen hundred copies
 of the first edition were sold; and Mil-
 ton became entitled to the second pay-
 ment of five pounds, for which the re-
 ceipt was signed, April 26, 1669. The
 second edition was not published till
 1674. Several improvements were made
 in that edition. The work was origi-
 nally in ten books. In that edition
 the seventh and tenth books were divided
 into two; and the work, as it now
 stands, appeared in twelve books. The
 third edition was published in 1678.

Then Elwood, Milton's Quaker friend,
 read the "Paradise Lost," he re-
 flected to the author, "Thou hast said
 that thou hadst upon paradise lost; what
 dost thou say upon paradise found?"
 Milton took the hint; and this seems to
 have been the germ of the "Paradise
 Regained," which was published in

1670. Milton presented a copy to
 Elwood, and said, "This is owing to
 you; for you put it in my head by the
 question you put to me at Chalfont,
 which otherwise I had not thought of."
 In the same year appeared the "History
 of England" and "Samson Agonistes."

In closing this account of the poet's
 literary labours, we are sorely tempted
 to pause and criticise them. But we are
 reluctantly compelled to abandon the
 attempt. A superficial criticism would
 be worse than none; and, as this article
 has already reached an unreasonable
 length, and we have a good deal still to
 say of a biographical and historical char-
 acter, any critical remarks which we
 might make cannot but be superficial.

This seems to be an appropriate place
 for gathering up the scattered threads of
 the poet's domestic life. His first wife
 died in 1653, and left him three daugh-
 ters. It was not long before he married
 again. His second wife was Catherine
 Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Wood-
 cock of Hackney. She seems to have
 been worthy of Milton, and, had she
 lived, would doubtless have made his
 home happy. But she died within a
 year, of childbirth. Several years after,
 he married Elizabeth Minshull, of a
 gentleman's family in Cheshire; and,
 according to Phillips, she oppressed his
 children in his lifetime, and cheated
 them at his death. His last days seem
 to have been embittered by her.

Happily we have several particulars
 handed down to us of the last years of
 his life. He took a small house in Bun-
 hill Fields; and there he was seen
 sitting "at the old organ, beneath the
 faded green curtains." There his friend
 Elwood would go every afternoon, ex-
 cept on Sundays, to read Latin to him,
 and listen to his conversation. There
 he taught his daughters to read to him
 (by rote) in Hebrew, Syriac, Greek,
 Latin, Italian, Spanish, French. There
 he has been found by Richardson,
 sitting "before his door in a grey coat
 of coarse cloth, in warm, sultry weather,
 to enjoy the fresh air." There, accord-
 ing to another account, he was seen
 "neatly enough dressed in black clothes,
 sitting in a room hung with rusty green
 —pale, but not cadaverous—with chalk-
 stones in his hands. He said, that, if
 it were not for the gout, his blindness
 would be tolerable." Richardson tells
 us, that, in composing his poem, "he
 would sometimes lie awake whole nights,

but not a verse could he make; and, on a sudden, his poetical faculty would rush upon him with an *impetus* or *ecstasis*, and his daughter was immediately called to secure what came. At other times he would dictate perhaps forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number."

To the passing spectator he seemed fallen and forsaken. His blindness, as we have seen, was represented as a judgment from God. And, doubtless, there were moments when he felt his position keenly. He was poor. We have seen that he was paid just ten pounds (in all) for his "Paradise Lost," and proportionately for his other works. He had no private property. He would not stoop for money. It is said, that, shortly after his last marriage, he was offered the continuance of his employment, as secretary, by Charles the Second's government. As the story runs, his wife pressed him to accept the offer; but he answered, "You, like other women, want to ride in your coach; my wish is to live and die an honest man." His difficulty in composing was great. He was too poor to employ a regular amanuensis to take down his words. He was obliged to beg any one that came in his way, to copy down the majestic thoughts of the "Paradise Lost." And, then, he could not read. The joy of beautiful sights was no longer his; and to a mind like his, naturally so artistic, and so admirably fitted to enjoy the wonders of the physical universe, it must have been hard indeed to be shut out of the palace of the visible creation. He could no longer roam about, at his own will, amid the woods and green fields. He sat, of a sunny morning, in the porch of his house, enjoying the fresh air; but this was in a confined garden, in the snub of the great city. He was at the mercy of others. All was blank. We can imagine that it was during one of these moments of depression, that he composed that touching line in "Sampson Agonistes"—full of the concentrated essence of sadness:—

"Oh, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon!"

or that affecting, yet majestic, burst of sadness, which is to be found at the commencement of the third book of his "Paradise Lost," addressing the light, he says:

"Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.

So quick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veild.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expand'd and rased,
And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out."

This is certainly a sad picture. Aye, but what is the poet's own sublime conclusion?

"So much the rather, thou, celestial light,
Shine inward; and the mind, through all her
powers,
Irradiate. There plant eyes: all mist from
thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

We cannot refrain from quoting also his two exquisite sonnets on his blindness:

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodge with me useless, though my soul more
beats
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;—
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not
need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best:
His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

The second sonnet is inscribed to Cyriac Skinner.

"Cyriac, this three-years' day these eyes, though
clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Berft of life, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor hate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, lost thou
ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-
plied
In Liberty's defence—my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side,
This thought might lead me through the world's vain
mask,
Content, though blind—had I no better guide."

He had a "better guide." Though blind, he lived in light. His outward blindness did but strengthen his inward sight. As physical objects faded from his view, spiritual objects opened on him. As his material eye closed in everlasting night, his spiritual eye saw God and eternal realities all the more distinctly. His own noble prayer was fulfilled. The "celestial light" "shone inward," and the mind, through all her powers,

"small" and I
 of things inv
 ibly this was a
 his loss. He had learnt the
 y to power through weakness—to
 sink through poverty. Aye, lowly and
 or as was that "small lodging" in
 Bunhill Fields, it was then the holiest
 site in England. Over it hovered
 guardian angels to protect it from insult
 & injury; and within it lived the
 modest old man which our country, so
 full in worthies, had seen for many a
 long day. We might have searched the
 whole country, from John O'Groats to
 Land's End—from the throne to the
 mill— a long, long time, without
 finding on one specimen of a genuine
 man. We might have ransacked the
 great palace; and, from the shallow-
 minded libertine who sat upon the
 throne, to the lowest courtier who
 stood at his footstool, probably we
 could not have found one large intellect
 or one noble heart. That was indeed,
 Macaulay says, an age "of servitude
 without loyalty, and sensuality without
 sense—of dwarfish talents and gigantic
 passions—the paradise of cold hearts and
 fever minds." But, in one of the
 meanest suburbs of the great city, there
 stood a small poverty-stricken house;
 and in that house lived the greatest man
 in England—in grand contrast with
 the generation. The frivolous lords and
 heartless ladies rolled in splendour
 and in luxury about him, scarcely con-
 scious of his existence; and, all that
 man that great man lived alone—
 most out of the world—struggling
 with blindness and with poverty—re-
 sisting from his bookseller just ten
 pence for that book which has brought

"see

in tens of thousands into the coffers of
 other booksellers. And at length,
 wearied and worn—tost and buffeted—he
 sank into his grave on the 10th of
 November, 1874.

Such is the world! What, then! Is
 there no justice in this world of ours?
 Ah, no! Believe it not!

"Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
 That no tyrant can corrupt."

Ki

"Because sentence against an evil
 work is not executed speedily, therefore
 the heart of the sons of men is fully set
 in them to do evil;" but, as sure as
 there is a God in heaven, that sentence
 will be executed one day. Aye, though
 "a sinner do evil a hundred times, and
 his days be prolonged, yet surely I
 know that it shall be well with them
 that fear God; but it shall not be well
 with the wicked." That poor, blind, old
 man, proscribed and neglected as he
 was, lived a happier as well as nobler
 life, surrounded with cherubim and
 seraphim and the spirits of the great
 departed, than that triumphant monarch,
 with all his pleasures and all his luxuries.
 That "small lodging" in Bunhill Fields,
 with its frugal fare and its temperate
 tone, was as the palace of the most high
 God, compared with that "palace" at
 Whitehall, with its hellish orgies and its
 heartless revellings; and, long after the
 Charles and the Rochesters—the Buck-
 inghams and the Lauderdale—are
 forgotten, except to have the brand of
 infamy stamped upon them,—the name
 of Milton will be honoured and loved.
 Each succeeding age will add an ad-
 ditional wreath to that unfading crown
 which already encircles his brows—
 recognising him not only as the POET,
 but as the PATRIOT and the MAN.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said
 and written about Goethe, our interest
 in the great German is as rife as ever;
 at least our curiosity scarcely flags. The
 English version of Eckermann's "Con-
 versations" was received with almost as
 much a welcome by many British read-
 ers a year or two ago, as may have
 marked the first appearance of Boswell's
 "Johnson" sixty years since. On the
 other hand, Goethe's merits have been

as severely handled (in one of our most
 able political journals) within the last
 half-year, as when "Wilhelm Meister"
 confounded the critics, or "Werther"
 led young men to commit suicide. The
 chief reason for this perpetuation of in-
 terest and curiosity is, we suspect, that
 to most of us Goethe continues an un-
 solved enigma. We find, or think we
 find—both in the man himself and in
 his writings—the most palpable con-

traditions; "a great perturbation in nature," whether monstrous or superhuman we are at a loss to decide. His admirers see in him an example of intellectual and moral manhood, nearly perfect. To them he is "totus teres atque rotundus." *Gainsayers* so far subscribe to the predicate of "many-sidedness," as to make it part of the indictment against him, that "he is every man—in no man;" that we have here an acknowledged poet, who can *prone* interminably; a moralist, who traverses with no hesitating step the most doubtful ground; a man of science who thinks he has outwitted Newton by aid of the felicitous discovery, that geometry had been overestimated as an organon of physical research! He has written plays for us which might elbow out the "Stranger," or "The Bleeding Nun," on the boards of a penny theatre; ballads that might be sung in the streets—even in translation; a novel unequalled in world-wide popularity, save by "Robinson Crusoe," or "Uncle Tom." On the other hand, he has indited whole volumes of dramatic and poetic riddles, which perplex the brains of those to whom *Æschylus* and *Pindar* are child's play; and which leave the most friendly and sympathising as well as acute expositors in some degree of unpleasant dubiety.

The critics have treated him accordingly. Edinburgh Reviewers allow him to be a man of some genius; a connoisseur of no mean order. Nor can they deny that he occasionally expresses dignified sentiments in a style which is not common-place. But they find his master-work, for the most part, a low affair, with an unctuous kitchen odour about it. Had it not come from such a be-lauded quarter, they would not have touched it with the longest *Ithuriel-spear* ever invented to serve the dainty purposes of fastidious criticism. Whether it is, that having been directed to a palace of art and beauty, they have (not without fault of their own) missed their way, stumbled upon the back offices instead of entering at the portal, and so turned back in disgust, we cannot now inquire. All we observe is the manifest paradox.

As finale to this catalogue of contrivances, we may add, that in the opinion of no mean judge—Mr. De Quincy—"sunny prosperity was essential to his nature, . . . and happily that was his

fate;" whereas a French diplomatic personage, contemplating Goethe's physiognomy, is said to have observed, "*Voilà un homme qui a eu beaucoup de chagrins*;"* while we have his oft-quoted and certainly unaffected lines,—

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours,
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers,"—

and the pregnant Greek motto in his Autobiography, "He that is not *scourged* is not *schoolt*."

Such an anomalous personal and literary existence is, indeed, an excellent basis for posthumous renown. Were we compelled to adopt Mr. De Quincy's general estimate of Goethe,† we should infer with him that there was malice aforethought in the case,

"With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit."

For when the age shall find its prophet to speak out boldly one other of its strivings in a treatise on "Fame, how to win it," as it has already in that on "Money, how to get it," this receipt of premeditated obscurity may fairly take precedence of all others. "*Hic itur ad astra*." Disguise, voluntary or involuntary, has gained for the *masqueraders* in the Dance of Life, a prominence to which, as unhooded revellers, they could never have aspired. Had but one credible witness lifted the "Iron Mask," that redoubtable domino might not have been mentioned except in the *Chronicles of State Imprisonment*. Sir Philip Francis would hardly be a subject of *warm* literary interest in this year 1853—at nearly a century's distance—had he been "*Junius*" confessed. Mystery—well devised and carried through—attaches an infinite charm to the object it encircles; chiefly for the simple reason, that it confers a *double* boon: it flatters him that gives and him that takes; the mystifier who cunningly conceals himself, and the mystified who cunningly pretends to defeat his purpose.

We hope, however, to show that there is better ground for perpetual interest in this case, than the cravings of unsatisfied curiosity; that we have not yet done with Goethe, because we have not fathomed his depth; because to many of us it is an all-important, but still unanswered question, how we may acquire that talisman by whose help he reached

* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. i.
† Art. "Goethe," *Encyc. Brit.*

Coleridge—were favoured and strengthened by an isolation from boy-companions, and by household circumstances otherwise tending to foster musing and melancholy. It was owing to this conjunction, that reflection developed itself as strongly as imagination. The boy early learned to see himself as others saw him; a power that renders his mental history unique. The following, translated from one of his early exercises in Latin, gives proof of the existence of this phenomenon, and suggests some of the causes of its occurrence. It is a conversation with his father; probably a transcript from life.

Father. "What are you doing there, my boy?"

Son. "Making things in wax."

F. "I thought so: Oh! when will you give up nuts!"*

S. "I am not playing with *nuts*, but with wax."

F. "Ignorant boy: don't you know what I mean by nuts?"

S. "Oh! now I remember: but just see, what a splendid wax-modeller I am become already."

F. "Yes, a wax-spoiler!"

S. "Oh no, papa! just look what pretty things I have made."

F. "Well, show me, then, what these monsters mean."

S. "Among other beasts, I have made a cat with a long beard,—next a city-mouse and a country-mouse, such as Horace talks of in one of his biting epistles—the story that Drollinger has translated into capital German doggrel."

F. "Your memory pleases me better than your animals. But have you made nothing else; no more brilliant specimens of your talents?"

S. "Oh, yes! here is a whale, opening his jaws as if he were going to swallow us up: and two chamois, which the Emperor Maximilian was so fond of hunting, that he wandered out to such a dangerous place in the rocks, that an angel, in the shape of an old man, was obliged to show him the way back again."

F. "You bring in your droll remarks so cleverly, that we must pardon your monstrosities. And is that *all*!"

S. "By no means: of all the beasts constructed by my skill, the most admirable are,—the false-weeping crocodile,—the huge elephant (which the an-

cients used in war),—the friendly, philanthropic lizard,—the croaking frog that foretels the spring; and they are all done to the life."

F. "Oh! what a long speech! But who could find out the names I wonder, unless they were marked!"

S. "Alas! alas! But is not every one the best explainer of his own works?"

F. "That is certainly a true principle generally; but it by no means suits the present case."

S. "Pardon my stupidity, and do be so kind as to look at this sledge-team. There are exactly a dozen animals, part creeping, part flying. I think the swan, the stag, the sea-horse, and the dragon are the best."

F. "Well, I hope you will continue to be as well satisfied; but it is pretty clear that you know nothing yet about the difference between beautiful and ugly."

S. "Will you be so good as to teach me, dear father?"

F. "Certainly I shall, in due time. But your eyes must grow a little older and more experienced first."

S. "Oh, no! why should we put it off? *Do* tell me to-day. I shall prick up my little ears to listen, you may be sure."

F. "Not to-day; another time. Now, put away your playthings and attend to your lessons."

S. "Yes, father."*

The Latin makes this juvenile dialectic rather stiff; but it is as near the genuine style of childhood as modern Latin could well be, and in "Götz of Berlichingen" we find to what use a poet could turn such exercises. The tone of this one is singular; in one respect, misleading. Of the philosophical distinction between beauty and its opposite, Goethe knew, perhaps, quite as little as most of his seniors; but he had an instinctive and even excessive æsthetic sensibility in regard to objects around him. An ugly face in the room would excite in him a very passion of disgust; nothing would satisfy him but the expulsion of the unfortunate possessor. It is worth remarking, too, that such exercises go far to acquit of pedantry or harshness, the father who could so considerably foster youthful genius, by allowing it to develop itself in its own peculiar direction.

* "Linques istas nuces;" that is, "Give up childish trifling."

* Viehoff's "Life of Goethe."

Goethe belonged to a numerous family, but all died in early childhood except Wolfgang and his sister Cornelia.

He remembered a brother, three years younger than himself, "of delicate constitution and reserved disposition," and a pretty girl, "who also soon vanished." He was told much of Cornelia's plainness of person and vigour of mind. She was at any rate to have entered actively into all the literary occupations of her brother's boyhood, and they avoided the occasionally severe labours imposed by their father. The feeding of broods of silk worms, and the bleaching of those Italian prints, seem to have been intolerable grievances.

Klopstock's "Messias" was at that time "the rage" in Germany. The elder Goethe would not tolerate it, because it was a blank verse. Nevertheless, Rath Schneider, a friend of the family, contrived to smuggle it into the house, for the benefit of the Frau and her children. The latter were especially delighted with the infernal dialogues, which form a striking portion of the poem. These they learned by heart, and recited them lightly with due division of the parts; in general with the profoundest caution. At one of these rehearsals, a most important domestic ceremony was proceeding; none other than their father's Saturday-night shave. The children were behind a stove, muttering "hellish mysteries" as usual. Cornelia, who sustained the part of Adramelech, had been gradually increasing the vehemence of elocution, with the heightening fury of an invective against Satan; till, at the dolorous inspection, "Oh! how am I crushed!" her voice rose considerably above a whisper. The thunderstruck barber—he was fortunately wielding no more dangerous implements than the shaving-brush and soap-bowl—bestowed the contents of the latter pretty liberally on the good father's person. Klopstock was once more prohibited, and this time, it should seem, to better purpose.

Changes at home and catastrophes abroad had wrought joyfully and painfully on the growing mind of the youth. The old house had been renovated, from the top story downwards, to evade civic restrictions; and the young Goethes had been delighted to find themselves roosting, like birds, on props rising from the second floor; to say nothing of rides on saw-boards, and the other infinite diversions which a domestic bouleverse-

ment is sure to afford to the younger branches of the family.

The earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, though Wolfgang was only six years old at the time, had given a terrible shock to his youthful trust in Providence. Indeed he scarcely recovered it for years after. A writer already quoted, thinks never. Small-pox had diminished the cherubic beauty of his infancy; and, with other maladies of childhood, had turned his thoughts within. Ever since the days when Cox and his fellow-Protestant exiles in Frankfort began the great battle between Puritanism and Episcopacy, which was afterwards transferred to England, that city had been the scene of warm religious controversy. "Pietism" had contended against the colder orthodoxy of the time, and Goethe's mother inclined in that direction. From such a mind, serious reflections of any kind were not likely to be absent; and her son became intent on theological enquiries. The spirit of religious separatism around him wrought upon his singular temperament in a truly peculiar manner. His mother's friends rejoiced in an ecclesiastical independence; and the youthful theologian was so determined to better the example, that he presumed to found a doctrine and ritual of his own. *Burnt sacrifices* seemed to the child to promise a more direct approach to the Supreme Being than any other form of worship. A red-lacquered quartett-stand, shaped like a pyramid, presented a most appropriate altar. This the young *hierarch* adorned with such natural curiosities as were within his reach, by way of symbolical offerings. Pastilles lighted by the sun's rays through a burning-glass, sent up fragrant incense from the summit, and for some days the solemnity was repeated without harm. But, on one unfortunate occasion, the intervening sancer was missing, the pastilles burned into the polished surface of the lectern, and the youth was fain to lay aside his novel cultus, not without serious misgivings as to its spiritual worth.

A new and strange life had opened. The seven years' war brought the miseries of a campaign into the city, and even into the house itself. The French, as allies of Austria, occupied Frankfort, and the king's lieutenant, Count Thorane, was billeted on Goethe's father. As the latter was a vehement

partisanship of the Great Frederick, such a quarrel was highly distasteful, and many unpleasant rencontres followed, though the Count made himself as agreeable as it is possible for such an intruder to be. At first the new order of things in the city occasioned the stricter retention of the children within bounds. The puppet-show was once more produced to supply the lack of out-door amusement, but the wooden performers soon made way for living actors. Wolfgang arranged the pieces and furnished the green-room for his playmates, little dreaming, perhaps, how much of his future life would be occupied with similar duties.

But the long-protracted stay of the Count almost broke the spirit of his unwilling entertainer; the studies of the children were less strictly regulated, and freedom was allowed to Wolfgang—it would seem—to range at will. He had improved his acquaintance with French by sundry conversations with sentinels and servants; but the greatest inducement to the study was the French *theatre*. A lad belonging to the company, whom he calls Derones, a youth possessed of a large share of that precocious assurance which is not uncommon in such a condition, became his intimate friend. As one of the initiated, young Derones was not slow to give instruction in the mysteries of the histrionic art; talked even of Aristotle and the Unities, (if Goethe's memory has not played him false), and ventured to criticise and metamorphose most unmercifully the first dramatic performance of his parvenu friend. This essay was in the French pastoral style; but all that was remembered of it in late years was, that "the scene was laid in the country, and that there was no lack of Princesses, Princes, and Gods," among whom Mercury played a most important part. The caduceus and golden pinions of this latter divinity made so deep an impression on the boy's fancy, that he deemed himself favoured with an actual Epiphany. Indeed, connecting this with the above-mentioned oblations, we may judge him to have been at this time a very tolerable little Pagan.

Performances at the theatre, and the critical decisions of his friend were, however, not the sole channels of Goethe's acquaintance with the French drama. Corneille, Racine, and Moliere were read at home, and with zest. Though

his elders disapproved his early passion for the stage, they were in some measure appeased by his linguistic progress; his attention to the language was of value in forming his style. The clear and most brilliant language in which he helped to produce that sparkling lucidity through which Goethe excels—*facile*—all other German prose writers. Enthusiasm for Gallic studies prevailed away towards the close of his abode at Strassburg, but not until it had performed an invaluable office.

It was during this vacation period that painting first engaged much of his attention. The Count was a zealous patron of living talent. Young Goethe was well content to perform some of the menial offices in the aesthetic temple, which had been established in Hirsch-Graben; and the painters something of the future connoisseur. The lively boy who brought their orders and made pert remarks upon their performances.

The dramatic work just mentioned was by no means a first effort of invention. Wolfgang had long been distinguished as the bard and fabulist of a little circle of admirers. Like Sir Walter Scott, his creations began in boyhood, and like Hartley Coleridge, when finishing a fresh budget of news. In *Ejuxria*, he gained a quasi belief in their reality. Goethe boldly laid the scene of some of his fictions in his native city; and, as he himself was there, they lost nothing of the vivacity of actual experiences. Frankfort about that time was more than most old towns in mystery, passages, high walls, and masses of antique architecture; but Goethe told the belief of his juvenile public to the full; and well-known localities were forced, like the fairy tent, to expand or collapse at his will. "The New Paganism" is a memorable relic of these early musings. It is luxuriantly rich in fancy and invention. Every word adds brilliant colour, and every paragraph a graceful picture. As recorded in "Wahrheit und Dichtung," it is doubtless an amended version; redundancies are filed away and beauties are heightened. But the groundwork is childhood. Ever excepting the strange precocity which presents the passions and reactions of later years among the hearted sallies of very early youth. In all Goethe's works, we are in a region of pure poetry; no trace of childish

for limitation : be found, even
not be manifest genuine basis
false.

ness, too, had been written in com-
mon with juvenile companions; and,
eliding's astonishment, each and
one of the competitors deemed his
production the best. Elders were
asked to, and they decided in his
favour.

Overwhelmed by an unheard-of mul-
titude of studies, he endeavoured to
share the load by calling in the aid of
many. Seven different languages (in-
cluding "Jew-German") were in hand
now. Such a philological constella-
tion, like the Pleiades to the naked eye,
was bewildering; and the pupil was
content till he had given them dis-
missal by impersonation. Instead of
primary jog-trot of exercises, whose
aim—fair enough in its way—is to
draw speech from sense, and to refine
the abstractions of grammar, now
would satisfy the youthful realist
a *rehabilitation de la chair*, a resto-
ration to actual, sentient life. A corre-
spondence between seven members of a
club, each writing a different language
involuntarily, was his self-chosen discipline.

The collegian of the house writes
in Latin and quotes Greek; a second bro-
ther makes his debut in the musical
idiot, and by way of cultivating his ear
for Italian; business men in Mar-
tens and Hamburgish transact business
in French and English respectively; while
any fairly presume that the ingenuity
of the matter surpassed the elegance of
style. Our curiosity would be much
satisfied by the file of the Hamburgish
correspondence, but among much that
remained of Goethe's early essays, this
one has been lost.

To perfect his "Jew-German," and
for more substantial reasons, the boy
now needs to learn Hebrew. Theology
and poetry united gave him a deep in-
sight in the narrations of the Pentateu-
ch; and here again he was not con-
tented with a merely receptive attitude,
but was his nature to create. Whatever
was thrown into the seething waters of his
imagination, whether stiff, rigid, and
dead to art, or vital and glowing with a
life of its own,—grammar and lexi-
con, or the living forms and scenes of
new poetry.—there is

"Nothing of it that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

"Joseph," a prose-epic, was an under-
taking of this period, which does not
seem to have come to anything im-
portant. Another attempt was more
permanently productive. A poem on
"The Descent into Hell," is dated 1766,
and was published in a Frankfort ma-
gazine. Those who list may read it in
the collection of his works, and will find
Klopstock's vein distinctly traceable.
Fräulein von Klettenberg, a religious
lady of his mother's acquaintance, urged
him to this and similar labours.

Like the Wizard of the North, Goethe
was destined by his father to be given
over, bound hand and foot, to the in-
tolerant rival of literature—Jurispru-
dence. But this is by no means the
first time that Themis has had reason to
complain that her noblest vassals have
been seduced from their allegiance by
the Muses; and though the subject of our
sketch learned as much law as a poet
can in anywise be expected to know—
and rather more—his name must be
added to the list of revolters. A popular
epitome of law he had, indeed, at his fin-
gers' ends; so that while he early formed
the resolve not to be buried alive among
parchments, red tape, and drab leather
folios, his father had not very much rea-
son for complaint. In such a capacious
mind—if the profanity may be par-
doned—there was a corner for law.

All these things seemed to come to
him—as the German phrases it—"flü-
chtig." Dancing, which his father taught
him, fencing, and music, were not for-
gotten. The last was not a very suc-
cessful study. Strange to tell, through-
out life Goethe professed a deficiency of
taste in respect of music, though certainly
not of love for it. It is hardly given to
any man to behold the glory of the One
Good and Fair through every possible
medium; or, at least, so to behold it
as to be able to give a clear revelation
of it to others. Of that more com-
prehensive Music—*ἡ μουσική*, as Plato
understands it—that divine harmony
without whose presence life is but a
succession of stupid or violent dis-
cords—none was ever a more potent
master. Through the vast diapason
of that celestial instrument of which
all others are but imitations, he has
touched every string; from the thin
brief treble for which the heart of child-
hood might be frame and setting wide
enough, down to the deep sonorous
chords that span and thrill the universe.

Gervinus and others regret that, in his early development, Goethe seldom or never mingled freely with his equals in age; and that hence he was debarred from the opportunity of cultivating sympathy with the masses. Yet it is certain that no inconsiderable amount of youthful radicalism breathes through his earlier works—as in “*Götz*” and “*Werther*.” Still Goethe may himself have regretted that a part of his education—of that moral “*flaying*,” which he regards as indispensable to an effective training—should have been postponed till a later period, on account of his not having to “*rough it*” among the democratic asperities of a public school.

Hitherto old men and children had formed the bulk of endurable companions. His occasional school-fellows had, for the most part (not without requital), kicked, pinched, and cuffed him beyond endurance. But as boyhood advanced, his circle of acquaintance enlarged. His rhyming faculty introduced him to a society of young people of inferior rank and indifferent character, who constituted among themselves a kind of juvenile free-masonry. Their mysteries and mystifications were unhappily not confined to the masonic lodge, and the neophyte was induced to aid in “*hoaxing*” their victims, and in replenishing their treasury. But the charm of mystery and the evening banquets of the initiated would scarcely have been sufficient to detain him among them, had not a more powerful enchantment been present. A coy maiden, the sister of Derones, had formerly attracted a kind of reverential affection; but Margaret—known as “*the beautiful Gretchen*,” (so Bettine tells us.)—was the object of his *first*, we might say, his *only*, *entire* devotion. She inspired his pen in the service of the fraternity; in her presence he was eloquent; and for her sake he tolerated the less pleasant contingencies of his new acquaintanceship. Emerson tells us that

“*His written on the iron bar,
Who drinks of Cupid’sectar-cup
Lureth downward and not up;
Therefore who loves, by gods or men,
Shall not by the same be loved again;
His sweetheart’s idolatry
Falls in turn a new degree.*”

Some might add this one true love of Gretchen’s to the evidence for progressive degradation. But we shall see that the

application of the rule in this case is doubtful.

A most important civic and national transaction took place at this time; the coronation of the emperor, Joseph II. Wolfgang’s father obliged him to write a full and accurate record of the events of each day; and a more rhetorical and genial description of the same was given to Gretchen afterwards. Excitement and pleasure were at their height. But a terrible catastrophe was impending. Goethe’s friends, Margaret included, were accused of high crimes and misdemeanours—impositions and forgery. Poor Wolfgang himself was suspected; and though, in any case, he might probably have been shielded, the danger of his companions, and especially of his lady-love, left him in torturous suspense. He gave himself up to the unaffected violence of the most tragical despair; and it was not till he learned that all the innocent were safe, that he was in any degree pacified. Fortunately—but not to his thinking at the time—this assurance was accompanied by a piece of information far from gratifying to his self-esteem. The fair lady had conducted herself admirably during the judicial examination, and her evidence quite exculpated her adorer; but she had stated in her declaration the unpleasant truth, that she had always looked upon him as a *child*, and treated him accordingly; warned him against engaging in practical jokes, and given him the best of counsel; in short, watched over him like a mother. He had, in fact, experienced the tenderness of a guardian angel—not of a *chère amie*. The sentimental thermometer cooled down to zero rapidly; the despairing Corydon washed, dressed, and behaved himself; and a cure of love was effected, such as neither Ovid, nor Avicenna, nor Burton of “*Melancholy*” fame ever imagined or recorded. This adventure, like most others, passed into the almanac of poetry some time afterwards, and re-appeared in the form of a comedy—“*Die Mitschuldigen*”—“*The Accomplices*.”

Frankfort now became intolerable. The youth had been dragged into unpleasant publicity; he fancied that suspicion dogged him in the streets; and the charm of love had vanished from its disenchanting precincts. We hear of little else but stoicism and Epictetus—moody wanderings in woods and fields,

unsatisfactory attempts to sketch
nature, till we find him in Septem-
ber, 1793, setting out for Leipzig,—osten-
sibly to study law; really, to devote
himself to literature.

From this time forwards Goethe's real history becomes more or less filled with the intellectual strivings and tendencies of his age; and, as such, must be briefly regarded.

24-25 proved a very Dian's Altar of intellectual and moral "scourging," in respects than one. "Academic life" and still is, less free there than in a university town. "Philisterism" implies: a refined Philisterism, it is not, but Philisterism still. In plain English, the "town" overbears the town. "Academic freedom" is compelled to succumb to the stiffness and stolidity life: on which account "Shepherds of the Pleiss" (the bouquet of the Leipsic Bursche)

conquered by the Leipzig Hochschule, looked upon with some degree of respect by their neighbours of Halle and elsewhere who boast themselves "Hunters of the South." The freshman of Frankfurt was consequently subjected to a severe ordeal, against which feeling, and taste rebelled. The ladies found fault with his *dress*; his fellow collegians with their quarrelled with his *pronunciation*. The former was indelibly marked by a tailor-made frock-coat, and was naturally attracted to the product of the celebrated tastes of the father, and of the cultivated amenities of the workman. He felt, however, the young man stood in the presence of material was rich, and the young singer. But when a well-known actor had appeared on the stage in a magnificent costume, and drawn forth his garments than by his own, he was glad to exchange his own for a smaller outfit of more modest nature. His *debut* had not, however, its due effect. It was a poor and feeble specimen of the genre, and the very many congratulatory letters to this censor could not compensate him for the dull and unimpressive scene.

[illegible]

poems with unsparing hand; and even friend Behrisch, who wasted the young man's time sadly with his incessant fooling — interspersed, however, with that utter and genial nonsense that requires no ordinary powers of abstraction to produce it, and which immeasurably surpasses *wit* — even Behrisch, whose very name, with German readers, is a synonyme for systematic bizarrerie, was vigorously helpful to Goethe in graving upon his mind the Horatian precepts of slow and cautious authorship: "poetarum linire labor et mora." The artist Oeser, in the Pleissenburg, introduced him to the calm purity of classic art; and though an interval of enthusiastic admiration for the Münster of Strasburg and for mediæval architecture intervened, he became ultimately the stern and stalwart defender of the elder creations, and lived to wonder at his temporary defection.

For the nonce, however, his various studies confused and perplexed him. The unhappy scholar who asks advice of Mephistopheles in Faust is not more bewildered than was Goethe during a portion of his Leipsic history. Art, Literature, and Law were yoked together in his soul's chariot, and were drawing, not harmoniously, and with small apparent progress. The first was taken up practically as well as theoretically; for the youth was engaged with essays in copper-plate engraving. His studies in Lessing and Winckelmann;—the latter of whom he was expecting to see, just as the news of his assassination filled educated Europe with horror,—a visit to Dresden, where he lodged with a wandering Jew of a shoemaker, whose quaint philosophy he purposed to immortalise in a poem of that name; and where the glories of its picture gallery, with its unique Raffaele and rich collection of other *chef d'œuvres* of Italy and the Low Countries, occupied him day and night;—and the impulse given by Goethe to all young poetic geniuses to go out into the meadows and villages "image hunting"—all these aesthetic influences were more adapted to foster an enthusiasm than to impart a clear and wholesome insight. A love affair that had no agreeable issue, and which he afterwards dramatized as "The Lover's Curse," may have been both of it and cause of his disordered temperament, and physical ailments, partly arising from his copper-plate employment, combining with mental depre-

sion, sent him home from the university, bankrupt in health, spirits, and resolution, as well as in regard to the original purpose of his abode there.

Yet with all these seeming drawbacks, one step had been taken in permanent advance. "Poetry had become for him a school of life-wisdom, and of a beneficent equanimity. Whatever delighted or tormented him, or occasioned any excitement of mind, he felt compelled to turn into an image, a poem." French pastorals and imitations of Klopstock had been dismissed for ever. He had learned to distinguish mere affectation—second-hand sentimentality—from that true life-blood of poetry,—that bright, arterial current, quick with his living pulse,—with which alone, like the fabled bird of the wilderness, the poet can cherish his intellectual offspring. "Beauty born of suffering, oftener, perhaps, than of calm or joyous activity," was revealed to him as the true definition of the art to which—and not to *law*—nature had elected him; a definition for which critics and mere metaphysicians might have sought in vain. The words of his consecration ran as in the fervent litany of Barrett Browning:

- "I ask no wages—seek no fame;
Sew me, for shroud round face and name,
God's banner of the ordonnance."
"I only would have leave to loose,
In tears and blood, if so he chooseth,
Mine inward music out to use."
"I only would be spent—in pain
And loss, perchance—but not in vain,
Upon the sweetness of that strain."
"Only project, beyond the bound
Of mine own life, so lost and found,
My voice, and live on in its sound."
"Only embrace and be embraced
By fiery ends,—whereby to wake,
And light God's future with my past!"

In a reflective and self-conscious age, the noblest poet will be he who can thus exalt and dignify the actual experience of life; who, while by moral energy he transcends its failures, is also able to throw the charm of the healthful peace he has attained, over the perplexities and difficulties he has conquered. There is indeed a kind of poetry, to which the name may not be denied, but whose cause and effect are the very opposite of this *inward* harmony; which raves and curses to melodious music with the extravaganzas of Byron, or tries to "knit up the ravell'd sleeve" of days of vanity and worldliness with the "Night Thoughts" of Young. Goethe passed this stage, but only to rise above it.

He lingered upon the giddy footin its broken and perilous steps just enough to record a memorial of passage in "Werther" and "Faust," no longer. The curse which fette Maufred has no power to bind him:

"Thou art wrapt as in a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell,
In the spirit of this spell!"

For better or for worse, in fact, Go had renounced the "crambe repet the wretched hash of imitation, and begun to draw from life. And not had his former idols and models stripped of their glory by zealous ic elasts; a *real divinity* had taken t place, before whose stalwart royalty feeble forms that flitted up and d the German Parnassus fled away were no more seen. Dodd's "Beat of Shakspeare" showed him a gem poet, whose very originality reb the folly of *external* imitations, and c pelled him to hope for success from undeveloped resources wi *himself*.

But for the critical, stiff, nega discipline which he passed through Leipsic, the greatest poetic geni modern times might have flowered i out in epithalamia for Fran burghers, or other platitudes of "occasional" sort; and the motto the third book of his autobiogra might be well enough prefixed to second, importing how Provid "takes care that trees shall not g up uselessly and fruitlessly into clouds."

Illness having sent him home, once gay "Studiosus legum" is tr formed into the home-keeping valescent, shut up with alembics phials, and giving his whole sou alchemy and theosophy. Cool rei denounces such pursuits as puerile even childish. But, deducting largest "caput mortuum" we choos cannot be denied that the ultimat sult of these fanciful processes, will dure and be valued as long as litera shall last. For

"There is no great nor small,
To the Soul, that maketh all;
For where it cometh all things are,
And it cometh everywhere."

Goethe's fame might rest simply solely on the perfection with whic "Faust," he has blended the *natural* the supernatural,—the broad dayl of a critical philosophy with the

natural order in modern times
 seen more or less clumsy and re-
 vive. They offend our taste because
 cannot silence our judgment,
 in supernatural and infernal machinery
 sist of pompous improbabilities;
 in the grossest products of car-
 ity, its short-sighted desires, and
 es, and fears, are fathered upon a
 ituality, for which we have only
 lar- di-tum of the author; for he
 lently *does not believe in it himself*.
 e knows anything of spiritual agen-
 e we feel quite assured that his idea
 them is nothing of the sort; and we
 not vouchsafe to a grown man, the
 aptitude we show to *children*, in
 ng frightened at their "ghosts,"
 e supernatural in Faust is not of
 white sheet and phosphorus order.
 more wretched caricature of Goethe's
 ma is not to be found than Byron's
 faust-d." Its Air Demons and other
 rns "smell vilely of the lamp,"—to
 that of the paltry magic lantern
 sh produces them. The spirits in
 Faust do not trouble us with their
 ay personalities; they do their bid-
 g and depart; or if, like Mephisto-
 es, they tarry with us, it is in a
 n that will abide criticism. The
 ch-demon is a little more, and a
 le less, than a man. To all but spi-
 al discernment he is none other;
 over, he might pass muster as a
 dly respectable example of the spe-
 e. If we met him in the street, his
 e would chill us; and the
 e would glow, cold, icy, the
 e says, "warm," hand
 e only from the wrist or elbow
 e from the heart, as
 e shake hands. His
 e only in degree of bril-
 e and in a certain penchant, from
 e of "good society;" and if, most
 e reader, you and he were in-
 e together, *he*, rather than *you*,
 e sure to be "asked again." As
 pure spirit of denial, he is not so in-

caverns, or closed common-chambers of
 Eblis. He shows less personal malice
 towards "Faust," than our English
 gaolers towards their prisoners. We
 should never catch him incautiously
 gesticulating, like Milton's *Satan* in
 the Fourth Book. In short, Me-
 phistopheles is only the embodied
 thought of "Faust;" and there is no-
 thing so coarsely substantial in the
 presence of the tempter as to hide from
 us the fact, that he is for a time the
 soul's twin of the tempted. Of the
 other "spirits" it can scarcely be said
 that they transcend our bolder meta-
 phors. The "Spirit of the Age," or
 "The Genius of the Constitution,"—
 the principal "names to conjure with,"
 left to our modern wizards,—are hardly
 less revolting.

But we have wandered away from the
 cell of our convalescent, whose quaint fur-
 niture promises to throw a special light
 on Goethe's power of blending the
 supernatural with the natural, quite
 apart from the aspect in which we have
 just regarded it. We believe that no
 modern writer has brought the super-
 natural so near to the reason as well
 as the fancy; and Goethe could not
 have wrought so potent a spell, had he
 not himself been partly subject to the
 incantation. Other poets have had to
 affect a sympathy; he possessed the ad-
 vantage of recalling a conviction. Shak-
 speare is a master here, as in every other
 department of his art; but, leaving out
 the mysterious power that unlocked for
 him all spheres, he seems to have had
 an advantage in regard to supernatural
 creation, similar to that enjoyed by
 Goethe, and which only an extra-
 ordinary combination of circumstances
 could bring within the reach of the
 highest genius of modern times. The
 latter once actually possessed a sort of
 belief in the occult sciences. Shak-
 speare was in frequent contact with
 multitudes who retained it all their
 lives. Yet it cannot be denied that

Macbeth and *Prospero* stand much farther off from our sympathies; they belong to a much more alien world than *Faust*. He is flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. We should as soon think of incorporating the miserable daubs which the traveller sees on the walls at "Auerbach's Cellar" in Leipzig, with our idea of Goethe's tragedy, as of assigning it a date and a locality. Those who can coolly and critically place the action of the drama in the 15th century, might fairly be expected to remind themselves at the commencement of his first soliloquy, that *Hamlet* "is fat and scant of breath;" or, when reading Euripides or Sophocles, punctiliously to recollect that the maidenly self-communings of *Iphigenia* and the dignified pathos of *Antigone*, were written to be shouted by *men*, through painted pasteboard! We are not much in love with such headings as we find in "Festus,"—"Scene, anywhere;" or, the analogous superscription,—"*Time, ad libitum*;" but the noblest parts of the "*Faust*" bear their own stamp of universality, needing no bush. Had its mysteries been more foreign to the poet himself, he could not have so impressed his readers with their validity. As it is, nothing is wanted to make this tragedy a life-drama that cannot become obsolete, and which no special latitude or longitude constrains. The gloomy study in which the drama opens, is the type of all such sublunary cells, where intellect does deadly battle with itself, or listens, in the intervals of the combat, to the fatal serenade of sensuous allurements. And the rest of the piece is rehearsed, in spirit, if not in detail, once in a lifetime at least, in the experience of all who are strong in mind, and strong in passion also.

There has been no lack of competitors in the field of the supernatural. "Monk" Lewis stumbled on a rich vein of imagination; but the skill of the refiner was wanting. In our own time, Nathaniel Hawthorne, in some of his fugitive pieces, has given remarkable proof of a power to bridge over the chasm between the two worlds; and his "*Scarlet Letter*" has the atmosphere and lurid light of the neutral territory, though the machinery is scrupulously human. Bulwer has a noble mark in "*Zanoni*;" but he disappoints us when our expectations are at the highest. His "*Dweller on the Threshold*" thrills us with a pre-

sent awe; but it has no power to enchant our *reason*, like the in "*Faust*;" and the author does in abjuring this "rough magic," we have fully tested its weakness—changing the scene to the real life of the Reign of Terror. We have such firm philosophical basis to rest on as in the song of the "Erdegeist," leaves us in doubt whether the standing or the fancy is more apt to, so nicely does it stand on the fines of both:—

"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave, in endless motion:
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of the living—
'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time
And weave for Godlike garmenth on
him by."

After several months' relaxation at home, Goethe went to Strasburg, in view to health, learning, and life. He was to enjoy the cheerful scene of Alsace, and the liveliness of the Gallicized society of its chief town continue his law studies, and to take a diploma. A brilliant variety of sciences, æsthetic, literary, and awaited him there. The cathedral, rising with its glorious spire above all human edifices, kindled in him an enthusiasm for "Gothic" art. The aspect of the building from below treasured up for future contemplation with the mind's eye; and he contracted an habitual vertigo, that he might lose the surrounding landscape and runners to the setting sun from top. In a treatise on "German Architecture," he enlarged, like a true mechanist, on the majesty of long-drawn and fretted vaults, to the glory of its unmonumented builder, Erwin Steinbach.

Among other incitements to the study of the representative arts, were pictures painted for the reception of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, she met the ministers of her deposed husband, and passed the fatal hour of France. Some of the decorations were beautiful as well as effective in the dreadful nuptials of Jason and Medea were the fearfully ominous decorations of those in the interior apartment, though he had no presentiment of the issue, Goethe was, at the time shocked by the miserable *mal à*; of the design.

naïve, practical as well as ideal, spanned the young poet as nature as shadow does substance. A bag-poll, uttered by the daughter French dancing master, seemed full in the unsatisfactory results of his action with Frederika Brion, the sister of a country clergyman at Seefeld, an episode which fills some of the sunnier, and other less pleasant, of the "Wanderlust und Dichtung" which he is pleased to commend to the English "Vicar of Wakefield."

[illegible]

struggling to body itself forth from the most discordant elements, and what was at last to rise as a fair universe of thought, still rolled as a dim and wasteful chaos." But from this chaos certain forms, dimly seen as yet, like the phantom-kings in Macbeth, were beginning to embody themselves in definite intention—"Götz of Berlichingen," "Faust," and "Julius Cæsar." A fragment of the last contains worthy and vigorous passages. Of the second we have spoken, and may have to speak again. The idea of the first seems to have been the product of two most diverse factors, old German Law, with its historical belongings, and the romantic ruins near the tributaries of the Rhine. Jaxthausen, where Götz lived, is a veritable castle; and the poet who has dramatized the life of its chivalrous occupant vastly increased its interest to tourists, as did the British translator of this drama—Sir Walter Scott—that of our English Kenilworth. Götz of Berlichingen, or "Götz with the Iron Fist," is a dramatic representation of a stalwart self-helper, a more dignified Robin Hood of Germany in the sixteenth century; defending the oppressed, punishing the oppressor, and keeping his heritage together, after a right noble code of his own, for whose sanction he sometimes looked no farther than his individual conscience. Of his dimes and pence he has left a most quaint and not worthy memorial, which lies at the base of Goethe's drama. In "Götz," Shakespeare's influence is patently to all, as far as an incontestable originality admits. Rather, perhaps, *both* have held an undistorting mirror up to Nature, while the historical groundwork of so many of Shakespeare's plays obscures the further analogy of *form*. The drama in question has this in common with Shakespeare, that its characters are not mere histrionic performers. Considering the office of the actor by professional *allegory*—the shadow or a shadow, they are not a company of hired musicians, knights, ladies, and men, waiting to be dropped by the dramatist, and taken up again, to be made, and talk of him, or new-wit, to make a metaphorical or excellent simile, profound or shallow, and to be as plentiful as the most of *theatrical personæ* are. They are made to tell of life, even as a *novel* is made to tell, and they can *be* as well as *act*, a virtue deemed superfluous by

most dramatists. They are not conjured up, like that "faire-forged sprite" of the false Archimago, with "seeming body of the subtle aire;" lasting only through the five acts, and going out with the footlights. In no wise do they so act or speak, in order to melt, or terrify, or please us, the spectators, but of their own proper motion. We are the obliged party, who are allowed to witness a scene or two out of a homogeneous and consistent life; not *they*, by the permission so to display themselves. Full, complete existences move before us, instead of cheating masks; or those hollow elvish embossments, which, according to one of the fairy mythologies, simulate humanity in front, but will not bear turning round.

In Goethe's drama, for truth and freedom we could almost fancy that we had lighted upon a new play of Shakspeare in a German disguise. Not to dwell on the verisimilitude of *Götz* himself, whose every utterance is honour and straightforwardness; the very rhythm of whose expressions is the direct opposite of a creeping, sinuous rhetoric; the life-like portraiture of the fearfully beautiful and ambitious *Adelheid*, the weak and wretched *Weislingen*, the true-hearted *Sickingen* and *Lerse*, there is one other voucher for dramatic truthfulness which, though on a small scale, is as genuine a proof as we could desire. It is little *Carl*, *Götz's* son. We can see him as a fair pale boy, learning and reflecting more than his practical father could wish; obtruding his erudition just at the wrong time, as children will do; in short, a very mother's child, acting and prating with such living reality as only Shakspeare surpasses.

Like some of the historical plays of his greater master, this piece may easily be stripped of any pretension to be a compact and self-contained whole. Such dramas deal with that most unmanageable of quantities — that ever unfinished fractional quotient, of which character and circumstances are the large divisor and small dividend, — human life; and which, take it how we will, cannot be made to come out neat and full. It is urged by critics, that "*Götz*" is not always in the front rank; that other personages become the heroes (or heroines), while he sinks into the background. Probably enough; but is not the life of the best and the bravest thus lived, — calmly and peaceably, when there is nothing

worth doing to be accomplished; giving time to his *foils* around him to display their tedious littlenesses and meannesses; that at last he may come forth truly and boldly with his greatness? The true great man never was, and never will be always upon the stage; and if to dramatise his life be a legitimate employment of the poet, he must be represented accordingly.

Granting several obvious defects, this play is luxuriantly rich in invention — studded from beginning to end with costly jewels of a hearty and generous wisdom. The high and noble purpose of knighthood shines out gloriously in this its last German representative while the whole tallies well with the citations of the priceless autobiography of *Götz* himself. There is many a passage of such chivalrous yet touching pathos as might force us, "out of it honest truth, to play the woman;" and when the good knight comes to leave the world of chicanery and treachery to worms, we could fain die with him.

It would be an ungrateful task to pursue the contrast between this Teutonic Bayard, "*sans peine et sans reproche*," and the "belted knight" of one of the heroes sung by the renowned British translator of "*Götz*;"* but we cannot refrain from noticing how widely different is its genuine heroism from the romantic hollowiness of

"—the golden-crested, haughty Marmion
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace,
A mighty mixture of the great and base."

This work first appeared in 1773, but sustained more than one revision. It earned the author both fame and fortune. Next year, the still more notable "*Werter*" made its appearance; and "*Götz*" was the expression of high and generous sentiment, "*Werter*" is the uplifting of all the floodgates of poetry and passion. Its substance is indeed nothing else but a foolish, mawkish despair; but it is set forth with the glowing earnestness of an enthusiastic soul, the splendid treasures of an exuberant imagination; and, strange to say, with more of the insight of an acute philosopher. The most illiberal gloom is clothed in beauty, and aimed at all vulnerable points with the vigorous logic of a man.

* This was Sir W. Scott's first literary production.

can refute all fallacy of self-deception. The circumstances of the life as they are as they are, as that and throb amid them. They are, at a slightly overwrought transcript of the own feelings, mingled up and completed with the actual fate of a man whose suicide was a topic of recent notoriety. It is the record of his own peril, by one life-mariner, ending with the actual shipwreck of another on the self-same rocks, in that very

Sixty years since it would have been almost an insult to "reading" to suppose them unfamiliar with a work of so European a reputation as *Werter*. Now it may not be sufficient to say, that its hero is a young man of intense susceptibilities for beauty and poetry of all kinds; and equally prone to coarseness, misapprehension, and heat. He is hopelessly in love with a betrothed lady, and while enduring the miseries of despairing affection, endures an insult from a vulgarized social superior. Months of torture are recorded by himself in a series of letters, whose beguiling charm bears similarity to that of the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," and he quits the scene by shooting out his brains with a pistol, and from the unwitting hand of Lotte, the object of his adoration.

The introduction to "*Werter*" is masterly.

The scene opens in a lovely spot, where the sentimental youth finds as in a paradise. His undisturbed happiness seems shared by all around him; and not the slightest agitation outward or inward discomfort is allowed to disturb the impression of repose. One fatal serpent only is in the grass, ready to hiss and sting on occasion. Indolence and absolute relaxation are secretly preparing the way for a wild fury of affection. The scene is exchanged for the hopes and joys of love, and the landscape gradually changes. Surrounding objects and their characters sympathise with the actor, as in the symbolism of great painters and dramatists—in nature always. In this last part of the winter seems to rule the half of the year; just as that last season, "half pranked with winter, with summer half-embrowned."

When found fault with on one point in the "*Werter*," Kobermann seems to think the whole plot may have been the passage.

had prevailed in the first. The happy peasant family which helped to fill up the pleasant picture at the commencement, is reduced to utter misery. A rustic lover, whose raptures had been portrayed to us by the congenial pen of Werter himself, murders his rival in a paroxysm of jealousy, and is hurried off to death. Circumstances without, and the weary, hopeless grief within, combine to render the pathway to despair more precipitous and inextricable; every twig and fibre of support to which the hand might cling—every coigne of vantage that might stay the giddy foot, gradually disappears. We watch with agonizing anticipation for the inevitable catastrophe, but long ere the unhappy traveller takes the last, deep plunge down the slippery sides of the rock, he has become enamoured of his fate; all proffered help is refused, or warily evaded with the stubborn guile of desperation.

And whereas each throb of the sufferer's heart is revealed, no efficient means of alleviation is allowed to make itself visible. No counteraction of sound reason permits our emotion towards him to assume the degrading form of mere pity. Werter pleads his own cause, or rather that of despair; and we hear the other side only through his own lips. The arguments of friends and relatives are weakened and perverted before they meet the eye of the reader; and reason itself seems suborned to aggravate a blind and wilful sorrow. A just appreciation of its insanity is only possible when the eloquent victim has ceased to be his own advocate, and then the sad catastrophe itself is ready to take up the fallen brief, and to urge a more forcible argument in arrest of judgment, through the open ear of pity. The poet's art is regal in this, that he delays the very opportunity of objective contemplation till the end, and finishes the book in a few words of designedly bare and simple narration, not extending through half a page. We are hurried away from the scene as from Beaufort's death-bed:—

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all,
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close."

Such is a rude analysis of a romance which captivated the hearts and imaginations of Europe, and, we might almost add, the world. Its charm lay in its

LIVES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS

modelled representation
which have over-
ands of thousands, but
e been ashamed to con-
es, perhaps, favoured it,
the philosophy exhibited
and claims of happiness
allowed free scope by God
flows—at a maximum: his
responsibilities at a mini-
me the said "free scope"
can not, and will not be
he next best thing was to
course about the limitation;
or irreverently—after Young
—us taste of education sug-

was not long after fixed as a minister
state and "ennobled" man of letters, at
a German court. Of external changes,
therefore, we have none further to record
having any decisive bearing on his posi-
tion; but so much the more diligently
did he strive for inward progress. Cir-
cumstances and inclination resembled
his career to that of

"— the star
That maketh not haste
That taketh not rest."

at, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you
erent, you, take away her power;
call the spokes and follies from her wheel;
hurl the round nave down the hill of
away,
ow us to the fiend!"

Goethe says rightly, that "Werter"
did have formed an epoch at any
e. It was a page from the book of
man life, not a creditable one, per-
aps—not, in itself, a very instructive
ue, but truly and incorruptly re-
lered; unspoiled by petty additions and
glazings, and free from the affectation
of that maturer philosophy of which ex-
perience is the only teacher. The young,
therefore, caught it up as pregnant with
a sympathy for which their souls were
yearning; the middle-aged could not but
look with interest on so vivid a repre-
sentation of the perils they had escaped;
the old would not refuse to be interested
in reminiscences of earlier passions dis-
picted with such lively colours as to
supply the weakness of failing memory.
Like Schiller's "Robbers," both "Götz"
and "Werter" produced temporary ex-
travagances of a practical kind, and
Goethe was in some danger of being
ranked as a revolutionist of the most
ardent school. Yet his reputation fur-
thered him among the great, for as early
as 1776 he was introduced to the heir-
apparent of Weimar, who was passing
through Frankfort; and his destination

Journey, to Italy and to the Fran-
conia, whether he accompanied
Duke of Weimar in his early camp-
—part of which he has related
much vivacity—were the only gra-
terrutions to a very protracted
literary, æsthetic, and scientific dil-
The management of the theatre
mar was entrusted to him; and for
ever combined high intellectual
with so much business tact, and
eye for the affairs of the world
the presence and aid of Schill-
was given to the theatricals of
sant little town such as no
so narrow a sphere ever ob-
larger portion of the genius
was to be found in Weimara
bouring Jena; Goethe, Sch-
Wieland, Herder. The
now wanders through its c
even visits its lone garden
where in stately repose
plainly inscribed with the
two great German
scarcely believe that ar
so rich and varied in
an existence, but a vi-
tion there. Goethe
tracted numberless
of all classes
of old and new
to a sovereign
their own
to acknowledge
tourist
routes
which
com-
P

The fame of "Werter" reached down into the
regions of the grossest misapprehension.
proof of this we may mention, that to our re-
knowledge, at the time, when "Charlotte
Tomb of Werter" had become a favourite
for the embroidery of those days, our
girls were wont actually to quote it in
contumacious—"Credite poster!"—
at the *Tabac Water!* Truly has the
fame, "Ing reditor solo."

commit ourselves to pronounce on the scope of this manifold life-drama. Mr. Carlyle places in juxtaposition Goethe's tragedy of *Torquato Tasso* and the play of *Faust*. "The first paints, in simple gracefulness, the poetic temperament in conflict with the ordinances of vulgar life, a pure and touching picture, full of wisdom, calm depth, and unostentatious pathos; the second, of a still deeper character, images forth, in the superstitious tradition of *Faust*, the contest of the good principle in human nature with the bad; the struggle of man's soul against ignorance, sin, and suffering; the indirect subject of many, perhaps of all true poems; but here treated directly with a wild, mysterious impressiveness, which distinguishes this play from every other."

The *Second Part of Faust*, published only two-and-twenty years ago, seems rather designed to continue the legend, than to form a strict continuity with the first part. The popular myth makes *Faust* demand from the demon, *Helen of Sparta* as his bride. The idea of bringing Greece and the Middle Age together, may have had its peculiar charms for a poet who had entered so deeply into the genius of both. Certain it is, that many beautiful scenes are the result. The chivalrous homage with which *Helen* is so unexpectedly and unbelienically overwhelmed in *Faust's* castle, on her escape from the fearful omens that seemed to announce a cruel death in the palace of Menelaus—is a happy thought; and the blending of times and fashions is a difficulty triumphantly conquered. There are single passages of extreme finish, and replete with terse proverbial wisdom, satirically and otherwise didactic; while the tone of the whole is that of a new world, such as only a master-spirit can evoke from the formless abyss of imagination. A high moral aim is also distinctly apparent. The idle and foolish kind of consolation with which *Faust* had been deceived in the first part, is exchanged for that wholesome activity with which Goethe himself destroyed doubts, vapours, and life-weariness; and which he strenuously recommends to others. *Mephistopheles* finds ways, indeed, to pervert many of the results of his toils to others; but their healthful invigorating reaction on *Faust* himself, is manifest throughout. Practical and far-sighted philanthropy engages

him to the very close of life; even the physical blindness of age only renders more brilliant "the clear light within;" and when the Lemures are digging his grave, the sound of their spades seems, to his still ardent mind, the noise of his labourers' work, in prosecuting his beneficent designs. He leaves the world at the moment when his expectations are on the point of being fully realised; and the approach of dissolution does not prevent his joy. The legend is followed out in the last scene; only that *Faust* is pardoned and saved. It may be added that there is scarcely a line of this singular performance which is not richly suggestive, even though the connection of the parts is not always clear.

"Egmont" is a historical tragedy. Its composition was begun about a year after the first design for "*Faust*." Its catastrophe is depressing, even more so than that of "*Götz*;" and its argument and manner remind one not a little of Schiller's best plays. We have, besides them, several other dramas, each with peculiar beauties.

A rather unfriendly critic, describing Goethe's "*Hermann and Dorothea*" as "a narrative poem, in hexameter verse," says that "it has given more pleasure to readers not critical, than any other work of its author;" and adds: "It is remarkable that it travels humble ground, as respects both its subject, its characters, and its scenery. From this, and other indications of the same kind, we are disposed to infer that Goethe mistook his destination; that his aspiring nature misled him; and that his success would have been greater, had he confined himself to the *real* in domestic life, without raising his eyes to the *ideal*."

The "*Wahlverwandtschaften*" (Elective Affinities) is a romance, partly didactic, which has been strongly condemned on the charge of undervaluing the sanctity of the marriage tie, and looking favourably upon divorce. That such is not its intention, none who have fairly read it will assert; rather, it contains the most forcible protest against that neglecting of the first warnings of reason and conscience, which leads to such misunderstandings as issue in the frequent divorces of the Continent, and similar evils in other lands. That such *could* not have been its intention, we may

y infer, from the strictness of
his expressed opinions on the
subject; a strictness maintained in op-
tion to not a few of his friends.

like objection to "Wilhelm Meister" has been already indicated. Taste is to be sacrificed to truth. But the chief of the whole work must impress every understanding reader, as dignified earnestness, incomparably beyond the range of didactic romances. Both its "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," and his "Travels," are replete with wisdom.—grave and deep, though sad or needlessly severe. They deal with the most serious of all subjects—the conduct of life. The form of "Wilhelm Meister" is partly allegorical, at least, much of it can scarcely be otherwise denominated. The topography of its scenes is as little defined by longitude and latitude, as that of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" but has the charm of minutely and vividly depicting ordinary life. To attempt particular analysis of its contents would be a vain task. As little real as it would be conveyed thereby, is the description of a great painting. Hence to say, that the lesson of the epic appears to be, the necessity of wisdom in choosing an external scene of life, and the often repeated maxim of the stanza, as occurring in the story of "Wanderjahre," is hardly less than Mr. Carlyle's

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions of the problem (1.1) as $\varepsilon \rightarrow 0$. It is shown that the solutions of the problem (1.1) converge to the solutions of the problem (1.2) in the sense of the weak convergence in the space $L^2(\Omega)$. The convergence is proved by the method of the asymptotic expansion of the solutions of the problem (1.1) in the sense of the weak convergence in the space $L^2(\Omega)$. The asymptotic expansion of the solutions of the problem (1.1) is obtained by the method of the asymptotic expansion of the solutions of the problem (1.1) in the sense of the weak convergence in the space $L^2(\Omega)$.

[illegible]

clearly, that we cannot stifle the conviction that he must *oversee* all.

Goethe's occasional and shorter poems would of themselves confer on him the mastership in his art. He has extracted its beauty from almost every situation and relation in life; and that under the most diverse conditions of humanity, geographical and social.

Space compels us to hasten away from a notice of his shorter prose essays to his well-known autobiography, entitled *Wahrheit und Dichtung*.—"Truth and Poetry,"—and which seems to us emphatically a *chef d'œuvre* of genius. Of few other great men, even among those who have attracted most attention as literary sovereigns, have we so many personal details; and of none should we reasonably desire more. His career stretches over the most interesting period of modern history, and offers singular analogies and differences, as compared with other literary potentates. The establishment of an intellectual dominion is always a work of time. Apart from this condition, no brilliance of genius or talent, nor even force of character, can secure it. Of the triumvirate of literary sovereigns in modern Europe, Voltaire reached his 85th year, Johnson his 76th, Goethe his 82nd. Between the two latter there are other remarkable features of similarity. The recognition of their greatness arose in large measure from impressions derived through personal intercourse, and from the impulse they gave to the literature of the day. Their works, with one or two obvious exceptions, have been talked of *en masse*, far more than read and appreciated in detail. Hence, while the dominion of both was absolute over a large circle of worshippers during their lifetime, to the next generation it has become all but unintelligible. We should be still more removed from sympathy, but for a circumstance which is connected with the nature of their influence—that of both we have an abundance of personal records. If Johnson had his Plazzi and Boswell, Goethe had his Bettina, Eckermann, and Falk. With this analogy, there is a characteristic difference. Of Dr. Johnson's early years our information is of the scantiest; Goethe's childhood, on the contrary, stands before us as vividly as our own. This contrast is, we say, not trivial or accidental. None can understand the *child* but himself. The mother or

Macbeth and *Prospero* stand much farther off from our sympathies; they belong to a much more alien world than *Faust*. He is flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. We should as soon think of incorporating the miserable daubs which the traveller sees on the walls at "Auerbach's Cellar" in Leipzig, with our idea of Goethe's tragedy, as of assigning it a date and a locality. Those who can coolly and critically place the action of the drama in the 15th century, might fairly be expected to remind themselves at the commencement of his first soliloquy, that *Hamlet* "is fat and scant of breath;" or, when reading Euripides or Sophocles, punctiliously to recollect that the maidenly self-communings of *Iphigenia* and the dignified pathos of *Antigone*, were written to be shouted by men, through painted pasteboard! We are not much in love with such headings as we find in "Festus,"—"Scene, anywhere;" or, the analogous superscription,—"*Time, ad libitum*;" but the noblest parts of the "*Faust*" bear their own stamp of universality, needing no bush. Had its mysteries been more foreign to the poet himself, he could not have so impressed his readers with their validity. As it is, nothing is wanted to make this tragedy a life-drama that cannot become obsolete, and which no special latitude or longitude constrains. The gloomy study in which the drama opens, is the type of all such sublunary cells, where intellect does deadly battle with itself, or listens, in the intervals of the combat, to the fatal serenade of sensuous allurements. And the rest of the piece is rehearsed, in spirit, if not in detail, once in a lifetime at least, in the experience of all who are strong in mind, and strong in passion also.

There has been no lack of competitors in the field of the supernatural. "Monk" Lewis stumbled on a rich vein of imagination; but the skill of the refiner was wanting. In our own time, Nathaniel Hawthorne, in some of his fugitive pieces, has given remarkable proof of a power to bridge over the chasm between the two worlds; and his "*Scarlet Letter*" has the atmosphere and lurid light of the neutral territory, though the machinery is scrupulously human. Bulwer has a noble mark in "*Zanoni*;" but he disappoints us when our expectations are at the highest. His "*Dweller on the Threshold*" thrills us with a pre-

sent awe; but it has no power to soothe and enchant our *reason*, like the *Faust* in "*Faust*;" and the author does not in abjuring this "*rough magic*," if we have fully tested its weakness—changing the scene to the real life of the Reign of Terror. We have such firm philosophical basis to rest as in the song of the "*Erdgeist*," leaves us in doubt whether the standing or the fancy is more appropriate, so nicely does it stand on the lines of both:—

"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave, in endless motion:
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving,
The fire of the living;
'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time!
And weave for Goethe's garment the
finely."

After several months' relaxation at home, Goethe went to Strasburg, in view to health, learning, and he was to enjoy the cheerful scene of Alsace, and the liveliness of the Gallicized society of its chief town, to continue his law studies, and to take a diploma. A brilliant variety of sciences, æsthetic, literary, and awaited him there. The cathedral, rising with its glorious spire above all human edifices, kindled in him an enthusiasm for "*Gothic*" art. The aspect of the building from below treasured up for future contempt with the mind's eye; and he caught an habitual vertigo, that he might the surrounding landscape and runners to the setting sun from top. In a treatise on "*German Architecture*," he enlarged, like a true mediatist, on the majesty of long-drawn and fretted vaults, to the gloom of its unmonumental builder, Erv Steinbach.

Among other incitements to the of the representative arts, were the pictures painted for the reception of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, she met the ministers of her dehusband, and passed the fatal hour of France. Some of the decor were beautiful as well as effective the dreadful nuptials of Jason and Medea were the fearfully ominous scene of those in the interior apartment though he had no presentiment of issue, Goethe was, at the time, shocked by the miserable *mal à l'œil* of the design.

latter, practical as well as ideal, gained the young poet as natural as shadow does substance. A big spell, uttered by the daughter French dancing master, seemed full in the unsatisfactory results of his return with Frederika Brion, the sister of a country clergyman at Seem; an episode which fills some of the sunnier, and other less pleasant, of the "Wahrheit und Dichtung" and which he is pleased to compare to the English "Year of Wake-

He crossed his path. A sur-
-ration—the object of his visit
-it was endured right man-
-as by no means conducive to the
-ing of a rather harsh and capri-
-temper. Goethe came in for many
-lts.—merited and unmerited.
-r was continually rallying and
-king him, going even the length
-ning upon his name in odiously
-allogered. But the spiritual coin
-ld to the lot of the young man
-the crude calculations, was ample
-ation. Of all German writers
-lished reputation, Herder was
-the most genial. His intellect
-tely productive in bold and gene-
-sion, and backed by vast stores
-ledge. He was foreign to a
-the weight of conviction
-his sudden attack
-his contemporaries.
-German, Heinrich Jung
-s and enthusiastic per-
-s and biography in-
-s as well and persi-
-Goethe's friend
-ow in points of the
-ity and the
-s well for the
-s mind, and
-s of his son
-s to abstain
-s and sorrows—
-s and I have
-s in the
-s of the
-s new school
-s would be
-s—
-s of
-s and
-s were
-s a strong spirit was born

struggling to body itself forth from the most discordant elements, and what was at last to rise as a fair universe of thought, still rolled as a dim and wasteful chaos." But from this chaos certain forms, dimly seen as yet, like the phantom-kings in Macbeth, were beginning to embody themselves in definite intention—"Götz of Berlichingen," "Faust," and "Julius Cæsar." A fragment of the last contains worthy and vigorous passages. Of the second we have spoken, and may have to speak again. The idea of the first seems to have been the product of two most diverse factors, old German Law, with its historical belongings, and the romantic ruins near the tributaries of the Rhine, Jaxthausen, where Götz lived, is a veritable castle; and the poet who has dramatized the life of its chivalrous occupant vastly increased its interest to tourists, as did the British translator of this drama—Sir Walter Scott—that of our English Kenilworth. "Götz of Berlichingen," or "Götz with the Iron Fist," is a dramatic representation of a stalwart self-helper, a more dignified Robin Hood of Germany in the sixteenth century; defending the oppressed, punishing the oppressor, and keeping his heritage together, after a right noble code of his own, for whose sanction he sometimes looked no farther than his individual conscience. Of his dangers and sufferings he has left a most graphic and not-unworthy memorial, which lies at the basis of Goethe's drama. In "Götz," Shakespeare's influence is patent to all, as far as an uncontested originality admits. Rather, perhaps, *both* have held an undistorting mirror up to Nature, while the historical groundwork of so many of Shakespeare's plays occasions the further analogy of *form*. The drama in question has this in common with Shakespeare, that its characters are not mere distance performers—rendering the office of the actor by profession *ad-able de-phen*—the shadow of a shade; they are not a company of hired as-actors, kings, ladies, and mortars, got together to perpetrate some dreadful deed, or study to hinder it, and talk about it, or to wait for a more man-outpious-for-excellent-someone, potential reasoner, and sibilant propositions, as the most of our *Shakespearean* actors do. They are well-fleshed and full. They can *act*, as well as *talk*, and they can *be*, as well as *act*, a virtue deemed superfluous be-

most dramatists. They are not conjured up, like that "faire-forged sprite" of the false Archimago, with "seeming body of the subtle aire;" lasting only through the five acts, and going out with the footlights. In no wise do they so act or speak, in order to melt, or terrify, or please us, the spectators, but of their own proper motion. We are the obliged party, who are allowed to witness a scene or two out of a homogeneous and consistent life; not *they*, by the permission so to display themselves. Full, complete existences move before us, instead of cheating masks, or those hollow elvish embossments, which, according to one of the fairy mythologies, simulate humanity in front, but will not bear turning round.

In Goethe's drama, for truth and freedom we could almost fancy that we had lighted upon a new play of Shakspeare in a German disguise. Not to dwell on the verisimilitude of *Götz* himself, whose every utterance is honour and straightforwardness; the very rhythm of whose expressions is the direct opposite of a creeping, sinuous rhetoric; the life-like portraiture of the fearfully beautiful and ambitious *Adelheid*, the weak and wretched *Weislingen*, the true-hearted *Sickingen* and *Lerse*, there is one other voucher for dramatic truthfulness which, though on a small scale, is as genuine a proof as we could desire. It is little *Carl*, *Götz's* son. We can see him as a fair pale boy, learning and reflecting more than his practical father could wish; obtruding his erudition just at the wrong time, as children will do; in short, a very mother's child, acting and prating with such living reality as only Shakspeare surpasses.

Like some of the historical plays of his greater master, this piece may easily be stripped of any pretension to be a compact and self-contained whole. Such dramas deal with that most unmanageable of quantities—that ever unfinished fractional quotient, of which character and circumstances are the large divisor and small dividend,—human life; and which, take it how we will, cannot be made to come out neat and full. It is urged by critics, that "*Götz*" is not always in the front rank; that other personages become the heroes (or heroines), while he sinks into the background. Probably enough; but is not the life of the best and the bravest thus lived,—calmly and peaceably, when there is nothing

worth doing to be accomplished; time to his *foils* around him to combat their tedious littlenesses and mean that at last he may come forth triumphantly with his greatness? The great man never was, and never was always upon the stage; and if to make his life be a legitimate emblem of the poet, he must be representatively.

Granting several obvious defects, play is luxuriantly rich in events, studded from beginning to end with costly jewels of a hearty and generous wisdom. The high and noble passion of knighthood shines out gloriously in this its last German representation, while the whole tallies well with citations of the priceless autobiography of *Götz* himself. There is many a sage of such chivalrous yet to pathos as might force us, "out honest truth, to play the woman when the good knight comes to the world of chicanery and treachery to men, we could fain die with him.

It would be an ungrateful task to pursue the contrast between this tonic Bayard, "sans peine et sans reproche," and the "belted knight" of the heroes sung by the romantic British translator of "*Götz*;"* but cannot refrain from noticing how different is its genuine heroism from the romantic hollowness of

"—the golden-crested, haughty M.
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight
The gibbet or the field prepared to graze
A mighty mixture of the great and base

This work first appeared in 1774, sustained more than one revision, and earned the author both fame and fortune. Next year, the still more "Werter" made its appearance; "*Götz*" was the expression of his generous sentiment, "*Werter*" the uplifting of all the floodgates of love and passion. Its substance is nothing else but a foolish, mawkish spair; but it is set forth with the earnestness of an enthusiastic and splendid treasures of an exuberant imagination; and, strange to say, with the insight of an acute philosopher. The most illiberal gloom is cloaked in beauty, and aimed at all vulgar points with the vigorous logic of

* This was Sir W. Scott's first literary production.

can refute all false impressions of its own
 self-deception and its own
 circumstances. It is as
 to the life as the emotions that
 and throb amid them. They are,
 a slightly overwrought transcript
 of the own feelings, mingled up
 completed with the actual fate of a
 whose suicide was a topic of recent
 past. It is the record of his own
 present peril, by one life-mariner, end-
 with the actual shipwreck of an
 on the self-same rocks, in that ver-
 . . . Sixty years since it would have
 almost an insult to "reading
 it," to suppose them unfamiliar
 a work of so European a reputation
 Werter." Now it may not be su-
 perfluous to say, that its hero is a young
 of intense susceptibilities for beauty
 poetry of all kinds; and equally
 prone to coarseness, misapprehension,
 and front. He is hopelessly in love
 a betrothed lady, and while endur-
 ing the miseries of despairing affection,
 undergoes an insult from a vulgar-
 ed social superior. Months of tor-
 are recorded by himself in a series
 of letters, whose beguiling charm bears
 similarity to that of the "Nouvelle
 Héloïse," and he quits the scene by
 shooting out his brains with a pistol,
 led from the unwitting hand of
 Lotte, the object of his adoration.

The introduction to "Werter" is mas-
 sive. The scene opens in a lovely
 spot, where the sentimental youth
 finds as in a paradise. His un-
 derstanding of happiness seems shared by all
 around him; and not the slightest agita-
 tion of outward or inward discomfort is
 allowed to disturb the impression of
 repose. One fatal serpent only
 is in the grass, ready to hiss and
 strike on occasion. Indolence and ab-
 solute relaxation are secretly preparing
 the way for a wild fury of affection.
 The youth is exchanged for the hopes and
 joys of love, and the landscape gradu-
 ally darkens. Surrounding objects and
 every character sympathize with
 his actor, as in the symbolism of
 great painters and dramatists—in
 nature always. In this last part
 of the winter seems to rule the
 half of the year; just as that
 of the season, "half pranked with
 white, with summer half-embrowned."

Some find fault with one point in the
 "Werter." Eckermann seems to think the
 of the pistol may have been the passage.

had prevailed in the first. The happy
 peasant family which helped to fill up
 the pleasant picture at the commence-
 ment, is reduced to utter misery. A
 rustic lover, whose raptures had been
 portrayed to us by the congenial pen
 of Werter himself, murders his rival
 in a paroxysm of jealousy, and is hur-
 ried off to death. Circumstances with-
 out, and the weary, hopeless grief
 within, combine to render the pathway
 to despair more precipitous and inex-
 tricable; every twig and fibre of sup-
 port to which the hand might cling—
 every coigne of vantage that might stay
 the giddy foot, gradually disappears.
 We watch with agonizing anticipation
 for the inevitable catastrophe, but long
 ere the unhappy traveller takes the
 last, deep plunge down the slippery sides
 of the rock, he has become enamoured
 of his fate; all proffered help is refused,
 or warily evaded with the stubborn
 guile of desperation.

And whereas each throb of the suf-
 ferer's heart is revealed, no efficient
 means of alleviation is allowed to make
 itself visible. No counteraction of
 sound reason permits our emotion to-
 wards him to assume the degrading
 form of mere pity. Werter pleads his
 own cause, or rather that of despair;
 and we hear the other side only through
 his own lips. The arguments of friends
 and relatives are weakened and per-
 verted before they meet the eye of the
 reader; and reason itself seems sub-
 orned to aggravate a blind and wilful
 sorrow. A just appreciation of its in-
 sanity is only possible when the elo-
 quent victim has ceased to be his own
 advocate, and then the sad catastrophe
 itself is ready to take up the fallen
 brief, and to urge a more forcible ar-
 gument in arrest of judgment, through
 the open ear of pity. The poet's art is
 regal in this, that he delays the very
 opportunity of objective contemplation
 till the end, and finishes the book in a
 few words of designedly bare and sim-
 ple narration, not extending through
 half a page. We are hurried away
 from the scene as from Beaufort's death-
 bed:—

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all,
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close."

Such is a rude analysis of a romance
 which captivated the hearts and imagina-
 tions of Europe, and, we might almost
 add, the world. Its charm lay in its

being an untrammelled representation of those feelings which have overpowered the minds of thousands, but which they have been ashamed to confess. The times, perhaps, favoured it. A miserably false philosophy exhibited man's capacity and claims of happiness—were he but allowed free scope by God and by his fellows—at a maximum: his duties and responsibilities at a minimum. Since the said "free scope" could not, can not, and will not be allowed, the next best thing was to rant and curse about the limitation: reverently or irreverently—after Young or Byron,—as taste or education suggested.

"Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and felloes from her wheel;
And bow the round nave down the hill of
heaven,
As low as to the fiends!"

But Goethe says rightly, that "*Werter*" would have formed an epoch at any time. It was a page from the book of human life, not a creditable one, perhaps—not, in itself, a very instructive one, but truly and incorruptly rendered; unspoiled by petty additions and glossings, and free from the affectation of that maturer philosophy of which experience is the only teacher. The young, therefore, caught it up as pregnant with a sympathy for which their souls were yearning; the middle-aged could not but look with interest on so vivid a representation of the perils they had escaped; the old would not refuse to be interested in reminiscences of earlier passions depicted with such lively colours as to supply the weakness of failing memory.*

Like Schiller's "*Robbers*," both "*Gotz*" and "*Werter*" produced temporary extravagances of a practical kind, and Goethe was in some danger of being ranked as a revolutionist of the most ardent school. Yet his reputation furthered him among the great, for as early as 1776 he was introduced to the heir-apparent of Weimar, who was passing through Frankfurt; and his destination

was not long after fixed as a miniature and "ennobled" man of letters at a German court. Of *external* character, therefore, we have none farther to have any decisive bearing on his life; but so much the more did he strive for inward progress, circumstances and inclination reserving his career to that of

" — the star
That maketh not haste
That taketh not rest."

Journey, to Italy and to the Elector's court, whither he accompanied the Duke of Weimar in his early camp—part of which he has related with much vivacity—were the only interruptions to a very protracted literary, æsthetic, and scientific diligence. The management of the theatre at Weimar was entrusted to him; and few, if ever combined high intellectual power with so much business tact, and an eye for the affairs of the world.

The presence and aid of Schiller at Weimar was given to the theatricals of that small little town such as none of so narrow a sphere ever obtained. A larger portion of the genius of Germany was to be found in Weimar and the neighbouring Jena; Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder. The traveller now wanders through its quiet streets, even visits its lone garden-like Friedhof, where in stately repose lie two so plainly inscribed with the names of two great German dramatists, scarcely believe that an intellect so rich and varied had once no other existence, but a vigorous manifestation there. Goethe's genial temperament attracted numberless admirers and visitors of all classes. Emperors and kings of old and new dynasties, did he to a sovereignty whose rivalry their own they were not unwilling to acknowledge. Not a few English tourists diverged from the *grand routes* to find their way to a town which had risen from obscurity to become the Teutonic Athens. A British visitor was Goethe's biographer—in some respects we may call him disciple,—Mr. Carlyle. Besides casual notices of our countrymen, a most interesting correspondence exists in the collected works of the German. There is a letter, dated Cripplegate, September 25, 1828, in the Introduction to a German translation of Carlyle's life of Schiller, 1

* The fame of "*Werter*" reached down into the regions of the grossest misapprehension. As a proof of this we may mention, that to our certain knowledge, at the time, when "*Charlotte*" at the Tomb of *Werter*" had become a favourite subject for the embroidery of those days, country school-girls were wont actually to quote it in pure innocent ignorance—"Credit poster!"—as "*Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter!*" Truly has the poet said of fame, "*Ingreditur solo.*"

Italy, seems to have inherited
much of his father's powers.

The intellectual results of this long
life of peace, lasting till his death,
some five and fifty years, or more, are
innumerable. For Greek art,

the cherished enthusiasm to which
"Iphigenie," among innumerable
works, bears testimony. His com-
ments on Winckelmann's character and
works distinctly show his own admira-
tion for the calm, sublime productions

Hellas, in preference to the works of
the great mediæval period. On this
subject—one of the most concerning
universities of our days—we could
add to adduce Goethe's own remarks

length, but space forbids. The
temple of Strasburg, ever pointing to
extramundane, the plus ultra, and
Parthenon, with its long range of

columns, reaching, rather than spurning,
the far untried earth on which it
stands, are the fittest symbols for these
two schools of expression. Which of

them is really more fitted to the promise
of a time when a Divine glory shall
spread the world, and God's taber-
nacle shall be with men, is a more perti-
nent question than is generally taken

granted. Goethe's leanings may
be made to say for themselves on the
subject, which this question suggests,
as we have time to examine. It may
be inappropriate here to mention

now so largely acknowledged. But,
like many other great men, he was much
mistaken in the ground on which he
based his expectancy of permanent
renown.

But the *literary* results of his labours
from the time of his settling at Weimar,
are far the most important; and they
show the advantage gained by outward
repose, in his having leisure to adjourn
their completion. A more and more
fixed and elevated tone exhibits itself
with advancing years; and there are
marked ethical differences in different
parts of some of his works.—"Wilhelm
Meister,"—for instance, which stretches
over so considerable a period that the
conventional standard of morality in
society at large, must have undergone
some change during its composition.
When we compare the ethical tone of
fiction, even towards the close of the
last century, with what it is at present,
we shall scarcely wonder that undesirable
passages and sections are to be found
in parts of Goethe's works. Though he
could, and did frequently, produce with
astonishing rapidity, some of his best
works were very slowly perfected. The
first part of "Faust," which commonly
appropriates to itself the whole title,
was taken up at intervals during a quar-
ter of a century, or nearly so—from
1773 to 1797. "Wilhelm Meister"
covers a good portion of the author's
whole lifetime. The autobiography, or

commit ourselves to pronounce on the scope of this manifold life-drama. Mr. Carlyle places in juxtaposition Goethe's tragedy of *Torquato Tasso* and the play of *Faust*. "The first paints, in simple gracefulness, the poetic temperament in conflict with the ordinances of vulgar life, a pure and touching picture, full of wisdom, calm depth, and unostentatious pathos: the second, of a still deeper character, images forth, in the superstitious tradition of *Faust*, the contest of the good principle in human nature with the bad; the struggle of man's soul against ignorance, sin, and suffering; the indirect subject of many, perhaps of all true poems; but here treated directly with a wild, mysterious impressiveness, which distinguishes this play from every other."

The *Second Part of Faust*, published only two-and-twenty years ago, seems rather designed to continue the legend, than to form a strict continuity with the first part. The popular myth makes *Faust* demand from the demon, *Helen of Sparta* as his bride. The idea of bringing Greece and the Middle Age together, may have had its peculiar charms for a poet who had entered so deeply into the genius of both. Certain it is, that many beautiful scenes are the result. The chivalrous homage with which *Helen* is so unexpectedly and un-hellenically overwhelmed in *Faust's* castle, on her escape from the fearful omens that seemed to announce a cruel death in the palace of Menelaus — is a happy thought; and the blending of times and fashions is a difficulty triumphantly conquered. There are single passages of extreme finish, and replete with terse proverbial wisdom, satirically and otherwise didactic; while the tone of the whole is that of a new world, such as only a master-spirit can evoke from the formless abyss of imagination. A high moral aim is also distinctly apparent. The idle and foolish kind of consolation with which *Faust* had been deceived in the first part, is exchanged for that wholesome activity with which Goethe himself destroyed doubts, vapours, and life-weariness; and which he strenuously recommends to others. *Mephistopheles* finds ways, indeed, to pervert many of the results of his toils to others; but their healthful invigorating reaction on *Faust* himself, is manifest throughout. Practical and far-sighted philanthropy engages

him to the very close of life; even the physical blindness of age only renders more brilliant "the clear light within;" and when the Lemures are digging his grave, the sound of their spades seems, to his still ardent mind, the noise of his labourers' work, in prosecuting his beneficent designs. He leaves the world at the moment when his expectations are on the point of being fully realised; and the approach of dissolution does not prevent his joy. The legend is followed out in the last scene; only that *Faust* is pardoned and saved. It may be added that there is scarcely a line of this singular performance which is not richly suggestive, even though the connection of the parts is not always clear.

"Egmont" is a historical tragedy. Its composition was begun about a year after the first design for "*Faust*." Its catastrophe is depressing, even more so than that of "*Götz*;" and its argument and manner remind one not a little of Schiller's best plays. We have, besides them, several other dramas, each with peculiar beauties.

A rather unfriendly critic, describing Goethe's "*Hermann and Dorothea*" as "a narrative poem, in hexameter verse," says that "it has given more pleasure to readers not critical, than any other work of its author;" and adds: "It is remarkable that it travels humble ground, as respects both its subject, its characters, and its scenery. From this, and other indications of the same kind, we are disposed to infer that Goethe mistook his destination; that his aspiring nature misled him; and that his success would have been greater, had he confined himself to the *real* in domestic life, without raising his eyes to the *ideal*."

The "*Wahlverwandschaften*" (Election Affinities) is a romance, partly didactic, which has been strongly condemned on the charge of undervaluing the sanctity of the marriage tie, and looking favourably upon divorce. That such is not its intention, none who have fairly read it will assert; rather, it contains the most forcible protest against that neglecting of the first warnings of reason and conscience, which leads to such misunderstandings as issue in the frequent divorces of the Continent, and similar evils in other lands. That such *could not have been* its intention, we may

ly infer, from the strictness of Goethe's expressed opinions on the subject, a strictness maintained in opposition to not a few of his friends.

A like objection to "Wilhelm Meister" has been already indicated. Taste may be sacrificed to truth. But the spirit of the whole work must impress every understanding reader, as dignified and earnest, incomparably beyond the use of didactic romances. Both its parts—"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," and his "Travels," are replete with wisdom,—grave and deep, though not sad or needlessly severe. They deal with the most serious of all subjects—the conduct of life. The form of "Wilhelm Meister" is partly allegorical; at least, much of it can scarcely be otherwise denominated. The topography of its scenes is as little definable by longitude and latitude, as that of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" but has the charm of minutely and vividly depicting ordinary life. To attempt particular analysis of its contents would be a vain task. As little real as it would be conveyed thereby, in the description of a great painting, does it to say, that the lesson of the book appears to be, the necessity of self-deliberation, in choosing an external position in life, and the oft-repeated lesson conveyed in the stanza, as occurring at the end of the "Wanderjahre," was translated by Mr. Carlyle:—

"Keep not standing fix'd and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam!
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout hearts are still at home."

Its analyses of individual character and of systems of belief and action, are such as we have found nowhere else. We feel a strange thrill when the spring of our most secret purposes, which, as we thought, were concealed from all others, is suddenly touched by another. And the results of the movement objectively set before us with calm, clear, unerring delineation. Every possible experience, however alien apparently to a poet's own character, seems to be at his service. The "Bekannt nisse einer schöner Seele," in the "Wilhelm Meister," follows out minutely the steps of a religious conversion, and with indescribable warmth and truth; nor can such a poem be the work of a mere spectator. In so other states of mind and soul. In fact, the author sees everything so

clearly, that we cannot stifle the conviction that he must oversee all.

Goethe's occasional and shorter poems would of themselves confer on him the mastership in his art. He has extracted its beauty from almost every situation and relation in life; and that under the most diverse conditions of humanity, geographical and social.

Space compels us to hasten away from a notice of his shorter prose essays to his well-known autobiography, entitled *Wahrheit und Dichtung*,—"Truth and Poetry,"—and which seems to us emphatically a *chef d'œuvre* of genius. Of few other great men, even among those who have attracted most attention as literary sovereigns, have we so many personal details; and of none should we reasonably desire more. His career stretches over the most interesting period of modern history, and offers singular analogies and differences, as compared with other literary potentates. The establishment of an intellectual dominion is always a work of time. Apart from this condition, no brilliance of genius or talent, nor even force of character, can secure it. Of the triumph of literary sovereigns in modern Europe, Voltaire reached his 85th year, Johnson his 76th, Goethe his 82nd. Between the two latter there are other remarkable features of similarity. The recognition of their greatness arose in large measure from impressions derived through personal intercourse, and from the impulse they gave to the literature of the day. Their works, with one or two obvious exceptions, have been talked of *en masse*, far more than read and appreciated in detail. Hence, while the dominion of both was absolute over a large circle of worshippers during their lifetime, to the next generation it has become all but unintelligible. We should be still more removed from sympathy, but for a circumstance which is connected with the nature of their influence,—that of both we have an abundance of personal records. If Johnson had his Piozzi and Boswell; Goethe had his Bettina, Eckermann, and Falk. With this analogy, there is a characteristic difference. Of Dr. Johnson's early years our information is of the scantiest. Goethe's childhood, on the contrary, stands before us as vividly as our own. This contrast is, we say, not trivial or accidental. None can understand the child but himself. The mother or

the nurse may admire and even worship; but the tenderest devotee cannot comprehend. "Childish things" require the spirit of the child to know them. His little world is formed chiefly from within: for the most determined idealist has no such power of subjective creation. There can, then, be no complete "Life" which does not begin with an Autobiography. Now the constant aim of the great German was self-development. He noted every stage of the process with scientific impartiality. His writings abound in personal reminiscences, meeting us in professed "Annals" and "Journals," and they re-appearing in philosophical novels and dramas.

On the other hand, the great Englishman *cannot* write an autobiography,—scarcely a part of one. We turn for a specimen of such an endeavour to his "Journey to the Western Islands." But so far from discoursing of *himself*, it is almost impossible for him to keep within any reasonable distance even of his path of *travel*. Amid disquisitions on man in general, and savage or half savage life in particular, it requires an effort to remember that our pilgrimage is among the mists and rocks of the Hebrides; the vast solitudes of Highland glens are peopled with classic forms; a Scotch mountain is used as vantage ground for glances at "the Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenean, and the River Po;" and we are compelled to traverse "the plain of Marathon," in being introduced to "the ruins of Iona."

It is Goethe's peculiar merit that the present, the actual, even the trivial, is presented in his writings as a symbol of high truth. He can make the outside of life *perfectly transparent* for the revelation of its profoundest depths. His parable seldom needs an interpretation, never a lengthened commentary; or, if it does, we must be content to leave it hopelessly obscure. Treblely important in his estimation and teaching is every event or circumstance that has an influence on the rest of life. Especially therefore, in the commencement, he can regard nothing as common-place. Higher up in the edifice, a brickbat, or a tile, may be a non-essential; it may fall out or remain in, without exciting notice or causing damage. But if it be part of the foundation it must be regarded as essential to the stability of the whole.

Other poets besides Goethe have written of their early days. In all cases "the child is father to the man." In the life of the bard, "the natural piety" resulting from this connection is peculiarly binding. The vision of earth's brightest colours, its choicest fragrance, and most jubilant music, is granted only to children. Once lost or misprized, it is caught up into heaven, not again to be vouchsafed. The poet is he who remembers most of it, and can describe it most clearly. From Horace, recalling the early inspiration breathed on the

"Non sine Dis animosus infans,"

down to the sadly pleasing story of our own Hartley Coleridge, Wordsworth's dictum has received special confirmation in the biography of poetry. He himself has given us bright glimpses of his youth in the "Prelude," a poem far too lightly estimated. But here the splendour from within, like the dazzling haze in some of Turner's landscapes, obscures the outline, and blends the colours. We are in a land of lakes and mountains—"meet nurse for a poetic child"—but "clouds of glory," borne thither from the antenatal element, overshadow us and them. We "breathe empyreal air;" but we are only half-conscious of the environment. Goethe's pictures are clear as the summer landscapes of the continent; bright and sunny as his own Frankfort in the finest days of June. Not only eye and ear, but every sense sympathises with the utterly child-like pleasures which he summons before us. We feel that in Goethe, reflection is perfectly counterbalanced by a clear, decided outlook on the world around him. His portrait says so. That of Wordsworth bespeaks exactly the contrary. Instead of the bright eagle-glance of the German, we have the introverted look of one who *listens* rather than *sees*, or who gazes—not upon the veritable picture of outward things—but upon a scene built up from within, conjured up by the harmonies of Nature, and bearing little other relation to it,—rising

"—like an exhalation with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;"

a world for spiritual habitation only, not shared in common, as the noblest "real scenery is, by the tax-gatherer, the land-owner, the tenants, and the

act, but the exclusive freehold of the act." All Wordsworth's descriptions of nature lapse into this intuition. He even tells us that, on the actual sight of Mount Blenc, he

"—gazed
That gave a useless image on the eye
That had hurried upon a living thought
That never more could be."

The "Confessions of an English Opium-eater" now happily re-appearing in a supplemented form, more closely approach the "Dichtung und Wahrheit" as a vivid but deeply reflective sketch of childhood. With De Quincey's fearfully hostile paper on Goethe, in a well-known encyclopedia open before us, we fear this may be regarded by him as a compliment. The "Confessions" are unapproachable in their order; but their object requires no such fulness or minuteness of description as Goethe's.

In fact, thus to have idealized his life is an achievement peculiar to the subject of this sketch; and it points to one of his excellencies on which the reader's patience must excuse one or two further remarks.

Of all his intellectual works, that on which Goethe set most store was—*Himmels Ruh*. "Time had been when men's whole existence turned in passive architecture

on the great axis of the world, conducts the great wheel of the world. But when all this ceased, they, like a vessel, and disordered, like a vessel, were left to drift, and for the first time, the great axis and poles of Nature were lost, and the proportion of one or two parts of the world to another, and the vast continuity of existence, and the unity of the world, were lost.

And when all this ceased, the leading up to the great axis, the great continuity of existence, the great unity of the world, were lost. And when all this ceased, the leading up to the great axis, the great continuity of existence, the great unity of the world, were lost.

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but to the building up of a Man; a soul complete in all its proportions. Doubtless he failed in many points; we might point out defects to be avoided; but his object was clearly before him; for this he worked, and in this work he is admirable and worthy of the imitation of all men.

Additional personal characteristics we will only glance at. Schiller describes him as of the middle height, still, and by no means, at first, attractive in manner, but with a bright overpowering eye. His converse was fluent and easy, and the more he was known, the deeper was the interest felt in him; but though his features, especially in youth, were so noble and attractive, he laboured under those disadvantages in society which the deeply serious man can scarcely fail to encounter. In large assemblies, he tells us, "his heart was shut." Age mellowed and beautified his character. All his faculties stayed with him to the last; and his 81st year, in which he died, found him in his "work-room" still. We have lively pictures of this generous old age in Eckermann's book of Conversations.

"Quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat v. luti descripta tabella
Virescentis."

In conclusion we would observe that, with some imperious drawbacks, Goethe has done great good in rebuking that negative view of things which viruously excludes the Supreme Life from a portion of His universe; that he has given ample and positive testimony to the fact that for art and for all other living products of human intellect, there is not, there cannot be, any true *negatives* without the shining belief of a Present and Living God. The men of old had thus, in a form not pure indeed, but maintained with the earnest and conviction of Men. Towards a resurrection of this conviction, with all its fair and joyous accompaniments, a *renaissance* of beauty and noble intellectual strivings, with the highest sanctions, and the rewarding them as was truly pertaining to the ideal, the one man of modern times has laboured with some degree of enthusiasm and energy. WOLFGANG.

DOMINIQUE FRANÇOIS ARAGO.

THE death of M. Arago leaves in the ranks of the French Institute a vacuum which will not easily be filled. Astronomy, meteorology, the different branches of natural philosophy were never elucidated by a *savant* better qualified for his task; his name had become associated, more especially, with all the mysteries of cosmography, and he was accordingly considered as the grand authority respecting aerolites, shooting stars, and comets either with or without tails. *Arago* *dit* served as a sanction for every popular theory on atmospheric influences; nay, if he had determined to draw up a scheme of nativity, it is extremely probable that he would have dethroned both old Moore and Zadkiel himself. To speak seriously, M. Arago's reputation was principally grounded upon his talent as a lecturer for the masses; leaving others to discuss abstruse problems and to pore over books bristling with equations, he aimed chiefly at the glory of bringing down the results of those truths Laplace, Newton, or Ampère had discovered, to the level of an everyday audience; he sought and obtained the useful laurels which deck the brows of practical educators. Many will say that this position and course of studies should have secured to M. Arago general approbation and the thankful acknowledgment of all men really interested in the progress of science. But such has not been the case. The director of the Paris observatory, the secretary of the Institute, the friend of Humboldt and Brougham, has been the subject of controversies so violent that they cast into the shade the celebrated feuds of the *romantiques* and the *classiques*.

"Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l'âme des *savants*!"

We have only altered the last word of the above line to apply it on the present occasion, and, certainly, those who hitherto may have supposed that x and y binomials and logarithms are incompatible with heated passions, need only read M. Arago's life to find themselves woefully mistaken. He has been called a quack, a dunce, a humbug, by people who think that Chambers's educational course is the profanation of learning, and that philosophy is all the better for being *deep*, i. e.

unintelligible. Some folks, to this day, support the contemptuous expressions they employ when speaking about M. Arago, by the extraordinary statement that he was fourteen years old before he knew how to read! The fact, if it were true, seems to us by no means conclusive; but it is not true, and the illustrious man whose loss France cannot mourn over too much, had shown evidences of his brilliant gifts at an age when his detractors were still groping for his way amidst the mazes of abstraction.

DOMINIQUE FRANÇOIS ARAGO was born on the 26th of February, 1786, at Estagel, near Perpignan, in the south of France. His father, who held some situation under government, gave him an excellent education, and did all his limited means allowed, to push on an intelligent young man upon whom was to devolve in after-life, according to all probability, the care of providing for a numerous family. From the college of Perpignan, Dominique proceeded to that of Montpellier, where the course of instruction delivered was on a larger scale, and conducted by superior teachers. It may be proper to notice here that the analytic character of French metaphysics during the eighteenth century resulted at any rate in one good effort.—it drove multitudes to the culture of the exact sciences, and formed a school of men pre-eminently distinguished in that respect. Condorcet, Laplace, Euler, D'Alembert, Lagrange, almost revolutionized the higher branches of mathematics; the wars of the revolution, calling forth to the frontiers a body of artillery-officers and engineers, added another stimulus; and the foundation of the Polytechnic School opened a wide field of activity both for pupils and masters. Young Arago was admitted into that celebrated establishment at the early age of eighteen. The accuracy of his knowledge and his general proficiency secured for him the first place amongst his competitors, and he reached from the very beginning the position he has kept ever since. It is said that when he presented himself as a candidate for pupilage, his answer to the first question so astonished the examiner that he declined putting a second, and

sent him to the Institution with high compliments.

The pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique are supposed to be fully qualified in the course of two years for efficient service in either military or civil engineering. M. Arago's first appointment was that of secretary to the Board of Longitudes, and as such the Emperor ordered him to join the scientific expedition organized under the direction of M. Biot, for the purpose of measuring the arc of the meridian. As early as 1670, a Frenchman, named Picard, had begun a series of calculations on the radius of the earth, so as to obtain its diameter; after him, journeys had been accomplished with the same object in view by Cassini, La Condamine, Maupertius, and Clairault. But the mathematical instruments used at that time did not possess the necessary delicacy, and *savants* had often either to give up the idea of prosecuting their investigations, or to remain satisfied with merely approximate results. Borda's *corde repeteuse*, a most ingenious piece of mechanism, at last raised every obstacle, and MM. Mechain and Delambre were enabled to measure with the utmost exactness the arc of the meridian comprised between Dunkirk and Barcelona. The object of the journey undertaken by M. Arago and Borda's command, and in which M. Biot was to follow up Borda's calculations for the arc included between Barcelona and the Balearic Islands. Although the whole of Europe was then in arms, the claims of science readily obtained the notice which the nations will award to their united interests. The Spanish government appointed two eminent mathematicians, Gages, and Rodriguez, to join the French expedition, and kindred arrangements were made, when political considerations did not wholly mispend the time.

An auxiliary triangle was constructed, in order to join Ivica to Sardinia. The base of that triangle was 120 leagues in length, about 65 leagues of its sides measured nearly 100 leagues, or 41 leagues. MM. Arago and Arago took their position at the apex of the triangle on one of the most prominent in Catalonia, the *Mont de l'Establiment* themselves at the other on the island of Ivica. In 1807, after many months' tedious toil, the operations were happily finished. M. Biot returned to Paris that he

might quietly proceed with such calculations as could be done in the retirement of the study; M. Arago joined M. Rodriguez at Ivica. Here begins one of the most romantic incidents on record, in the annals of scientific inquiry. The interesting travels of Humboldt himself contains nothing to match, in point of adventure, the details of the next period in M. Arago's life. He was still busily engaged upon his work, when war broke out afresh. His position at Galatzo, in Ivica, the instruments which he constantly used, and to which the people were not accustomed, everything looked suspicious about him; he was immediately set down as a spy. The fanaticism of the Spaniards easily caught flame, his residence was mobbed, he had the greatest difficulty in escaping with his life, and all that the entreaties and intercessions of M. Rodriguez could obtain for the unfortunate Arago, was leave to embark on a ship bound for Algiers. He had managed, though with no small trouble, to save his instruments and papers; the Dey received him very courteously, and allowed him to take his passage for France, in a vessel belonging to his own government. The crew put off to sea under the most favourable auspices; they were almost in sight of the French coast, when a Spanish privateer attacked them and Arago found himself a prisoner. He was first conveyed to the fort of Rosas, then to the pontoons of Talamas, where he had to undergo the most exact treatment, and to expiate the mishap of belonging to *la grande nation*. In seizing, however, upon the Algerine frigate, the Spaniards had violated the treaty which still existed between the two countries, and the Dey demonstrated in so spirited a manner, that the crew, the passengers, and the cargo were released. Set free once more, Arago thought that this time he had done with perils both of sea and of robbery; the ship was actually in the Marseilles road, when a violent squall arose and drove the ill-fated expedition into the neighbourhood of Sardinia. It so happened that, at that time, considerations of a political nature rendered it impossible for the Algerines to think of seeking hospitality on the coast of the island; they therefore resolved to make for Africa as fast as they could, and when they discovered that the ship had sprung a leak,

they felt that every moment's delay was bringing them into imminent jeopardy. In the meanwhile, a change had taken place in the government of Algiers; the new Dey, instead of continuing to M. Arago the protection which his predecessor had so kindly granted, resolved upon securing his services as a slave, and he appointed him to the post of interpreter on board one of the cruisers which still infested the Mediterranean. The French consul had to exert all his influence, for the purpose of averting the danger which now threatened M. Arago from the quarter, where he had before found so much courtesy, and such ready assistance. At length the secretary of the Board of Longitudes finally left Africa, and after very narrowly escaping capture by an English vessel, he landed at Marseilles.

So much labour, such perseverance, such devotedness to the interests of science, demanded and obtained an acknowledgment: the Institute for once infringed upon its own regulations, and elected M. Arago, although he was not yet twenty-three years old. He was also named to a professorship in the Ecole Polytechnique, and he delivered there a course of lectures upon geometry and analysis, which he continued till his *début* in the political career, during the parliamentary session of 1831. M. Arago attracted the notice of the Emperor, who was always more partial to scientific men than to *littérateurs*, or as he called them *idéologues*. It is very well known that when, after the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon thought of retiring to the United States, and there devoting his time exclusively to the pursuits of science, he intended to take with him Arago as his companion. This was no slight honour; a distinction of such a character must say much for the person upon whom it is conferred.

We must now direct attention to the principal discoveries made by M. Arago in natural philosophy, and, in doing so, shall endeavour to be as concise, and at the same time as clear, as the subject will allow. The axioms or the deductions of electricity, for instance, cannot be made to read like a fashionable novel; and even whilst avoiding formulae and equations, we are conscious that a summary of scientific facts must seem comparatively dull. We shall do our best, however.

One of the most interesting phenomena in connection with physical science is what is called the polarization of light. "If," says Sir D. Brewster, "we transmit a beam of the sun's light through a circular aperture into a dark room, and if we reflect it from any crystallized or uncrystallized body, or transmit it through a thin plate of either of them, it will be reflected and transmitted in the very same manner, and with the same intensity, whether the surface of the body is held above or below the beam, or on the right side or on the left, or on any other side of it, provided that in all these cases it falls upon the surface in the same manner—or what amounts to the same thing, the beam of solar light has the same properties on all its sides; and this is true of light emitted from candles or any luminous bodies, and all such light is common light." If light be made to fall upon a piece of glass placed at the angle of incidence of $56\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, it then becomes separated into two rays, the one part transmitted and the other reflected. If the glass be made to revolve round in a circle on its axis, the reflected ray, passing off in equal angles with the original ray, will at some positions be transmitted, in others reflected, again transmitted, and so on, which proves that a ray of light possesses different sides, two having the property of transmission, and two of reflecting: more especially is the case established, when, the intensity being the same, there is a marked difference in the brightness of the transmitted and reflected ray. Philosophers thinking, therefore, that light had *poles* as a magnet, termed a ray thus conditioned *polarized*. When a prism is used in different positions the two rays will vary in extent, sometimes be doubly refracted, and, in fact, present such variations as corroborates the truth of light having sides. In an instrument contrived to demonstrate the polarization of light, when turned 90 degrees from the starting point, it undergoes a total change from reflection to transmission, and regularly changes from one to the other at each 90 degrees or quadrature of the circle.

It is found that in all bodies where there seems to be a regularity of structure, as salts, crystallized minerals, all animal and vegetable bodies, on light passing through them, it is divided into

ch at first was red, became in succession orange, yellow, yellow-green, violet, after which the same series tint-would of course recur. It is **lent** that this is just what would take ce, supposing the several coloured v at this convergence from the rock stal-to-be polarized in different planes; l to this conclusion M. Arago came.

wrote a couple of extremely interesting papers on what has since been led the phenomena of circular polarization, and read them before the Institute, in the year 1811.

New facts are constantly being added the accumulated data of natural philosophy. M. Arago's discovery has consequently followed the general law, and en applied more extensively than it is at first: some of the most beautiful periments that can be exhibited in e course of a scientific *conversazione*, e based upon the labours of the each philosopher, and very useful sults have been deduced from what appears at first glance a merely idle vestigation. If with a plate of tourmaline we examine a polarized ray of ut light, as it passes through a ystallized substance, having a single is, there are seen rings of various matic colours, which change as the sition of the tourmaline is altered. On e axis of the tourmaline being brought to the plane of polarization, a rich ck cross is seen across the coloured

which is used by the sugar manufacturer to ascertain the quantity of saccharine matter in the juice of the beet-root; by the brewer, to learn the amount of sugar in the wort; and by the medical professor, the extent of sugar in the secretions of the diabetic patient.

We turn now to another subdivision of natural philosophy, and will endeavour to say a few words concerning M. Arago's investigations in the comparatively new science of electro-magnetism. We find his name here associated with those of Ampere and Biot in the development of a series of theories and experiments singularly interesting. Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, was the first who described the analogies between magnetism and electricity. In 1819, by bringing a magnetic needle in the direction of a voltaic current, he ascertained that the conducting wire is itself magnetic. He found also that the nature of the conducting medium is immaterial to the result, and that whether the voltaic circuit be compelled through metals or through a fluid, the magnetic needle is equally affected; being deflected in one direction when placed over the conductor, and in the opposite direction when under it.

The discovery was no sooner made known than all those who were engaged in scientific researches throughout Europe pursued the inquiry with diligence, and continually elicited addi-

them, a very considerable quantity could be taken up by it, exactly the same as the extremity of a bar magnet; but the moment the contact was broken, the filings fell. This fact proved, not only that the wire had the power of acting on bodies already magnetized, but that it was itself capable of developing magnetism in iron that did not previously possess this power. The same attraction took place with wires of brass, silver, platina, etc., and was so strong as to act on the filings when the wire was brought near them without actual contact. It was shown not to belong to any permanent magnetism in the wire or filings, by the inactivity of both when the connection was not made with the battery; and it was proved not to be electrical attraction, by the connecting wire having no power over filings of copper, or brass, or over saw dust. When soft iron was used, the magnetism given was only momentary; but on repeating the experiment with some modification, M. Arago succeeded completely in magnetizing a sewing needle permanently.

Without going further into the subject, we may just notice that in the process of the various investigations undertaken by M. Arago he had the benefit of the directions and advice of the celebrated M. Ampère, whose labours as a natural philosopher have ensured to him a European reputation. A spirit of rivalry was aroused between the *savans* of various nations, and whilst the members of the French Institute pursued their researches with strenuous ardour, Sir Humphry Davy, Professor Faraday, and others in England endeavoured likewise to expand the facts discovered by Oersted.

It will appear evident to all those who consider the subject with the slightest care, that the invention of the electric telegraph follows as the natural consequence upon a knowledge of the laws which regulate electro-magnetism. No wonder, therefore, if M. Arago felt interested in the general application of a communicating medium which is likely to be so useful for the purposes of geography and physical science. He organized with Professor Airy, the Astronomer Royal, a plan for corresponding by means of electricity between Greenwich and Paris, and it may safely be affirmed that the method he introduced for obtaining a powerful magnetizing

current is the only one which has secured for the electric telegraph all its efficiency.

M. Arago's discoveries in the science of magnetism were rewarded in England by the gift of a gold medal presented to him in the year 1829. He was one of the most eminent members of the Académie des Sciences, and besides a variety of memoirs, reports, notices, *éloges*, etc., he had established, together with Gay-Lussac, a periodical well known under the title, *Annales de Physique et Chimie*. But upon his appointment to the Paris observatory as director and manager in chief, he struck into quite a new path, and evinced in his duties as an astronomical lecturer powers equal, if not superior, to those he had hitherto displayed. For M. Arago's writings on magnetism, on light, on electricity, though remarkably suggestive and full of interest for those who have already mastered thoroughly the points discussed, are comparatively of little value to the great generality of readers. You must come to them prepared by a knowledge of algebraic processes, and it is impossible to understand the complete bearing of any theory introduced, if you cannot follow it through all the expressions of the mathematical language. As a teacher of astronomy, on the contrary, M. Arago is pre-eminently a man for the masses. With him the reader should take for granted all the calculations of Newton and Laplace. He should admit theorems which others have settled for his benefit, and assent to the laws of the solar system with the most childlike confidence. The great object of a lecturer who treats astronomy as M. Arago treated it, is clearness in his exposition, and simplicity in his statements. He must not dazzle, he must not be afraid of repetitions, he must not think that homely illustrations and an unscientific terminology are below his dignity. In that respect the only writer we would compare to M. Arago is the veteran Humboldt. Without for a moment wishing to disparage what we designate as scientific astronomy, we must allow that descriptive cosmography is at all events the only way of conveying to the minds of the majority truths which are still useful, still interesting, if even it cannot be seen how they have been elicited. After a long life devoted to the study of the heavens, when Ptolemy wrote on the walls of the temple

Board of Longitude. He thoroughly *knows* all that a sufficient knowledge of astronomy is within the reach of the ablest individual; and that every *man* who does direct his attention to that science can contribute even by the most humble observations to its progress.

The speaking of M. Arago brings naturally to our recollection the name of another well-known in France as a popular lecturer on the same science; we allude Fontenelle. His *Entretiens sur le Pluralité des Mondes*, published in 1686, is nothing else but a work destined to reduce the primary truths of astronomy in an attractive form before the inmates of drawing-rooms and the circles of fashion. The lady who said one day that M. de Cassini would be old enough to begin the eclipse over him if she was too late, was the type of Fontenelle's admirers. Our dandies of to-day are not quite so ignorant, it may be confessed; they require a character a little more accurate than the noted predecessor of M. Arago in the secretaryship of the Académie des Sciences. Fontenelle, so to speak, dressed up pernicious in the costume of Mademoiselle de Soudery, in order to render him respectable. M. Arago has only brought a within our reach.

We have elsewhere remarked when speaking of Cuvier, the harmonious blending of the various elements which constitute the scientific investigator and

after Pascal's death by the Messieurs de Port-Royal. M. Arago designates the latter as *d'Arnaud's* edition. Now, this cannot be a misprint, for the name *d'Arnaud* is twice repeated, and no erratum points it out as a blunder. We must conclude, therefore, that M. Arago, with all his learning, managed to mistake the great divine, *Antoine Arnaud*, for a third-rate scribbler, *Edmond d'Arnaud*, who died in the year 1851. This, unfortunately, is not all. We are sorry to add that M. Arago felt it necessary to defend Condorcet on the most objectionable grounds. Condorcet was an infidel; we might pity him deeply for that, and still respect, to a great extent, a conscientious man struggling for spiritual life amidst the wrecks of his belief. But Condorcet may be described as an irreligious fanatic, who never stopped to employ the vilest means in his attacks against Christianity. Condorcet was a Voltairian monomaniac, and that is the only excuse we can give for him. On the subject of religion he was *non compos mentis*. How can M. Arago have had the courage to stand by him in this indefensible position? How did he not perceive, that, whilst pronouncing a panegyric upon the mathematician and the writer, he was in no way compelled to carry his apology further?

In 1831, M. Arago took his seat in the chamber of deputies, and distinguished himself throughout his parliamentary

him. His stature is lofty, his hair is naturally curled and flowing, and his fine southern head rises over the assembly. In the muscular contractions of his temples there is a power of will and of thought which reveals a noble spirit. Unlike those speakers who address the house on every occasion, and who, nine times out of ten, are ignorant of what they talk about, Arago does not speak except on questions already prepared, and which combine the interest of the circumstance with the attractions of science. His speeches are, therefore, quite to the purpose as well as general, and appeal at once to the reason and the passions of his auditory. In this manner he soon comes to master them. The very moment he enters on his subject, he concentrates on himself the eyes and the attention of all. He takes science, as it were, between his hands; he strips it of asperities and its technical forms, and he renders it so clear that the most ignorant are astonished, as they are charmed at the ease with which they understand its mysteries. There is something perfectly lucid in his demonstrations. His manner is so expressive that light seems to issue from his eyes, from his lips, from his very fingers. He interweaves in his discourse the most caustic appeals to ministers—appeals which defy all answer; the most piquant anecdotes, which seem to belong naturally to the subject, and which adorn without overloading it. When he confines himself to the narration of facts, his elocution has all the graces of simplicity. But, when he is, as it were, face to face with science, he looks into its very depths, draws forth its inmost secrets, and displays all its wonders; he invests his admiration of it with the most magnificent language, his expressions become more and more ardent, his style more coloured, and his eloquence is equal to the grandeur of his subject.

When the events of 1848 were brought to a crisis the des France, M. Arago joined heartily the republican movement. He became a member of the Provisional Government and subsequently minister of Agriculture. But he never entertained the least sympathy for the Red party, and saw that the opinions of Ledru and Louis Blanc were likely to lead him to despair of republican institutions, in so far, at least, as they were applicable to his own country. In the terrible days of June, he took an active part against the insurgent head of the national guard.

After December, 1852, M. Arago felt that he could not hold any post as a ruler for whom he had no sympathy, and he sent in his resignation. Louis Napoleon very generously refused to accept it, and he continued to be associated with the veteran astronomer, taking the oath of obedience to the imperialist dynasty. M. Arago devoted himself exclusively to his scientific studies, and determined to wear out the latter portion of his life in the pursuit of those studies which had produced his greatest reputation. He was already hard at work upon his constitution, and every trace of youth was gone. He was found a corresponding echo in the poetic mind. He gradually sank, and died on the 2nd of October, 1888.

It is melancholy to notice the fate of the men who rose into political prominence with the revolution of 1848, two of whom have carried to the grave their hopes and bitter disappointments: M. Arago and M. Marrast. They were both deeply devoted to their political experi-

JOSEPH SMITH.

"THE Mormon Prophet an illustrious man!" We can fancy the exclamation as the eye glances on his name, and will not attempt to parry its force by elaborate quibbling. If ignorance, raising

itself from obscurity to promulgate opinions throughout the world—verance in the face of severe persecution—and zeal, despite numerous setbacks, that issues in success and at

therefore ventured to chronicle his

JOSEPH SMITH was born December 23, in the town of Sharon, Windham County, Vermont. Many marvellous events had occurred in connection with immediate ancestors. So, at least, we ought to believe in a work just issued for the candid perusal of all eyes, though amongst the uninitiated and "profane" they were far more deleterious for their bad character. When ten years old, he removed with his father to Palmyra, New York, in the neighbourhood of which he remained until he became a man. An attack of severe sickness, borne with exemplary patience, was the only thing which disturbed the tranquillity of his early life. As soon as he was able, he went to assist his father on his farm. Advantages were few, and his education exceedingly defective. He could not read well; his best essays in penmanship were imperfect; and even elementary rules of arithmetic were not easily fathomed, if at all. Hidden treasures of knowledge might be rich and powerful, but they were hidden in regions by him untrod and undiscovered; yet his mind was quick—observed and reflected. Religious feelings, it is said, were early developed. When about fourteen years of age, his favourite subjects of contemplation were the future state of being, the immortal relation to God. How glorious to prepare himself for that state, and to be clothed in boundless glory! This was the grand dream of his youth. He looked upon the various theories of opinion, and upon his ignorance incapable of bridging between them. He was perplexed, he turned to his kind friends and said, "If any of you

described at length the circumstances that affected him at this period. The reader will not be long in judging whether his statements are the transcript of an enthusiast who unconsciously invested facts with the colouring of his imagination, or the cunningly-concocted after-thoughts of a knave, endeavouring to impress mankind with the divinity of the mission he professed.

The account runs, that, having determined "to ask of God," he retired to a wood to make the attempt. It was the morning of a clear and beautiful day in 1820, and the spring had just clothed the surrounding scenery with its refreshing hues. Joseph had never yet, amidst all his anxieties, given utterance to his feelings in prayer; and now he knelt down, alone with his Maker, the blue sky peering through the canopying forest boughs. Scarcely had his lips begun to move, when the power of expression appeared entirely lost. Darkness gathered about him, and sudden destruction threatened to be his doom. Was it that conscience, whispering of eternal justice, had quenched the light of mercy by its sin-portraying revelations? He believed in the presence and power of some actual being from the unseen world, and, rousing every energy, called aloud to Heaven for deliverance from his foe. Immediately he saw exactly over his head a pillar of light, surpassing the sun in brilliance. It descended gradually upon him, not in fiery wrath but in heavenly glory. The fetters that had bound his soul fell off; his enemy was gone. Like the apostles on the mount of transfiguration, he stood wrapped in unearthly splendour. Above him, in the air, he beheld two personages clothed with ineffable splendour. One of them, calling him by name, pointed to the other and said, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." Joseph, thus encouraged, as soon as he regained his self-possession, recollected

Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and his People. By Lucy Smith. Mother of the Pro-

his especial design in coming to pray, and enquired of his celestial visitants, which of all religions was right, and which he should join. The answer was, that he should join none, for they were all wrong, that their creeds were an abomination and their professors corrupt. Many other things were communicated; and when the dazzling vision passed away, the youthful seer found himself stretched on his back, looking up into heaven.

It was not long before Joseph mentioned these things to some who were interested in the excitement then generally prevailing respecting divine truth. As might have been expected, he met with ridicule and opposition.

Nothing of importance occurred from this time till the 21st of September, 1823, on the evening of which day he relates, that, in answer to prayer, he beheld another manifestation of supernatural glory. His room was filled with more than noon-day radiance. Beside his bed there stood a personage, whose countenance was as lightning, and his garment exquisitely white and without seam. He seems to have minutely observed the peculiarities of his dress: — "His hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist; so also were his feet naked, as were his legs a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom." This angelic messenger, whose name was Nephi, informed him that he was an instrument of God, chosen for the accomplishment of great purpose; that the covenant with ancient Israel concerning their posterity, was about to be fulfilled; that the work preparatory to Christ's second coming and millennial reign was now to commence; that there were many hidden revelations and prophecies, which should be made known for the furtherance of these designs; and that he should be permitted to place the sacred records containing them before the world. The American Indians, he was told, were a remnant of Israel; and that their history was fully detailed in a book deposited beneath the ground, and written on gold plates; that with it there were two stones in silver bows, which, fastened to a breast-plate, formed what was called the Urim and Thummim; that the possession

and use of these stones consecrated in ancient times; and that he had prepared them for his assistance in translating the book. After giving many instructions concerning the past and to come, the angel withdrew but while his auditor lay musing on the singularity of the scene he witnessed, and the words he had heard, he again appeared, and without least variation repeated his former sage, adding in conclusion, a declaration of judgments which were to come over the earth, and of desolating famine, sword, and pestilence, the generation should see. Again the alliance of heaven was succeeded by darkness of night; but a third time the gloom dispersed by the sudden ascent of Nephi, who once more reiterated his instructions, and ended with additional cautions to diligence and watchfulness. The day, while Joseph was in the temple, the same messenger reappeared and commanded him to inform his brethren of all that had passed. He complied with the injunction, found encouragement in his views, and soon repaired to the spot where the plates were deposited. It was on the west side of a lofty hill, near the village of Chester, in the county of Ontario, not far from the top. Here in a box, the upper portion of which was just apparent above the soil, he saw records, and the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the rims of a bow. While gazing with eager wonder, Nephi again felt the presence of the Lord, and he opened his eyes and beheld their glory around him. There passed before him in terrification the prince of darkness and his associates; the good and the evil, the holy and the impure were revealed to him; he might be confirmed in love, or in hate, and hatred of the other. The plates were not yet to be committed to his care; before he could become a guardian, he must not only be valiant but able to keep the commandments of the Lord. Every year at the time he was to visit the place they were buried.

From this day forth he continued to receive supernatural instructions, he communicated to his relative brethren, "our Father," says his mother, "our Father presented an aspect as singular

ever lived upon the face of the earth; all seated in a circle—father, sons, and daughters—and giving most profound attention to a boy, ten years of age, who had never read the Bible through in his life."

So that the prophet of a new dispensation should not be familiar with the revealed will of his omniscient Master—that he whose mission was to usher in a most momentous age of time—when all events and agencies were to be concentrated in their results, transactions of which were to be the consummation of eternal purposes—strange that he should be ignorant of that book, itself the chief element of truth, as well as its mirror, especially, with its wondrous bargains of grace and justice, for the benefit of all mankind! On the 1st of September, in the following month, he hurried to the appointed place in full expectation of carrying the plates away with him; but he met yet proof against temptation, which thought flashed across his mind: the angel was not slow to exhibit anger; and he had to go home empty for disappointment. It was not till 1827 that he was honoured by the fulfilment of his desires; and then, he turned his joyous eyes upon the

doctrine" affected him. He had been in turn a Quaker, a Wesleyan, a Baptist, and a Presbyterian. His heterogeneous and unsettled views admirably qualified him for discipleship where novelty was paramount and concrete things were invested with the enchantment of mystery. He was enraptured with the young prophet, and offered him fifty dollars to aid in the publication of his new Bible, and rendered assistance scarcely less valuable by transcribing for him, since he could not write himself, the translation as it proceeded. Poor Martin was unfortunately gifted with a troublesome wife; her inquisitive and domineering nature made him dread unpleasant results from his present engagement. His manuscript had reached one hundred and sixteen pages, and he therefore begged permission to read it to her, "with the hope that it might have a salutary effect upon her feelings." His request was at length granted; but, through carelessness or perversity, while in his house, the precious document was irrecoverably lost. Joseph suffered greatly in consequence of this hindrance, but more from the anger of heaven which was manifested against him. As soon as possible, he resumed his task, having secured the services of another scribe, Oliver Cowdery, a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood.

Martin Harris, another of his converts, kept his misfortune in the knowledge of the Prophet, but he never saw the original, or aught of the golden plates. He had first agreed to suffer the purity of the work; but a copy of a small portion of their contents was placed in his hands, and this he was told he might show to any sinner in the world if he wished to be satisfied. Accordingly, he started for New York, sought P. B. Seer Anthon, and proposed his opinion. Fortunately, he was without opportunity to prosecute his plan, and he was thereby the first to be disappointed. Some time after, when the subject was again considered, all parties agreed that if we now gather together, to deliberate calmly and honestly, it would be of great service to the cause at this time, to lay before the public the

original, as it is, and explain, as fully as we can, the nature and character of the work. Mr. Harris, our friend, has been so long in England, that he would hardly be able to perform the duty of a messenger to the

public. Therefore, it is proposed that we should select a person to go to England, to deliver a lecture on the subject, and to bring back with him a copy of the original, as it is, and explain, as fully as we can, the nature and character of the work. We have already seen that the original is a book of gold, and that it is the property of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We have also seen that the original is a book of gold, and that it is the property of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We have also seen that the original is a book of gold, and that it is the property of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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to the conclusion that it was all a trick, perhaps a hoax. When I asked the person who brought it how he obtained the writing, he gave me the following account:—A 'gold book,' consisting of a number of plates fastened together by wires of the same material, had been dug up in the northern part of the state of New York, and along with it an enormous pair of 'spectacles.' These spectacles were so large, that if any person attempted to look through them, his two eyes would look through one glass only, the spectacles in question being altogether too large for the human face. Whoever, he said, examined the plates through the glasses, was enabled not only to read them, but fully to understand their meaning. All this knowledge, however, was confined to a young man, who had the trunk containing the book and spectacles in his sole possession. This young man was placed behind a curtain, in a garret, in a farmhouse; and being thus concealed from view, he put on the spectacles occasionally, or rather looked through one of the glasses, deciphered the characters in the book; and having committed some of them to paper, handed copies from behind the curtain to those who stood outside. Not a word was said about their having been deciphered by the 'gift of God.' Everything in this way was effected by the large pair of spectacles. The farmer added, that he had been requested to contribute a sum of money towards the publication of the 'golden book,' the contents of which would, as he was told, produce an entire change in the world, and save it from ruin. So urgent had been these solicitations, that he intended selling his farm and giving the amount to those who wished to publish the plates. As a last precautionary step, he had resolved to come to New York, and obtain the opinion of the learned about the meaning of the paper which he had brought with him, and which had been given as part of the contents of the book, although no translation had at that time been made by the young man with the spectacles. On hearing this odd story, I changed my opinion about the paper; and instead of viewing it any longer as a hoax, I began to regard it as part of a scheme to cheat the farmer of his money, and communicated my suspicions to him, warning him to beware of rogues."

This clear statement of Professor

Anthony, written without reference to the controversy, throws unwelcome upon the subject. The confessor Martin Harris, himself a sincere unsuspecting believer, is highly peculiar to the character and pretensions of the Prophet. In the story of spectacles, and the trunk and curtain garret, there is nothing of enthralling or excited intellect, no self-deception but the most vulgar fraud that stupidity itself could well devise. Strikingly novel is the idea of a beside whom Goliath would have a baby—striding over the morerushing to the battle, or stemminglease the mightiest torrent, his nomounted by a pair of spectacles not less original would be than angel wandering and gazing through space, similarly caparisoned. Tlous expansion of mental ability parted to Joseph by these telescopicpliances was quite in accordance the experience of his family. used," says Garrison in his account the Mormons, "what are called 'land-seer stones,' through which sons born under peculiar circumstances it is imagined, can see things at a distance, or future things passing through their eyes, or things buried in the earth. Such a stone, dug from a well, was shown to the Prophet, and retained by him, and with it some of his family did he read in the Golden Bible."

There is sufficient evidence of a partial nature to confirm the fact that Smith's object was worldly—that his early schemes were based on knavery, and carried out by the force of ignorance—that his pretensions with his success—that his revelations roughly or barely expressed at first afterwards garnished and multiplified the times—and that, if the revelation did really at any time penetrate in his character, it was abased selfish purposes; still, perhaps, a degenerate form of fanaticism or a really nerveless him for action and end. It was not probable that any assuming his position would long go unnoticed. Opposition, from whatever cause it resulted, was soon apparent but its first assault remains on record the confusion of his partisans. I of Martin Harris instituted a prosecution against him, and stated in her affidavit that she believed the chief object had in view, was to defraud her husband

upheld; another declared that he told him it was nothing but a box of lead which he was determined to use as he saw fit; and the third that, once enquiring what was in it, he was answered that Smith himself confessed he had made fools of the whole of them, and that all he wanted was to get Martin Harris's money—and that he, the witness, knew himself that he had by persuasion already obtained two or three hundred dollars. Against this plain testimony Mrs. Smith fearlessly testified that of Martin Harris alone, who died in solemn terms that her son had in any manner, attempted to get possession of his money, and ended by warning the gentlemen of the court that they did not believe in the existence of the plates, and continued to resist the truth, it would one day be the means of damning their souls. After his deposition, the magistrates dismissed the case, and requested the parties to trouble him no more with such ridiculous folly; and the evidence adduced, viewed in the most favourable light, is adverse to the views and character of Smith. The translation of the "Book of Mormon" was now rapidly progressing. Soon after the trial it was completed, and at its juncture the plates are said to have been seen by the witnesses, whose names are appended to the two declarations prefixed to every published volume. One of them is signed, "the

spiritual witness,"—some time after, the same farmer paid me a second visit. He brought with him the 'gold book' in print, and offered it to me for sale. I declined purchasing. He then asked permission to leave the book with me for examination. I declined receiving it, although his manner was strangely urgent. I adverted once more to the roguery which, in my opinion, had been practised upon him, and asked him what had become of the gold plates. He informed me that they were in a trunk, with the spectacles. I advised him to go to a magistrate and have the trunk examined. He said, 'the curse of God' would come upon him if he did. On my pressing him, however, to go to a magistrate, he told me he would open the trunk if I would take the 'curse of God' upon myself. I replied I would do so with the greatest willingness, and would incur every risk of that nature, provided I could only extricate him from the grasp of rogues. He then left me."

The "Book of Mormon" professes to be an abridgment of the history, prophecies, and doctrines of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph, of which the Indians are still a remnant. Mormon was himself a prophet, and wrote at a time when their principal nation was slain in battle. He committed the records to the care of his son Moroni, who, being our-

the light of a religion radiating through man's "dark estate," free and full, in promise of a day before whose splendour "the hills that flesh is heir to" shall vanish as mists upon the mountains. To view of purpose as a divine revelation condemns its pretensions; all that is grand in language or sentiment is borrowed from the Bible, all that is new is trifling, where not inconsistent with those earlier and undoubted commendations which it professes to supersede. If there be any one object breathing through its pages, it is not one of influence and purity bursting forth in fresh fountains to bless and renovate a fallen earth. The Jewish history, with its mysterious foreshadowings and glorious consummation, is essential to a comprehension of the Christian scheme; the idle records of Mormon are necessary only to an appreciation of the dignity and mission of Joseph Smith. The Bible is

"on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
The every red and purple with drop of love
Spiced, and with the crystal bead of glory,
The signatures of God Almighty stamped
From first to last."

The "Book of Mormon" imitates its style, but never approaches its poetry and force of expression. It is a compound of fanciful and ingenious details, with wholesale plagiarisms from Scripture. Its violations of grammar are multitudinous and constant; would that its perversions of doctrine were as innocent!

Joseph Smith, annoyed at the profane wit which could derive the word *Mormon* from the Greek, *mormo*, a bugbear, wrote an epistle on the subject, concluding with an elaborate display of his philological talent, such as he was accustomed to make on every possible occasion. "The word *Mormon*," he says, "stands independent of the learning and wisdom of this generation. Before I give a definition, however, to the word, let me say that the Bible, in its widest sense, means good; for theaviour says, according to the Gospel of John, 'I am the good shepherd'; and it will not be beyond the common use of terms to say, that good is among the most important in use, and though known by various names in different languages, still its meaning is the same, and is ever in opposition to bad. We say from the Saxon, *good*; the Dane,

god; the Goth, *goda*; the German the Dutch, *goed*; the Latin, *boun*; Greek, *kubos*; the Hebrew, *tob*; an Egyptian, *mon*. Hence, with the tion of more, or the contraction *m* have the word *mormon*, which is literally, more good."

Any examination of the ingenious reasonings by which its partisans defended the "Book of Mormon" lead us from our subject; and a citation of its pretended divinity would be superfluous. But the question of Who was its author? Can J. Smith claim originality in its creation or execution? The idea seems to have been suggested to him for a tale was current that a bible had been dug up in Canada, the first announced his discovery plates. As regards authorship, evidence is next to decisive. For time it had been a subject of popular discussion, whether the Americans were descendants of the tribes of Israel. It occurred to Solomon Spaulding, a man of taste, fond of history and romance, once a clergyman, that a religious might be easily founded on the Pleasured with the thought, he em his leisure hours in writing, and three years completed a work, which entitled, "The Manuscript Found an air of antiquity was requisite verisimilitude, the style of the Bible imitated, that being the most ancient books. *Mormon* and *Moroni*, so named in Joseph Smith's volume, were principal characters. Mr. Spaulding, but, after the appearance of the "Book of Mormon," Mr. John Spaulding declared on oath that it contained nearly the same historical particulars as his brother Solomon's work, and that, to the best of his recollection, it was the same that he wrote, with the exception of the religious matter. The widow of Mr. Spaulding made a similar statement, which corroborated by many resident in the neighbourhood where the work was composed, to whom her husband occasionally read portions for a moment.

In 1812, the manuscript was entrusted to a bookseller of Pennsylvania who was also editor of a newspaper, an intimate acquaintance of Spaulding. He proposed to publish it, but his was refused. However it remain

despised are called to thresh the nations by the power of the Almighty's spirit: their arm is His arm, and He will be their shield and buckler."

Scarcely had the sect held their first conference, when opposition began. A dam had been thrown across a stream of water, and a sort of primitive baptistery thus constructed for the initiation of disciples. A mob assembled and broke it down. Joseph was accused of robbery and swindling. Arguments were scattered thick and fast to prove the falsity of his professions; and as excitement increased, the logic of physical force was brought to bear on the luckless Mormon who stumbled at the *quod erat demonstrandum*. The family of the Smiths soon found it expedient to remove from the scene. So, packing together their goods and chattels, they started for Kirtland in Ohio, where their claims were more favourably received. At the outset of his career, his private character was very freely discussed. "Can *such* a man be a prophet?" was triumphantly asked by his opponents in every direction. The evidence against him could not be controverted; he confessed its truth but denied the sequence. His sins, his ignorance, his unworthiness, he allowed; but the Lord had chosen him, his offences were forgiven, his very weakness should redound to the glory of his omnipotent Guide. The fishermen of Galilee had confounded the malignity of Rome and the wisdom of Athens; what they had done, might be done again. Saul had been suddenly called from a life of blasphemy and proud rebellion to a life of purity and zeal as ambassador of his God through the wide world; why should not another Paul arise, "less than the least of all saints," to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ with new power to a degenerate age? Fair sounding words of this kind destroyed the point of many a calumny and fascinated the ears of the unwary; but they could not prevent the thoughtful from detecting and exposing the sophistry they veiled. There was no comparison between the self-renunciation of a Peter and the arrogance of a Smith; between the contrite and adoring love of a Paul that gloried only in the cross, and the self-satisfied Seer, arbitrarily pardoned in violation of the harmony of the divine attributes, by mercy forgetful of the atonement that satisfies justice.

The Mormons had not been Kirtland before they sent one number on an exploratory expedition to the Far West. It had been their earliest projects to select a spot as their home in a region populated and still wild and where they would be free to put their doctrines and carry out their views. Oliver Cowdery was to investigate the possibility of settlement. His reports re Jackson county, Missouri, where land was both fertile and cheap. Joseph Smith to depart with Rigdon and some others to make a minute inspection. The first of the journey was performed in these were exchanged for the transport of steamers, but when Louis was reached, three hundred still lay before them to be traversed. Weary and wayworn when they entered the country Cowdery had described; but fatigue was forgotten in the rapture of the moment. Vast prairies, brilliant flowers, stretched far and wide; rivers and streams shone in the sunlight, and on their banks in the islets that floated on the stood trees of majestic groves of varied kind. The soil and its products—the beasts, birds, and even the insects—were noticed and applauded. "This," once declared it "the land of promise"—here was to be the site of the new Jerusalem, the city of Christ, who should reign as temporal king and glory. In less than three months from the time of his arrival, a constitution was laid out and solemnly dedicated. A bishop also was appointed, an arrangement made to secure success. From the first he exercised authority of the most absolute kind without fear or hesitation. His predictions had all the force of his words; strange to say, his followers obeyed without reluctance, perhaps even by his self-reliant bearing, or the novelty and comprehensiveness of his promises. Before leaving it was revealed to him who should be treasurer and agent of the church should divide "the inheritance" and establish a store, who be their king. The document enunciating the principles, in language of a prophet, was signed by him.

"Hea

Lord your God, who have d yourselves together, according to commandments, in this land have appointed and consecrated gathering of the saints; where is the land of promise and for the city of Zion. And with the Lord your God, if you give wisdom, here is wisdom. the place which is now called adence, is the centre place, and for the temple is lying westward, lot which is not far from the case; wherefore it is wisdom the land should be purchased by us. . . . We have already had on to remark the agreeable aspect revelations assumed in reference eph; they were not equally constant to all. Poor Martin Harris! had already given of his money for translation of a book, he would fain seen but could not; and now lands were to be purchased, he said it was the divine will that he should be an example to the church giving his money before the bishops! As soon as he had organized affairs, Prophet returned to Kirtland. Some small dissensions threatened for a while to check the prosperity of the community; but his firmness prevented its spread, and ultimately restored spirit of unity. His family had, by a time, risen from poverty to opulence. A large mercantile house was now with success; and, in 1837, a store was opened, of which he was president, and Sidney Rigdon cashier. He also chose a locality for the erection of a meeting-house; and for the first time gave tokens of architectural skill drawing the plans himself. Here it was that rites were actually held. Emerson informs us that "for some time wine flowed freely, wine that had been consecrated and declared by the prophet to be harmless and not intoxicating." This, with mental excitement, fostered by divers means, produced astonishing effects, and kindled the Mormons the most fantastic fanaticism. For five years they pursued remaining in Kirtland "to make ready" preparatory to removing to Iowa. Joseph travelled far and wide working with earnestness to multitudes of listeners. The number of his converts increased, and fresh settlements were formed. But enemies multiplied as their friends; and they soon

manifested their existence by the most unjustifiable and dastardly acts. In March, 1832, the mob gathered at midnight about his door, and he was suddenly aroused from sleep by the screams of his wife. Ere he could move, a dozen men had seized his person; some wreathed their hands in his hair, others dragged him by his clothes. He was stripped, and tarred, and feathered; and then left beneath the cold sky to find his way home as best he could. Others of his partisans fared similarly at the hands of these unceremonious visitors.

Joseph, glad on any pretext to escape from the hazard attending the repetition of such an ordeal, left the following month for "Zion"—"to fulfil the revelation," and probably also to await the return of the populace to a calmer mood. In Missouri he was enthusiastically received, and found a compensation for recent trials in his being solemnly acknowledged as seer and president of the high priesthood of the church. This was no mean dignity. The Mormons recognise two orders of priesthood, the Aaronic and the Melchisedeck. Their bishops, deacons, elders, and teachers are numerous; and they have their "seventies" and their twelve apostles; but, above all these, sits the Prophet with almost despotic power. Their creed we have not space to examine. In tendency it is materialistic. "The Book of Doctrines and Covenants" is in keeping with the other compositions of its author. He gained influence by continually asserting that the end of the world was at hand. On this dogma, in fact, most of his pretensions were rested. It had the semblance of truth, and the ever-recurring phenomena of nature, as well as the stirring incidents of modern times, afforded him the means for seemingly corroborating the statement. His miracles swayed only the most ignorant and superstitious; many of those recorded are clearly capable of interpretation by natural causes; others we must suppose exaggerated, and more to be mere fabrications or the results of cunningly concocted schemes.*

After a short sojourn among the Saints of Missouri, the Prophet ventured

* English Mormons can work miracles with ease, if to profess it to possess ability. A friend of mine asked once of a cold declaimer who denied the propriety of believing on him, on the ground of his ability to work them, was solemnly answered, "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, but there shall no sign be given it."

back to Kirtland; but terrible disasters broke on those he left behind. The mob rose in fury against them. Their assumed superiority, their boast that the whole country was their destined inheritance, irritated the people. Insults were returned tenfold upon them, they were seized and beaten in the streets, no individual was safe. At length, in April 1833, a meeting of three hundred men assembled and declared their intention to expel them from the state. Alarmed at the tide of Mormon emigration that threatened eventually to give them dominance, they forwarded a string of very decided resolutions to their leading men, sarcastically referring them in conclusion to those possessed of gifts of divination if they refused to comply with what was required. Three days were given them for deliberation, at the end of which, they agreed quietly to retire, provided time was allowed for the proper removal of their goods. A pledge to that effect was given in return; but, the Governor of Missouri stating that this attack was illegal and advising the Mormons to apply for redress to the tribunals of the country, violent measures were again taken by the mob. Skirmishes ensued and blood was shed. The militia were called out, but only to the greater discomfiture of the Mormons, who saw, then, no alternative but in flight. The beginning of November found them crossing the Missouri river, exiles and spoiled.

These outrages excited sympathy in influential quarters. The Attorney-general of the State advised them to organize themselves into a body of militia, and promised to supply them with public arms, as also to reinstate any who wished it, in their possessions. Joseph also wrote encouragingly, assured the Saints that "Zion" should still be their inheritance, and commanded them to appeal for justice through all gradations, if unsuccessful, even to the President of the United States, and if he "did not give heed, then the Lord God Himself would arise and come forth out of His hiding-place, and in His fury vex the nation." The Saints, however, never returned, their efforts to obtain satisfaction were abortive, and for four years they remained in Clay county awaiting the opening of events. In May, 1834, the Prophet determined to visit them. At the head of a

hundred young men, chiefly Mormon officials, he started for Missouri. They carried provisions and relief to their destitute brethren; and in two days their number was increased by a band of fifty joining them in their mission. They were all armed; and arranged in companies of twelve by their leader, consisting of two cooks, two watermen, two firemen, two tent-makers, two wagoners, one commissary and one scout. Morning and evening they bowed the knee at the sound of the trumpet. Their pilgrimage lay through portions of a hostile region, but who they were or what was their object was unknown, and they saw, or thought they saw, angels round them as their defence. Encamping one day on some ancient burial-place of the Indians, they opened one of the mounds and found a human skeleton, almost entire, with an arrow between the ribs. The surrounding scenery had wrought upon their feelings; and the Prophet seized on the time and circumstance, as suitable for his purpose. "The visions of the past being opened to his understanding by the Spirit of the Almighty," he informed them the skeleton was that of a Lamanite, a warrior and chieftain named Lelph, who was slain in battle during the last great struggle of the Lamanites and Nephites, as related in the "Book of Mormon." The discovery was thus made to confirm the authenticity of that book; and his followers grew in courage. It was not always so easy to sustain the lofty character of a wonder-working seer. By and by the cholera broke out in his camp, and he attempted to cure it by "laying on of his hands and prayer." He failed, and accounted for his failure, saying that "he quickly learnt by painful experience, that when the great Jehovah decrees destruction, man must not attempt to stay His hand."

The long and difficult journey was safely concluded, and, in seven days, Smith was on his way home again. Some of his travelling companions had accused him of "propheying lies," and also of embezzlement. His first step on reaching Kirtland was to make the offender retract his words in public, when, with an affectation of generosity, he was forgiven. In 1837, the bank stopped payment, its worthless money flooded the district, and the managers were prosecuted for swindling. Creditors were crying out, the sheriff and his writs were

hand. Fortunately for Joseph at this lecture, "he was warned by the Spirit to make his escape." He, therefore, at the dead hour of night, taking his wife and his clothing and what else he could get, left Kirtland for ever. The next day a summons was served, but he had fled.

Once again he bent his steps towards Missouri, resolved now, in obedience to "revelation," to make it his resting-place. He found the affairs of the church in a terrible confusion—confusion which his presence could not immediately rectify. A schism broke out which threatened to inflict great injury; and he found it necessary to denounce Cowdery and Harris, two of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and even Sidney Rigdon, who, however, was too important a personage to remain long unforgiven, at a time when the gathering was more violent than any that had yet burst upon them. A series of quarrels, commencing at an election, where the mob refused to Mormons the privilege of voting, ended in October, 1838, by a terrible massacre. The troops fell on the inhabitants of Haun's Mill; some twenty were slain, and others wounded; fields and corn were laid waste, and hogs, sheep, and cattle shot down for sport. The Mormons were taken to At the rooming-house of the governor of Missouri, they were kept, and then, lives, and property were sold, and sold under the name of the "Danite band," or "the army of the angels." This step, if not necessary by the lawless state of Missouri, was nevertheless fraught with danger. The prisoners were sold, and the proceeds they burnt the houses and barns, and put the crops to fire, and then they fled. The governor, who was a man of some ability, was annoyed to his enemies and to the people of Hyrum and others of

rageant to the Saints who were scattered abroad. It breathes a spirit of dauntless courage; and, if written by Joseph, is a testimony to his talent and the growing skill with which he wielded the powers of language and of reasoning. We quote the following as a specimen of the rude and vehement eloquence that occurs in passages:—

"Ignorance, bigotry, and superstition are frequently in the way of the prosperity of the church, and are like the torrents of rain rushing down from the mountains, which floods the clear stream with mire and dirt; but when the storm is over, and the rain has ceased, the mire and dirt are washed away, and the stream again is pure and clear as the fountain: so shall the church appear, when ignorance, superstition, and bigotry are washed away. What power can stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the mighty Missouri river in its course, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven upon the hearts of the Latter-Day Saints! What are the governor and his murderous party, but willows on the shore to stop the waters in their progress? As well might we argue that water is not water, because the mountain-torrent sends down mire and riles the crystal stream; or that fire is not fire, because it is quenchable; as to say that our cause is down, because renegades, liars, priests, and murderers, who are alike to men of their creeds and deeds, have poured down upon us a flood of dirt and mire from their strongholds. No, they may rage with all the powers of hell, and pour forth their wrath, indignation, and enmity, like the burning lava of Mount Vesuvius, yet shall Mormonism stand." Early in the spring of 1839, the Prophet made a second and successful attempt to escape from prison. An

soon produced a change in the aspect of affairs. Finding themselves so numerous around the village, they determined first to make it a town and then a city. In the course of a year and a half, they erected about 2,000 houses, besides schools and other public buildings. "Nauvoo," or "the Beautiful," a name from the "Book of Mormon," was that by which they called it. Afterwards it was designated "the Holy City." Situated on a beautiful sweep of the river, amidst rich woodlands, and beneath a bold and a prominent hill, it became one of the loveliest spots in the whole region. Smith was active in directing the improvements. In December, 1840, they received a city charter with extensive privileges; and in the February following, charters were received for the Nauvoo Legion, a well-disciplined militia; and for the University also, for art, and science, and manufactures, and all that could elevate a people were to be taught within its precincts. The same month, or thereabouts, Smith had a revelation of great length, ending upon all the Saints to erect a temple, and detailing the mode of procedure for raising the funds and governing the church. On the 6th of April, 1841, a ceremony, conducted in truly imposing style, announced that the foundation-stone was laid. Joseph, who was mayor of the town, as well as president and prophet, was also General of the Legion. This he reviewed before the stone was deposited; afterwards an oration was delivered and a hymn was sung. The site selected was good, commanding magnificent views in every direction; and the building when finished was of a polished white limestone, hard like marble. It was surmounted by a pyramidal tower, and the internal decorations were very costly. The Mormons who, two years and a half before, had been banished from Missouri, expended nearly a million of dollars upon it.

This was the golden time of Joseph's life. His talents were fully occupied in devising fresh schemes to promote the welfare of his people. They marked him as a man of superior stamp. But if he seemed now less grasping, it was only because he had obtained the object of his ambition. His selfishness was gratified. He was the monarch of Nauvoo—its ruler, supreme and absolute in both spiritual and temporal dominion. The corporation over which

he presided assumed a jurisdiction independent of that of the State of Illinois. The documents of the State were deemed illegal unless countersigned by the Prophet, and a law was passed to punish any stranger using disrespectful language towards him. In 1844 he was put forward by the Saints as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, and according to custom, therefore, published his views of the government and policy of the times. This he would appear to have done rather to please his fanatical adherents, than from any hope of success entertained by himself, for he had previously written both Mr. Calhorne and Mr. Clay to know what would be their rule of action towards the Mormons, if elected. However, he was by no means satisfied with their answers, and sent to each a lengthy and clever epistle, strongly condemnatory of their conduct. But his prosperity was of comparatively short duration, for it was of a nature to generate its own destruction. His power excited envy within, and the arrogance of the sect, flourishing despite all resistance, increased hatred without. The first decisive blow which he felt came in the shape of an arrest. While visiting with his family away from the city he was seized by treachery, to be brought for trial before the Missouri courts, on the charge of having injured the property of certain people in Jackson county. He was detained by his ruffianly guards for several weeks, and then released on a writ of *habeas corpus*. He in turn commenced an action against them for false imprisonment and using unnecessary violence; but though the case was proved, the damages obtained were only forty dollars, while his legal expenses had been more than three thousand five hundred. Shortly after he was vindictively accused of having sought the assassination of the ex-Governor of Missouri. He fled, and for some time avoided capture; but was ultimately again arrested, tried, and triumphantly acquitted. More serious dangers now lowered at home. He was sued before the Municipal Court of Nauvoo by one Higbee, for defamation and slander. Higbee laid his damages at five thousand dollars, but, the aldermen being all Mormons, he had little chance of gaining them. Whatever might be the justice of his cause, Smith was discharged from arrest, and Higbee declared not entitled to his costs. Foiled

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S is a name which Englishmen have always regarded with peculiar interest and veneration. His courtly qualities, his reputation as a founder of colonies, his enterprising disposition, and the tyrannical and unjust sentence which brought his life and activity to a close, have combined, as it were, to canonise his character in the memory of the nation. Filling various functions of public life, naval, military, and civil, he had the fortune to be illustrious in all, and to gain for himself in addition a literary renown, which has placed him in association with the loftiest minds of his generation. The more than ordinary interest accorded to his story is evinced by the multitude of his biographers; most of whom have aimed, in different ways, to do him honour, and whose researches, upon the whole, have supplied all or most of the materials required for a fair appreciation of his personal powers and characteristics, as well as of his varied services and projects.

His father was a gentleman of ancient lineage, but small fortune, settled in Devonshire; in which county, at a place called Hayes Farm, in the parish of Budley, Walter himself was born in the year 1552. He was the second son of a third marriage, his father being then apparently considerably advanced in life. From his earliest youth, it is said, he was characterised by great intellectual acuteness, and likewise by a restless and adventurous spirit. There is no account of the way in which his early education was conducted; but it is recorded that he passed two or three years as a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, and was distinguished as "a worthy proficient in oratory and philosophy."

On quitting the university—which he did on the earliest opportunity that was presented for his engaging in active life—he became a soldier; being one of a company of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, which Queen Elizabeth had authorised to be formed for aiding the Huguenots in their memorable struggle for religious liberty. In this capacity he served in France for five years, and was engaged in some of the most noted

battles of the period. Subsequently he served for a short time in the Netherlands; and then, returning home, accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a voyage to Newfoundland. The expedition, which was one of discovery and projected colonization, proved unfortunate; but it was so far useful as to familiarise young Raleigh with a sea-faring life, and probably had no inconsiderable influence in leading him to undertake those later expeditions by which he was afterwards rendered famous.

After his return to England, he went to Ireland to assist in suppressing the rebellion raised there, in 1580, by the Earl of Desmond. On this occasion he commanded a company of royal troops, and at once became distinguished both for valour and his surpassing skill in effecting those sudden and rapid movements and surprises which were required by the nature of the service. His exploits were so conspicuous as to be particularly recited by the historians of the period. The country continuing in a turbulent condition, he remained in this employment for several years; solely, it is said, for the purpose of recommending himself to the notice of the Court at home. He seems to have been patronised by the Queen's favourite, the Earl of Leicester, to whom he once writes, that, were it not for his hopes that way, he would disdain the present service as much as he would to "keep sheep." It must be remembered that this contest was marked throughout by the most ruthless and revolting cruelty; and one of Raleigh's biographers, Mr. Tytler, would fain have us believe that the gallant young soldier was disgusted with it on this account. The crowning atrocity, perhaps, was the massacre of some hundreds of Spaniards, who had fought in aid of the rebels, and surrendered at discretion; and it is extremely mortifying to learn that Raleigh was one of the officers to whom the execution of this outrageous deed was intrusted. To be sure, he was under military command, and had necessarily to undertake the work that might be given him; still, it casts a stain upon that chivalrous and noble character

rich has always been the "ideal" of Walter, and tends rather to diminish in our accustomed admiration.

Some differences at length arising between Raleigh and the Lord Deputy, on their return to England, brought the matter for discussion at the mall-board, in the presence of her Majesty. Sir Walter maintaining his cause, and ever it was, "with consummate ability as well as grace," and thereby, to the words of Sir Robert Naunton, "winning" the Queen's ear in a trice," as was one of the most important and decisive moments of Raleigh's life. His fortunes were owing chiefly to the things with which he was thenceforth loaded by his sovereign. It is well known that personal recommendations at a long way with Elizabeth; and these he was not less remarkable in for those intellectual accomplishments that so instantly gained her ear. A romantic incident, related by Fuller, to the immediate cause of Raleigh's introduction to the Queen and to her court is familiar to all readers of history; it being one of her Majesty's train, as she suddenly came to a miry part of the road, and hesitated to proceed, led off his rich plush cloak, and, walking it before her feet, enabled her to pass unscathed—a mark of attention which delighted the Queen that, as it was so easily observed, it gained for Raleigh many a handsome suit. The simplicity and harmony which the characters of the two would not willingly question, and indeed, there seems to have been no real discord about the fact, the feelings produced sentiments which were made to Raleigh; yet, as pointed out progress in Elizabeth's reign, it is more properly to be ascribed to the opportunity afforded for the display of his extraordinary talents in the presence of the royal chamber resident Sir Naunton. To whatever extent the combination of causes, his fortune was really owing the of the Queen's favour, and decided; for in the next three years from the period when he first appeared at court, he was made, and in a captain of the garrison of the colony of Cornwall, and a ward of the State. These honours being further recommended by the substantial grant of 12,000 acres of the forfeited prin-

pality of the Earls of Desmond, whose rebellions he had assisted to suppress, and also a lucrative patent for licensing the vendors of wine throughout the kingdom.

Not long after the commencement of Raleigh's successes at court, Sir Humphrey Gilbert resolved to try his fortunes a second time in a colonizing expedition to America; and his prosperous half-brother, who was now in a situation to furnish useful aid, came forward handsomely in support of his views. In a letter written from court, in May, 1583, it is stated that "Mr. Raleigh, the new favourite, had made an adventure of £2,000 in a ship and furniture thereof," to form part of the fleet collected by Gilbert. Raleigh himself remained at court to prosecute his own particular objects, but the Queen sent, through the new favourite's hands, a golden anchor to Sir Humphrey, to be worn at his breast by way of ornament; her only contribution to an expedition designed to transplant the arts and industry of England to the waste regions of the newly-discovered Continent. The ship, built and named by Raleigh, called after his name, joined Sir Humphrey at Plymouth, whence he sailed in June, 1583; but a few days after sailing, she left him, and returned to port; the sickness of her crew, it was said, obliging her to do so. Gilbert does not appear to have credited the necessity of the separation, and wrote, after his arrival at Newfoundland, to Sir George Peckham in these terms:—"I departed from Plymouth on the 11th of June with five sail, and on the 13th, the bark *Raleigh* ran from me in fair and clear weather, having a large wind. I pray you solicit my brother to make an example of them to all knaves." This expedition was also unsuccessful, and its brave leader perished in a storm by which he was overtaken on his return.

The fate of his kinsman, however, had no effect in diverting Raleigh's thoughts from those colonial undertakings to which the former fell a victim. Availing himself of the Queen's favour, he solicited and obtained a patent, investing him with full power to appropriate, plant, and govern any territory he might acquire in the unoccupied parts of North America. This patent was granted in 1584. His first step for carrying it into effect was to fit out an expedition of observation and inquiry,

to ascertain the particular spot where it would be most advantageous to plant; and receiving good accounts from the commanders of the vessels, it was determined to take possession of the tract of country which was afterwards called "Virginia." In 1585, a body of adventurous colonists sailed from England, and were safely planted in that region, under the government of Mr. Lane. He was accompanied by Harriot, one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the time, who was commissioned to make a survey of the country, and to draw up a report of its resources. That survey, and the importation for the first time of the tobacco-plant, were the only fruits of the undertaking; inasmuch as the misconduct of the colonists, and the hostility of the natives, rendered it necessary to re-embark the whole body within twelve months from the time of landing. Raleigh, nowise daunted by the unhappy issue, took active measures to collect and send out a second body, which sailed and took possession in 1587. But again his praiseworthy designs were defeated, chiefly, as we learn, through the misconduct of the colonists themselves. The Governor was obliged to return to England for additional supplies, and new instructions, suited to the circumstances that had arisen; the settlers being left in a precarious condition during the period of his absence.

On his arrival, he found Raleigh, like all the other leading men of the kingdom, busied with preparations to meet the Spanish Armada, then threatening the shores and independence of the nation. The pressing wants of the colonists, however, were not overlooked in that emergency. Two small vessels were speedily equipt and dispatched to their assistance; though, being unfortunately rifled on the ocean, they were obliged to put back to England. Soon after this, namely in 1589, Raleigh made an assignment of his patent to a company of merchants; and thus, after much loss to the projector, a great and favourite scheme was ended, and the unfortunate adventurers, as it might seem, left to an inevitable destruction. In the hands of the new patentees, the plan of colonizing Virginia was suffered to languish during the rest of the queen's reign; and as many as twenty years elapsed before any permanent settlement could be said to have been effected.

Raleigh has been greatly blamed for the abandonment of this design; seeing that it had induced many of his countrymen to quit their native land, and all, as it happened, perished for the want of timely help. But, on investigation, it appears that he gave it up, simply because his own means were inadequate to the accomplishment of his intentions. It was observed by Hackluyt, "that it would have required a prince's purse to have it thoroughly followed out." Raleigh was without the prince's purse, and had now expended all his available resources; and therefore the assignment of his patent must be deemed justified by the necessities of his situation. He had not contemplated the full difficulties of the undertaking, nor been able to calculate the cost of it; but entering on it with zeal and spirit, he had done the utmost that could be effected by the straitness of private enterprise; having proved himself a worthy leader in the heroic work of colonization, and opened out a path to the establishment of a new colonial empire. Nor did he forget, or withdraw his services from the ill-starred adventurers who remained in the colony in anxious expectation of supplies; although, in assigning his patent, he might have been considered to have likewise transferred his responsibilities. It is discreditable to the new patentees that, after making only one ineffectual attempt to render the colonists assistance, they left them to their fate. That the Government of Elizabeth should have done nothing to rescue these persons from the certain destruction that awaited them, is a fact which has been justly regarded as a serious stigma upon her reign. Raleigh alone made exertions in any way commensurate with the urgency of the case. He made *five* different attempts to succour them, and by those means at least delayed the ultimate catastrophe. The historical proof of this was first brought forward by Mr. Muevey Napier, and is contained in a notice preserved by Purchas of the date of 1602. It is there stated that, "Samuel Mace, of Weymouth, a very sufficient mariner, who had been at Virginia twice before, was (in this year) employed thither by Sir Walter Raleigh to find those people which were left there in 1587, to whose succour he *hath sent five several times at his own charges.*" Notwithstanding this, the whole colony

prehensions among Sir Walter's enemies that he would presently be restored to his former influence at court; but, by strong resistance, he was for some time kept away. During this season, he appears to have employed himself in making various improvements at Sherborne, which, according to the traditions of the times, "he beautified with gardens, and orchards, and groves of much variety and delight." But his was a mind which could not long remain satisfied with such simple occupations: they ministered in no degree to his ambition, which was of a restless and grasping kind, and required the stimulus of great and continuous excitement. Impatient of obscurity and inaction, he resolved, at length, to cut out for himself a path of adventure both new and startling; and which, as he conceived, would conduct him to an unparalleled height of affluence and glory. He had lately fallen in with some of the histories of Spanish discovery and conquest in the new world, in which were presented scenes, occurrences, and objects of exceeding interest to a spirit so restless and adventurous as his. What seems to have struck his fancy most was the reputed existence of an undiscovered sovereignty bearing the designation of "El Dorado;" a region or kingdom which the Spanish adventurers had long been in quest of, but in the search for which they had been unsuccessful. It was supposed to lie somewhere in the interior of Guiana, and was represented as abounding with the precious metals—the very houses being covered with plates of gold, and the aboriginal rocks for ever glittering with a most dazzling resplendency.

As Raleigh conceived, the Spaniards had failed in finding this extraordinary territory, not because they had wasted their efforts in pursuit of a mere phantom, but because they had somehow missed the way to it. Years ago he had received accounts of Guiana of a very flattering description; but his prospects being then too bright to tempt him to embark in any project at a distance, he had not then entertained the notion of making a voyage of inspection and discovery to the country. Being now, however, left, as it were, to his own devices, and having always, since his days of adventure under Gilbert, been full of schemes of colonization, the prospect of possibly discovering El

Dorado became one of magnitude and magnificence in his eyes; and the more he pondered on it, the more did he feel himself impelled to go forth in search of a territory so romantic and important. He flattered himself, moreover, that, by the acquisition of Guiana, he should obtain the means of humbling the power of Spain—at that time the greatest enemy of England—and largely extend the sphere of English industry and commerce. He thought it possible to render London the mart of the choicest productions of the new world; and to annex to the crown a region which, besides its great colonial recommendations, might serve as a valuable outpost, to command those possessions of the Spaniard whence his principal resources were derived.

Having made his preparations, Raleigh sailed from England, on the 9th of February, 1595, with five vessels, having on board, besides mariners, about a hundred soldiers with their officers, and a few gentlemen volunteers. Part of the expense of the expedition was borne by the Lord High Admiral and Sir Robert Cecil. Towards the end of March, Sir Walter arrived at Trinidad, where he took possession of the town of St. Joseph, and seized the person of the governor, Don Antonio de Berrio; who, the year before, had made prisoners of some of the men sent out by Raleigh, on a preparatory voyage under Captain Whiddon. There was something rather romantic and dramatic in the proceeding; for Berrio had recently attempted the discovery of El Dorado, and was again preparing to go in search of it. From two hostile countries, two enterprising competitors for a golden kingdom were thus brought face to face; neither of them having obtained the most distant glimpse of the object they aspired to possess—which was, indeed, a mere creation of the fancy—and which "neither could hope to reach without encountering the most frightful perils that try the strength or menace the life of man." Truly enough, as Mr. Napier observes, "history has few scenes more singular—scenes where the actors were real and in earnest, but where the objects of action were altogether imaginary."

Finding his prisoner to be "a gentleman of great assuredness and of a great heart," Raleigh informs us he treated him "according to his rank and deserts;" and Berrio, on his part, never suspect-

ing that the Englishman was a rival in his own line of pursuit, communicated to him all the knowledge he had previously acquired about the site of the El Dorado, and the probable advantages to be derived from its discovery. Raleigh listened with unaffected interest, and having at length procured all the information his prisoner could furnish, frankly told him that he also was an adventurer in quest of the golden kingdom, and had come thus far on his way with the object of discovering it. Their conversations thereafter assumed a different aspect, and Berrio affected to be in earnest in dissuading Sir Walter from the undertaking, assuring both him and several of his followers, that if they persisted, they would not only lose their labour, but suffer many miseries. All this was said, simply that Berrio might be left the opportunity of discovering El Dorado himself; and it only incited Raleigh the more to anticipate him in the project.

Departing from Trinidad, Sir Walter and his companions sailed for the mouths of the Orinoco, and so far arrived in safety. But on attempting to gain the main stream of the river, and thus proceed into the interior of Guiana, the adventurers encountered unexpected obstacles. The ship drew too much water to halt of its being used for such a purpose, and it was found necessary to leave that mode, and have recourse to canoes. About a hundred persons embarked in these frail conveyances, and entered to navigate the river for a distance of some times under a burning sun, and sometimes under torrents of rain, without other resting-places but the banks of the river, and no accommodations but what were common to all." Raleigh's account of their progress—"of their alternate hopes and fears, wants and gratifications—of the aspects of the country and its productions—of their entrance at last into the grand channel of the majestic Orinoco, and of the interest and variety; occasionally containing descriptive passages of the beauty, formed with traits of almost unbelievable credulity, and frequent assertions of his belief in the existence of gold mines and metallic riches in the vast region through which its scorching waters roll." After ascending the river about sixty leagues, its rapid and

terrific rise compelled the voyagers to turn his back on the imaginary El Dorado, and to leave a region which had now for the first time been seen by Englishmen; though with the private determination to return at the earliest opportunity, more efficiently equipped for the enterprise. He took formal possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, made a friendly alliance with the natives, and, after many dangers and mischances, regained the ships which had been left at anchor.

About the close of the summer of 1595, he was again in England, where he presently wrote and published an account of his voyage, under the title of "The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana." Few, if any, of his countrymen had ever heard of such an empire, and, as a consequence, many of the writer's statements were read with incredulity. Some regarded the fables he related as the coinage of deliberate falsehood; while others only doubted his good faith, in reciting them as conformable to his own belief. Hume, in later times, has described the narrative as "full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind;" but speaking, as he does, in total ignorance of the real facts of the case, and forgetting that Raleigh lived in a credulous and unscientific age, he cannot be considered competent to pronounce a reasonable judgment. Other inquirers have been convinced that Raleigh believed all the marvels he relates. Though his recitals may have been here and there exaggerated, or coloured by the hues of his imagination, they were doubtless, upon the whole, but a transcript of his own impressions. What would be incredible to us might easily have been credible to him—as is clear enough when we consider the state of knowledge and opinion in the age in which he lived. Later accounts have shown that his averments regarding the riches of Guiana are far from being true; but it does not therefore follow that he had designedly misrepresented what he had learned about the country. Considering the way in which he had gained his information—by what loose and incongruous hearsay, by what hasty and imperfect observation—it is not surprising that he should have seriously related many fabulous particulars, and

believed in them as heartily as though he had known them to be facts. The answer which he himself made to his contemporary detractors is worthy of quotation. "Weak policy," said he, "it would be in me either to betray myself or my country with imaginations; neither am I so far in love with that watching, care, peril, disease, bad fare, and other no chiefs that accompany such voyages, as to woo myself again into any of them, were I not assured that the sun covereth not so much riches in any other part of the earth." Viewing the whole of his statements and proceedings respecting the treasures of Guiana, it seems impossible to reconcile them to any principles applicable to the explanation of human conduct, upon any other supposition than that he was himself a believer in the substantial reality of his own representations. Raleigh, moreover, was not alone in his delusion; other travellers and writers of the age gave very similar accounts of the country he visited, and some of them, of the highest character for veracity, testified distinctly to the presence of gold and silver in abundance. The only grounds for impeaching his candour and fidelity in regard to his descriptions of Guiana, are the artifices which the earnestness of his own belief prompted him to use in recommending it as a national acquisition. In his desire to vindicate and justify his project, he almost inevitably gave to it a colouring of fiction; and that nothing might be wanting in the attraction of the picture, he may have here and there invested it with a gorgeousness that did not belong to the original. In short, he seems to have been guilty of the common sin of exaggeration; and that is really the only accusation which can, in this concern, be fairly brought against him.

In many of Raleigh's schemes, there was a magnificent impracticableness, showing signs of the man of genius; but as yet lacking that necessary form of talent which relies on the actual. One of his propositions was to carry out a force to Guiana sufficient to induce the sovereign of El Dorado to become a tributary and ally of England. Another, less romantic, was to establish colonies and commercial companies in the most inviting quarters of Guiana; by which means, he confidently hoped "to see in London a contraction-house of more receipt for that country than there was

in Seville for the West Indies." It was to promote this scheme that he so assiduously cultivated the friendship of the natives; and for the same object he brought back with him the son of one of the principal chiefs to be educated in England. His proposal to erect two forts upon the Orinoco, has been considered by Humboldt to have indicated great sagacity and military skill. Had his views been limited to such objects, he would have probably been extolled as a statesman and a patriot; "but," as Napier says, "the fable of El Dorado, and the dream of an alliance with its imaginary potentate, threw an air of doubt and ridicule over his better designs, and diminished the respect that would otherwise have been due to the far-seeing policy which they indicated."

Though his purposes regarding Guiana remained unchanged, and though he took some measures to gain a footing in the country, Raleigh, after a time, became so much engaged in public employments at home, as to render it impossible for him to devote himself personally to the prosecution of his foreign schemes. The public services to which he was now called, afforded him an opportunity of distinguishing himself in two very brilliant actions: the destruction, in 1596, of the Spanish fleet and shipping in the harbour of Cadiz; and the capture, in the following year, of the capital of the island of Fayal, one of the Azores. On both these occasions Raleigh held the rank of rear-admiral. The capture of Cadiz was considered the most humiliating blow the Spanish monarchy had ever yet sustained; although it was subsequently found necessary to abandon the place, as its uses were not equal to the expenses of maintaining it. Of the action, Raleigh wrote a clear and animated account, which is to be found in the collected edition of his works. It was an action considered remarkable for the chivalrous emulation of the several commanders, who, it is said, seemed as if engaged in a race for glory, in which each strove to be foremost, without any regard to the orders of a superior, or the rules of naval warfare.

In the interval between the expedition to Cadiz and that to the Azores, Raleigh was restored to the office of captain of the guard, rode abroad with the Queen the same day, and thereafter frequented the privy chamber as boldly

and constantly as he had done before. Not long afterwards he was appointed to the governorship of Jersey, the last act of favour which he received from his sovereign. The court intrigues in which he was so deeply engaged towards the latter end of her reign do not present him in an admirable light; but it would not be fair to allude to them without acknowledging that he simply adopted the practices then universally deemed permissible. He accepted presents or bribes with the utmost liberality, as the condition of obtaining advantages from the sovereign; and uncharitably, as a rule, rendered his services the most heartily on behalf of those that paid him best. But this was really the way of the world in which he lived. "Ambassadors from foreign powers procured the support, or moved the neutrality of adverse parties, by liberal donations and pensions. Place and preferment were obtained by those who could afford to give a powerful minister a large donation for his secret services. The course of justice was not free from the effects produced by gifts to legal officers. Even the ladies about the person of the queen were accused to graze and huck causes." In judging of Raleigh's conduct, we must not therefore give him the benefit of the doubt, for though the motives were mixed and wrong, the conduct was not entirely immoral. He was too ready to graze with the court, and too ready to huck with the law, to be a model of rectitude, which he might have been, if he had not been so ready to conform to the customs of his contemporaries, as we have seen in such instances, he was too ready to conform to individual vices, and to the general vices and horrors of the court and the House of Commons. He was not a saintly spirit, but he was a sincere and a brave patriot, and he was a true statesman.

tel in the way he might judge most beneficial for himself. In regard to the compulsory cultivation of hemp, he once observes: "I do not like this constraining of men to manure or use their grounds at our wills; but rather wish to let every man use his ground for that which it is most fit, and therein follow their own discretion." A similar doctrine is advanced by him in one of the debates on the propriety of repealing the famous Statute of Tillage, in which he advocated the policy of setting free the trade in corn. He observes, "that the Low Countrymen and the Hollanders, who never sow corn, have by their industry such plenty, that they can serve other nations; and that it is the best policy to set tillage at liberty, and leave every man free; which is the desire of a true Englishman." The free-traders of the present century are probably not aware that their favourite doctrine was so broadly anticipated by a legislator of the times of Queen Elizabeth.

The death of this sovereign, and the accession of James I., conduct us to the darkest portion of Raleigh's history. At the court of the new monarch he could not sustain his popularity. James had friends and sycophants of his own to serve, and he was too eager to oblige them, to have much consideration for the merits of a former reign. Besides, it appears to be more than probable that the courtiers, who accompanied him, were not so ready to follow him as he had been. Raleigh was degraded with a party unfavourable to his title, and had been covertly opposing his succession. The king accordingly ordered England with a command strongly prepossessed against him, and this unjust, shortening assiduously fastened by his majesty's advisers, and his own friends, it was no difficult task to exclude Raleigh altogether from the royal councils. Owing to unfavourable representations of his character, his office of captain of the guard was taken from him and bestowed on a Scottish favourite, and every promotion was usurped by his enemies to exclude him from obtaining any share of royal favour in the new government.

This sort of treatment did the not unanticipated effect of making Raleigh discontented, and it much more than made up for the very material injury to his reputation. His private life was had been

much diminished by the expenses connected with his various expeditions to Guiana, and as yet he had realised no part of that return which he had expected. Not the less, however, did he continue to believe in the golden possibility; and now that he was excluded from participation in political affairs, he began to entertain new schemes of colonization and discovery. Most of these were mixed up with aggressive designs against Spain; and we learn from one of his letters, that he made an offer to the king to raise, at his own cost, 2,000 men, to attack the American possessions of that country, and thus materially disable, in her most vulnerable quarters, the haughty power with which England had been for so many years contending. He was particularly desirous that the war with Spain should be continued; and in a pamphlet which he wrote, he endeavoured to show that she was then so greatly reduced, as to be incapable of withstanding the naval power of England; whereas, if peace should be conceded, she would gain time and opportunity to recover her former losses, and again become an obstacle to the proper independence of other nations.

Raleigh's known dissatisfaction with the administration of affairs presently laid him open to the charge of defective loyalty, and exposed him to the accusation of favouring the treasonable designs which, within three months after James's accession to the throne, were in progress under the leading of Lord Cobham. Raleigh had been heard to express an opinion that James's power of appointing his countrymen to places of trust and emolument in his English dominions ought to be subjected to some limitations; and it was thought, therefore, that he must needs be prepared to limit it by acts of treason. When the Cobham conspiracy was discovered, it came out in the examinations that Raleigh, though not actively engaged in it, was to some extent acquainted with the plot. This charge was made by one of the conspirators in another treasonable movement, George Brooke, a brother of Lord Cobham's, and eventually affirmed by Cobham himself, though he had previously exonerated Sir Walter from any knowledge of his designs. On the strength of the suspicions thus engendered, Raleigh, in July, 1603, was committed to the Tower.

After a good deal of discussion and delay, it was resolved that he should be brought to trial with the rest of the conspirators. The confessions of most of them had left no doubt either of their guilt, or the certainty of their condemnation; but, as regarded him, it was the general opinion that there were no grounds for a conviction. The commission for the trial consisted of the great officers of state, and four of the ordinary judges; and the proceedings commenced at eight in the morning, and ended about seven in the evening. The main charges of the indictment were that he had joined Lord Cobham in a conspiracy against the life of the king and his issue; that their purpose was to raise the Lady Arabella Stuart to the throne; and that they had applied to Count Aremberg for money and a Spanish force to aid them in the execution of their designs. On the part of the crown, the trial was conducted by Sir Edward Coke, then attorney-general, who assailed Raleigh in terms of the most odious abuse. The case rested chiefly upon Cobham's accusation; to refute which, Raleigh came to the trial in possession of a letter from his accuser, wherein he retracted and solemnly disavowed the charge. This letter was read by the commissioners, and contained these strong asseverations:—"I protest upon my soul, and before God and his angels, I never was moved by you to the things I heretofore accused you of; and for anything I know, you are as innocent and as clear from any treason against the king as is any subject living." But the night before the trial Cobham wrote another letter to the commissioners, repeating and re-affirming all the retracted accusations. On evidence so flatly contradictory, it might be supposed that no lawful conviction could be obtained; for assuredly one of the statements must be utter falsehood, and a man who could lie so grossly on either side proved himself unfit to be believed; but no such consideration appears to have had any effect upon the jury; they retired for a quarter of an hour, and returned with a verdict of *guilty*. There would seem to have been a predetermination to convict him; and, in those days, it was not difficult to pervert justice to the ends of private malice.

But if Raleigh left the court a condemned man, the feelings of the people

turned towards him to the highest
 eb of sympathy and admiration.
 erto he had been exceedingly un-
 polar; but now his unjust fate, and
 ble bearing under it, seemed suddenly
 awaken a generous public interest in
 behalf. All contemporary accounts
 in witness to the composed and lofty
 air in which he went through the
 ignities of his trial. Sir Dudley
 dington, who was present, relates that
 conducted himself "with that temper,
 - bearing, courage, and judgment,
 I save that it went with the hazard
 his life, it was the happiest day that
 he spent." Of the two persons who
 tried the news to the king, "one
 said, that never man spoke so well
 times past, nor would do in the
 id to come; and the other said, that
 was when he saw him first, he was
 led with the common hatred, that he
 ould have gone a hundred miles to see
 him hanged, he would, ere he parted,
 go a thousand to save his life." In
 half a day," says another observer,
 the mind of all the company was
 raised from the extreme hate to the
 warm pity.

[illegible]

As requested, the report and its services to
market, it has further in view's separation in

from the world is hardly to be regretted. The history of Raleigh's captivity in the Tower is identical with the history of his literary works. His great work, the "History of the World," is rightly reckoned a very remarkable production. "So vast a project as a universal history," says Napier, "undertaken in such circumstances, betokens a consciousness of intellectual power which cannot but excite admiration. Viewed with reference to our vernacular literature, it constitutes an epoch in its historical department; for though Sir Thomas More, 'the father of English prose,' composed his fragment on the 'History of Richard the Third' a century, and Knolles his 'History of the Turks' a few years before the appearance of Raleigh's work, it was indisputably the first extensive attempt of its kind in the English language." Though containing much puerile speculation, observing no just proportion in the distribution of its parts, and much entangled with scholastic and theological digressions, it is nevertheless admitted by competent judges to be a work of vast learning and research, containing passages distinguished by a high originality of thought, and the greatest richness and beauty of imagination. In the portion devoted to the Greek and Roman story, "the narrative," observes Napier, "is clear, spirited, and unembarrassed; replete with remarks disclosing the mind of the soldier and the statesman; and largely sprinkled and adorned with original, forcible, and graphic expressions. But this portion of the work has a still more remarkable distinction, when considered as the production of an age not yet formed to any high notions of international morality, for its invariable exaltation of wars and ambition, and its entire freedom from those illusions which have blinded both historians and their readers in regard to the perfidies and cruelties exhibited in ancient, particularly Roman, history." In this respect he appears to stand honorably distinguished from all preceding authors; but while he thus endeavours to moderate our admiration of the Romans by awakening in us a strong perception of their national crimes, he never fails to do justice to their manly virtues, their energy of character, and their public affections. The moral and judicial mode of viewing the achievements of the great conquerors, and the more

dential lessons held out by history, joined with a mournful tone of reflection on the instability of fortune, the miseries of humanity, and the ultimate fate of all in death, combine to give the work a character of individuality of the most marked description, and which separates it from all others of the class to which it belongs." In point of style the work is rather unequal, but it rises at times to a calm meditative grandeur exceedingly impressive: and, as Mr. Tytler observes, it is, upon the whole, "vigorous, purely English, and possessing an antique richness of ornament similar to what pleases us when we see some ancient priory or stately manor-house, and compare it with our modern mansions." . . . "The opinions of the author," says the same writer, "on state policy, on the causes of great events, on the different forms of government, on naval or military tactics, on agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and other sources of national greatness, are not the mere echo of other minds, but the results of experience, drawn from the study of a long life spent in constant action and vicissitude in various climates and countries, and from personal labour in offices of high trust and responsibility. But perhaps its most striking feature is the sweet tone of philosophic melancholy which pervades the whole. Written in prison during the quiet evening of a tempestuous life, we feel in its perusal that we are the companions of a superior mind, nursed in contemplation and chastened and improved by sorrow, in which the bitter recollection of injury and the asperity of resentment have passed away, leaving only the heavenly lesson that all is vanity."

Of Raleigh's other literary productions, none but the account of Sir R. Grenville's action at the Azores, and that of his own voyage to Guiana, and some poems, were printed during his life. Most of those attributed to him were not published till long after his death. There is, therefore, great uncertainty about the genuineness of several that bear his name; and even with respect to some of which he was undoubtedly the author, we have no information as to whether they were printed just as he wrote them, or have been altered by other hands. Four of them, however, were published under the sanction of his grandson—his "Discourse on the Invention of Shipping,"

his "Relation of the Action at Cadix," his "Dialogue between a Jesuit Recusant," and the "Apology for a Last Voyage to Guiana." Two political treatises—"the Cabinet Council," the "Maxims of the State"—were composed and introduced to the world by him the first being, as he stated, "given him for a true copy, by a learned friend at his death;" and he considered himself "answerable in style to the work the eminent author already executed far as the subject would permit." Besides the above, there are several political pieces ascribed to Raleigh, of which the most noted is a "Discourse on the Prerogatives of Parliaments." This has been more frequently referred to by later writers, than any of his other political productions; owing, doubtless, to the support it has been supposed to afford to the favourers of monarchical power, and the high prerogatives claimed for the Stuarts. Sir R. Filmer and Hume have both appealed to it as an authority. Though favouring monarchy, the dialogue strongly inculcates the doctrine that the happiness of the people is the great end of government; that their good-will its best support; that those kings who governed by their subjects' maxims reigned more prosperously and successfully than those who wished to rule without.

The versatility of Raleigh's genius and pursuits were, as Napier remarks, strikingly exemplified in his acquaintance with the mechanical arts, and his addiction to experimental inquiry. His discourses on shipping, the art of navigation, and naval tactics, are the earliest productions of the kind in the English language. He had little practical knowledge in the art of seamanship, but his knowledge of it was equal to that of a sailor of his age. His tracts on building have often been referred to as evincing a large amount of information, and in a discourse on the "Art of Building by Sea," of which, however, only a partial outline remains, it would appear that that was a subject which he well understood. The strong taste for experimental inquiry, which manifested itself so signally at the close of the sixteenth century, found in Raleigh one of those inquisitive and ardent minds such as in all ages are apt to be directed to active research by the discovery of any new avenue to knowledge. During his confinement in the Tower,

years to have devoted a good deal of time to chemical and pharmaceutical investigations; greatly, no doubt, to the amazement of those about him, who would naturally marvel at seeing a splendid courtier and captain of a war day, thus earnestly employing his leisure with chemical stills and crucibles.

Sir William Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, relates that he converted the bench-house in the garden into a laboratory, "and here," says he, "he spent his time all the day in dissections." This is supposed to have been before Raleigh began seriously to apply himself to the composition of history, which, when commenced, he has engrossed the greater portion of his time; though, in the way of recreation, he appears to have continued experimental researches throughout the entire period of his confinement.

If the poetry ascribed to Raleigh, it is much of very doubtful authenticity.

His exercises in poetical composition seem to have been chiefly limited to the early part of his life. At that time he had rather a high reputation for his numerous odes and ditties, and he seems to have contemplated the

composition of an epic poem, on the subject of the famous act of worthy Brute; but his commanding reply to Marlowe's challenge, "The Pasture Sheep," and the magnificent

ode on the death of Queen Elizabeth, and other poems, may be supposed to have put an end to the project. We have the only authentic specimens of Sir Walter's poems, and they are all in the hands of the Duke of Devonshire.

It is not probable that any of the poems ascribed to him were composed in the Tower, or during his confinement. We have the only authentic specimens of Sir Walter's poems, and they are all in the hands of the Duke of Devonshire.

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death in its most revolting form, and yet try to escape from it by the most degrading artifices." It does not appear that King James was moved by any feeling of clemency, when he consented to release his prisoner; he rather expected to reap some benefit from a mining speculation, which Raleigh had planned; and there is little doubt that he was also moved by bribery—the grand expedient in that age for smoothing the way to royal favour. Various applications had been made for his release, by the Queen, by her brother the King of Denmark, and by the Prince of Wales, but all without success, and even without procuring any material relaxation of the closeness of his confinement. But the death of Cecil, and the disgrace of Somerset, who had been enriched by the gift of his estate, removed some formidable obstacles; and Raleigh having succeeded in inducing the new secretary of state to recommend his project of opening a mine in Guiana, which he represented "as a matter not in the air, or speculative, but real;" and having, moreover, presented the uncles of the new favourite Buckingham with the sum of £1,500, on condition of their procuring his intercession with the king, the long closed gates of the Tower were at last opened, and he was set at liberty. The king did not grant him a full pardon, being resolved, as he stated, to preserve such a hold on Raleigh, as to keep him in effectual subjection, and thus make him answerable, under penalties, for his subsequent behaviour.

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referred generally to such parts of America, as were unappropriated by other states; and conferred on him the power to search for all such articles and commodities therein, as might be serviceable to commerce. The silence as regards Guiana was probably considered necessary to clear the Government, in the event of Raleigh's invasion of any part of it, where the Spaniards might have settled. It is true, he bound himself to abstain from hostile inroads on the Spanish settlements; and in letters to the king, he indicated the particular quarter in which he intended to open a gold mine, and explained the entire route he meant to take; but still there were doubts about his ultimate designs, and even a latent apprehension that he might be contemplating some piratical adventure. Whether to spite Raleigh, or to conciliate the Spanish Government, James revealed the whole scheme and enterprise to the King of Spain; and thus, as Raleigh afterwards complained, the Spaniards were enabled materially to obstruct his progress.

The rumour of gold mines being always an allurement, Raleigh found no difficulty in getting together a sufficient body of associates. In the course of a few months, he was in a condition to sail with a fleet of not less than thirteen vessels, some of them of considerable size, and all carrying a proportionable number of cannon. His excuse for being so strongly armed, was the necessity of being prepared for defence against any chance assailants—an excuse which appears to have been generally recognized as appropriate and sufficient. The assembling of such a fleet, under so renowned a commander, and for purposes so uncommon, did not, however, fail to excite a great deal of curiosity. Amongst others, it was visited by all the ambassadors, then resident at the British court. Raleigh's own ship, the *Destiny*, particularly engaged the attention of the foreign ministers. One foreign minister, the French ambassador, seems to have had interviews with Raleigh, on board this vessel, of a secret and important nature, which must be regarded as sadly affecting Sir Walter's patriotism and honour. The ambassador, in his despatches, describes Raleigh as being in the highest degree discontented; as representing himself to have been unjustly imprisoned, and stripped of his

estate, in a word, most tyrannically; and, as having in consequence resolved to abandon his country, and to make the King of France the first offer of his services and acquisitions, if his enterprise from which he confidently expected results, should succeed. The ambassador, we are told, did not ask much from it; but he made a correct reply, assuring Raleigh of a favourable reception from his master, and engaging him to place himself at his disposal.

For the present, however, this was between Raleigh and the ambassador. The time for sailing comes, a fleet rides prosperously out of port. There were various delays and difficulties on the voyage, but about the middle of November, the coast of Guiana was in sight. Raleigh, unhappily, was unwilling to ascend the Orinoco, or to be obliged to appoint some one in his stead to conduct the exploring party. seemingly, could be better than (Sir) Keymis, who had visited the coast before, and represented himself well acquainted with the situation of the mine? He, accordingly, proceeded with five companies of soldiers (250 men) to search for the spot in question. The navigation into the interior occupied a month; and on disembarking at St. Thomas, a small town erected by the Spaniards, the exploring party was with an adventure.

By some sort of accident or misunderstanding, or, perhaps, by intentional arrangement, our exploring party was induced to make an attack upon St. Thomas, in which conflict the governor was killed, and likewise, on the other side, Raleigh's eldest son; and the Spaniards, having retreated and been pursued to the town, there took occasion to chastise themselves by firing from the walls, and thereby so exasperated the English that they set fire to the place, and reduced it to a perfect ruin. This done, Keymis, with a small party of gentlemen and soldiers, dashed forwards into the country to find out the "mine," which the Spaniards represented as being situated at a great distance. They beat about for several days without result; being frequently fired upon from the walls, and suffering considerable loss. Keymis, at last, thought proper to give up the search, and fell back with his party upon St. Thomas; whence the body shortly returned to Trinidad.

disappointed commander, still unweariedly lying at anchor.

Those who have most closely investigated the documents which form the groundwork of Raleigh's History, are decidedly of opinion that his main purpose in proceeding to Guiana was, not to discover gold mines, but to plant a colony in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. The reception he experienced from the natives satisfied him that they would cordially support him in his scheme. It is said, he did so much in their remembrance, that as he told his wife, he might have been "a king amongst them." "And it was clear enough," says Napier, "that indulged in the hope of being yet able to return and avail himself of their good-will; but the destruction of St. Thomas, and the occurrences that forced him back to England, made the scaffold a termination of his ill-fated career. It is admitted in the Spanish accounts of the attack on that place, that the English commenced upon their side, but it was because the advance of the English left no doubt of their hostile intentions. There can be no question as to its capture was, from the first, resolved upon." In proof of this, Mr. Napier has printed a hitherto unpublished letter, wherein it is shown that Raleigh's party disembarked expressly to that effect.

After returning his commander, Keymis, Raleigh to bear the reproaches with which he was received, and feeling like a man that he had been the immediate cause of the failure, which would now probably have done Raleigh in certain respects, took the thing seriously to heart, and was some days in such abstraction, that he destroyed himself. As to Sir Walter's opinion of his letters written during the expedition, that "God had been much against him." And truly Raleigh had no need of all its strength. Trying must have been the nature of the thing which he contemplated the failure of his enterprise, and had Raleigh besides, over the death of his wife, lamented the loss of one of his best friends and followers. Great, too, and many were the complaints of those who were engaged for the gold mines; the most worthless being, as he testified, a most common one, and the surest to appear, when their return to England will be found, enough left for further action. Though weak from illness,

he at once set sail for Newfoundland, intending there to revictual and refit his ships for the prosecution of his ulterior designs. Before reaching that place, however, most of them dispersed to follow other fortunes; and on his arrival a mutiny took place among his own crew, some wishing to continue at sea, and others to return to England. With the latter, who were the majority, he was forced to acquiesce and sail homewards, his private intention being meanwhile very different. It is generally agreed that his resolution was, if possible, to keep at sea; and it is believed that he designed to try his fortune at the expense of the Spanish settlements, or by some other act of piracy. In an examination, after his return, he "confessed that he proposed the taking of the Mexican fleet, if the mine failed." There is likewise a remarkable anecdote preserved in Sir Thomas Wilson's report of his conversations with Raleigh. "This day," says Wilson (who was a higher sort of government spy), "he told me what discourse he and the Lord Chancellor had had about taking the Plate fleet, which he confessed he would have taken had he lighted upon it. To which my Lord Chancellor said, 'Why, you would have been a pirate.'—'Oh,' quoth he, 'did you ever know of any that were pirates for millions? they only that work for small things are pirates.'" Mr. Tytler discredits this anecdote, but there seems to be no sufficient reason for doubting that Raleigh was quite prepared to act in the manner which the report ascribes to him.

In July, 1618, after being about a year from England, Raleigh returned to Plymouth. What opinions were current respecting his proceedings there is now no means of knowing; though it is certain that the expedition itself had attracted considerable notice, both abroad and at home. The most that is apparent from contemporary documents is, that Raleigh's return, unparadised as he was, occasioned great and general surprise; and his former representations, as regards the mine, were now looked upon as a lure thrown out to draw adventurers to Guiana for colonizing purposes. On arriving at Plymouth, Raleigh learned that a royal proclamation had been issued, strongly condemning his conduct in regard to the attack upon St. Thomas, and call-

ing upon all who could give any information upon the subject to repair to the privy council; and soon after landing he was put under arrest by Sir Lewis Stukely, vice-admiral of Devonshire, to whom a warrant for that purpose had been entrusted. He had previously gone on board a vessel with the view of escaping to France; but, owing to some unexplained and unaccountable emotion, he returned without making the attempt. Not long afterwards, he was re-committed to the Tower. At this time there was pending the negotiation for the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain; and as Raleigh had made himself particularly obnoxious to the rulers of that country, his life was demanded by them as one of the conditions of their assent to the match. The demand was readily complied with; but the novelty, and the extraordinary circumstances of the case, occasioned much difficulty among the lawyers as to the proper course of proceeding. Being under an unpardoned sentence for treason, it was held that Raleigh must be considered as civilly dead, and therefore not triable for any new offence. Had he previously been pardoned, he might have been brought to trial for the attack upon St. Thomas, and the consequent violation of international law; but since James, with his precious cunning and kingcraft, had provided against the chance of that, there seemed no course open but to fall back upon the old sentence, which, for upwards of fourteen years, had been left unexecuted. One of the most revolting acts that ever stained the records of British criminal procedure was thus perpetrated, and, as an appropriate consequence, the memory of James I. rendered odious to all posterity. Without doubt, Raleigh was sacrificed by the crafty monarch, to gratify the resentment, and to appease the fears of the ancient enemy of his country. "Surely," says Mr. Napier, "if aught done against his own and his people's honour can consign the memory of a ruler to lasting reprobation, the following admission ought so to dispose of that of James:— 'Let them know,' says one of the despatches written to the British ambassador in Spain, 'let them know how able a man Sir Walter Raleigh was to have done his majesty service, if he should have been pleased to employ him; yet,

to give them content, he has spared him, when, by preserving he might have given great satisfaction to his subjects, and had at his command as useful a man as serve prince in Christendom.'"

In execution of the antiquated sentence under which he had been civilly condemned, Raleigh was beheaded on the 29th October, 1618. His viour on the scaffold was firm, calm, and kindled the deepest emotions of pity, wonder, and admiration in the spectators. After addressing the people in justification of his character and conduct, he took up the axe, as served to the sheriff, "this is a medicine, but a sound cure to diseases." Having tried how the fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by up his hand; "and then," adding, "fear not, but strike home!" He laid himself down, but was reprieved by the executioner to alter the point of his head: "So the heart be true," said he, "it is no matter which way the head lies." On the signal being given, the executioner hesitated, when Raleigh exclaimed, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike man!" By the force of these words, which he received with shrinking, his head fell; and the brave Sir Walter passed out of the world. After his death were composed these verses, written the night before:—

"Even such is Time, that takes on us
Our youth, our joys, our all we have;
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our way,
Shuts up the story of our days."

There are no details to supply the delineation of Raleigh's daily and private life. Of his personal appearance, however, we have some account derived by individuals who knew him well. Sir Robert Naunton tells us "he had, in the outward man, a presence, in a handsome and well-proportioned person;" and Aubrey adds "besides being tall and handsome, he had a most remarkable aspect, a exceedingly high forehead, long fair eyes, and a pair of deep-set eyes." He was apt to be impatient, and used to ride a white horse, and to wear a silver chain.

as a mighty rich chain of great
about his neck."

mental qualities were of the kind
fit men equally for speculation
for action; and so expert and ready
he in whatever he undertook,

as Fuller observes, he always
to have been "born to that only
he was about." His intellect

both strength and versatility; he
alike great in meditation and in

mental activity; and with a fine phi-
sical and reflective power he com-
a rich poetical imagination. "He

toil terribly," said Cecil; and, as
have seen, he represented himself as

being an exceedingly "strong
man." The "bold and plausible

guy," which Naunton says he had,

was a gift to be expected in him, and
the stories of his personal influence in
debate and conversation may all be
readily credited. He had the most fas-
cinating powers of elocution, albeit, as
Sir Thomas Mallet informed Aubrey,
"he spoke broad Devonshire to his
dying day." A vigorous, most bril-
liant, and highly accomplished person,
he has always been a figure in history,
much admired by mankind, notwith-
standing his many meannesses and
imperfections; and being sacrificed, as
he was, to the dastardly policy and
caprice of a heartless and pusillanimous
prince, his name has come down to us
with a "halo of literary and martyr-
like glory," which it will probably
retain to a remote posterity.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

few days ago, as we were turning

over the pages of the history of the

last century in France, a fact

came before us, which we had not noticed

before. It was well known that the

duels of the last century had reached in those

days an extraordinary pitch, that

any man would send out challenges

with as much readiness as it would seem

to him to pass out keeping themselves

from the Cardinal Richelieu was

regarded as the most stringent laws

and the most sacred as custom, and it

came a natural object of not differ-
ing from as second in rank. But

various as the historians, historians

stated it may be questioned whether

it was as much towards the suppression

of duels, as in a nation which

organized at court for the same object,

number of gentlemen, amongst whom

Marquis de Fenehon stood especially

prominent, took a pledge, never to

resistance, in any way, the horrid

age of settling "affairs of honour

society for the suppression of duels; as,

under the reign of Louis XIV., the refor-

mation was advocated by those for whom

the temptation had been the stronger;

so our total abstinence of the present

day are the very men who were

till lately the most powerful and the "public"

These few preliminary remarks are

the natural introduction to the bio-

graphy of a person like Mr. Gough; and

we may add, that apart from any con-

sideration arising out of the progress of

totalism, the history of his life is a

page which none can read without

profit. Our endeavour will be to let

him, as much as possible, speak for

himself; the *private lives* must be

suggested by the facts alone.

I was born, says our biographer, on the

22nd August, 1817, at a romantic little

watering-place, named Sandgate, in the

county of Kent, England; my father

had been a soldier in the fourth and

fifty-second regiments of foot, and was

in the enjoyment of a pension of £20

per annum, having frequently fought

during the Peninsular War, and been

wounded in the neck. I remember

as well as if it had been but yesterday,

how he would go through military exer-

cises with me, my minute weapon being

a broom, and my martial equipments, some of his faded trappings. I was not destined, however, to see how fields were won. With what intense interest have I often listened to his description of battle-fields; and how I have shuddered at contemplating the dreadful scenes which he so graphically portrayed. He was present at the memorable battle of Corunna, and witnessed Sir John Moore carried from that fatal field. 'Here' he would say, 'was such a regiment—there, such a battalion; in this situation was the enemy, and yonder was the position of the general and his staff.' And then he would go on to describe the death of the hero—his looks, and his burial near the ramparts, until my young heart would leap with excitement. Apart from such attractions as these, my father possessed few for a child. His military habits had become as a second nature with him. Stern discipline had been taught him in a severe school, and it being impossible for him to cast off old associations he was not calculated to win the deep affections of a child, although, in every respect, he deserved and possessed my love. He received his discharge from the army in the year 1823.

"My mother's character was cast in a gentler mould. Her heart was a fountain, whence the pure waters of affection never ceased to flow. Her very being seemed twined with mine, and ardently did I return her love. For the long space of twenty years, she had occupied the then prominent position of school-mistress in her village, and frequently planted the first principles of knowledge in the minds of children, whose parents had, years before, been benefited by her early instructions. And well qualified by nature and acquirements was she for the interesting but humble office she filled, if a kindly heart and a well-stored mind be the requisite."

Under influences such as these, young Gough grew up. His time was divided between attendance at the school and military exercises on the beach, intermixed with frequent rambles to an old keep or castle, built during the days of Bluff King Hal. There the boy wandered, through the desolate court-yards, the dilapidated chambers; whilst the screeching of the owls, the fluttering of the bats, the moaning of the wind across the battlements roused in his heart the

hitherto latent feeling of poetry. Was to be the result of this training? Did the Corunna veteran expect to see the lad one day in veritable armour, charging the enemies of his country, at the head of the Coldstream Guards? We thought Gough's views admitted to the likelihood that John should one day, like Dr Sampson, wag his head in a paragon, in time, did the young dreamer of plans of literary toil and high so-called epics, when sitting on the ruins of the feudal castle? We think the life of the temperance orator a combination of these various and equally and harmoniously blended. There is the resolute soldier in his onslaught upon the drunkard's degrading propensities; is also the power of a true orator in the glowing imagination of a poet.

Mr. Gough both displayed a proved, at an early age, his talent for public speaking. Whilst he was at his mother's, as she sat at the door, strangers, attracted by his fluency, would stay to listen; and then, too, he would be summoned to the Sandgate public library for the purpose of reading the newspaper to a group of amateur politicians; and the force, the spirit, the force of his eloquence, enhanced in a very notable degree by the intrinsic merit of many a leader's performances, of course, were without their reward; shillings, halfpenny, five shilling pieces soon the nucleus of a very respectable cheque; they enabled, what better, the young lad to assist his father through the struggles of an early life.

Mr. Gough was twelve years of age when he left England for America. After emigrating to that country, after consideration of a sum of ten guineas to take him over, teach him a trade, and provide for him until he was twenty-one of age. The separation between him and his parents was a painful one, under the circumstances of the family, it was a matter of necessity; so, on the 1st of June, 1829, everything being arranged, he sailed from the Thames in the *Helena*, accompanied by the prayer-book and the blessings of many a loving heart, carrying with him spiritual refreshment under the shape of books, such as *Dr. Todd's Rise and Progress of Religion*, *Todd's Lectures to the Young*,

was a straw-bonnet maker, also losing her employment." The clouds were now evidently gathering, the waters rising, and Mr. Gough had to pass through an ordeal out of which only after a long time he found his way. Poverty came first. What was to be done, especially now that the winter was setting in, with the price of provisions increased, and wood likewise, far beyond the means of persons reduced to live in a garret? What was to be done? Occasional employment, obtained for short periods, afforded only temporary relief. The pawnbroker's shop could not advance large sums upon articles of furniture, which were rather the worse for use, and bread might not be had on credit. "Once, seeing my mother in tears, I ascertained that we had no bread in the house. I could not bear the sight of such distress, and wandered down a street, sobbing as I went. A stranger accosted me, and asked me what was the matter. 'I'm hungry,' said I, 'and so is my mother.' 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I can't do much, but I'll get you a loaf;' and when I took this three-cent piece of bread home, my mother placed the Bible on our old rickety pine table, and having opened it, read a portion of Scripture, and then we knelt down, thanking God for His goodness, and asking His blessing on what we were about to partake of. All these sufferings and privations my poor mother bore with Christian resignation, and never did she repine through all that dreary season."

The Bible in the abode of poverty! Yes, the Bible! Not the "Declaration of the Rights of Man;" not the "Seven Points of the Charter;" not the "Age of Reason;" but the Word of God, telling us that we must bow under the hand which chastises us for our good. If every garret in Europe was provided with a Bible, few of them would be what too many now are, the appointed quarters for the "devil's regiment of the line."

Grim death followed close upon the footsteps of starvation. The family difficulties seemed clearing up once more; young Gough earned four dollars and a half a week; he had redeemed his coat, and felt the inexpressible joy of being able to go to chapel, when a fit of apoplexy carried off his mother, and left him without the true, the constant friend, whose advice had so often

cheered and benefited him in his pilgrimage. It is impossible to say what would have been the course of Mr. Gough if he could have been for a longer season the unwearied recipient of a mother's love. We suppose him steadily pursuing his business, getting into a respectable situation, and maintaining out of his earnings two relations who had left their parents to come and gladden his fireside. We may fancy him adhering to the path of duty, never wandering to the theatre, a public-house, never dreaming of theatrical reputation, and the excitements of the green-room. We may fancy. But to what purpose? God will otherwise; his mother was removed from the hand of the "last enemy" time; remains to be conquered; his sister died and settled in Rhode Island; now was the time when his parents were to be tried. Brandy and a play-bill constituted his life. It is not expected of course that I should detail all the particulars of Gough's career, either upwards or downwards. His extraordinary life I said to divide itself naturally into two parts, the first of which ends with a mournful catastrophe just stated, a curtain falls upon a coffin to rise amidst the revels of boon companions in the heavy atmosphere of *groggery*.

"I possessed a tolerably good voice, and sang pretty well, having a natural faculty of imitation rather strongly developed; and, being well stocked with amusing stories, I got introduced into the society of thoughtless and dissipated young men, to whom my talents were welcome. These companions, what is termed respectable, but drunk. I now began to attend theatres frequently, and felt an insatiable desire of strutting my hour upon the stage. Slow but sure degrees I forgot the lessons of wisdom which my mother had imparted to me, lost all relish for the great truths of religion, neglected my devotion, considered an actor's situation to be *ne plus ultra* of greatness. I was a member, in my early days, having been retained, through the influence of my mother, a horror of theatres; and as I walked up the Bowery, and with the multitudes passing to and fro the steps of the play-house there, I had mounted for the sake of a view of the busy scene, this pass

shoulder. I looked at the stranger, wondering what his business was with me. Regarding me very earnestly, and apparently with much interest, he exclaimed:—

"Mr. Gough, I believe?"

"That is my name," I replied, and was passing on.

"You have been drinking to-day," said the stranger in a kind voice, which arrested my attention, and quite dispelled my anger at what I might otherwise have considered an officious interference in my affairs.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I have."

"Why do you not sign the pledge?" was the next query.

"I considered for a minute or two, and then informed the stranger friend, who had so unexpectedly interested himself in my behalf, that I had no hope of ever again becoming a sober man; that I was without a single friend in the world who cared for me; that I fully expected to die very soon—I cared not how soon—nor whether I died drunk or sober; and, in fact, that I was in a condition of utter recklessness."

"The stranger regarded me with a benevolent look, took me by the arm, and asked me how I should like to be as I once was, respectable and esteemed, well clad, and sitting as I used to be in a place of worship, enabled to meet my friends as in old times, and receive from them the pleasant nod of recognition as formerly; in fact, become a useful member of society?"

"Oh!" replied I, "I should like all these things first-rate; but I have no expectation that such a thing will ever happen. Such a change cannot be possible."

Mr. Gough, at that time, forgot that with God all things are possible. He

very wisely, however, followed friend's advice, took the pledge, and solved to conquer his moral liberty more. The strife was a terrible but it ended at last successfully health, employment, peace of mind turned to the unfortunate man, who had so long been deprived of them, and the case became generally known, he invited to state it before several temperance associations, and the impression he produced upon crowded audiences, the plain history of his eventful life speedily obtained for him his position as the "temperance-orator of the day." Mr. Gough has been since 1843, devoting his whole time and energy to the triumph of a cause which was the means of rescuing him from destruction. His eloquence, powerful and overpowering; no wonder—he is, according to the rule, *si vis me scire, docere debes*, and him no man can put to shame. Demosthenes, junior, or old Burton, laying down the plan of an Utopian government. "Anatomy of Melancholy," says any man be drunk, he shall drink no wine or strong drink for a twelvemonth after." Fénelon, describing the little kingdom of Salentum, in his "Télémaque," introduces amongst the sumptuary enactments of a more virtuous character; but Mr. Gough, a man, after all. His system admits of compromise; he strikes at the root of the evil, and does so in revolutionary addresses, which may be accurately called "*Appels au Peuple*." M. A. defines Mr. Gough the "Père Bric-à-brac of temperance; like the French Missionary, he has won for himself a wreath of laurels which are not destined to fade." G.

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE COCKBURN.

THE naval forces of Great Britain have not those opportunities of acquiring practice in their profession that are open to the military. The last great combat in which they were engaged at Navarino was not calculated to test their courage and skill. Sir Charles Napier, since

that date, exhibited their proficiency in gunnery at St. Jean d'Acre, and probably at no previous period did this branch of the naval service possess more than at present. The science employed in naval gunnery has rendered the service almost perfect, and terribly efficacious.

the introduction of steam power has induced changes which will revolutionize naval tactics in battle, and the next great combat will probably be conducted by leaders who have never yet engaged in warfare.

The great European states, with the exception of Prussia, have fields for the question of military skill. Britain has in Africa and Asia schools for leaders. Russia has Circassia, apt to be made ready to teach. France possesses Algiers a rugged ground for military exercise. Austria has been provided in Hungary and Italy with experience sufficient to maintain the military spirit of her army for a generation. The navies are differently situated. They can only acquire practice in a great European war, unless, indeed, a quarrel arise with the United States. Either event may be far distant, and cannot be farther removed than we desire, although we could not have an admiral who could not and had seen fire in anything more serious than reviews or saluting.

The strength of our navy and the numerical weakness of our army have added to the frequent employment of our men in combats on land, and the creation of that amphibious but brave and useful force, the marines. The war has done much to assimilate the services, but no leader was ever so much at sea as in war than the late Lord Cockburn, who is remembered by members of the present generation, almost exclusively, as a quiet Lord of a Admiralty and a solid member of a Cabinet.

The birth of Sir George Cockburn occurred at Leamington, on the 19th of August of the present year, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was born in London in the year 1771. His father, Colonel Cockburn, was a Scotch gentleman, and resided at Peebleshire, a county in which the family estates were chiefly situated, in the Imperial dominions. The Cockburns are an old and noble family, who, without ever possessing great power, always held a respectable position, even in the political movements of that country.

At the close of the last century the sons of the nobles were recruited on the navy list, a period when they were incapable of serving the country. Young Cockburn's name was written on the books of a frigate on the 12th March, 1781,

when he was only in his ninth year. He was subsequently removed to the yacht *William and Mary*; nominally removed, for he was not at sea until 1783, when he entered on the *Termagant*, 18, Captain Rawley Balteel, still a young defender of his country, having only reached twelve years. The *Termagant* was on the home station, and he removed from that ship to the *Ariel*, 14 guns, Captain R. Moorsam; then destined for an excellent and useful service on the East Indian station, where, until 1791, when the ship returned home, the crew and officers were engaged in surveying. Before his twentieth year, therefore, this young officer had acquired considerable experience in the nautical department of his profession, formed an intimate acquaintance with the eastern seas, and seen a large portion of the world. He immediately after entered on the *Hebe*, 88 guns, Captain Hood; but he was soon transferred to the *Romney*, 58, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Cranstoun. The necessary and preliminary steps in his profession were rapidly taken, for he passed his examination in June, 1791, and was then appointed acting lieutenant of the *Pearl*, 32 guns, under Captain Courtenay; and in January, 1793, he was placed on the *Orestes*, 18 guns, with Lord A. Fitzroy. Lieutenant Cockburn was undoubtedly a meritorious officer, active and regular in the discharge of duty; but many other officers, not less deserving, must have envied the rapidity of his movements, for soon afterwards his name occurs as acting ninth lieutenant on the *Britannia*, of 100 guns, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Hotham. He continued with the *Britannia* only from April to June, when he made apparently a retrogressive step, and was entered tenth lieutenant on the *Victory*, of 100 guns, then flag-ship of Lord Hood, stationed off Toulon. But Lord Hood was the friend and patron of young Cockburn; and he attained by remarkably quick rotation the rank of first lieutenant, before October closed, when he was appointed to the command of the *Sycoby*, a sloop of war. In this command he attracted notice from his skilful seamanship in maintaining the blockade of Genoa, in January, 1794, during an extremely heavy gale of wind, when all the other vessels of the blockading squadron ran to sea. This circumstance obtained for him the command as acting

a succession of combats on the rocky coast, directed against batteries on shore, the frigates, from their light draught of water, had a large share of the work, and the *Melagre's* crew and young captain were injured to hard fighting.

When the French learned, early in 1795, that the British fleet had left Corsica for Leghorn, a large fleet with a considerable military force left Toulon to re-capture Corsica. They seized the British 74-gun ship *Barwick*, then disabled, and on the voyage from Corsica to Leghorn; and lost in a few days after, two of their line of battle ships in an action with Admiral Hotham's fleet; in which the *Melagre* was included; but as the name of that frigate does not appear with any return of killed or wounded, we infer that no loss was sustained by Captain Cockburn's crew, and that his ship, although present in the action, was not absolutely engaged. The *Melagre* afterwards formed one of a squadron under Commodore Nelson, employed in co-operation with the Austrians against the French in Piedmont. Upon Admiral Hotham's retirement the command devolved on Sir Hyde Parker, but he was immediately succeeded by Sir John Jervis. A second action had been fought by Admiral Hotham, in July, 1795, with the French Toulon fleet. The result was unsatisfactory, for although one of the French ships, the *Arcturion* was destroyed, yet the superior

ish ship was fought with courage and skill, evincing in the time required for her capture by the *Minerve*, a frigate of equal strength, with Nelson and his crew both on board; and it is a curious coincidence, that the Spanish captain was a countryman of Cockburn's descendant of a family who had eschewed the proscriptions which followed the unsuccessful rebellions of 1717 and 1745. His name was James St. John and the Pretender's family may give one relative to the naval service. The *Minerve* sustained in the action a loss of 7 persons killed and 32 wounded. Commodore Nelson made the loss of the *Sabina*, 164 killed and wounded, relative to the Spanish statement to 53. (The same afternoon the *Matilda*, a Spanish frigate of 34 guns, came into action with the *Minerve*, but the approach of the *Prince de Asturias*, a Spanish line of battle ship, terminated that action, although not before the *Matilda* had been compelled to haul off, and the *Minerve* had 10 more men disabled. Two officers and 40 petty officer seamen were shipped from the *Minerve* on the *Sabina* to take the prize in el Puerto. The latter was re-taken by the *1 de Asturias* and some Spanish frigates, and thus very few advantages accrued to either party. The *Minerve* on the 26th made Port Ferrajo, and on the 27th January, 1797, with 3 frigates, 2 sloops and 14 transports, under the command

prevalent among the seamen; who refused to leave the British coast until their wrongs were redressed, or an English fleet had left its ports. The latter condition furnished the best evidence that the men were willing to discharge duty; but they were over-wrought, harassed, and under-paid. The consequences were afterwards bitterly experienced, when many British seamen joined the fleet of the United States. The fleets of Cape St. Vincent and of Cambray were both fought during the year 1707. The first, under Sir John Fisher, terminated in the capture of a great portion of the Spanish fleet; the second, under Admiral Duncan, in the most perfect destruction of the Dutch fleet. The *Minerva* brought to Sir John Fisher intelligence that the Spanish fleet had put to sea. Captain Cockburn discovered her, on the 11th February, with a line of battle-ships. He escaped her and formed a junction with the English fleet on the morning of the 13th.

[illegible]

the same carelessness that ruined their ancestors, and wrecked their vessels on the British rocks. They thought less of the conflict before Cape St. Vincent than of the triumphal entry into Cadiz; and they did not even take the means in time to combine their vast strength. A breeze of wind, soon to be lulled into a calm by the vibration from 3000 guns, cleared away the fog at 11 a.m. The British numbered 19 ships, with 3 smaller vessels, and 1374 guns; the Spanish 39 ships, with a number of gun-boats, and 2,702 guns.

Sir John Jervis saw at once the disparity of force; but along with that he observed a wide blank in the Spanish line, if, as he wrote, "a line it could be called." With extreme boldness, in a dilemma where temerity was the best tactic, he determined to divide the enemy. The Spanish admiral, Cordova, sought, too late in the day, to prevent that movement. At 11 a.m. Admiral Jervis signalled the British ships to form in line of battle "ahead and astern" of his own *Victory*. At half-past 11, the van-ship, *Culloden*, commenced the battle. Although the Spanish admiral had been caught in confusion, he endeavoured, with considerable skill, to retrieve his error, and combine his ships. By 1 p.m. the battle had become general. The particulars of this conflict belong more especially to the history of Sir John Jervis, or Commander Nelson.

At 5 p.m. the battle ceased, leaving with the Spanish marine recollections of Valiente's Dry and hard rough missiles, from which they have never recovered.

On the 16th, three frigates, under Captain Berkeley, were despatched in pursuit of the *Sarcosine*. The *Trinidad*, which, with its towing frigate, had parted from the Spanish fleet. They came on with the Spanish ship and the

The battle of Cape St. Vincent resulted in the defeat of the Spaniards, with the loss of four of their ships and 3,000 prisoners. The killed and wounded during the conflict were not accurately stated, yet the British loss was nearly 400, and the Spanish reached 1,000; but returns were not published from all their ships. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to the fleet, and honours were conferred on its principal leaders.

Captain Cockburn was only yet in his 25th year, and in command of a small frigate; but on the 29th May, in company with the *Lively*, another frigate, his boat's crews cut out the *Mutine*, a French privateer, from under the guns of Santa Cruz, in the great Canary Island, after a sharp conflict. He had previously assisted to destroy *L'Etonnant*, of 18 guns, and had taken a privateer with 6 guns and 60 men. In November of the same year, while refitting his ship at Gibraltar, he observed a valuable British fleet of merchant vessels chased and in danger of being cut off by thirty Spanish gun-boats. He manned his own three boats, put off to sea, and after a running fight, continued through the whole night, brought the convoy to an anchorage in safety.

Captain Cockburn returned to England early in 1798, and did not sail again for the Mediterranean until nearly the close of the year, in time to take part in the hostilities against Malta, which Buonaparte had seized on his voyage to Egypt. In company with the *Emerald*, he captured *La Caroline*, a French privateer, carrying 16 guns, with 90 men. He was with Admiral Keith's fleet on the 19th of June, when five French frigates were captured off Minorca. During the year 1800, Captain Cockburn was employed in watching the enemy's privateers, which interfered badly with our commercial marine; and he captured three of that class of vessels, *Le Furet*, *La Manche*, and *La Vengeance*, mounting altogether 49 guns, and carrying 357 men. In 1801, still in command of the *Minerve* frigate, he captured a French brig of war, and on the 2nd of September, in the Piombino channel, followed by the *Phœnix*, he chased and re-captured *Le Succès*, a French frigate, formerly an English ship, and drove another frigate *Brauame* on shore, where the ship was entirely wrecked.

The next year, 1802, was one of and rest among the great European powers, and in February, the Peace of Amiens was signed. The hollow nature of the Peace of Amiens became apparent, and active preparations for war were commenced both in the English and French. Admiral Cornwallis commanded the British Channel fleet, consisting of nearly 100 sail of the line and frigates, and he blockaded all the French ports. On the 12th of July, 1803, Captain Cockburn received the command of the *Phœnix*, a frigate of 38 guns; a station was assigned him off Havre, until he was ordered to convey the British ambassador, Mr. Merry, to the United States. From the American coast he ordered a second time to the India, with which his early surveying had rendered him familiar. He continued on the East Indian station in 1805, in a service which presented opportunities of attaining prominence in his profession. The *Phœnix*, during this period, was partially engaged in the blockade of the Mauritius, then a French colony, and the French fleet and crew were brought frequently into collision with the shore batteries. In June, 1805, Captain Cockburn's ship changed into the *Hornet*, which was commissioned to bring home the Marquis of Wellesley, after the close of his brilliant career as governor of India. The British fleet, which had been so long engaged in blockading French Channel ports, or in attacking their adversaries "round and round" the Mediterranean — a service in which Admiral Nelson was engaged for ten days of two years, without being once on shore, or out of his ship — were now to be engaged on the Spanish coast, for the approaching commencement of the great Peninsular War, which was carried forward from our command of the sea.

The prospect of agreeable employment to a young naval officer, on his return from India, was not encouraging. In July, 1806, Captain Cockburn obtained the command of the *Captain*, in which formed one of a squadron under Sir J. Lewis; but excepting the command of a fine frigate, *La Presidente*, on the 27th of September, this squadron did nothing, for the best of reasons: almost everything had been done in March the 10th, of the following

ain Cockburn was transferred to *Ahoukir*, as the name implies, a comparatively new ship. He subsequently exchanged to the *Pompee*, and the passage to the West India. On that ship chased and captured *Pilate*, of 16 guns and 109 men. In January, 1809, Captain, now Commodore, Cockburn was second in command of the fleet collected under Sir Alexander Cochrane to attack Martinique. The island was defended by Admiral de Joyeuse. The naval force had to convey their companions to the scene of action, for the French burned their own ships in the island ports. Therefore, Commodore Cockburn, therefore, decided to operate on shore, and commanded the troops and seamen employed in the operations which occupied the force nearly three weeks. In this service was eminently skilful and successful; and on the 25th of February, he urged with the French commodore the terms of capitulation. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his efforts, and was appointed governor of the port and town of St. Pierre.

For management of local and social affairs in a pleasant but quiet town of West Indian island, at a time when the population was convulsed to the centre, and with Commodore Cockburn, the efforts of time also was being speedily away. He was now in his twenty-sixth year. Twenty-six years had passed since his entrance upon naval duty, at twelve years old. His career from literally on the waters, and that in these years he appears not to have been at all homesick, and he had never dreamed of the career of a commander.

He sailed early in 1809 in negotiation of exchange into the *Indefatigable*, and returned to Europe in 1810, to take an active part in the expedition to the Scheldt, under the Earl of Chatham.

The history of the operations in this position would occupy more space than we can afford here, and is unnecessary to repeat. It landed at the mouth of the Scheldt, as a soldier, as an agent, and later on the approach of winter, when the operations could have been successfully conducted, or when a healthy season had returned. The army under the Earl of Chatham was very so far as British regiments

count, than that with which Wellington gained Waterloo. But the military part of the expedition was weakly handled, and although the French ships building at Flushing were burned, and the magazines on the Scheldt, up to the neighbourhood of Antwerp, were destroyed; yet the general result was unsatisfactory, and was followed by a long inquiry before a committee of the House of Commons.

The naval service did not share in the displeasure of the country, for its work was well performed. The left wing of the British army landed on the 30th of July, under the direction of Lord Beauclerk of the *Royal Oak*, and Captain Cockburn of the *Belleisle*, after a slight opposition, on the Breed-Zand, which forms the northern extremity of Walcheren island. On the same evening Sir Home Popham proceeded up the Veer-Gat in command of a flotilla of bomb-boats and gun-vessels, co-operating with the Earl of Chatham, against Veers, which was taken after a bombardment on the following day. Fort Rammekens was taken on the 3rd of August, and the town of Flushing was immediately invested. Captain Cockburn abandoned the *Belleisle*, and in an 18-gun sloop, the *Plouer*, commanded the flotilla employed against Flushing. The great attack was not made until the 13th, and was continued almost without intermission until the afternoon of the 14th. At 4 p.m. the garrison ceased to fire, and a fruitless attempt at negotiation was tried. The bombardment, therefore, recommenced at night, and continued until 2 p.m. of the 15th, when the French commander offered to capitulate. The terms were arranged by Captain Cockburn, who had gained credit in the navy for cool sagacity in transactions of that nature. It is said that he allowed himself to be conducted through the fortification blindfolded, to treat with the French general, Moutat. On the 16th, Flushing was handed over to the British. The little *Plouer* was kept in the van, on this description of work, until the army decided to retreat; then it was in the rear; and when the Earl of Chatham believed that he could make no farther impression on the enemy's works, and retired from positions which he never should have occupied, Captain Cockburn, in the *Plouer*, kept the enemy at a respectful distance, until the sick and the

wounded of the naval and the military forces were on the ocean, and left the *Scheldt*, the last ship of an expedition injudiciously planned, and still more incompetently managed.

After the army and fleet were extricated from the *Scheldt*, Captain Cockburn resumed the command of the *Bellisle*; but the ship was paid off in October, and he was unemployed until his appointment to the *Impregnable* 74, in the month of February, 1810, when he was stationed for some time on the western coast of Spain, on an expedition planned for the liberation of Ferdinand, who might have been surnamed "the Incompetent," and for whom it was idle to hazard brave men's lives. He then co-operated in the defence of Cadiz against the French, and, at the close of the year, he escorted two Spanish ships of the line to the Havannah; passing from thence to Vera Cruz, from which he brought two millions of dollars for the Spanish patriots, he arrived in England early in 1811, and on the 26th November in that year hoisted his pendant on the *Grampus*, a 50-gun ship. This vessel was engaged for nearly two years on the Spanish coast, but the French ships kept their ports, and the necessary watch over them was tedious.

The United States at this period adopted a policy which must ever stain the character of President Madison and the legislators who sanctioned his proceedings. Great Britain alone withstood Europe, leagued together against the principles of constitutional government and political freedom. The struggle should have secured the sympathy of the Union. Even if they had offered no assistance, they should have maintained a strict neutrality. But Channing and other able men lectured and wrote in vain, for in 1812 the States declared war against England. This proceeding retarded the establishment of constitutional freedom in the Continent of Europe for the lifetime of a generation, by casting Britain on the elements of the Holy Alliance for assistance, and has reflected enduring shame on the government of the United States at that period. The annexation of the British North American colonies was probably the chief reason for this hostile enterprise from Washington, yet it rendered that object impossible, by producing border enmity, which has continued in

force until now that these colonies are sufficiently powerful to defend themselves and form an independent nation.

The declaration of war by the United States was followed rapidly by naval hostilities. Vessels of great strength and weight of metal were excessively manned, and sent out under the name of frigates, to cruise for British ships of the same nominal class, but greatly inferior in men, in metal, and even in tonnage. The crews of the States' vessels were composed in the proportions of one fourth, and often one third of British or rather Irish deserters, who fought desperately, in anticipation of being hung when captured.

With the purpose of closing the attacks of United States' frigates and privateers upon the shipping of this country, Admiral Sir John Warren was despatched to the American coasts. Rear-Admiral Cockburn was, fortunately for the object of the expedition, associated with Admiral Warren as the second in command. The work really fell to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, and it was admirably performed. This fleet, consisting of two 74-gun ships, the *San Domingo*, bearing Sir John Warren's flag, and the *Marlborough*, carrying Admiral Cockburn's, the *Maidstone* and *Statira* frigates, and the *Fautome* and *Mohawk* brigs, arrived in Chesapeake Bay in February, 1813. As the ships made the Rappahannock river, four armed schooners were observed in its waters. Boats were immediately sent in pursuit from each ship of the squadron, and, after a chase of several miles, the schooners, two of six, one of seven, and one of twelve guns, with 219 men, were all taken by the boat force under Lieutenant Polkinghorne. The British lost two persons killed, and seven wounded. Their opponents had six men killed, ten wounded, and the four privateers captured. Admiral Cockburn lost no time in teaching the nature of war to the maritime states of the Union, although he acted in a conciliatory style for an enemy. He issued no proclamations inviting rebellion, as the States' officers had circulated in Canada. He destroyed no private property, but bought and paid for the stores requisite to his fleet; but he burned all the armaments, arsenals, and depôts belonging to the States on the coasts. Frenchtown, upon the river Elk, was attacked on the morning of

25th April. The battery guns were lost, five vessels burned, and all the store stores were carried off or destroyed. He next landed on Specuie and but only to buy stores, and he destroyed nothing there. On the 3rd of May, the force, chiefly consisting of sailors and seamen under his command, attacked and carried the town of Fort-de-Grâce, embarked six guns and had formed its battery, and destroyed a number of muskets. A cannon foundry, with a battery formed for defence, was seized, and five 24-pounders, twenty-eight 32-pounders, six larger guns, and four carronades, were destroyed, along with the entire garrison. Another division of the boats landed, the *Susquehanna*, captured and destroyed five vessels, and a large quantity of flour, which was no doubt the property. We can at this distance of time rejoice in the utter annihilation of the cannon foundry, and sympathise with the flour dealers in its loss; for conceding that the individuals suffered nothing, yet the world, in 1813, could ill afford the destruction of flour.

The river *Sassafra*s was afterwards searched for hostile ships or stores, but none were found, and the British admiral remained on the best terms with the people inhabiting its banks, until the force reached two projecting points at Georgetown, from which they were driven upon by a militia force entrenched on the shores. The houses of those who fought in the attack were destroyed, for they offered no effective resistance. Some other towns signified their submission, and escaped with a ceremony. Admiral Warren had, during these transactions, gone to Bermuda, and returned early in June, with a force of nearly 3,000 men. After an unsuccessful attack on Craney Island, in which Admiral Cockburn was engaged, an assault upon the town of Hampton was planned. Admiral Cockburn, who had now transferred his flag to the *Sceptre*, a 74-gun ship, commanded the marines and naval forces, in co-operation with General Beckwith, a military detachment. Lieutenant-General, the late Sir Charles Napier, led the military; and Hampton fell after a short struggle. The United States' navy accused the invading force of burning and otherwise injuring the property; but acts of that character,

according to their own statements, were confined to the French Canadians, who had personal hardships to revenge. They were called in, and humanely placed under guard, by the leaders in this enterprise. On the 1st of July, Admiral Cockburn entered Ocracoke harbour, in North Carolina, with 500 infantry, his own marines and sailors; captured the *Atlas*, and the *Anacanda*, privateers of 10 and 18 guns respectively, and the towns of Ocracoke and Portsmouth, after a slight resistance. As the inhabitants had not interfered in the contest, their property was respected. On the 5th of July, with a small portion of the same force, he seized Kent Island, in the Chesapeake; but probably considering his exertions badly supported by Sir John Warren, he shortly afterwards retired to Bermuda.

During the winter he appears not to have been engaged with the enemy; but when Sir Alexander Cochrane replaced Sir John Warren, in the spring of 1814, Admiral Cockburn's name again occurs in the narrative of the States' war. In the latter end of May, he drove Commodore Barney's flotilla up one of the creeks of the Chesapeake, to a point where shallow water secured their safety. Commodore Barney was a brave old officer, and, like many others in the service of the States, an Irishman; but he was unable to meet the forces under Admiral Cockburn, which swept the coasts on both sides of the bay, carrying off all the stores, and destroying all the ships. Lower Marlborough was taken by the middle of June. In July, Admiral Cockburn proceeded up the Potomac, and with his marines and seamen drove the 36th United States regiment out of Leonard's Town, destroying such arms and stores as they found. Nominy Ferry was next stormed and taken from a militia force, along with three schooners, and a large quantity of produce, warehoused for shipment. On the 24th, this naval force scoured St. Mary's county for ten miles from the river's edge, always adhering to the admiral's rule, of paying for all they required, except when they were attacked. He burned six schooners at the head of the Machodoc river navigation, and being done with its waters turned into the Wicomoco, and landing at Hamburg and Chaptuo, shipped off everything not strictly the property of

those townsmen who offered no resistance. Having finished the Wicomico, he entered the Yocomico, on the 2nd of August, and a smart contest ensued with the Americans, under General Hungerford, but they were defeated, losing a field-piece. They rallied again at Kinsale, and were again attacked by the marines and seamen, and again defeated. The stores at Kinsale were all shipped. The storehouses and two schooners were burned. Two batteries were taken. Five new schooners, a field piece, a number of prisoners, and a large quantity of produce were seized. General Taylor, who recently commanded the United States' forces in the Mexican war, and died president of the Republic, was wounded in this action. On the 7th, the admiral ascended Coan river, and, after another severe skirmish, captured three schooners, with a large quantity of tobacco. On the 12th, he penetrated into St. Mary's creek, but the inhabitants were peaceable, and lost nothing.

The successful inroads of Admiral Cockburn, with an irregular force of never more than 700 men—never beaten, but always defeating any number of the enemy who waited for them—rendered him "the scourge of the Chesapeake." His proceedings have justified an opinion, that the etiquette of purely military forces is perhaps a little too regular for warfare on water and in wood, with an enemy conversant with the fords and forests, and prone to fighting by firing from the shelter of trees. In years long after 1813 and 1814, when American gentlemen observed a placid, quiet, old member walking in the lobbies of the Commons—active, but rather benevolent than otherwise in his appearance, they had some difficulty in believing him to be the terror of their schoolboy days, who even drove "Old Hickory" wounded and unhorsed, to take shelter in the bush of their forest land.

Early in June, a number of the British peninsular regiments were shipped from the Gironde for the United States coast, under the command of Major-General Ross, who arrived off the Potomac on the 14th of August; and Admiral Cockburn explained to him a plan for the seizure of Washington, the federal capital. General Ross at once adopted the scheme; and on the 20th August, his army, numbering only 4,000 men,

were safely landed at Benedict, on the Patuxent river, fifty miles south-east of Washington. Admiral Cockburn pushed forward with his boats, reached and seized a station with the vulgar name of Pig's Point, full of tobacco, and found moored above it the formidable flotilla commanded by Commodore Barney, whose broad pendant floated from a large sloop of war, supported by sixteen gun-boats. A contest for their possession must have been attended with severe loss, but as Admiral Cockburn approached in his open boats, he found the sloop on fire, and the entire flotilla, with the exception of one gun-boat, blazed and blew up in rapid succession; for Commodore Barney abandoned thirteen mercantile schooners to his adventurous antagonist, burned his fleet, and spared his men. He immediately joined the States' army under General Winder, at a place called Long Old Fields, near Upper Marlborough, and Admiral Cockburn, having secured the river and the right flank of the army by the destruction of this flotilla, following his opponent's example so far, formed a junction with General Ross at Upper Marlborough, on the 23rd. General Winder received a reinforcement of 2,000 men from Baltimore on the same evening, but he abandoned his encampment at Old Fields, and retreated to Bladensburg on the 24th. This village, within a few miles of Washington, was the scene of a short conflict on the same day. The American forces, nominally commanded by the president at the time, Mr. Madison, were really directed by General Winder, and they have been variously stated by American writers at from nearly 8,000 to more than double the number. The official account gives the larger number. They were skilfully posted on ground well adapted for defensive tactics, and had twenty-three pieces of artillery. General Ross may possibly have brought 4,000 British soldiers, and Admiral Cockburn nearly 1,000 marines and sailors into the field, but not quite 2,000 of both classes were engaged. The States' forces fired their cannon, and then walked rapidly into Washington, leaving ten pieces on the field. The British loss in the engagement amounted to sixty-five persons killed, and one hundred and ninety-one wounded. The loss of their opponents must have been equally great, and perhaps not much larger, as their early

rapid flight saved life. The associated military and naval commanders prudently permitted their men to breakfast or dine on the field, then walked a few miles into Washington. When Admiral Cockburn and General Ross reached the suburbs along with a few officers of their staff, while conferring together on their future course, they were fired upon from the windows of some private houses. One soldier was killed, some others were wounded, and General Ross had his horse shot. Admiral Cockburn immediately rode back, brought up some companies who surrounded the houses, took the inmates out, and then burned down the houses. It has been said that all these houses were condemned to death and destruction. The statement is entirely true. Indeed the American writers, at the time of this visitation, admitted the excess of all private plundering, or personal injury to unarmed individuals. The houses were burned to prevent any similar attacks during the evening, but the inmates were treated as prisoners of war. The capitol, the fortress, and the public works at Greensleaf, the public works, the treasury, and war offices were all burned down; the secretary of the office suffered the same infliction. A great quantity of heavy and small arms were utterly destroyed, along with stores and buildings in the navy-yard, the great bridge over the Potomac, and such shipping as the Americans had, who burned a new frigate and a ship of war, had left. The retreating army had blown up a quantity of ammunition, and burned up some military stores. The Americans complained that Admiral Cockburn burned President Madison's house, but it had been used as a fortified station, and probably the admiral did not hold its temporary occupation in high esteem. His long life had left him unacquainted with the habits of the press. His daily newspaper could not have been very regularly delivered for many years; therefore, when he came to the *National Intelligencer* office, concluding that everything "national" belonged to the state, he forthwith proposed to apply the torch to the building. He does not, however, seem to have been an extremely fierce unreasonable opponent, for some of the citizens immediately explained to him the character of the journal, and the danger to other houses if its office

were once kindled; and so he desisted, with the assurance that their persons and property would be fully respected; and, wishing them "a very good night," rode away, leaving the *National Intelligencer* to abuse "the enemy." In the destruction of public property at one point, some powder exploded and killed twelve soldiers, severely scorching and wounding a number more, but with this exception, the British suffered no loss in Washington, from which they retired on the evening of the 25th. The value of the property destroyed has been variously stated at from two to three millions of dollars or pounds. The dollars are likely to be beneath the mark. The frigate and the sloop, with their equipments, the bridge over the Potomac, destroyed by the British, and two bridges by the American forces, the military arsenals and the navy stores, the capitol, the president's dwelling, and the different public edifices, seem not to be extravagantly valued at two million pounds.

In the month of September, an effort was made to seize Baltimore on the *Pelapso*, one of the elder cities of the Union, containing at that time 50,000 inhabitants, defended by strong batteries erected in most advantageous positions. The Americans assembled a large army for the protection of Baltimore, consisting of 17,000 men and volunteers, certainly not innumerable, but unnumbered. Upon the 10th the fleet came to an anchor near Baltimore, and on the 12th the army, amounting not quite to 3,500 men, including 600 marines and seamen, landed. They were commanded by Admiral Cockburn and General Ross, and carried a line of abattis and entrenchments, dug and thrown up, after the fashion of Torres Vedras, on a small scale, with scarcely any loss. The two commanders, untaught by the incident at Washington, reconnoitred considerably in advance of the army with a detachment of sixty soldiers. In this position they were attacked by nearly 400 American cavalry and riflemen; who, after a short conflict, fled to the woods, the favourite fighting-ground in America. General Ross then proposed to walk back, and bring up the light companies. He went on this errand alone, and never returned. An American rifleman, observing the movement from the habitual shelter of a tree, shot the general through his right arm, and the ball penetrated his breast.

He was found dead on the road by the men of his light companies, who attracted probably by the firing had advanced. The loss to the British army in America was never supplied. General Ross, a man of great personal courage, in the prime of life, amply versant in military tactics, commanding the esteem of his soldiers, was endowed with all the qualities calculated to render campaigning successful.

Admiral Cockburn was informed of his companion's death by the officer in command of the light company; but with the approval and co-operation of Colonel Brooke, who was senior military officer, he attacked the American army, strongly posted within a few miles of Baltimore, consisting of 1,500 men, partially covered by heavy batteries in their rear, and sustained by a militia force of 8,000 strong. This brief battle, like every other conflict during the war, on even partially open ground, was decided through rapid progressive movements by the Americans. They fired artillery and musketry once or twice, and evinced their ordinary repugnance to a meeting with bayonets and cutlasses. They were driven from their positions, leaving two of their cannons and a number of prisoners on the field. The British loss was 50 killed and 300 wounded. The Americans had copied the French system of bulletin-making, and acknowledged a loss of 20 killed, 90 wounded, 50 missing; but of the latter Admiral Cockburn had 200 prisoners, and the other figures should probably be multiplied in the same proportion. The forces secured the American positions, and waited patiently for the light of the 13th to storm the entrenched camp and city, although a heavy rain poured on them without intermission. Before them, within entrenchments, behind walls, supported by vast artillery planted in batteries, fully 16,000 armed men waited their approach; and the determination of the naval and military commanders to storm Baltimore proves the strength of that confidence which they felt in their men, for in numbers they were not equal to more than one-fourth of their opponents; but, at the critical moment, Sir Alexander Cochrane, against the entreaty of Captain Charles Napier and the other frigate captains, who offered to take their vessels up to Baltimore and silence all the forts,

declined to co-operate, and ordered a retreat; on the ground that the town was too strongly fortified, and the river too shallow for the operations which he had contemplated. Admiral Cockburn and Colonel Brooke were evidently displeased with this decision; but they collected their prisoners and wounded men, and retiring by easy marches of three to four miles, re-embarked at North Point on the 15th. The American general did not interfere with their movements, or molest them in their retreat; an instance of forbearance which would have brought a British officer, with an equally superior force, to a court-martial. Admiral Cochrane sailed for Halifax on the 19th, to make preparations for the unfortunate expedition to New Orleans. Admiral Cockburn departed on the same day, in the *Albion*, for Bermuda. Admiral Malcolm remained for some time in the Chesapeake, made some inroads on the coast, and burned a few schooners; but by the middle of October he sailed for Jamaica. Baltimore would probably have been taken, if General Ross had survived, or if Admiral Cockburn had held the chief command of the naval forces. He, undoubtedly, felt some irritation under this disappointment, and apparently remained at Bermuda until the following December. Even at that date he appears not to have engaged in the expedition on the Mississippi against New Orleans; therefore the history of that affair does not come within the scope of this paper, but to the British forces it was the most calamitous event of the war.

Meanwhile Admiral Cockburn pursued his course of independent action with perfect calmness and success. He transferred his services chiefly to the coast, established himself in the country, and seemed anxious to take possession of the land. He arrived in the Chesapeake with the *Albion*, from Bermuda, in the early part of December, 1814; but sailed immediately afterwards for Amelia Island, on the coast of East Florida. Part of his forces, on the 13th of January, 1815, attacked and carried, under the immediate command of Captain Baine, the fort of Point Petre, on the St. Mary's river. This fort mounted seven guns, but the garrison abandoning them, escaped to the woods. Upon the next day, the same forces advanced to the town of St. Mary's, but expe-

and no resistance in taking the ship and all other property of a public character. An expedition farther up river was planned, and an old India-boat captured by the United States with a new gun-boat, was brought

Upon the 22nd, Admiral Cockburn removed the guns from Point and destroyed the fort. He then ascended the river and seized Cumberland Island; the marines and soldiers encamped, a large house was fortified as headquarters, and the admiral endeavored to establish himself on the Indian soil. He had planned an attack on Savannah in the state of Georgia, and while waiting a reinforcement to promote his scheme, the river was scoured for 120 miles by a British expedition, who in skirmishing killed 4 men and 25 wounded. On the 25th February, the American admiral, who was instructed to oppose Admiral Cockburn's movements, intimated the close of the war. Peace had been concluded at Ghent, on Christmas of 1814, and the treaty was ratified at Washington on the 18th Feb. 1815. The treaty contained no change in the relative position of the two nations. Power had been wasted for years in infliction of mutual injury, without any result, good or bad, except the late formation of two great and hostile states in Northern America.

Admiral Cockburn returned to England and arrived at Spithead on the 1st of May, 1815, to learn that peace was once more broken. Napoleon in France, the French on the Rhine, and Allied armies advancing to meet their great antagonist. His flag was hoisted on the *Northumberland*, 74, but a short campaign of 1815 allowed no time for naval operations. The few days of June and the final defeat and surrender of Napoleon are lost in themselves unconnected with the life of Sir George Cockburn; but he was ordered to convey the fallen emperor to St. Helena, his future residence, and on the 8th of August he sailed from Plymouth with his passenger. The voyage did not form a pleasant episode in the admiral's life. Napoleon was scarcely civil to his own attendants, and he was not communicative with British admirals. He imputed his enmities to their class, and could not distinguish between national and personal animosities. Still the voyage was

considered an honourable distinction to the naval officer in command, who had passed thirty years in the service, and out of that number twenty-five years absolutely on the ocean, engaged in perpetual strife, chiefly originating with the ambition and activity of the man who, having conquered and ruled nearly the whole of Europe, was now the prisoner of Europe, banished from its shores, and voyaging to the little southern isle, a thousand miles from any other land, within which all his plans and schemes were to be confined, until death closed a career more strongly marked on the history of the nineteenth century than that of any other man. The *Northumberland* reached St. Helena, and Napoleon landed on the 16th of October; but Sir George Cockburn remained in command of the naval forces on the station until his relief by Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm in June, 1816, when he returned to England, and struck his flag in August.

Europe was at rest. The wounds of a fatal war were gradually closing. The long peace had commenced to run. Naval and military officers were therefore unemployed, for even the extended colonial possessions of Britain could not afford employment for all the men whom long hostilities had injured to war. Sir George Cockburn married his cousin Miss Mary Cockburn, but to the date of his arrival from St. Helena in England he could not have passed much time in the domestic relations of life. Soon afterwards he entered political and scientific circles, and passed his time in the discharge of parliamentary, professional, and official duties to the last resignation of office by Sir Robert Peel. After that event he retired in a great measure from public life, but he was then in his 76th year.

Having passed a number of years at home, he again hoisted his flag in the *Vernon*, a 50-gun ship, and, accompanied by the *President*, sailed for the West Indies. He held the command of the West Indian and North American naval stations from 1832 to 1836; years of peace, when a naval command was a pleasant retirement from admiralty and parliamentary work, and ere then he was accustomed to and practised in both.

He obtained a seat in Parliament for

Portsmouth, in 1818. Two years afterwards, in 1820, he was elected for the borough of Weobly. In 1826 he was chosen to represent Plymouth. And in the hotly contested general election of 1841, as a follower of Sir Robert Peel, he was returned for Ripon. He held a seat in Parliament for fourteen years.

He was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in 1818, and again in 1828. In 1841 he received the appointment of First Lord of the Admiralty, which he retained until the dissolution of the Peel cabinet, in the circumstances already stated. His service at the Board of Admiralty altogether extended to a period of seventeen years.

We have not mentioned at their dates the numerous promotions which he received; but a life eminently busy, creditable, and long, comprehended many changes. He entered the navy in 1781, served actively from 1786, received his commission as lieutenant in 1793, as captain of a frigate in 1794, of a ship of the line in 1806, hoisted his flag as commodore in the same year, was thanked by both Houses of Parliament, and was appointed governor of St. Pierre. He received his commission as colonel of marines in August, 1811; as rear-admiral in August, 1812; was named a Knight Companion of the Bath on January 2nd, 1815, and a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath in February, 1818: in the same year he was chosen to represent Portsmouth in the Commons, and gained a seat at the Admiralty. On the 12th of August, 1819, he received his commission as vice-admiral. He was elected a F.R.S. in 1820; and in the same year was returned for Weobly. In 1821, he attained the rank of major-general of marines. In 1826, he was elected member of Parliament for Plymouth. In 1827, he was sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council. In 1828, he was re-appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty. In 1832, he obtained the command of the West Indian and North American naval stations. In 1837, he was gazetted as admiral; but he never afterwards served afloat. In 1841, he was elected one of the members for Ripon; and in the same year he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty with a seat in the cabinet.

Few men can be named whose early life was passed at sea, and whose ap-

pointments have been so numerous and varied. He served in eight ships of war, before obtaining his first independent command. He commanded one sloop of war, five frigates, and four ships of the line before the expedition to the Scheldt, and as commodore or admiral hoisted his flag on eight ships of the line subsequently. Without reckoning his services in conjunction with officers at the time his superiors, or military officers, he had taken 45 mercantile ships, 12 armed vessels, 495 guns, and 3,296 men.

As a seaman he acquired great skill at an early period of life. To the men under his command he evinced much urbanity and won their unlimited confidence. As a marine he exhibited science and skill equal to any emergency; and he was always successful. After the peace, he soon acquired the habits of official and parliamentary life. He was not an eminent, but he was a sensible, debater. He was not an eloquent, but he was a pleasant, speaker. He was not a first star, but he was a universal favourite in the Commons. He possessed great aptitude for business, and many recent ameliorations in the navy may be justly ascribed to his influence. Partly under the advice of Sir James Graham he consented to measures which were calculated to weaken the naval service. Their results have now been neutralized, and the British navy has acquired greater practical power than it perhaps ever previously possessed. Sir George Cockburn belonged strictly to the Peel party. Although a remarkably sagacious politician, yet he seemed to follow the member for Tamworth in all his changes without rule or comment, always converted, and, from his profound regard for that remarkable statesman, always, we fully believe, convinced. His dashing bravery in early life and middle age rendered him a favourite with the service and the first marine officer of the war. He was the Murat of the marines; and in all desperate enterprises, with boats or on land, he invariably accomplished his purpose, yet passed almost without a wound, through services of the most dangerous character. But he combined science with strength; and as his character began to be appreciated, his influence was increased; so that, for the prosperity and unity of the States it was well that the peace of Ghent was con-

added in 1814. He was accused at the moment, of often dealing harshly with the subjects of the United States; but even their authors acknowledged that his conduct was strictly just and humane to peaceable men, and his dealings perfectly upright.

An early life and services prolonged middle age at sea, are unfavourable to literary or scientific pursuits; yet George Cockburn possessed a vast fund of information, and his acquire-

ments were appreciated and valued in scientific circles. He was especially an active man. Without an interval of rest, for thirty years on the ocean, and more than thirty years in responsible positions on land, but connected with naval affairs, he served his country; and a life embracing sixty-five years of active duties honourably and faithfully performed, is rarely met in any service, and leaves a short boyhood at its commencement and very few years of rest at its close.

NICHOLAS THE FIRST, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The eyes of all Europe are fixed with especial interest on one man. His position, his character, and his movements, like attract attention.

A giant despotism confronts the civilization of the nineteenth century. The despot of Russia is its soul. His word is law over 50,000,000 of the human race. He is supreme in the state, and in the church. Peasant and soldier associate his name with the angels of heaven, and call him daily "Our God on earth." The charges of an ancient barbarism, and the influence of a modern civilization not immediately apparent to his eyes. If his territories are not as prolific of wealth as the East, his industry, their resources are almost infinite, and unexpected. Various nations and tribes are brought under his rule; the Cossack and Tartar could furnish half a million of horsemen to aid him in his conquests. We naturally ask, who is this man, and what are his capabilities? What is the man who has risen from the flames of the French Revolution?

Nicholas Pavlovich was born at Reval, July 7th, 1796. He is the eldest son of the Emperor Paul, and his mother was Mary of Wirttemberg, a woman of intelligence and energy, who supervised his education, and was committed to General Langeron, who was assisted amongst others by the Countess de Lieven, the Empress Dowager, and Count

Stork. The last named instructed him in the science of political economy; but he gave himself with greater ardour to military pursuits, and evinced considerable proficiency, especially in the art of fortification. He was also initiated into the flowery walks of modern literature, and became as familiar with the French and German languages, as with his mother tongue. For music he evinced a decided taste, which has since appeared in several military airs composed by him. In after days, those fine arts that can best increase the splendour of a court, found in him a patron. "Artists love him," said the French; "or, at least, they love his gold. Petersburg is a dramatic Eldorado; and songsters who have lost their voices find them again when within its boundaries." Nevertheless his masters formed no very exalted idea of his abilities; he was taciturn, melancholy, and absorbed in trifles.

His boyhood was the witness of eventful scenes. Europe had long rung with the clamours of war, or the pæans of victory. One restless spirit, of genius dazzling like the lightning, disturbed the world. Napoleon advanced upon Russia. Its snows, and barren steppes, and patriot warriors, could not intimidate him; but

"He made us conquest all round him too far."

History records no more fearful and gigantic tragedy than that which followed. Nicholas was too young to play a part on the stage; but of the events of that terrible drama, from the

Countess de Lieven, the Empress Dowager, and Count Stork.

commencement to its consummation, he was a silent and distant spectator. A character moulded under such circumstances was likely to be stern and vindictive.

On the restoration of peace, he left Russia to travel, and visited the principal battle-fields where his country had won renown for the prowess of its sons. He passed through several European states; and, in 1816, disembarked on the shores of England, where he was cordially welcomed by the court and aristocracy. On returning home, he endeavoured to acquaint himself with the condition of Russia, travelling through the various provinces, and residing for a while in their chief cities. On the 13th of July, 1817, when scarcely twenty-one years old, he married Charlotte Louisa, the eldest daughter of Frederick William III., of Prussia, and sister of the present king. This princess, born in July, 1798, embraced the Greek religion, and adopted the name of Alexandra Fedorovna. At this time Nicholas had few expectations of the imperial crown. The future empress was of graceful form and winning manners, but, in later years, her soft blue but sunken eyes told of the fatigue and anxieties consequent on her elevation. She is now, in appearance, like a passing shadow. Her husband's attachment is strongly manifested whenever she falls overcome by weakness or disease; but, in strange forgetfulness, when the semblance of health will allow, he compels her, for political considerations, to exhaust her feeble energies in the gaiety of feasts, or the hurry of reviews and public journeys. Four sons and three daughters, the pride of their parents, were the product of this union. Alexander Nicholiewitch, the present heir to the throne, was born in 1818. He is well educated, and polite, but timid; and fearful, it is said, of his father's sternness.

In 1825, his eldest brother, the Emperor Alexander, died at Taganrog, while on a journey in the south of Russia. His death was sudden and mysterious, and has yet to be explained by history. The Grand Duke Constantine, then at Warsaw, was his rightful successor, and Nicholas hastened to take the oath of fidelity. But Constantine had already renounced his claim in a paper he had secretly signed on the occasion of his marriage with the

daughter of a private Polish gentleman, and he had no disposition to break his word; he dreaded being poisoned. Nicholas accordingly assumed the reins of government with, at least, expressions of regret. Now came a terrible struggle. A vast conspiracy had been gradually forming, the leaders of which were officers of rank. Secret societies were in course of organization, and the nobility were extensively implicated. As far back as 1817, the unfortunate Colonel Pestel had originated the idea; a man of such talent and discrimination, that though he was the victim of his high desires, many of the rules and regulations he had embodied in his work on Russian law were adopted afterwards in the ukases of Nicholas himself.

There were two classes of conspirators — the enthusiastic lovers of liberty, who in their intercourse with foreign nations in recent wars, had seen and appreciated its influence; and the more cautious partisans of a political selfishness, who, while they sought to exonerate themselves from the degradation of an autocracy, aspired to the dignity of oligarchs. The heterogeneous character of these men was fatal to their success; the straightforward though discreet action of the one party, whose object was independent of themselves, and abstractedly noble, could not coalesce with the time-serving policy of the other, whose only aim — self-aggrandisement — was intrinsically mean. No distinct plan of operation had been formed, no specific agreement as to the rights they should claim had been made, when the abdication of one monarch and the accession of another seemed to indicate an opportunity for a decisive blow. The soldiers were called together to swear allegiance to Nicholas; they had previously sworn fidelity to Constantine, and there are few things more respected by a Russian than his oath. It was omitted to explain the circumstances attending this change of masters. The ceremony commenced. The officers immediately, stepping out of their places, denounced Nicholas as an usurper, and declared that he held Constantine in confinement. They scrupled not to invent the most unconscionable lies, and palming these on the troops, induced them to revolt. They led the way to St. Isaac's plain, where stood the senate-house, the admiralty, and the great

admiral; and the soldiers cried, "Con-
fine and the Constitution!" Little
they, poor serf-born automata, know
the meaning of that latter word.

They were told it meant *Constantine's*
Miklarodovitch, the Governor of
Archangh, and the veteran favourite
of the army, who had been foremost in
battles of his country, was sent to
fight with them; but he was answered
shots, thrown down on the ground,

pierced with bayonets. The arch-
bishop advanced in full episcopal at-
tire, but his voice was drowned in the
noise of drums. The populace began
to sympathize with the military, and
of liberal opinions, forewarned of
event, thronged armed to their aid.

Scene of tumult and death swept on
to the imperial palace. The Emperor
and the Empress had proceeded alone to
a chapel, and on their knees upon the
steps had mutually sworn to die as
foreigners, if they failed to triumph.

Placing himself at the head of the
retreat yet remained loyal, the Czar
stepped out, and confronted the rebels,
standing before them, with haughty
bearing, he cried in a firm tone: "Re-
turn to your ranks—obey—down upon
your knees!" The energy of his voice
and countenance, calm, though pale,

with the veneration with which every
Russian regarded the person of his
sovereign, prevailed. Most of the
rebels returned before their master's
command to their arms in token of
submission. They say in Petersburg
that he pardoned them, one of

his officers four times came for
pardon, four and four times shrunk
back. One thing is certain, that
the Emperor's possession of that
calm confidence in the continuity of
his authority. A very few were

not. The Emperor, in the post, and
some of his staff were made, the ar-
my, and the people, the gathering
was a great one of military com-
rades, and the soldiers. The

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conduct on this occasion has been the
subject of much controversy; and be-
tween the representations of friends and
enemies it is difficult to judge; but if
there were moments of vacillation, there
was also one of rare heroism and cou-
rage. We shall have to record another
instance, where the same qualities were
vividly displayed. Yet, strange to say,
this same man fears to ride any but a
charger whose spirit has been broken in
the *ménage*; and is fidgetty on field days,
when mines or rockets explode. "I did
nothing extraordinary," said he to the
Marquis de Custine, when conversing
on the past. "I said to the soldiers,
'Return to your ranks;' and at the mo-
ment of passing the regiment in review,
I cried, 'On your knees.' They all
obeyed. What gave me power was, that
the instant before I had resigned myself
to meet death. I am grateful for having
succeeded; but I am not proud of it, for
it was by no merit of my own." "My
crown was at stake," said he, at another
time, to his former tutor, "and it was
well worth while for me to appear cou-
rageous."

Through the cowardice or treachery
of their companions, the principal con-
spirators were easily captured. Nicholas
displayed a severity as dastardly and
mean as his previous firmness had
seemed heroic. Many of them were
condemned to be quartered, he com-
muted their punishment for that of the
gallows, which, till then, was unknown
in Russia. Several hundreds were ban-
ished to Siberia, to endure horrors that
made even death appear desirable. The
Prince Troubetskoï, who had deserted
his comrades, and begged protection of
the Czar at the commencement of the
revolt, was sent to linger out existence
in a prison, with his head shaved,
and a convict's dress on his back, his
title and his name being even taken
from him. His wife resolved to follow
him. She obtained permission, but it
was at the sacrifice of nearly all her
vast wealth. "No human power has a
right," she said, "to separate a wife
from her husband; I will share the fate
of mine." Seven long years, while the
arm of her unfortunate spouse was daily
waned by the unwearied weight of the
praxe, it would, did she stay by his
side, to cheer him in his lying tomb.
Her attendants were springing up around
her, and then she besought the Czar to
permit them to be sent to Petersburg.

or some civilized city, to receive a suitable education. "The children of a convict," he replied, "will always be sufficiently educated." Seven years more did she wait, and then, at the sight of her languishing children, she wrote, imploring as a favour permission to live in any one place in that wide realm, where medicine was procurable. "I am astonished," said Nicholas to the relative presenting her petition, "that any one again dares to speak to me of a family, the head of which has conspired against me!"*

In September of the following year, 1826, the coronation of the Emperor took place at Moscow, amidst great pomp and ceremony. Absolutism was henceforth his darling doctrine. "I have no conception of a representative monarchy," were his words to the Marquis de Custine. "It is the government of falsehood, fraud, corruption; and rather than adopt it, I would fall back to the borders of China." Russia has no middle classes to form a barrier to his power; the ancient boyards are nearly annihilated, and nobility now is an empty title. Liberty and fraternity are unheard of things, but equality exists on every hand—the equality of servitude. The only privileges of the nation are found in its usages, and the only appeal in case of their violation is to the assassin's dagger or the poison-cup. "Despotism," said Nicholas frankly, "is the very essence of my government, and it suits the genius of the land."

Before the expiration of the first year of his reign, indeed in the month of his coronation, war was declared with Persia. An existing treaty had stipulated that either of the contracting parties should have power, on condition of making a proper indemnification, to enlarge its territories according to circumstances. Russia occupied the coast of Lake Goktcha, and offered as an indemnity a tract of land which the Shah of Persia did not think fit to receive. Hostilities were commenced, which were protracted through more than a year, and finally concluded by a treaty, in which the Shah yielded two fine provinces to his opponent, and bound himself to pay twenty millions of silver rubles as the penalty of his resistance.

Scarcely was this war ended than another broke out with Turkey. Russia

accused the Porte of having abetted the Circassians in revolt, of assisting the Persians in fettering the commerce of the Black Sea; in fine, of having violated the treaty of Bucharest. The Porte accused Russia of having incited the insurrection in Greece, and of having engendered troubles in Moldavia and Wallachia. Mutual animosity widened. The Russians poured reinforcements upon the offender. The Czar sent in person, but his presence and his talent could not compensate for the want of restraint on his generals, rather than quickened their operations and performed prodigies of valour, with varying success; but her discipline was defective, and she lacked more of courage than of strength. Of the troops drawn towards the frontier, 120,000 had perished from want of food or disease on the road, and only 150,000 actually entered her borders. Russia lost 25,000 by the sword.*

Adrianople opened its gates, and the capital of the empire was in Russian hands. At this juncture, at the suggestion of Russia in particular, the Sultan suspended the struggle, permitting her to retain authority in Wallachia and Moldavia, and agreeing to pay elections and a half of Dutch duties for eighteen months, a sum for three millions were afterwards

From that period the Czar had the opportunity of extending his influence in the East. In 1833, he assisted the Sultan against Egypt, and landed troops on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. These were withdrawn on the instigation of the Western Powers. A special treaty was first concluded, which he gained for himself certain privileges, although the maritime Powers protested.

In May, 1830, the Emperor attended the Polish Diet in person, paying attention to the complaints they heard in the assembly. But the July came with its inspiring influence, and Poland resolved to avenge her wrongs and assert her rights. She declared the Emperor Nicholas had forfeited his throne. Long afterwards, when he thought of this, he said, "Never will I be a constitutional king. My resources were few, but her ca-

* De Custine's Russia.

* Revelations of Russia.

the cement and mortar to dry; all this was useless; it *must* be done—and it *was* done. That day twelvemonth Nicholas received his court in the new Hall of St. George, in the palace rebuilt and furnished within the prescribed period. The empire applauded; and courtiers observed, profanely it is true, "that it had taken even God a week to construct the world." Relays of six thousand men were employed night and day. Many of the workmen died, but their places were supplied; and others, if not all, suffered acutely, as might have been expected from the difference of temperature, not less than from fifty to sixty degrees, which they experienced on leaving the rooms, heated to dry the walls, to return home. The selfishness of one man could coolly murder his subjects, as they laboured for him; but it could not control the ordinary laws of nature. It was not long before the Hall of St. George fell in with a crash, when just prepared for a grand festival gathering. Fortunately the vain and novel idea of its owner, which had caused its hasty erection, did not end in the destruction of himself and his nobility, as it might easily have done.

To Nicholas belongs the honour of having first introduced religious persecution into Russia. He incorporated the United Greeks, who in spirit assimilated to the Romish church, with the Greek communion. He caused a petition to be carried round to their different pastors, and commanded them to sign it, though it asked admission to the Greek church as a favour, while they repudiated the thought. Those who refused, were delivered to the tender mercies of the police; and all the clergy were prohibited from correspondence with Rome, except under the inspection of government. They had not the spirit of martyrs, but many, rather than yield to this, submitted to banishment or to the punishment of the plitt, a species of knout, the boiled leathern tongue of which being moistened at every blow, from its suction draws out large pieces of flesh. The Jews, also, have been subjected to every kind of annoyance. Having committed some excesses at Motislavl, under the influence of passing excitement, a tenth part of the inhabitants was ordered to be taken for soldiers. They attempted to bribe the executors of this decree, but Nicholas,

to end the matter, caused the country to be razed to the extent of sixty verst from the frontier, and left them to flee before his Cossacks. The Czar is himself the patriarch of the Russian church, and though outwardly evincing respect for the inferior clergy, is not slow to manifest his power. At one period when he had forbidden to them the introduction or discovery of additional sacred relics, he met with what was declared to be the real cross on which the Saviour of the world had suffered. Borrowing it from its monastery, he erected it publicly first at Moscow, and then at Petersburg. Crowds flocked to bow down before it both by day and night; and at the latter place alone, which was far behind its ancient rival, £15,000 worth of offerings helped to enrich the imperial coffers.

In 1839, war was carried on with Circassia, peace being rarely long maintained in those warlike regions. It was at this time that, on some Russian forts being destroyed, the Czar was informed that they were defended to the last, and then blown up by their defenders, who preferred voluntary death to ignominious submission. The impression ostensibly produced on him was such, that he issued an ukase, "that from that time forward, for ever, at muster roll of his company, the name of the deceased should be read at the head of the list, and that the next present should reply, 'died at such a date in the defence of his Emperor and country.'"

The grand aim of the Emperor Nicholas, from the time of his accession to the throne, has been the concentration and increase of his power. His foreign policy has always borne the impress of this desire; and his diplomacy, ever active, has been eminently successful in Persia, Germany, Turkey, and Greece. One of his favourite objects was to produce a rupture between France and England, which should leave him less to fear in his aggressive movements. In 1840 he succeeded, the cabinet of Paris having advanced claims respecting Egypt that were obnoxious to England. France found herself isolated from the rest of Europe, and Russia and Great Britain were thus brought into alliance. The coalition was of short duration, for in 1841 a general treaty of peace was signed by the various powers, and the sympathies of our country took their

the natural course in an opposition, move, at least, to the encroachments of absolutism.

oward, the administration of Louis Philippe, the Czar always maintained unfriendly feeling; and of the *citizen* it is not unlikely he entertained a *reme* contempt. An incident is recorded which, while evincing the political

often childish "bouderie" carried between the two courts, shows also restraint imposed by Nicholas upon subjects. The French representa-

re, according to his instructions, lected to offer the customary congratulations to the Emperor on New Year's day; and was afterwards surprised to find, in every drawing room of Petersburg, that none dared to con-

versation or dance with himself or his lady. The Czar had spoken in no measured words of the Bourbons, for having per-

ced their crown to be taken away; when Louis Philippe so quickly lost in the eventful February of 1818,

it probable he descended still lower in his estimation. The revolutionary spirit that then burst over the Conti-

ent, excited his fears. He dreaded the angel of liberty, borne on the storm, should breathe the new life into the oppressed and bleeding at his

throat. When the shock and danger seemed to be over, the remnants of his empire, he was disposed. He maintained

his relations with France, and refused to recognize the revolutionary government, but, as it is a necessity, he could not but have been forced to approve

of the measures suggested by the allies, and to acquiesce in the restoration of the Bourbons. An opportunity was not

lost to him. His Government offered him the assistance of the Austrian army, and he accepted the aid. The

the restoration of the Bourbons. No compromise was made by Austria, and thus the restoration of the Bourbons was

achieved. The restoration of the Bourbons was achieved. The restoration of the

restoration of the Bourbons. The restoration of the Bourbons was achieved.

it to be written, "Road to Constantinople;" and along that road, however many the obstacles, he hopes to travel. A medal, struck by her command, represents a flash of lightning striking the mosque of St. Sophia; and, as the clouds of war gather, he aspires to hurl the thunderbolt from them. The Grand Duke Constantine is said to have been so named, to express the desire, that he might one day achieve the hereditary object of Russian ambition; his brother, as he gained the throne, would also gain the laurels of such a deed. Nicholas, in spite of remonstrance, and in the face of the world, has committed what his blasphemous manifesto terms "a just and holy cause" to the issue of war. The result we cannot with certainty anticipate; but we may hope that, should the confused noise of battle again re-echo from country to country, Europe will cease from the struggle regenerated and free.

The internal administration of the Emperor is as characteristic as his external policy. He is a great reformer, but a reformer of peculiar kind. He has done all in his power to raise the social condition of his people, but with especial care that his own prerogatives remain untouched. He has sought to remove from Russia in part the stigma of barbarism so long sustained; but will admit no obstacle in the task. He is not a fanatical and the end all there; but his knowledge of things is superficial and his judgment too prejudiced from habit and degraded by selfishness to admit of comprehensive design. He collected the scattered laws of his empire into form and published them in 1804; that, as has been often asked, what availed laws where the caprice of an undisciplined emperor could annul any one or all of them as it pleased? This work was seven years in completing, and was completed for his personal inspection. It displays some genius and great care. Like Peter the Great, he has sometimes watched the construction of the vessels of his fleet. It is said that, seeing the *Russet* on the stocks, and deeming that there was not sufficient room to walk about, he commanded the spectacle enlarged, and enlarged his opinion against competent judges, in consequence of which that ship is now one of the worst in the navy—a testimony both to the inflexibility of his judgment and

few things in which he has not meddled. At Colpenas there is preserved, as a sacred relic, a piece of iron forged with his own hands. Perhaps the superficiality of his measures results from this affectation of omniscience. He has been lauded as attempting the liberation of the serfs. It is true that he has in many instances freed them from their masters; but three-fourths of the eventualities that can so free, pass them into the service of the crown. He is himself the owner of 20,000,000 of these unfortunate creatures. The serfs of the crown are in a better position than the serfs of subjects; but they are *still serfs*; and the sincerity of their master would be proved by his giving them their freedom. Nicholas rules with a high hand. He hates enlightenment, and objects even to his nobles travelling. During his reign it is estimated that not less than 250,000 individuals have been banished to Siberia, three-fifths of whom were political offenders.

The imperial family are descended from the clerical house of Romanoff; but intermarriages with the Germans have been so frequent, that it is doubtful if one drop of Russian blood flows in their veins. Hence their sympathies are German, and the major part of the offices of state are occupied by Germans.

The example of the Emperor has had no beneficial effect on his subjects. Wherever imitation was possible, he has chosen to be alone, and frowned upon all who have attempted to follow; but, in general, he has pursued such a line of conduct as none without absolute power could think of essaying. To avoid or prevent communication with free and enlightened nations, he asserts that Russian genius and wisdom are competent to advance their country in prosperity and influence. It is his policy to foster a feeling of national pride and independence; but society there is rotten to the core—a new vitality only can beget progressive energy. Grandeur can never spring from meanness, nor truth from hypocrisy, nor civilization from ignorance; and till he has unmasked corruption, and thrown away his personal selfishness, he will not succeed in developing the capacity of his people. His patriotic pretensions and warlike demonstrations come alike from the same motive. Napoleon made *le chapeau de la France* the pretext of his ambition; if Nicholas seeks the welfare

of Russia, it is to flatter his pride. Napoleon, the last who disturbed the peace of Europe, was the thunder-god of the Alps; Nicholas, who disturbs it now, is but the image-god of his serfs. As might be expected, travellers report unfavourably of his subjects. Servility or insolence, dishonesty and rudeness, everywhere prevail. Justice is bought without distinction, and law evaded, where it exists, at pleasure. Kriloff, a Russian fabulist, has well exposed the condition of his countrymen. "The sheep," says he, "came to the elephant and complained of the wolves. 'How dare you,' asked the elephant of the wolves, 'molest the sheep, my subjects?' 'Sire,' replied they, 'we only demand one skin apiece, and they appear to grudge us even that.' 'Well,' answered the elephant, 'take one skin apiece, but beware how you strip them of any more.'"

In personal appearance the Emperor Nicholas is said to be among the handsomest men in Europe. He is tall, overtopping ordinary men by a whole head, and well proportioned. His forehead is high but retreating, his nose straight, his countenance noble. His air is military but stiff; he seems to act as if conscious that he has a part to play and that many eyes are on him. His smile is affected and only partially brightens his face. His aspect is imperious, but he looks round with a state that is forbidding and severe. His voice is deep and sonorous. He occasionally mingles with his subjects. Of their habits and actions he is always observant, as too many have found to their cost. Sometimes he essays the humorous, but his humour is by no means agreeable to those who are made its subjects. Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, was once unfortunate enough to expose himself to it. He had been prohibited from travelling, and found, in several instances, the inconvenience of his position. Determined to enjoy life to the utmost, and in the most approved mode, and to find in the free indulgence of his various whims some compensation for the want of genuine liberty, he began to play the fop, and to disport himself on the promenades of Petersburg, arrayed in the most *outré* Parisian costume. One morning, sauntering along the pavement, his head crowned by a little peaked hat; his neck girded by a kerchief, that blossomed in front

compared various sources, but amongst conflicting statements have sometimes found it difficult to discriminate. The institutions and restrictions of Russia have always impeded the circulation of information respecting her people or sovereign. Some writers have been judiced by court patronage; others by court oppression. Few have had opportunities for writing impartially correctly.

END OF VOL. IV.

LIVES

OF

THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

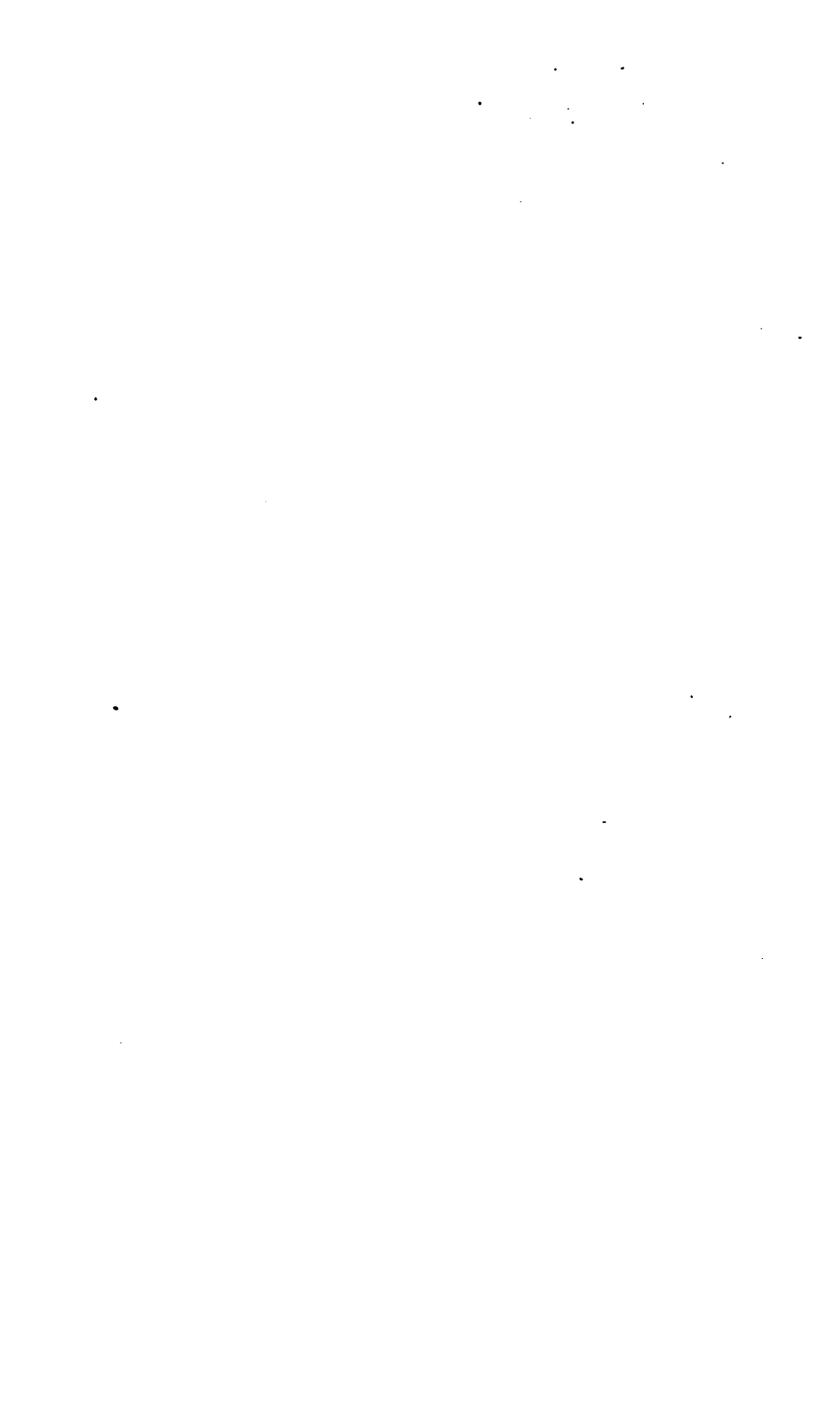
"A true delineation of the smallest man, and his scene:
interesting the greatest man. All men are, to an unspeakable extent, dramatic; each man a
strange emblem of every man's; and human portraits, faithfully drawn, are, of all pictures, the
welcomest on human walls."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. V.

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LIVES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Scott family was an offshoot of the great and powerful stock of Buccleuch, and its separate existence may be traced back to between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were a rough and warlike race, whose exploits were renowned in many of the legends and ditties of the Border. The names of "Auld Watt" and his bonny bride, "the Flower of Yarrow," of William Scott, who married the "meikle-mouthed" daughter of a neighbouring laird, to escape hanging, and of another Scott, designated "Beardie," who kept his chin thus unshorn, in evidence of his fidelity to the banished Stuarts, will be familiar to most of the readers of Sir Walter's poetry. The grandfather, too, Robert Scott, of Sandy-Knowe, has been immortalised in the juvenile reminiscences of one of the introductory chapters of *Marmion*. Walter Scott, the poet's father, was the first of this rude race that settled down to the life and occupations of the town. He followed the profession of writer to the signet, and was a man of inflexible honesty, grave and formal manners, abstemious habits, and, in religion, a Presbyterian of the strictest sect. He married the eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. She was a woman of liberal education, and consequently capable of sympathising with the early awakened tastes of her distinguished son. The Rutherfords, too, traced their descent from the rude warriors of the days of Border strife.

WALTER SCOTT, the poet and novelist, was one of a large family, of whom, however, the greater part died in infancy, and was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. When but eighteen months old, he was seized with a fever, which deprived him of the use of his right leg. Various empirical remedies were resorted to, but in vain, and at length the wiser resolution was taken of trying the effect of country air and exercise, and the sickly, lame child, was committed to the care of his grandparents, at the farm of Sandy-Knowe.

Here, carried among the crags on the backs of the young ewe-milkers, or rolling all day long on the grassy knolls in the midst of the flock, and then riding home again on the shoulders of "Auld Sandy Ormiston," the shepherd and "cow-bailie," although from his lameness he never recovered, in his general health he rapidly acquired robustness and vigour. And in that ancient farmhouse, and amongst those wild scenes, impressions were received, the influence of which upon his after career it would not be easy to estimate.

Overhanging the farm-house stood the ruined tower of Smailholme, celebrated in the "Eve of St. John," and almost every torrent, and tower, and knoll, of the rude landscape it commanded, had its separate ballad or legendary association. Many of these the young child heard from the lips of his grandfather, as he lay on the carpet at the old man's feet, and many from the "cow-bailie," and the other rustic dependants of Sandy-Knowe.

In October, 1779, he was sent to the High School, Edinburgh, and his father's house in George's-square became his home. It was no very pleasant change, from the unbridled license in which he had been indulged at Sandy-Knowe, to the somewhat austere discipline of the parental roof. He was solaced, however, by the sympathy his mother manifested in his favourite tastes, and to read Pope's Homer aloud to her was the occupation of his leisure hours. At the High School his progress at first was indifferent, and we may well imagine how uncongenial to his taste would be that drudgery of initiation into the elements of the classical languages which must necessarily precede any appreciation and enjoyment of their authors. Accordingly, we are not astonished to find him confess that he was "incorrigibly idle;" and that though the quickness of his talents, and the retentiveness of his memory, prevented him from lagging in the rear of his classmates, he flitted like a meteor from the top to the bottom of the class; or, if sta-

tionary, gravitated towards the middle, a position with which, he slyly insinuates, he was the better contented, as it was *nearest the fire*. After he had surmounted preliminaries, and had been elevated to the first class, which was under the immediate superintendence of Dr. Adam, the rector, and in which Sallust and Lævy, Virgil, Horace and Terence were read, he took a much more respectable position. Though out-ripped by many in the grammatical subtleties of the language, *Gualterus Scott* was the most reliable authority for the dates and details of historical events, and, by the admission of the master, was behind few in following and enjoying the author's meaning. All this is perfectly natural, as well as that when metrical versions from Virgil were required, young Walter should merit peculiar commendation. But this was not the only line in which the embryo poet displayed his abilities. He was already renowned as an inexhaustible narrator of tales, and many an admiring audience would he gather round him during the winter play-hours. His *visions*, too, the scenes his wayward imagination would depict, as he lay alone on the floor or sofa, are spoken of with enthusiasm by one who was associated with him in these early years. At the same time his good humour and drollery, his high spirit, yet gentle and generous disposition, rendered him a universal favourite, and foreshadowed the character of the man.

In his thirteenth year Scott entered the college, where he renewed acquaintance with many of his comrades of the high school. Here his proficiency in the ordinary studies was anything but remarkable. Latin was almost renounced, of Greek he knew nothing on entering, and, too proud to follow where his classmates had already so far outstripped him, affected that his ignorance was wilful, and gloried in it, going so far as, in a college-exercise, to pit Ariosto against Homer. Of the other classes, he only attended those in ethics, history, and civil and municipal law. Yet, in fact, young Scott had already acquired a vast amount of curious knowledge. Like all men of great original genius, he had been following the bent of his own tastes, and thus educating himself for his part in after-life more effectually than he would have done by pursuing the ordinary routine of scholastic study. While

yet a boy at the high school, he had read largely in *works of the imagination*. He himself records how he sat up in his shirt to pore by the light of the fire over some odd volumes of Shakspeare, which he had discovered in his mother's dressing-room; with what rapture he made the acquaintance of Ossian and Spenser, and how justly his childish taste discriminated between the surfeiting bombast of the former and the stately simplicity of the latter; how he "waded" into the circulating library at Kelso, "like a blind man into a ford;" and how all unnoticed the hours fled as, under a broad platanus-tree in his aunt's garden, he devoured, for the first time, "Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry," ravished to find the tales of his infancy, the reminiscences of Sandy-Knowe, together with much of a kindred character, collected into a tangible shape, and gravely annotated upon. And as his memory held with most wonderful tenacity anything that he read with relish, it may be imagined what a bizarre collection it would by this time contain. During the two or three years he spent at college, he pursued the same course. While Mr. Dalzell's Greek preparations were left to shift for themselves, he and John Irving, his constant companion, would clamber to some retired nook in the cliffs round Edinburgh, the more lonely and difficult of access the better, and run with eager eyes and excited imagination over some volume of legendary or romantic lore. French and Italian were studied, because they were understood to contain treasures of similar reading. Sometimes they would draw yet more largely upon their imaginations, and many an hour was spent in listening to each other's fanciful creations. And here the future novelist was inexhaustible.

On the 15th of May, 1786, Scott was bound as apprentice to his own father for a term of five years. The duties of a writer's apprentice correspond nearly with those of an attorney's clerk, and it can hardly be supposed that young Walter found them very congenial. Yet he appears to have discharged them with considerable diligence; and, apart from the desire of gratifying his father, one chief motive to activity may have been found in the prospect of appropriating his earnings to the purchase of some new book for the reading of leisure hours.

It was during his apprenticeship life, and

mediate connection with its duties, paid his first visits to the High-

His father had a northern Alexander Stewart, of Invername, a staunch old Jacobite, taken an active part in the insurrections of 1715 and 1745, had a broadsword duel with Robd yet retained his martial fire and rodox enthusiasm. The eagerness which the young apprentice felt to be imagined, and the result of his invitation to his Perthshire residence was joyfully accepted. Visits were repeated through the course of several successive years, and we are largely indebted for the characters, and incidents, and variety of the most fascinating of his.

In the year 1788, Scott's attendance at the civil law class threw him in connection with several young men of higher station, and more liberal attainments, than those with whom he hitherto associated. His own mind was so far quickened by this association, that he abandoned all idea of that inferior line of legal study which his father had adopted, and devoted himself to the necessary preparation for the higher practice of the law.

As it was secretly the goal of his ambition to see his son distinguish as a lawyer, no obstacle was in that quarter. Young Scott at once to have taken a respectable position among his new associates. He became a prominent member of those Literary Societies in which the young wits of Edinburgh, at that time, at once indulged their contest, and whetted, by honour and emulation, their zeal for mental improvement. Although outstripped by the solid information, ready elocution, and talent for acute metaphysical disputation, which last was the faculty of time most highly estimated in society, young Walter possessed a certain amount of unusual and heterogeneous knowledge, which, when occasionally put forth, astonished his contemporaries and maintained his reputation. At the same time his fertile fancy, and his flow of humour, blended happily the ponderous stores of his knowledge, and contributed, together with his liberal and generous nature, to form him the pleasantest of compa-

nions. The former quality, we suppose, especially his erudite researches into ancient Scottish lore, gained him, at the Literary Society, the appellation of *Duns Scotus*; while to the latter he was indebted for the soubriquet of *Colonel Grogg*, with which he was dubbed, at "The Club," the more convivial in proportion as it was the less scientific of the two gatherings. Appropos of the convivial character of these assemblies, Sir Walter lived to repent of the excesses which were occasionally indulged in, and, in a letter of warning to his son, then a young officer in Dublin, traces back those severe stomachic seizures which, at one time, endangered his life and extorted from him shrieks of agony, to the "hard drinking" which had been "the sin of his youth." And many times would he say to those exposed to similar temptation, "Depend upon it, of all vices, drinking is the most incompatible with greatness."

The years of 1790 and 1791 were spent in diligent application to legal studies, and, after passing with credit the preliminary ordeals, Scott assumed the gown on the 11th of July, 1792. In the November of the same year he commenced the usual attendance of a young advocate at the Parliament House, and worked his way into a practice that gradually extended itself. He seems, however, to have been higher in favour with his comrades of the Lower House than the solicitors on whom they depended for employment. With them he maintained the reputation of his boyhood, as an inexhaustible narrator of tales, which he knew well how to embellish in the telling with his own overflowing humour and fancy. Even those which he repeated second-hand came from his lips in a novel and more attractive garb. Or, to quote his own defence, when the charge was brought against him of re-editing, with embellishments, a story of William Clerk's, "I only put a cocked hat on their heads, and stick a cane into their hands, to make them fit for going into company." Meanwhile the process of self-education was going on. In the Speculative Society, of which he became a member in 1791, and in which the embryo orators of the bar were wont to practise themselves in elocution and debate, he frequently displayed his treasures of antiquarian lore, and, soon after his

admission, was elected secretary, librarian and treasurer. About this time *German* literature was exciting considerable attention in the literary circles of Edinburgh, and a class was formed amongst the young barristers of the Parliament House for the study of the language. Scott entered with ardour into the pursuit, and as soon as he had acquired enough of the language to read it with comprehension, devoted himself to its works of imagination. What was the upshot of this we shall see by and by.

Yet more important facts in his history at this period were the renewal and extension of his acquaintance with the scenery of the Highlands, and the commencement of those annual "*raids*" into Liddesdale, which were continued for seven successive autumns. His companion was Robert Shortreed, afterwards for many years sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire. Many a ruined pile was visited, many an ancient ballad or wild legend picked up. Much was the astonishment of the simple inhabitants of this untraversed region, to witness so rare a phenomenon as an advocate amongst them, and deep was the affection which succeeded their temporary consternation, when Scott's gentle and jovial manners had won their confidence. "Weel, Robin, I say," whispered Willie Elliot, the prototype of Dandie Dinmont, and proprietor of the first farm-house at which they dismounted, "dei'l hae me if I's be a bit feared for him now, he's *just a chield like ourselves*, I think." It would have been better if the whole conduct of these expeditions had been equally innocent; but in the exuberant hospitality of these primitive people, there was strong temptation to that which Scott confesses to have been the "sin of his youth," and the long and hard rides of the ballad-hunters would weaken the barriers of resistance. These Liddesdale forays must, blemishes apart, have had the most happy effects in qualifying the young advocate for his future career. Doubtless he was largely indebted to them for his success in the delineation of those scenes, in which, perhaps, the spell of the mighty enchanter is most potent, the scenes of *lowly Scottish life*. As Robin Shortreed says, "He was *makin' himsell a'* the time, but he didna ken, maybe, what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought of little, I daur say, but the queerness and the fun."

In 1796, Scott first made his appearance as an author. Some time before, Miss Aiken had visited Edinburgh, and entertained a party by reading an unpublished translation of Bürger's "*Lenore*." Scott was absent at the time, but on his return heard, with much interest, an imperfect account of the performance from Miss Cranstoun, a dear friend and *confidante* of that period.

After some research, he met with a copy of the German original, and was so delighted with its perusal, that he promised his lady friend a poetical version from his own pen. That very evening, after supper, he commenced his task, and had completed it before retiring to bed. After this, sleep was out of the question, and the next morning, before breakfast, he hastened with his MS. to Miss Cranstoun. That lady was delighted with the performance, and presaged for it the poet's future eminence. The ballad was published, at the persuasion of friends, in the October of the same year, and with it the "*Wild Huntsman*," another version from Bürger, which had been thrown off in the meantime. The volume, a thin quarto, had but a limited circulation, owing to the number of translations of "*Lenore*" which made their appearance at the same time; but high approbation came from many quarters, from which a favourable criticism must have been grateful and encouraging.

During these years, the country was agitated by perpetual fears of an invasion; and Scott entered with his whole soul into those defensive measures it was thought prudent to adopt. It was through his ardent loyalty, when prevented by his lameness from joining the foot regiment that was formed about this time by the good citizens of Edinburgh, that a corps of mounted volunteers was enrolled and organised. Scott was elected paymaster, quartermaster, and secretary. He attended regularly at the *daily* drills, and his private memoranda show sufficiently with what zeal he entered into all their proceedings. Many years after, when Napoleon had risen and fallen, and all apprehension was at an end, he records his deep regret at the disbanding of this fine corps.

For several years, about this time, Scott cherished an ardent passion for a young lady much his superior in rank,

in which, all his affections of hope and fear ultimately disappeared. He felt, as was to be expected from his enthusiastic and sensitive temperament. In the last years of his life, after sustaining the heaviest calamities, in the wreck of his fortune and the loss of his wife, we find him recording with a fresh and poignant sorrow several reminiscences of this his first love. In 1797, however, while lounging about the little watering-place of Gilsland, he was smitten with a second attachment. The fair charmer, this time, was Charlotte Charpentier, a young orphan of French extraction, and ward of Lord Downside. Her personal attractions were great, and she retained, in accent and manners, just trace enough of her foreign parentage and education to add to the interest of her charms. The advances of the young advocate were favourably received, and, in the December of the year, Scott carried his new bride to Edinburgh. In the summer of 1798, a little cottage was hired at Lasswade, on the Esk, about six miles from the city, to serve the new-married pair as a summer retreat. In this pleasant retirement, only agreeably broken in upon by the visits of the friends of early days, happy in the enjoyment of a reciprocal affection, now employed in tending and embellishing his little garden, and now rambling over the scenery that surrounded his retreat—scenery amongst the most romantic that Scotland can exhibit—Scott spent some of the most delightful years of his life.

About this time, "Monk" Lewis came to Edinburgh in quest of contributions to his "Tales of Wonder," had an interview with Scott, and enlisted his services. The result was, the composition of those spirited ballads, "Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St. John," "The Grey Brother," and "The Fire-King," which formed the gems of Lewis's collection, and first distinguished Scott as an author of original merit. A casual visit to Kelso, during the same period, renewed his acquaintance with James Ballantyne, a friend of the days when "Percy's Reliques" were devoured under the platanus tree. Ballantyne at this time employed a small press, whence a weekly paper issued under his supervision. Scott, wishing to serve his friend, proposed, "just to keep the types occupied during the week," the printing

of a collection of Border ballads, of which he thought he had sufficient to form "a neat little volume, to sell for four or five shillings." Such was the first idea of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and such Scott's earliest connection with the Ballantyne press; a connection fraught with results which neither at that time could possibly anticipate.

The new project was speedily set on foot, and to Scott, throughout, was undoubtedly a labour of love. It was found necessary, however, to extend the original plan, first to two, and ultimately to three volumes, which made their appearance in succession during the years 1802 and 1803, under the title of "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The ballad of "Sir Tristrem," which Scott stoutly maintained to be an authentic production of the famous "Thomas the Rhymer," and which it was originally intended to include in the "Minstrelsy," was issued as a separate work shortly after, with a continuation from Scott's own pen. These works, considering their high price and the comparatively local and antiquarian interest of their contents, were favourably received. At all events, they established Scott's personal reputation amongst those who were capable of appreciating them; his own ballads and the prose style of the annotations being especially admired.

These were happy days. Scott had just crossed the threshold of active life, and was looking on into the future with that excitement of blended hope and uncertainty which renders the period of opening manhood of all the stages of life the most pleasant and animating. He began to be conscious of his own powers, and the ardent aspirations of youth were at once fostered and gratified by the prospect of literary fame. His own spirits were naturally buoyant; his sociable disposition and rising talents had gathered round him a widening circle of friends; he was drinking deeply of the sweets of domestic bliss. The little cottage at Lasswade speedily became known as the abode of genius and hospitality, and many distinguished names were amongst its inmates during these summers. One of these visitors has given us a description of the poet at this time; as "in person tall, slim, and extremely active, with somewhat of a boyish gaiety of look;" and "as to costume, carelessly

attired in a widely-made shooting jacket, with a coloured handkerchief round his neck, the very antithesis of style usually adopted by student or barrister."

Towards the close of 1799, Scott was appointed to the sheriffship of Selkirkshire, an office which secured him a salary of £300, and of which he continued to discharge the duties till incapacitated by the advances of death. This appointment occasioned the removal of his summer residence in July, 1801, from Lasswade to Ashestiel, a small country mansion on the southern bank of the Tweed. Ashestiel, which commanded a fine landscape, all consecrated ground to the imagination of the poet, continued to be his summer retreat until the final flitting to Abbotsford in 1812. That we may not again unseasonably interrupt the thread of the literary narrative, we may mention here, that, in 1806, Scott was successful in an application for the office of clerk of session, which he retained for the rest of his life. Its emoluments were considerable, about £1,300 a year, in return for which it necessitated the occupation of one-half of his time in professional duties at Edinburgh.

But we must hastily retrace our steps. Scott had not been long at Ashestiel before the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" issued from the Ballantyne press. The circumstances of its composition have often been narrated. The young and lovely Countess of Dalkeith having heard with interest a wild goblin story of the Scottish border, requested Scott to write a ballad on it. Scott obeyed, and the first few stanzas of the "Lay" were produced. These were shown to his friends Erskine and Cranston, who, expressing no immediate opinion, were supposed to have judged them unfavourably, and the manuscript was committed to the flames. At the next interview, however, the critics expressed much interest in the progress of the ballad, and were surprised to hear its fate. Not long after, Scott, in his capacity of quartermaster, received a kick from his horse, which confined him for three days to his lodgings. The suspended "Lay" was resumed, the original design expanded, and the first canto thrown off pretty much as it now stands. The poem then proceeded at the rate of about a canto a week, for the structure of its rhymes was easy, and its galloping stanzas and chivalric vein fell in

with the humour of the poet. Its publication was, however, delayed till January of 1805. Its reception was the highest degree favourable. Influential reviews were strongly eulogistic. Flattering private communications came from friends and cotemporary poets. The first edition, a magnificent quarto, of 750 copies, was speedily exhausted, and upwards of 11,000 copies issued from the press in the course of this and the two following years. A new poet had obviously risen, possessing the highest requisites of popularity.

An additional stimulus was given to Scott's literary industry about this time by his connection with Ballantyne. The instigation of his friend, the printer, had removed his types from Kelsie, Edinburgh. In establishing his business in the latter place, he had received liberal assistance from the poet, about the time of the publication of "Lay." Scott appears to have embarked all his capital in the concern. He committed, he used all his influence with the publishers to procure occupation for the Ballantyne types: but the secret partnership was never divulged, even to his most intimate friends, the disasters of 1826 unhappily compelled the disclosure. sanguine expectations at first entertained of the success of the scheme; and, a weathering a threatening storm some eight years subsequently, by calling Constable to the rescue, Scott never dreamed but that he was rapidly and surely achieving a fortune.

In February, 1808, "Marmion" made its appearance. It had been commenced towards the close of 1806, and its composition had been elaborated with more care than had been bestowed upon the "Lay." It was written chiefly at Ashestiel; so times under the foot of a huge oak which the Tweed rolled its sparkling waters; sometimes in solitary rambles the banks of the Yarrow, and not frequently galloping at the full speed of a "Lieutenant over" bank, bush, and sea to the beat of its martial and impetuous strains. The scene of Flodden Field, however, was composed upon the sands of Porto Bello, while the quartermaster paced up and down upon his char during the intervals of the drill, with surge beating at his feet. And even anon he would "plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with spray dashing about him." In spite

somewhat de- y criticism by Jef-
 lay, in the "1 h," the poem be-
 came universal. Constable had
 offered a thousand guineas for the copy-
 right before he had seen a word of it, a
 sum unprecedented in the history of
 British poetry. Two thousand copies
 were disposed of in less than a month,
 and some 25,000 during this and the
 following three years.

In the spring of the same year was pub-
 lished, in fifteen volumes, "The Works
 of John Dryden, illustrated with notes,
 historical, critical, and explanatory, and
 a life of the author," the editing of
 which had given the poet tedious and
 tedious employment for some time past.

"Marmion" and "Dryden" were hardly
 off the stocks, before Scott was again im-
 mersed in editorial labours, which he
 amusingly speaks of as "a green crop of
 turnips or peas, extremely useful after a
 scorching crop of poetry for those whose
 circumstances do not admit of giving
 their farm a summer fallow." "Sadler's
 State Papers," in three large quarto vo-
 lumes, "Somers's Tracts," in thirteen
 equally ponderous tomes, were amongst
 the works the supervision and annota-
 tion of which formed this pleasant alter-
 nation. But the *grande opus* was a "Life
 and Edition of Swift," which, as materi-
 als accumulated, passed slowly through
 his hands, till it ultimately came out in
 July, 1814, in nineteen volumes octavo.
 Meanwhile the "Quarterly Review" was
 started; and, as Scott was much con-
 cerned in the origination of the project, his
 pen was, of course, at the outset, largely
 drawn upon. But amidst these severe
 labours in prose, he again essayed his
 poetical powers. The "Lady of the Lake"
 appeared in May, 1810. None of his
 works, before or after, excited more high
 and general expectation, or was received
 with more enthusiasm. The poet obtained
 2,000 guineas for the copyright. The
 quarto edition of 2,050 copies, price two
 guineas, was dispersed immediately, and
 some 20,000 were sold within a few
 months. The reviews were loud and
 unanimous in their praises. There was
 a universal rush to Loch Katrine and its
 neighbourhood; every available house
 and inn was crammed; and it is a re-
 markable fact, that from this time for-
 ward the post-horse duty in Scotland
 rose in an extraordinary degree.

We may as well bring together here,
 in one view, the remainder of Scott's
 poetical works, though we shall thus be

compelled to anticipate a little. He
 had taken a lively interest in all the
 events of the Peninsular war, minutely
 studying them as they transpired,
 map in hand. When a subscription
 was set on foot for the relief of the
 Portuguese, who were suffering from
 the devastations of Massena's cam-
 paign, he promised as his subscription
 the profits of a small poem he was
 then projecting on the subject of the
 war. Accordingly, the "Vision of Don
 Roderick" made its appearance in July,
 1811. Party spirit was running high
 at the time, and both the subject and
 style of the new poem were hotly as-
 sailed by the Whig reviews. Indeed,
 though the machinery of the "Vision"
 is felicitous, and it contains many pas-
 sages in his most spirited style, it is
 decidedly inferior in merit to its three
 predecessors. The cumbrous Spenserian
 stanza was, perhaps, ill chosen
 by one whose forte consists in vivid and
 picturesque painting. In the Christ-
 mas of the following year, "Rokeby,"
 a tale of the civil war, was published;
 and two months afterwards appeared
 the "Bridal of Triermain."

Scott's last great poem was the
 "Lord of the Isles," which was pro-
 duced in the January of 1815. Though
 interspersed with many splendid pas-
 sages, it was hardly what might have
 been expected from the Scottish min-
 strel, with Bruce and Bannockburn for
 his themes. Subsequent essays, such
 as the "Field of Waterloo," towards the
 close of the same year, and "Harold
 the Dauntless," in 1817, though many
 a "witch-note" of the mountain-harp
 is heard at intervals, were, on the whole,
 yet more decidedly inferior. But before
 this time a more prolific vein had been
 opened.

Of Sir Walter Scott's poetry, we can
 say little, in the shape of criticism, that
 has not been frequently said before. He
 was a prominent leader in that revolution
 which was effected in our poetical liter-
 ature about the close of the last centu-
 ry. The public had become weary of
 smooth-flowing heroics, faultless enough
 in metre and rhyme, but common-
 place in sentiment, and embellished
 with endlessly repeated images, which
 seemed to form a joint stock, whence
 the devotees of the Muses drew at will.
 The public taste rebelled against those
 artificial canons, which would prescribe
 for the composition of a poem after the

fashion of the recipes of a cookery book. Any bard, who might appear just at this crisis, drawing his inspiration from the fountains of truth and nature, was sure of securing a wide and rapturous popularity. The standard of rebellion was first raised on the banks of the Ouse. There a gentle and melancholy enthusiast, smitten by the charms of nature, and impelled by the strong inspiration within, sang of his own domestic pleasures and the quiet rural scenes around him, and all unconsciously became the harbinger of a brighter day, than the English Muse had yet witnessed. It may appear strange to name Cowper side by side with Scott, and in truth a more direct contrast, in many characteristics, could not easily be selected from the masters of the lyre. Yet they laboured as champions in the same great work, and after all, we know of no poet of the same age, with whom Scott presents so many points of resemblance. Both openly set at defiance the canons of an artificial criticism—Scott, by the irregularity of his stanzas, and Cowper, by the occasional and wilful ruggedness of his lines. Both drew their inspiration from the fountains of *nature*, though the imagination of the Northern minstrel was fired by the “stern and wild” scenery of his native Caledonia, and the English poet’s rambles were confined to such quiet landscapes as the banks of Ouse or Weston Park might afford. Both employed a direct idiomatic diction, far removed from the classical style of preceding versifiers, though the one replenished his vocabulary from the romances of the middle ages, and the beautiful Doric of his own native dialect, while the other drew from the well of “English undefiled.” Both attained and retain extensive popularity, because they threw from their lyres notes to which the human heart in its depths vibrated, though Cowper wrote a didactic and religious poem, and Scott, “*Marmion*” and the “*Lady of the Lake*.” Thus there is more resemblance between the writings of these two poets, strongly contrasted as they are in personal character, than between Scott and Byron, whose forte lay in his power of laying bare the heart in its stormy and morbid moods; or between Scott and Wordsworth, of whose philosophical sympathies with nature Scott had little appreciation.

In the month of May, 1812, before publication of “*Rokeby*,” the Asl residence was exchanged for Aford. The unprecedented pecuniary success of his poetical works soon brought within his reach the realization of that which had long been the object of his ambition, viz. his establishment as a *laird*, or independent proprietor, on the Scottish border. Accordingly, in 1811, an estate being offered for sale within a few miles of his present residence stretching along the banks of the Tweed, and possessing a national interest in his eyes as having the scene of a fierce Border battle between the rival clans of Kerr and Cleuch, Scott became the purchaser about £4,000. He gave his new domain the denomination of Abbotsford, significant of two facts, that there was a spot near the spot over the Tweed, and the whole lands had formerly belonged to the *Abbacy* of Melrose. A small rude farm-house stood on the estate with the usual appendages of a bar yard and stagnant pool; and three or two apartments of which were fitly fitted up for the reception of a family, became the nucleus of a magnificent mansion of Abbotsford. Neither estate nor mansion, however, reached their ultimate dimensions for many years. Field after field was purchased, as it seemed likely to the imagination to add to the picturesqueness of his plantations, or the comeliness of his territories. New apartments were added, wings were erected, and costly furniture was procured; resources seemed to open indefinitely or the *beau idéal* expanded. It was until the Christmas of 1824 that the ambitious project was consummated and then, alas! the change was made. It was after the reception of Roderick and *Rokeby* had proved the minstrel’s reputation was somewhat on the wane, that he struck out for himself that new career, which was destined in brilliancy and success, to eclipse the palmy days of poetical fame. At the year 1805, instigated by the popularity of the “*Lady*,” and its vivid pictures of old Border life, he had projected a novel, in which the scenery and customs of the Highlands should be treated much after the same fashion in which the first few chapters of “*Waverley*” were accordingly written; and thus

second title, "This Sixty Years since," was originally correct. But these introductory chapters had no favour in the eyes of his friend Erskine, who then, as ever after, was taken into counsel when any new project was on foot. They were consequently laid aside, and not resumed till the close of 1810, when James Ballantyne's opinion was canvassed, who, though decidedly in favour of the completion of the work, was by no means enthusiastic. Again the manuscript was thrown aside, and this time was mislaid. Rummaging in the drawers of an old cabinet, about the Christmas of 1813, Scott once more laid hands on the forgotten fragment. He now resolved to finish it, and, so rapidly did the composition proceed, that, although the Court of Session was sitting all the time, the last two volumes were thrown off in three weeks. He expressed himself as having had "a great deal of fun in the accomplishment of the task." "Waverley" was published on the 7th July, 1814, with an anonymous title-page. It circulated with a rapidity at that time extraordinary for an unacknowledged work of fiction, though far exceeded by the other productions of the same pen. Various were the opinions broached as to its authorship. Scott's intimate friends could not hesitate for a moment. They had already heard from his own lips many of its incidents, and even its turns of expression. Sagacious readers, too, were not to be deceived. It was impossible but that the "Lady of the Lake" and "Waverley" should be the production of the same pen. And besides the strong and unmistakable traits of the family likeness, the new-comer possessed many other characteristics which, to those who had penetration enough to discover them, fathered it obviously enough upon Scott. "The author," said David Hume, nephew of the historian, "must be of a Jacobite family and predilections, a yeoman-cavalry man, and a Scottish lawyer;" and desired Scott to guess in whom these happy attributes were united. Why this incognito was assumed is, perhaps, a question hardly worth considering. It was probably carelessly adopted in the outset to avoid risking an established literary reputation in a new species of composition, and to enjoy the mystification of the public; and afterwards persevered in from a very natural reluctance to retract a course once entered on, and

because it was found to shield from much of that vulgar stare and impertinent flattery which Scott from his heart detested.

Scarcely had the excitement occasioned by the first appearance of "Waverley" subsided, when a second work of the kind, and by the same pen, was announced. Yet more to confound and baffle the public, the publisher's advertisement was couched in the following terms: "Mr. Scott's poem of the 'Lord of the Isles' will appear early in January. The author of 'Waverley' is about to amuse the public with a new novel, in three volumes, entitled 'Guy Mannering.'" The two works were accordingly published within a month of each other. Indeed, Scott's industry during this year, 1814, appears almost incredible. In it he had written almost the whole of the "Life of Swift," "Waverley," and the "Lord of the Isles," two essays (those on Chivalry and the Drama) for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and an introduction and notes for the "Memorie of the Somervilles," a curious piece of family history, of which he was editor. At the same time, he had maintained an extensive correspondence, attended diligently to the duties of his clerkship and shrievalty, superintended the affairs of the printing concern, which about this period became distressingly embarrassed, and found leisure for an expedition to the Hebrides. And now, to crown the whole, "Guy Mannering" is "the work of six weeks about Christmas," and, in good part, written during a trip to Abbotsford, undertaken for the purpose of "*refreshing the machine*!"

But we must glance at subsequent productions more cursorily. A visit to Paris, Brussels, and the Field of Waterloo, paid the August after the June in which the battle was fought, occasioned, in addition to the poem mentioned above, the humorous and interesting "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," in which Scott, under the ill-sustained character of "a cross old bachelor," writing to "an imaginary group, consisting of a spinster sister, a statistical laird, a rural clergyman of the Presbyterian kirk, and a brother, a veteran officer on half-pay," faithfully describes the scenes and incidents of his expedition. These epistles were published under Scott's own name in the January of 1816, and in the May of the same year the "author of 'Waverley' amused

the public" with a third novel—"The Antiquary." This soon attained the same celebrity with its fortunate predecessors, and continued throughout life to be the author's favourite; probably because he was conscious of having sat in person for many features of the inimitable portraiture of Jonathan Oldbuck. A new disguise was attempted in the December of the same year, when "Old Mortality" and "The Black Dwarf" made their appearance, as "The first series of the Tales of my Landlord, by Jedediah Cleishbotham." But universal acclamation recognised the enchanter in his new dress; and if the sketchy character and awkward *dénouement* of "The Black Dwarf" were adjudged unworthy of the master's hand, it was universally acknowledged that, in his wonderful resurrection of Claverhouse and the covenanters, he had wrought with a spell as potent as any he had yet used. Indeed, "Old Mortality" has always appeared to us the most magnificent of his creations. There is a stern grandeur about it, both in character, scenery, and incidents, to which we know no parallel save "Macbeth." Its hero is by no means the common-place gentleman of "Waverley" and "Rob Roy;" and the almost tragic character of its close leaves an impression on the mind in admirable keeping with the whole.

In December, 1817, "Rob Roy" was published, and 10,000 copies sold within a fortnight; and in June, 1818, the "Heart of Midlothian," which in popularity, to the north of the Tweed, out-rivalled anything that had preceded it. And no wonder, for nowhere has Scott portrayed so beautifully the strength and virtue of the Scottish character, and concentrated so much interest on the simple details of lowly Scottish life. Indeed, the latter feature has appeared to us to render the "Heart of Midlothian" one of the most wonderful of these wonderful creations. And it would be superfluous to remark upon the air of purity that breathes through the whole, and the instructive moral with which it is pointed. The third series of the "Tales of my Landlord," for the story of Jeanie Deans so grew in bulk under the author's hands as alone to constitute the second, comprised "The Legend of Montrose" and "Bride of Lammermoor," and appeared in June, 1819. The brilliant romance of "Ivan-

hoe" followed before the conclusion of the year. These three novels had been composed during a period of acute suffering. Two years previously, while at a dinner party in Edinburgh, Scott had been suddenly seized with such extreme pains in the stomach, that, great as was his natural fortitude, he was compelled to retire from the room with a shriek of agony. Similar attacks were repeated at intervals through the course of that year, and his friends became much alarmed. "Rob Roy" was then on the stocks, and much of that brilliant novel was written while its author was racked with physical torture. In 1819 the disease, cramp in the stomach, recurred yet more violently. Scott was driven to have recourse to dictation, a mode of lightening the toils of composition which he always despised, unless under the constraint of actual necessity; "I would as soon think," he used to say, "of getting into a sedan-chair while I can use my legs." "Willie Laidlaw," steward and friend, or John Ballantyne, were now employed as his amanuenses, and great was their astonishment, and deep their sympathy, as the magnificent scenes of the "Bride of Lammermoor" and "Ivanhoe" flowed from his lips, only interrupted by groans and gestures of intolerable agony. Indeed, so violent were the paroxysms of the disease, that when the former novel had issued from the press, he remembered nothing of it, but the general outline of the story which had been imprinted on his memory from boyhood, and perused it with perpetual uneasiness, lest he should "be startled by meeting with something altogether glaring and fantastic." Every incident, character, and conversation, that had originated in his own invention, was entirely obliterated from his memory. Yet is this "Bride of Lammermoor" one of the most powerful of his productions. Macaulay compares it to the old Greek tragedies, in that the terrible destiny of the unfortunate lovers is indicated, from the very outset, as the stern result of an immutable fate, without diminishing at all the reader's interest in the progress of the story. "Ivanhoe" was received in England with the same rapturous applause with which the "Heart of Midlothian" had been greeted in Scotland. Indeed, as a work of the imagination, "Ivanhoe" stands almost unrivalled. All the cha-

restored, scenes dents, had to be evoked by human native faculty. An age had to be revived and re-peopled, broadly contrasted with the present, and of which we possess comparatively meagre memorials. All this was accomplished, and a more vivid and faithful picture of those marvellous days of generous valour and iron-handed oppression has been left us in the pages of "Ivanhoe," than the most accurate details of the most industrious antiquarian could have effected, while the whole is coloured with a brilliancy, and invested with a charm, which belong only to the highest style of poetic excellence. In the year 1820, two novels made their appearance, "The Monastery," in March, and "The Abbot," in September. With these, the extraordinary sale of those works began somewhat to decline, though, when at the lowest, it was far beyond the most sanguine dreams of any former romancer. The "Monastery" is, indeed, far inferior to the previous works in which the author had stood on Scottish grounds and dealt with Scottish character, and all its exquisite descriptions of scenery cannot redeem the clumsiness of the plot and the unfortunate character of the Euphuist. The "Abbot" is certainly in a higher vein, yet by no means to be classed with "Waverley" and "Old Mortality." In the January of the following year, "Kenilworth" was published, Constable having suggested that, as Mary Stuart had been the heroine of the "Abbot," a novel should succeed in which Elizabeth should play a principal part. For complication and adroit development of plot, for variety of character, and magnificence of scenery, "Kenilworth" stands in the very highest rank of these productions. Before the close of the same year appeared the "Pirate," in which the inexhaustible imagination of the novelist revelled in a new region, depicted, however, with the same breadth and consistency of character, and the same fidelity of description which had revived the Augustan age of English history, and disclosed to an admiring world the hitherto little-known life and scenery of his own native Caledonia. The following year, 1822, was much engrossed by the reception of George IV. in Edinburgh, almost the whole management of which was left in the hands of Scott, who took up the affair with all the

enthusiasm which might have been expected from his zealous loyalty.

As a consequence, the literary manufacture of the year was restricted to one novel, "The Fortunes of Nigel," which made its appearance in the spring; but, in 1823, as if to compensate for the unusual barrenness of the preceding year, this prolific soil teemed with more than its wonted fertility. Three novels were produced, "Peveril of the Peak" in January, "Quentin Durward" in June, and "St. Ronan's Well" in December, while an essay on Romance for Constable's Supplement to the Encyclopædia was thrown off as an interlude. "Peveril of the Peak," in spite of its rich variety of character, was pronounced by the critics to be grievously disfigured by the protraction of its story and the awkward manœuvre by which the plot is developed; but, in the reception of "Quentin Durward," especially on the Continent, the enthusiasm of "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe" was repeated. And prodigious, indeed, must have been the powers of that imaginative faculty, which could revive with equal ease, and vividness, and fidelity, the austere and cruel bigotry of covenanting Scotland, or the chivalrous yet oppressive days of Norman England; the clanship and enthusiastic loyalty of the Highlands, "sixty years since," or the wild scenery and yet wilder manners of the piratic Orkneys; the splendour and flattery of the court of Queen Bess; the pedantry, and poverty, and place-hunting of that of her successor; or the intrigue and licentiousness of that of Charles II.; the diplomacy, and craft, and superstition of Louis the Fox; or the folly and infatuation of Charles the Rash. In the heartless dulness of modern fashionable life this imperial imagination wrought with impracticable materials, and consequently "St. Ronan's Well," in spite of Meg Dods and Clara Mowbray, ranked lower in public estimation than most that had preceded it. "Red Gauntlet," also, the sole production of 1824, was received with comparative coldness, and though, in its episodes of Peter Peebles and Wandering Willie's tale, it contains some of Scott's best writing, and possesses an interest apart from its intrinsic merit as transcribing many passages from the author's personal history, it certainly will never be ranked in the first file of his works. The "Tales of

the Crusaders," which appeared in the June of the following year, met with a more favourable reception, owing to the brilliancy of the "Talisman," a second "Ivanhoe," less magnificent in conception, and artistic in structure, but dyed with the sparkling and airy hues of Eastern romance. It effectually veiled the imperfections of the story which accompanied it, "The Betrothed."

We have thus pursued the thread of Scott's literary history, without interruption, though with many temptations to diverge, up to the year 1825, towards the close of which the well-known catastrophe in his fortunes occurred. Even this literary history we have not given in detail, for it would far exceed the limits of this biography to present anything like an intelligible account of all the essays and reviews, and other less important *bagatelles*, which flowed from his prolific pen. Indeed his ease and fertility in composition was one of the most remarkable features of his intellectual character. It was matter of incessant surprise to all his friends and guests, when and how he managed to keep the Ballantyne press in such perpetual activity. For apart from the necessary occupation of time occasioned by his professional duties, the superintendence of his rising mansion, the care of his plantations, and, above all, the demands of an unrestrained hospitality, appeared to engross his leisure. Seldom, after the old farmhouse had been enlarged sufficiently to accommodate a stranger, was Abbotsford without a guest. And as its dimensions gradually grew into Scott's ideal of the castle of a Border laird, he strove to realise also the extravagant hospitality of the days in which his imagination delighted to revel. No one of rank, or political character, or literary pretensions, crossed the Tweed, without including in the lions he projected to visit, the "Border Minstrel" and "Great Unknown." And all were received with the same open-handed welcome, from the titled noble, or foreign prince, to the merest poetaster who came to seek patronage for his dull rhymes. Nay, even the impertinent stroller, who, from mere curiosity, intruded himself upon the privacy of the family, was not unfrequently allowed to gape about the apartments and invited to sit down at the hospitable table. Then there were the lairds and farmers of the neighbouring country-side, who

were frequently to be found blended with guests renowned in science and literature; and who, more than once in the year, assembled to a grand hunt, or salmon-spearing, on the Abbotsford domain, to be wound up with a supper at the poet's expense, when festivities were prolonged till the moon was up, and even its light proved barely sufficient to guide some swimming heads in safety home. And in all these entertainments the host himself took the most prominent part. *He* was the guide and cicerone through Melrose ruins, or over Eildon Hills, or to other scenes his own genius had immortalised; *he* mingled in person in the chase, and presided at the merry doings that followed; *his* inexhaustible fund of anecdote and humour was the centre of attraction at the table, or by the winter fire-side. Yet all this celebrity never affected the simplicity of his character. After he had acquired a European reputation, and had been knighted by the hand of his king, when his house was the resort of princes and nobles, and the highest names of the day in literature and the arts, he remained the same in his intercourse with his family, his household, and the peasantry of his estate that he had ever been. When no guests of importance demanded his attention at Abbotsford, and the morning labours of the desk were over, he might be seen roaming through his plantations, axe in hand, in company with *Tom Purdie*, his faithful henchman and factotum, and entering with the utmost cordiality into Tom's sagacious humour. And when the shock came, the zeal with which this humble companion and his fellow-servants undertook more menial duties, and for a scantier remuneration, so that they might only be allowed to remain in the service, proved how strongly the master had attached them to himself.

Such was the man, studied from a closer view, in the detail of personal character, and the relationships of private life, who, loosely shrouded from observation in the veil of his incognito, was enchanting half the world with the rapid and exhaustless productions of his genius. Happy in his own natural buoyancy of disposition, happy in the mingled affection and reverence of a rising family, and a wide circle of friends, happy in the renown of his name, and the apparent realisation of

his long-cherished ambition, as *laird* of Abbotsford and its thriving and picturesque domain, he appeared to have reached the summit of human felicity. We would fain linger over so fair and pleasant a picture, for clouds are rapidly gathering to darken the scene.

We have already narrated the circumstances of Scott's first connection with James Ballantyne, and how, at the instigation of the former, the Kelso types were transferred to Edinburgh, and by his interest the concern thrived and extended. One general condition of Scott's engagements with the book-sellers, as editor, or contributor, or assistant in any way to their enterprises was, that the printing should be entrusted to the Ballantyne press. Owing, however, to a quarrel with the house of Constable and the establishment of John Ballantyne, a brother of the printer, in rivalry of that sagacious and enterprising bookseller, considerable embarrassments speedily ensued. But when John Ballantyne had retired from the concern, as soon became matter of necessity, and the bonds of connection had again been closely drawn between the wonderful manufactory at Abbotsford, the presses of James Ballantyne, and the publishing house of Constable, wealth appeared to be rapidly accumulating. The novels were printed and re-printed in all forms, sold at all prices; and their circulation was prodigious. At one time no less than 150,000 volumes were, by Constable's order, emerging from the Ballantyne presses, all copies, in one form or another, of these popular works. Ten or fifteen thousand pounds was reckoned on by all parties, as Scott's sure profit from the manufacture of the year. Novels were bargained for yet only in distant prospect, and the bills advanced, for the thousand pounds was offered for the little dramatic sketch of *Halidon Hill*, before the MS. had been produced. No wonder that Scott thought his resources were inexhaustible, and lavished expenditure on his plantations and mansion, conceiving the realisation of his dreams nearly and surely at hand. But all along with this show of prosperity, the catastrophe was preparing. Had the magnificent projects of these enterprising men been confined to the works of Scott, for which the market was sure and rapid, all might have been well; but the elation occasioned by the

success of those popular productions appears to have deprived Constable of the sagacity which had procured for him the soubriquet of "the crafty." The most wild and extravagant undertakings were embarked upon, and as no accounts were ever examined by any of the parties, losses and profits were never balanced. Scott, who retained in other pecuniary transactions the exact and careful habits of his father's office, had such unbounded confidence in his colleagues, that he deemed his personal supervision unnecessary; Ballantyne was slothful and negligent, and, so that his types were good and his copies correct, never troubled himself about the practical management of the concern; Constable hated a balance-sheet, conceiving it at once superfluous and degrading to descend from those higher departments of the trade, whence he treated with literary men, and speculated on the tastes of the public, to these matter-of-fact details of £ s. d. And to render confusion worse confounded, the ruinous system of accommodation bills had been introduced by John Ballantyne, before he withdrew from the concern, and had been pursued to a most reckless extent. Thus in every momentary strait Constable had drawn on Ballantyne, and Ballantyne on Constable, till matters had become so complicated between the two houses, that neither knew nor cared to disentangle them. The same system had been pursued to a degree, if possible, yet more extravagant between the Edinburgh publishing house and the allied house of Hurst and Robinson, in London. Thus affairs stood. The foundations were sapped, and only a violent blast was needed to lay the whole of this deceitful show in ruins. And in the beginning of the year to which we have now brought the history of Scott's life the storm broke. Suspicion and panic, the reaction of the unnatural prosperity of preceding years, were fermenting in the nation. Bankers became scrupulous in the payment of discounts, and creditors clamorous for the settlement of bills. Of course, the hollow foundation of the prosperity of the great Edinburgh establishment was speedily discovered. First the allied London house fell; then Constable, after several frenzied attempts to retain his credit, which only aggravated the mischief, was compelled to stop pay-

ments. Of course, the printing establishment was involved in the same ruin, and then was revealed, what none of his most intimate friends had suspected, the connection of Sir Walter Scott with the Ballantyne press. A deep and respectful sympathy was blended with the astonishment with which the intelligence was heard.

Scott himself bore his misfortunes with the most admirable fortitude. His fondest hopes, his most cherished schemes and ambitions, were blighted. The tidings broke upon him suddenly, for Constable had buoyed him up with false representations, and, at all events, he had never measured the depth of his calamity before it overtook him. Yet he displayed no unmanly weakness. A friend called on him, by request, the same morning that Ballantyne had been with him to communicate the certainty and extent of the catastrophe. Scott was writing in his study, but rose, and said, "My friend, give me a shake of your hand, mine is that of a beggar;" adding, after a brief explanation, "Don't fancy I'm going to stay at home to brood idly on what can't be helped. I was at work upon 'Woodstock' when you came in, and I shall take up the pen the moment I get back from court. I mean to dine with you again on Sunday, and hope then to report progress to some purpose." On Sunday, accordingly, he "reported," that in spite of everything, he had written a chapter of his novel every intervening day.

On an adjustment of affairs, it was found that the obligations of the house of Constable amounted to £256,000; those of Hurst and Robinson, to some £300,000. These two houses submitted to a sequestration, and paid ultimately the merest fraction in the pound. The obligations of the Ballantyne firm amounted to £117,000. Of course, it was open to Scott to pursue the same course with the bookselling houses; and thus securing to himself the future profits of his pen, he might yet before his death have retrieved his losses. But this was beneath the honour and nobility of his character. His lofty sense of rectitude would have ill-borne the reflection, that any one had been a loser by him. He resolved to sacrifice everything, so that he might preserve his honour untarnished. He proposed to his creditors to devote to their service all his mental resources, and ex-

pressed himself confident, that, by the sale of existing works, and the profits of his future labours, he should be able to satisfy the claims of all. The proposal was acceded to as honourably as it was made. All claims were suspended, and the mighty enchanter girded up the wonderful powers of his genius, to the performance of the Herculean task.

Let it not be supposed, however, that, because met in so brave and magnanimous a way, this unexpected reverse was not severely felt. The faithful diary, which Sir Walter commenced about this time, has revealed what few of his most intimate friends could ever discover, the deep wounds of his strong and manly spirit. Many entries corroborate the truth, that no grief is more bitterly felt, than that which lies subdued under the stern restraint of a masculine will.

The novel of "Woodstock" and the "Life of Napoleon" were the undertakings in hand when these calamities occurred. The latter had been commenced as a contribution to a cheap miscellany, projected on a magnificent scale by the enterprising spirit of Constable; but having far outgrown the necessary dimensions, it had been resolved to publish it in a distinct form. These two works were now pushed forward with all diligence. Every moment that could be redeemed from professional duties was devoted to the labours of the desk. The house in Castle-street, Edinburgh, with its "old familiar" furniture, was disposed of, and lodgings taken, on a very humble scale, for a temporary residence during the sittings of the law court. The sumptuous hospitality of Abbotsford was retrenched, and housekeeping adjusted on the most economical system. From early morning until a late dinner hour the pen was incessantly plied, and not unfrequently there was an evening and nightly sitting of many hours. Domestic affliction was shortly added to his other distresses. His wife, who had been his faithful and sympathising companion for so many years, and had shared his rise, from the little cottage at Lasswade, to the lordly domain of Abbotsford, after struggling long with an asthmatic complaint, died on the 15th May, 1820, and her end was probably hastened by the shock of the recent reverse. Most affecting

allusions his diary contains the and years afterwards to active event. Yet the daily as thirty printed pages of the edition in which his novels finally published, was but for time suspended. Before the 1st of May is over, the prostration is surmounted, and though with heart, and many a sad and communion with the diary, old is resumed. The result of this is severe and unrelenting in the publication of "Woodstock," April, 1826, and of "The Life of Leon," nine volumes octavo, in 1827. The latter work had rendered a visit to London and France its papers and authorities. In his reception was enthusiastic extreme, and he returned to his refreshed and stimulated. These sustained but little trace of the and misfortune amidst which he produced. They were with the usual favour of the public good service to Sir Walter's affairs. "Woodstock" realised editors £8,000, and "The Life of Leon" no less than the extra-sum of £18,000. In addition more important performances, in 1827, gave to the world, several essays and reviews, the "Tales of the Canongate," in two volumes, and the first series of those sketches of Scottish history, entitled "Tales of a Grandfather." In 1828 were published the "Fair Maid of Perth" and the second series "Tales of a Grandfather," with a quantum of minor production. In 1829 appeared "Anne of Geierstein," the first volume of the "History of Scotland," and the third series "Tales of a Grandfather." In 1830, to these, during the latter year, a new edition of the Waverley novels, with notes and prefaces, was commenced and continued in monthly parts. The sale of the copyrights had been divided, one-half by Cadell, who had succeeded Constable as Scott's publisher, and one-half by Sir Walter Scott, to the benefit of his creditors, and by the success of this uniform edition all anticipated the total extinction of the work. Nor were they disappointed, for by the close of 1829 the circulation of the novels had amounted to 100,000 copies, and twelve months

afterwards, a dividend of three shillings in the pound was made to the creditors, which, together with former reductions, brought the obligations of the Ballantyne firm down to £54,000,—about one half the original amount.

Hitherto there had been but little, if any, deterioration in the quality of the manufacture. The "Fair Maid of Perth" and "Anne of Geierstein," if not ranked in the first file of these extraordinary productions, were considered equal to any of the second class. They retained wonderfully the creative power and vividness of description which marked the hand of the master; and it was particularly observed that the old man, in the midst of misfortune and infirmity, could yet depict the feelings of youth in all their glow and freshness; even colouring with as gay and bright a bloom as ever, the tenderness of early passion, and thus evincing that the pure fountains of his own sympathies and affections had not felt the frost of age. But the "eye" of that ideal imagination was now to "become dim," and the "strength" of that manly genius to "abate."

Early in 1830, Sir Walter was suddenly affected with a seizure of paralysis or apoplexy, or both combined, the result of excessive mental exertion; and these attacks were repeated at intervals, till they brought him to the grave. Still, as fast as he recovered from each successive stroke, he recommenced, with little relaxation, his literary toils; and this year and part of the following witnessed the production of the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," the fourth series of the "Tales of a Grandfather," the second volume of the "History of Scotland," "Count Robert of Paris," and "Castle Dangerous." In the first three works but few symptoms of intellectual decay were discoverable; but the two novels that closed the series of these extraordinary creations showed unmistakably that the wand of the wizard was broken. He was encouraged in their composition by his friends, to prevent his imbroiling himself in the great political question of the day; for he had projected a series of letters on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, similar in style and title to those "Epistles of Malachi Malagrowther," in which, a few years previously, he had attacked sundry proposed legal changes, prejudicial, in his opinion, to the honour

and interests of Scotland. At length Scott was prevailed upon to suspend, for a while, the labours of the desk, and try the effects of travel on his shattered constitution and failing faculties. Accordingly, with great reluctance, he left Abbotsford, in the September of 1831. At the suggestion of Captain Basil Hall, a frigate was placed at his disposal by Government: and when he had embarked, nothing could exceed the anxious deference and kindness of all on board. He visited Malta, Rome, Pompeii, and many places of classical interest in Italy, and wintered at Naples, where his son Charles was attached to the British legation. He was everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm, and that by all classes; for all classes were familiar with his works, translations of which were exposed on the book-stalls in the cheapest forms. But, as spring advanced, he became more and more impatient to return to Scotland. He shrank from the thought of laying his bones on a foreign shore, far from Abbotsford and the Tweed. On the 11th of May, he commenced his northern journey. Once on the road his impatience became ungovernable, and the Appenines, Venice, the Tyrol, were traversed rapidly and with little curiosity. Though the weather was severe, he would fain have travelled night and day. Symptoms of paralysis appeared, which only aggravated his anxiety. Hardly could the scenery of the Rhine awaken his interest. Near Nimeguen, on the evening of the 9th of June, the dreaded blow was struck, and he reached London on the 13th, totally prostrated. There he continued for upwards of three weeks, during which period the most anxious interest was manifested by all orders, from the royal family to the labouring poor. "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where *he* is lying?" was the inquiry of some working-men of Allan Cunningham, as if there was but one death-bed in London! But London was not Scotland, and his poor, prostrated spirit was continually yearning after the land of his patriotic devotion. Accordingly, on the 7th of July, he embarked on board a steamboat for Abbotsford. During the voyage, and the first stages of the journey from Edinburgh, he lay in a half-torpid state. "But as we descended the vale of Gala," we quote from his biographer, "he began to gaze about him, and by degrees

it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two, 'Gala Water, surely, — Buckholm — Torwoodlee.' As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight." He lingered for some time at Abbotsford, attended assiduously by Lockhart, his son-in-law, and "Willie Laidlaw." On one occasion, he requested the former to read to him; and being asked from what book, replied, "Need you ask? There is but one!" The 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel was accordingly selected. On the 21st of September the scene closed. "At half-past one p.m., Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day — so warm that every window was wide open — and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose." His death was felt as a national event. The newspapers were edged with black. Carriages stretching to the extent of a mile formed the funeral cortège; and the spectators who filled the enclosure of Dryburgh Abbey manifested a sincere and universal grief. Sir Walter left four children, two sons and two daughters; but there being no descendants on the male side, his ambition of founding a family on the banks of the Tweed has been most remarkably frustrated.

We rise from this biography with mournful feelings. A life so bright with promise in its outset, so happy and successful in its course, and so clouded in its close, is a sad object to contemplate. Other thoughts, too, arise. We cannot but ask, Did this man accomplish a worthy life-work? Was this novel-writing the legitimate employment of his splendid powers? And here we are disposed to pronounce leniently. If the artist who carves his conceptions out of the marble, and the artist who depicts his conceptions on the canvas, be considered to labour worthily in the department for which the Creator has qualified them, we do not see why the

to embody his conceptions in words may not be defended on the same grounds. God himself has not put all His gifts to us by the way of utility, but in the delights of variety and colour, fragrance and perfume conferred much of which we may say that the aim is—to gratify. Departing from the parallel, not only can he acquit himself worthily who excels in some department of direct service to the community, but he also follows the impulses of his own nature, contributes to the gratification of the senses or imagination, be he sculptor, poet, or romancer. Of course, the statesman, the novelist in particular, must substitute his gifts, and employ them in embellishing vice or pandering to it; but, where regulated by the morality and virtue, we cannot find anything reprehensible or unworthy in a development of the imagination, abstractedly considered. One will be disposed, we think, to quote Sir Walter Scott's memorable words, uttered but a short time before the close of life:—"I am drawing the close of my career; I am flitting off the stage. I have been the most voluminous author of my age; and it is a comfort to me to say that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing in my death-bed, I should wish

no other question rises, yet more in its import, and impossible, to be answered satisfactorily. Was this life-work to have been sanctified in itself, was it sanctified by its aims and motives? A man's life may be objectively good, but subjectively bad. The loftiest gifts may be employed with all zeal and diligence, to the detriment of the community; the lack of God-ward aspirations may, all, in the end, be "weighed

in the balances and found wanting." Was this the case here? We must answer dubiously. To us, there has ever appeared to be missing in the life of this great artist—the pervasion of an earnest religious purpose. We have one great ambition—to become the founder of a family—the Scotts of Abbotsford; but this, surely, is paltry, and unworthy to regulate a life. We have as fair an exhibition of the virtues which dignify and adorn the present state as perhaps we could find in any character of renown; yet no impressive and habitual recognition of the bearings of these virtues upon a future and higher life. We have a most notable example of literary industry and diligence; yet the incentives seem to have been secondary and occasional—not the powerful and constant impulses of one who labours ever beneath "his great Taskmaster's eye!" We have brave and manly conduct in adversity; yet, even about this, there is too much of the fortitude of philosophy, and not enough of the cheerful acquiescence of one who feels that the great purposes of life yet remain untouched; being, in fact, altogether out of the reach of its changes and evils. But we shrink from passing judgment. There may have been an inner life, of which no record has reached us, but which was exposed to the eyes of "Him with whom we have to do." It is, at all events, much more pleasant to hope that this man, who united the highest gifts of intellect with the noblest traits and sweetest graces of character—who drew to himself the affection and reverence of all who came within the sphere of his influence—who was so gentle in prosperity, and so great and patient in adversity—fulfilled his relations to the future as successfully as his relations to the present, and secured the commendation of his God, as well as the applause of his fellows.

GUILLAUME FRANÇOIS GUIZOT.

For some time has been discredited the illustrious men who, under Philippe, constituted in France the conservative party. We have seen politicians obliged to succumb to the rule of the sword, and forgetting the turmoil of public life in the quiet of literary leisure. Having earned their earliest laurels as "brethren of the quill," they are glad once more to court peace.

ful distinction, and readily abandon "Downing Street" for "the Row." Prominent among such men is Monsieur Guizot.

Some one has aptly remarked that the circumstances of M. Guizot's childhood may, in some measure, account for his political bias. Born in 1787, a Protestant, and therefore, so to say, out of the pale of society in France, he was at first the unconscious victim of the most abominable legislative enactments that tyranny ever devised. Seven years later, the revolution restored him to the full enjoyment of all his rights; but at what price? He saw his father mount the scaffold, and expiate, by a bloody death, some real or suspected act of opposition to Robespierre's will. How unfortunate that M. Guizot's earliest impressions of legitimate government should have been connected with the *Dragonnades*, the booted missionaries and the churches in the wilderness! How sad that liberty should have presented herself to his youthful sight, decked with the red cap of 1793!

The bereaved child left France, and completed at Geneva a course of education, well-calculated to fit him for the most arduous duties of public and literary life. His only toys were books. After four years' stay at college, he could read, in their own idioms, Cicero and Tacitus, Thucydides and Demosthenes, Dante and Alfieri, Schiller and Goethe, Gibbon and Shakspeare. His attention was especially directed to moral philosophy, and the intellectual features of Genevese society were peculiarly adapted to encourage the development of a mind naturally gifted with the most acute reasoning powers.

We cannot refrain from noticing, *en passant*, the influence which Switzerland has exercised upon the mental history of the world. The literary glories both of France and England appear so dazzling, so engrossing, that we too often forget that smaller *foci* may still concentrate light to a very powerful extent. Cramer, Calandrini, Burlamaqui, Bonnet, and De Saussure are names of which any land might be proud. It was from Switzerland that De Lolme passed over to England, Lefort to Russia, Necker to France, and Geneva bequeathed Jean Jacques Rousseau to the world.

Trained and disciplined in everything that was good and wholesome, M. Guizot left his Helvetic friends in 1805. He

returned to Paris at a time when society seemed a prey to dissolution; when, after all the horrors of a revolutionary government, France might be said to stifle every remembrance of the past in frivolity, licentiousness, and corruption. Happily preserved by the hand of God from sharing in a state of things which recalled the worst times of the regency, he applied himself with increased energy to his studies. He became a tutor in M. Stapfer's family, and was introduced to the celebrated Suard, whose *salon* served as a central meeting-point for the most distinguished thinkers of the age. M. Guizot himself has given* an excellent appreciation of Suard's influence as a philosopher. He represented the ideas of the eighteenth century, of the Voltairian school, but modified and considerably softened down. Chamfort, Morellet, De Vaines were his friends; and about 1801 he had established, under the name of *Le Publiciste*, a newspaper intended to hold a middle position between the out-and-out infidel *Décade* and the monarchical *Journal des Débats*. In every French journal the *feuilleton* occupies an important place. The most engrossing political topics, the gravest state-discussions, always respect, as hallowed ground, the columns reserved for critical notices of new books, new plays, and other varieties of the *belles lettres*. M. Suard was very fortunate in securing the assistance of a person whose brilliant talents raised the *feuilletons* of the *Publiciste* to the position of authorities in the world of literature. Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, for the space of ten years, acted as his *collaborateur*, and her articles, signed with the initial "P.," could not but strike M. Guizot's attention, as they did that of all those who understood the power of sound taste and moral discrimination. In the month of March, 1807, domestic trials having compelled Mademoiselle de Meulan to discontinue for a short time her contributions, M. Guizot offered his services as a substitute; and this circumstance led to an acquaintance, which found in marriage a most happy consummation for both parties. The difference of ages (Mademoiselle de Meulan was born in 1773) and of opinions would, by some, have been thought serious obstacles; but, as M. Sainte-Beuve beautifully expresses it, one of M. Guizot's greatest

* In the *Révue Française* for September, 1839.

she was that of renewing, and giving over to his own ideas, to his hopes, the bride whose affections he already won. The union took in 1818. From henceforth M^{lle} Guizot devoted her pen almost solely to the cause of education, published a series of works, some of which have been translated into English. Guizot's early life was wholly a young man's. Around him the din of continually recounding, regiments marching towards the frontier, bulletins coming over the Austrians and the English, all the pomp of intoxicated display itself at the Tuileries. St. Cloud, could not disturb the young man's mental activity. Before he was twenty-five years old, he had already begun to write with the same vigour and of unwearied application. Introduction prefixed to his "Dictionary of Synonymes" is a model of logical acumen. His "Lives of French Poets" contain specimens of criticism which our flippant reviewers of the present day must feel some qualms of conscience in reading. As for the popularity of Gibbon, with historical criticism in England, is a sufficient proof of merit. The two interesting volumes on Corneille and Shakspeare, brought out under the name of illustrious historian, belong to the period. They were originally published in 1813, when the cares of public life, and the anxieties of state-business had not yet absorbed the young man's thoughts. We said just now, that M^{lle} Guizot had confined herself, exclusively, since her marriage, to the composition of educational works; this proposition almost is justified by the fact that the essay on Chapelain, Roland Scarron, affixed to the biography of Corneille, are from the pen of the young *feuilletoniste* of the *Publiciste* paper.

An encouragement given to literature in France, the real power which is exerted there by the pen and the press, merits and faults of a system which is an intellectual capacities the only qualifications for political eminence, are points already amply discussed, and we have no desire to revert to them here. But we must say that in all the arguments adduced, both *pro* and *contra*, the belligerent parties seem to have constantly lost sight of

one essential condition, one principle absolutely indispensable to the proper exercise and lasting existence of every power. If the *fourth estate* takes for its charter the Word of God, and hoists for its standard the cross of Christ, need we fear so much the domination of an intellectual principle in the realms of Downing Street, or the precincts of Westminster? The only thing we conceive, which has impaired in France the power of the press, and undermined its influence, is, the utter recklessness, the want of sound doctrines, the downright immorality of men, such as Alexander Dumas, Eugene Sue, and M. de Balzac. Those writers have dealt to themselves and to their party a blow more fatal than the strictest government regulations could inflict; they have riveted their own fetters, accomplished their own destruction.

When Napoleon stepped forward to rescue France from the Jacobin faction; when he undertook the arduous task of reconstructing society, and directing the impulse given in 1789, he conceived that, as long as public authority was not firmly established, no obstruction should be allowed in its way; no manifestation likely to impede and to weaken its power. We know, likewise, that the French government during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., deprived of all influence, despised, scorned, and detested, had really perished under the efforts of philosophers and pamphleteers; and the recollection was not likely to be lost on the First Consul. He openly declared that *idéologues* need look for no favour at his hands; nay, he hinted that freedom of thought must have its limits. At that time a strong party still existed, composed of conventionalists, attached to republican institutions, and expecting daily a reaction against the military despotism of the Corsican general. Most of those democrats belonged to the Voltairian school; some were Suard's friends, and by their writing and conversation they kept up amongst a rather considerable part of the nation a spirit which, fostered and fed, would probably have ended in some open act of violence. Cabanis, Garat, Chénier were acknowledged as the leaders of the republican opposition, and the club they had organised engaged the *surveillance* of the police. With such men M. Guizot could have no sympathy; he sought the teaching of

another class of metaphysicians, who were also at work propounding sounder opinions, and striving to guide the public mind through purer channels. One of the most eminent of these was M. Royer-Collard, at that time professor of philosophy in the university. Imbued with Jansenist ideas, an enlightened follower of Port-Royal, who had learnt wisdom at the school of adversity, M. Royer-Collard exercised upon M. Guizot the happiest influence. He became his most intimate friend, helped him in every way, and, at a later period, introduced him to political life. M. Guizot had already been appointed lecturer on modern history. Those alone who know something of the educational system followed in France, are aware of the importance of a nomination such as this. Between the years 1822 and 1830, the Sorbonne was the centre of an opposition quite as powerful, quite as weighty as the one which that learned body carried on, during the middle ages, against ultramontanist pretensions.

It has been asserted that M. Guizot's early life was spent in plots for the return of the Bourbons, and in a constant antagonism to the imperial government. The only fact that may have justified the surmise, is to be traced to his literary pursuits. Paris, from 1806 to 1814, presented the signs of two distinct societies, wholly separated from each other by their tastes, their feelings, their hopes. The adherents of Napoleon, discarding every idea of liberty, and bending with unqualified submission to their master's will, seemed to forget both the lessons of the past, and the eventualities of the future, in the maddening frenzy of present success. Those, on the other hand, who had not shipped their destiny on board the imperial barque, dreamt of free constitutions, of a parliamentary opposition, and believed that the conqueror's laurels could not for ever reconcile France to a state of servile prostration. So far as M. Guizot entertained these thoughts, he may be said to have been a conspirator; further than that, we deny the justice of the imputation. Politics were very little discussed, and even M. de Chateaubriand's efforts could scarcely arouse in the hearts of Frenchmen the slightest feeling in favour of the Bourbons.

With 1814, begins M. Guizot's political life. He was first appointed secre-

tary-general to the ministry of the interior, and soon took his place in the minority, who, whilst they desired the continuance of monarchical institutions, were yet endeavouring with all their might to keep away from government the rash men, bent—as M.M. de Vitrolles, de Blacas, de Polignac—upon reinstating absolutism in its worst forms.

We remember, a few years ago M. Guizot was defending, in the Chamber of Deputies, Louis Philippe's policy against the fury of a violent opposition.—“You went to Ghent,” they claimed,—“you went to Ghent!” M. Guizot *did* go to Ghent.

for? Not to perform any salary before Louis XVIII.,—not to beg for sinecures, and other wares of the same description. No! his business was to plead the cause of constitutional liberty,—to close, if possible, the abyss into which, notwithstanding his advice, Charles X. sank in 1830.

The great blunder of the restoration was, that the principles and maxims which led to the revolution of 1789 were utterly ignored by it. Selfish statesmen, who had scarcely learned the fundamental principles of liberty, considered the proceedings of the legislative assembly as an anomalous phenomenon, a fever, a fit of madness now fortunately ended in the triumph of the Corsican ogre. The thing, after the battle of Waterloo, resumed its wonted place, and we now have, nay, to hail with thankfulness, the *ancien régime*, with its recollections and traditions of *citoyenneté*. Louis XVIII., it is true, too clever to share the delusions of his friends. He saw that the revolution originated not in a caprice on the part of a mob, but with the convulsive galling of a groaning nation. The great principle had not as yet obtained in the distribution of power, the right to which it was entitled; and the king would ensure for his throne a secure basis, he must give to France a pledge, that, for the future, the government would be, in a certain degree, under the control of all. M. Guizot was one of the chief counsellors of Louis XVIII., when the important question of the charter had to be discussed; and, far from blaming him for having repaired to Ghent, we ourselves are justified in saying, that

advice, alone. V. ed the
 account of *l'ÉTOU* to an
 necessity of a third *ré-* *union*. Some
 are apt to believe that, because France
 was heartily sick, in 1815, of impe-
 rialism, conscription, and *ratapoi* go-
 vernment, therefore it felt a longing for
 legitimate despotism. There was never,
 perhaps, a greater error. The tragedy
 of 1789—1815 had, on the contrary,
 impressed the nation with the desire of
 such a political *status* as should prevent
 the recurrence of demagogy, by destroy-
 ing the opposite extreme, absolutism;
 and, when reactionary tendencies mani-
 fested themselves, a strong party was
 speedily organised, both in the chambers
 and without. Louis XVIII. died before
 any manifestations on the liberal side
 had been called for; but as soon as
 Charles X. ascended the throne, it be-
 came evident that all the worst features
 of the *ancien régime*, including the
Jesuits, were about to supersede both
 the conquests of a dearly purchased
 liberty, and the glorious reminiscences
 of Napoleon Bonaparte. The lessons
 bequeathed to us by past ages seem
 often so plain and so weighty, that we
 are astonished they should not be con-
 stantly obeyed; but inveterate prejudices
 are, alas! proof against common sense
 and even egotism itself. Charles X.
 progressed with frightful rapidity in the
 career of absolutism, till he was checked
 by the famous *adresse* des 221. M. Guizot
 belonged to that band of liberal depu-
 ties: although his principles had raised
 him to the dangerous post of opposition
 leader, yet we may affirm that all his
 efforts were centred, even as late as July,
 27, 1830, upon the thankless task of
 rescuing the cabinet from evident ruin.
 But it has been truly said that the go-
 vernment of Charles X. consummated
 its own destruction, and the only alterna-
 tive of the monarchists was to coun-
 teract the downward progress towards
 demagogy (we do not say *democracy*)
 by lending their support to the Duke of
 Orleans.

Our intention is not to examine here
 the policy of Louis Philippe, nor to
 enter upon any discussion of the events
 connected with French history during
 the eighteen years of his reign; but
 there is one point, indis-solubly bound
 as it is to the political career of M.
 Guizot. The founders of the 1830-
 monarchy have been blamed for vio-
 lating the principle of hereditary suc-

cession. Let us not forget the state of
 parties in Paris when the tricolor flag
 was waving on the top of the barricades,
 and the *Marseillaise* echoing through
 the streets. Where was the power then?
 Did the uniforms of the national guard
 or the blood-stained tatters of the *prolé-
 taires* represent in the eyes of the multi-
 tude the majesty of the law and the
 destinies of France? Will any one be
 bold enough to affirm that the 219 de-
 puties who apparently disposed of the
 crown, were not themselves, at the
 time, under the control of the clubs
 and the secret societies? The idea of
 the Duke de Bordeaux carried to the
 Tuileries in the arms of General La-
 Fayette, accepted by the men of the
 Hotel de Ville, and adopting the prin-
 ciples of '93—that idea is a dream not
 worth refuting. Louis Philippe was
 elected to the throne because he repre-
 sented the transaction between the two
régimes; and, from the attitude now as-
 sumed by the constitutional party to-
 wards both branches of the Bourbon
 family, we may infer, with some de-
 gree of certainty, that if the Duke de
 Bordeaux, in 1830, had been acceptable
 to the majority, those who dethroned
 his grandfather would have placed the
 sceptre in his hands.

Of all the eminent characters forming
 the liberal-conservative fraction at the
 time of Charles X.'s downfall, M. Guizot
 was the most conspicuous; he was the
 one whose influence told most during
 the reign of the late king. We will not
 weary our readers with the detailed an-
 nals of a statesman's life. He was
 returned as member for Lisieux in the
 Chamber of Deputies, and we find him
 there steadily maintaining, throughout
 the whole of his political career, those
 conservative views which even his ta-
 lents and his energy could not save
 from ultimate annihilation. After the
 death of Casimir Perier, he entered the
 cabinet of the 11th of October, 1832, as
 minister of public instruction, and for
 four years exercised the happiest influ-
 ence upon the destinies of his country.

M. Guizot's services in diplomacy
 have somewhat cast into the shade his
 valuable labours in the cause of educa-
 tion; but we should remember that one
 of the noblest creations of our time, the
 law of June 28th, 1833, on primary in-
 struction, was entirely his work. The
 "blue book," containing all he has
 done on that subject, in the way of

reports, circulars, suggestions, &c., is full of true eloquence and real poetry of style; it is a production which ought to engage the deepest attention of the philanthropist.

No easy task was that which devolved even upon two such men as MM. Thiers and Guizot. After having struggled, and struggled successfully, against dissatisfaction within and distrust abroad; after having, by stringent measures, cowed the republicans, whilst they maintained a lofty bearing before the face of anxious Europe, the cabinet of October had to withdraw. They were deemed too repressive by the chambers, dissensions were already breaking out between the ministers, and government could no longer secure a majority. M. Guizot sent in his resignation. Thrown back to the opposition benches, he nevertheless abstained from open hostilities until the accession to office of Count Molé. The ministry of April, 1838, was one which he strenuously combated, and uniformly denounced as a "ministry of expediency." In 1839, he was appointed by Marshal Soult to represent France at the court of St. James, and the Syrian insurrection restored him to office as minister of foreign affairs, a post which he was still occupying when the revolution of February, 1848, produced a new crisis in the affairs of France.

We have left hitherto unnoticed M. Guizot's literary labours, when, in 1825, the Jesuit cabinet drove him from the lecturer's chair at the Sorbonne; they increased the high reputation he already enjoyed as an historian and a writer; their merit was, moreover, enhanced by the fact that they formed a species of commentary on passing events. The picturesque but calm narrative of the contest between Charles I. of England and the Parliament, told upon the minds of all intelligent readers, and *La jeune France* rose from the perusal, ready to dare the worst against the clique who governed the Tuileries. Books, not unfrequently, deal deadlier blows than swords or Minie rifles; M. Victor Cousin's lectures on moral philosophy, M. Augustin Thierry's letters on the history of France, and M. Guizot's works, rendered useless the powder and shot of Marmont's regiments.

M. Guizot, as a man of letters, is the Benedictine of the nineteenth century.

Besides a variety of pamphlets and brochures on political subjects, he has published—1. A collection of Memoirs on the History of France; 2. A collection of Memoirs (translated) on the English Revolution; 3. A Life of Washington; 4. Essays on the History of France, &c. &c. His lectures, delivered at the Sorbonne, are the most generally known of his compositions. They are written in a masterly style, and are remarkable for a depth and a seriousness which remind us of Bossuet. It is in allusion to them that Sir Archibald Alison passes on the author the following judgment:—"He is a man of the highest genius; but it consists not in narrating events, or describing individual achievements. It is in the discovery of general causes—in tracing the operation of changes in society, which escape ordinary observation—in seeing whence man has come, and whither he is going—that his greatness consists; and in that loftiest of the regions of history he is unrivalled. We know of no author who has traced the changes of society, and the general causes which determine the fate of nations, with such just views, and so much sagacious discrimination. He is not, properly speaking, an historian; his vocation and object are different. He is a great discourses on history. If ever the philosophy of history was embodied in a human being, it is in M. Guizot. The style of this great author is, in every respect, suited to his subject. He does not aim at the highest flights of fancy; makes no attempt to warm the soul or melt the feelings; is seldom imaginative, and never descriptive. But he is uniformly lucid, sagacious, and discriminating; deduces his conclusions with admirable clearness from his premises, and occasionally warms from the innate grandeur of his subject into a glow of fervent eloquence."

In discussing M. Guizot's literary merits, we cannot help comparing him with M. Augustin Thierry and M. Cousin, who have equally contributed much to the mental education of the present generation in France. M. Thierry's early compositions, notwithstanding the crudition they evidence, have something pamphlet-like about them; they might do equally well as *appels au peuple* and as scientific octavos. M. Guizot, on the contrary, never steps down from the *ex cathedra* position;

in the black gown perpetually on his shoulders, and the academic becomes a natural addition to his society. Dogmatism, in fact, is one of the Genevese student; we see him bear as calmly the brunt of a storm in the Chamber of Deputies, as he had been a schoolmaster amidst a troop of uproarious boys. He lays down the law, and will enforce it through evil and good report. M. Thierry is the tribune; M. Guizot reminds those Sorbonne doctors who, in former times, set gravely by the ear the pope and the king. As regards the origin of ideas, we may draw another lesson. M. Cousin has frequently been against his old colleague at the tribune, as to style and elegance of diction. It is true that the lectures of philosophy, of the great eclectic, are models of perspicuity; they excite our admiration the noble simplicity which characterises the writers of the last two centuries ago; but it is more point in M. Guizot's, and if his language does not flow easily, it is often owing to its being so.

The revolution of 1848, by removing Guizot from the turmoil of political contention, strange to say, the great service to literature. The ex-minister, thrown upon his own resources, has resumed with unparalleled success the noble mission of directing and enlightening the public mind through the medium of the press. His Lectures on the Origin of Representative Govern-

ment, his Discourse on the English Revolution and the Causes of its Success, his delightful volumes of Moral and Æsthetic Essays, have all been published within the last few years. The History of England, under Cromwell, is announced as forthcoming. M. Guizot, we need hardly say, is a member of the French Academy; he belongs, likewise, to the Academy of Moral and Political Science, and has accepted the presidency of the French Protestant Historical Society.

In 1827, death removed from his family circle the distinguished lady who contributed so much to his happiness; in 1828, he married Mademoiselle Dillon; and is now for the second time a widower. His son, M. Guillaume Guizot, was crowned, a few weeks ago, by the Institute as author of an interesting Memoir on Grecian History: one of his daughters became, last year, Madame de Witt, in consequence of her union with a descendant of the illustrious Dutch patriot.

In concluding this sketch, we purposely avoid the subjects of political controversy. We have endeavoured to discover the guiding principles of M. Guizot's conduct. As a statesman, his character has been variously regarded; and some of his acts have been, in England at least, loudly condemned. But whatever diversity of opinion may prevail respecting these, there are few who would deny him high praise, as a litterateur and a man, to GUILLAUME FRANÇOIS GUIZOT.

G. M.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB was born on 18th of February, 1775, in Crown Office-row, Inner Temple. His father, John Lamb, was of Lincolnshire, but at a very early age he had come to London, and entered the service of Mr. Salt, a member of the Inner Temple, whose clerk he was for many years. In his youth he was one of the "Old Bachelors of the Temple," Lamb, in his delightful *Specimens*, describes the locality of the Temple, the place of his birth, and the first seven years of his life, under the name of Mr. Salt, and his father,

who is delineated under the name of Lovel. An extract will serve to give an idea of John Lamb, sen., and the relations he sustained with his employer. "Salt never knew what he was worth in the world; and having but a competency for his rank, which his indolent habits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had honest people about him. Lovel took care of everything. He was alone his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his 'flapper,' his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer. He did

nothing without consulting Lovel, nor failed in anything without expecting and fearing his admonishing." "Lovel was a man of incorrigible and losing honesty; a good fellow withal, and 'would strike.' In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him, and pommelled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female—an occasion upon which no odds against him could have prevented the interference of Lovel." "Lovel was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble, possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior—moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage-boards, and such small cabinet toys to perfection: took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angler, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Isaac Walton would have chose to go fishing with." Mrs. Lamb seems to have been an equally worthy and admirable woman. They had three children, John, Mary, and Charles. Of these, Charles was the youngest, there being a difference of twelve and ten years between him and his brother and sister respectively. Their parents, though in a humble station, "were endued with sentiments which might have well become the gentlest blood; and fortune, which had denied them wealth, enabled them to bestow on their children some of the happiest intellectual advantages wealth ever confers."

At the age of seven Lamb was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital. In personal appearance at this time, he was of a mild countenance, clear brown complexion, and eyes which possessed the singular characteristic of differing in colour, one being hazel, the other having specks of grey in the iris. His step was plantigrade, which made his gait slow and peculiar, and added to the staid appearance of his figure. A delicate frame and difficulty of utter-

ance unfitted him for any boist sport. Even at this early period furnished marked indications of qualities of intellect and temper in after life, attracted so much the ration and love of those who knew him. One of his schoolfellows says of "Lamb was an amiable, gentle boy sensible and keenly observant, induced by his schoolfellows and master to count of his infirmity of speech." never heard his name mentioned out the addition of Charles, though there was no other boy of the name Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness." To Lamb's docility, and facility in the acquisition of the classics, would doubtless made him a distinguished scholar, and enabled him to obtain exhibition; and though, perhaps, career, which such a success at school would have opened to him, would have been, at least, at that period, the congenial to his wishes, the marked out for him by Providence very different to that which his predilections suggested. The admission of the clerical profession was an stood condition on which the exhibition at Christ's Hospital were given. In this calling, the impediment in his speech quite unfitted him, and, accordingly, he was not admitted into the which led to the exhibitions, and, says, "defrauded in his young years the sweet food of academic institution he left school to pursue the uncomlabour of the "desk's dead wood." took place on the 28th November, in his fifteenth year. His place in school was in the lower division, second class. He had read Virgil, Terence, selections from Lucian Dialogues, and Xenophon; and fond of Latin composition in verse, by his skill in which he gained considerable distinction.

As in the case of most men of genius, it is difficult to trace in the subsequent manifestations of Lamb's intellect the predominating influence of scholastic attainments. Doubtless direct, positive, and mental aliment received, and the discipline he went, at school, did enter into, and a powerful bearing on the development of his intellectual character, but indelibly to the associations by

His early life was rounded, and the image and nature of his own independence of antiquity, that predilection for a town life, that clinging to the present and the tangible, that instinctive relish for everything attaching to human nature, particularly in its quaintest displays, that antique quaintness of style (so modern in its finish), by which his writings are so markedly characterised, and which constitute their chief and enduring charm, were peculiarities imbibed into his mental growth from the soil in which his young life struck its roots, and the nutriment it spontaneously sought and assimilated. The first seven years of his life were spent in the Temple, where he was born. The impression wrought upon his youthful fancy by this spot, with "its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountains, its river," is admirably described in his essay on "Old Bachelors of the Inner Temple." What a signature of elegant antiquity a young and susceptible mind must have received from constant association with such a locality! Nor was this association much broken by his going to Christ's Hospital. It was but a removal, so to speak, from one cloister to another; and as even during his school life he spent much of his time in the Temple, where he always found a happy home, endeared to him by the fondest and most undeviating affection, the place during the next seven years of his life was still further associated with his sweetest enjoyments and hopes, and impressed all the stronger bias on his opening intellect. Still more strong, because more direct, was the influence of his early and voluntary reading. He was "tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage." This "spacious closet" was the library of Mr. Salt, to which Lamb was allowed access.

On leaving school, Lamb went to live with his parents, still in the Temple. At first he found employment in the South Sea House, under his brother James, which he exchanged, April 3th, 1792, for an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company. His salary was at first inconsiderable, but was a grateful addition to the resources of his parents. Old

Mr. Lamb at this time received an annuity from Mr. Salt, and was fast sinking into dotage, while Mrs. Lamb was confined to her bed by ill health. It is a fine proof of the sweetness of Lamb's disposition, that he submitted to his hard lot, in exchanging the "sweets of academic institution" for the drudgery of a counting office, without a murmur; and that he cheerfully gave up his money to procure the comfort of his parents, and bestowed his more precious leisure on the amusement of his father, with whom he used to sit for hours in the evening, playing at cribbage; his only recreation being an occasional visit, in company with his sister, to the theatre, and a supper with some of his old school-fellows, when they happened to be in town from college.

It does not appear that Lamb made any trial of his literary powers until the year 1795. Probably the nature of his occupations repressed any aspirations he may have felt, which derived no encouragement from a disposition that was, perhaps, unenterprising. An external stimulus was required to quicken the latent capability into action. An impulse, not yet furnished, was needed to induce him to put forth his strength, and reveal to him the existence of his power. The genial influence, under which the buddings of his genius expanded into bloom and fragrance, was the friendship which he at this time formed with Coleridge. Coleridge had been his school-fellow, and Lamb had frequently met him during his occasional visits to town from the university. When Coleridge left the university, and came to live in London, Lamb became his "admiring disciple." Their meetings took place in a little inn, called the "Salutation and Cat," near Smithfield. There the hours were spent, till long after midnight, in delightful discourses upon poetry and metaphysics. Bowles,—at that time the god of Coleridge's idolatry,—Burns,—Lamb's favourite poet,—Cowper,—lofty speculations in philosophy and on the destiny of man, were themes on which Coleridge loved to lavish the wealth of his gorgeous and then enthusiastic imagination, and to which Lamb loved to listen. In 1818, in dedicating his works to Coleridge, Lamb thus reverts to their meetings: "Some of the sonnets, which shall be carelessly turned over by the general

reader, may happily awaken in you remembrances, which I should be sorry to doubt are totally extinct, the memory 'of summer days, and of delightful years,' even so far back as those old suppers at our old inn—when life was fresh, and topics exhaustless—and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindness."

This contact with Coleridge struck out the first sparks of poesy from the mind of Lamb. It was to no long or lofty flight that his early muse applied her powers. His compositions at this period, which were slowly produced and at long intervals, were sonnets and small pieces in blank verse, melodious transcripts of his own personal feelings. The inspiration of the sonnets was a passion he felt for a young lady, which was not fated to last beyond a few months. For a terrible catastrophe intervened, the impression of which on Lamb's heart was so deep, that it checked for ever this growing attachment, and well nigh divorced him from every feeling and pursuit, not immediately connected with his domestic obligations. The young lady referred to is commemorated in his sonnets as the "Fair-haired Maid."

In the end of 1795, Coleridge left London, and settled at Bristol. The solitude, in which Lamb was consequently left, seemed to have preyed upon his mind; and symptoms of insanity, to which there was a family tendency, appeared, which rendered it necessary to subject him to the restraint of an asylum for a few weeks. In a letter to Coleridge, in 1796, he thus alludes to this event: "My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a mad-house at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was! and many a vagary my imagination played with me; enough to make a volume, if all were told." His letters, which comprise some of the most characteristic and charming of his writings, at this period are marked by a deeply earnest religious tone, and contain few traces of that playful spirit, wild humour, quaintness of thought and expression, so observable in his after letters. Both Coleridge and Lamb at this time were Unitarians, and sympathised

in an enthusiastic admiration of Priestley and his writings.

Lamb, with his father, mother, and sister, was now living in Holborn; and, in this year, a terrible domestic calamity fell upon them, which, while it was a dreadful trial to Lamb's feelings, and induced a temporary cloud over his literary schemes, brought out into bright relief all the beauties of his character. His sister, between whom and himself there existed a great similarity of intellect and disposition, as well as the fondest affection, had for some time been harassed by the constant attention her mother's health required from her, and which she cheerfully paid. The effect of her continual night-watchings upon her spirits was aggravated by assiduous employment in needle-work during the day. The nervous condition induced hereby terminated in confirmed insanity, the symptoms of which had so increased on the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 21, 1796, that Lamb, on the next day, had waited on Dr. Pitcairn, who happened to be not at home. In the afternoon, while the family were at dinner, she snatched a knife from the table, and pursued a little girl, her apprentice, round the room. The remonstrances of the mother diverted her attention from the child, and ere her arm could be arrested she had pierced her parent to the heart. Lamb was only in time enough to snatch the knife from her hand after the fearful scene had been enacted. Her father, also, was slightly wounded in the forehead by one of the forks she had been hurling about the room. Lamb gives this account of the affair in a letter to Coleridge, written shortly after:—"Some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines: My poor, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, had been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house, from whence I fear she must be moved to a hospital. God has preserved to me my senses; I eat, drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me, 'the former

things are past; and I have something more to feel. . . . Mention nothing more: I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give you leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you. . . . Don't, don't think of coming to see me—write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us."

New domestic responsibilities, arising out of this event, were imposed on Lamb, and nobly did he bear himself, even to the sacrifice of every previously cherished feeling—his passion for the "fair-haired maid" and for poetry—that seemed to him to be incompatible with the claims of filial and fraternal duty. A project had been on foot this year for publishing Lamb's poetry in connection with that of Coleridge and Charles Lloyd. An extract from a letter to Coleridge on this subject, after this occurrence, will best convey the impression it made on Lamb's feelings and conduct. "The fragments I now send you I want printed, to get rid of 'em; for, while they stick, butt-like, to my memory, they tempt me to go on with the idle trade of versifying, which I long, most sincerely I speak it, I long to leave off, for it is unprofitable to my soul; I feel it is; and these questions about words, and debates about alterations, take me off, I am conscious, from the proper business of my life. Take my sonnets once for all, and do not propose any re-amendments, or mention them again in any shape to me, I charge you. I blush that my mind can consider them as things of any worth; and pray admit or reject these fragments, as you like or dislike them, without ceremony. Call 'em sketches, fragments, or what you will, and do not entitle any of my things *love sonnets*, as I told you to call 'em; 'will only make me look little in my own eyes; for it is a passion of which I retain nothing. 'Twas a weakness, concerning which I may say, in the words of Petrarch (whose life is now open before me), 'If it drew me out of some vice, it also prevented the growth of many virtues, filling me with the love of the creature rather than the Creator, which is the death of the soul.' Thank God, the folly has left me for ever; not even a review of my love-verses renews one wayward wish in me; and if I am

at all solicitous to trim them out in their best apparel, it is because they are to make their appearance in good company." In another letter, shortly after this, he furnishes the form of the dedication of his poems, which he wished to be addressed to his sister, and desired them to be prefixed by the following motto from Massinger:—

"This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In the best language my true heart could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,
I sued and served. Long did I love this lady."

He concludes the letter with these words: "This is the pomp and paraphernalia with which I take my leave of a passion which has reigned so royally (so long) within me; thus, with its trappings of laureateship, I fling it off, pleased and satisfied with myself that the weakness troubles me no longer. I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and poor old father. Oh! my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not those wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which from time to time have given her pain. And the day, my friend, I trust will come when there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship: these shall give him peace at last—these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence." Nothing can show more clearly the noble feeling that at this time actuated Lamb's conduct. His sinking father and unfortunate sister have a paramount claim on him. He will repay the affection both lavished on his childhood by the most religious devotion. Aught else on which his young heart had set its pure and fervent affections shall be sacrificed. There is to be no thought of self. He will atone for the terrible, but innocent crime of his sister by giving up his own and entire life to the happiness of his family.

His father did not long survive this event, dying in the early part of this year, 1797. In the meanwhile Miss Lamb had recovered her reason, and some discussion arose among her relatives, &c. as to the manner in which she should be disposed of. It was very naturally thought undesirable that she should be altogether without restraint; and an idea was entertained of keeping her for life at an asylum. Lamb, however, cut short all these discussions by engaging to take her under his own care, and to be responsible for her during his lifetime. "To her, from the age of twenty-one, he devoted his existence; seeking thenceforth no connection which could interfere with his affection or impair his ability to sustain and to comfort her." Accordingly she was removed from the asylum to her brother's house. On the death of her aunt, which took place this year, in Lamb's house, she experienced a relapse, and was again placed under medical care. The duty to which he had devoted himself, and the trial it imposed on his feelings, may be conceived by an extract from a letter he wrote on the occasion to Coleridge: "My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again; but her being constantly liable to such relapses is dreadful. Nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner *marked*. . . I am almost shipwrecked," &c. His sister was soon restored to him, but their happiness was frequently clouded by recurrences of her dreadful disorder. She became so familiar with the premonitory symptoms as to be able exactly to know when it was coming on; and she would then herself desire her brother to take her to the accustomed asylum. Both were sometimes seen walking arm in arm on this melancholy journey. There are frequent allusions to it in his letters, and they never paid a distant visit without taking a strait-jacket with them. Miss Lamb figures as Bridget Elia in her brother's essay on Mackery End, a delightful delineation, instinct with all the graces of his style, every touch of which is inspired and guided by tenderest fondness. She divided with her brother the admiration of a numerous circle of gifted friends; and after years, made their house a weekly meetings and convers.

acquired considerable estimation as an authoress. She was the joint author, with her brother, of the "Tales from Shakspeare," Mrs. Leicester's School," and "Poetry for Children."

The remainder of Lamb's uneventful life was divided, until within a few years of his death, between his toilsome duties at Leadenhall-street, his literary labours, and his personal and epistolary intercourse with his friends. The list of these, besides Coleridge, who was the medium of introduction to most of them, comprised Southey, Godwin, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Bernard Barton, Proctor (Barry Cornwall), Haydon, Talfourd, &c. A numerous collection of his letters to these distinguished men has been preserved to us, and they are among the most delightful and rarest specimens of this species of composition the language affords. These unlaboured effusions from his warm heart abound in touches of wild and genial humour, subtle wit, felicitous plays on words, intermingled with happy criticisms and observations on books and men, that reveal a profound insight into the principles and spirit of art and nature. Every Wednesday evening, for many years, he had a gathering of his friends at his own house. These suppers were frequented by the above-mentioned members of the literary world, and many of the most eminent artists and actors of the day. The utmost freedom prevailed. Of the intellectual character of these meetings, some conception may be formed, by a reference to the reminiscences furnished us of Coleridge's powers in conversation. Hazlitt, in his essay on "Persons one would wish to have seen," has given a report of a discussion on one of these evenings, that affords a high idea of the luxury to heart and brain that must have been enjoyed by those who mingled in them. With the exception of visits, made always in company with his sister, during his short annual holidays, to Coleridge, Lloyd, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Oxford, and Cambridge (at which two places he delighted to spend his vacations) and once to Paris in 1822, Lamb left London; he always professed a taste for the country and rural scene.

Coleridge in Cumberland, the thorough interest he took in the features of mountain and lake scenery, the long and difficult walks he undertook to explore nature in those wilder and sublimer manifestations of her beauties, the quiet enthusiasm with which he afterwards refers to the incidents of this visit, showed that he was keenly alive to impressions of natural loveliness and grandeur. It is not to be denied, however, that he placed the pleasures of the country far below the attractions of the streets of London. When his mind was jaded with business and confinement, his remedy was to stroll along the most thronged thoroughfares, "ranging the crowded streets with a keen eye and overflowing heart."

In the latter end of 1797, Lamb's first poetic effusions appeared in print, in company with the poems of Coleridge and Lloyd, published by Mr. Cotter, of Bristol. Lamb's share contained the love sonnets before referred to, a sonnet to Mrs. Siddons, and some pieces in blank verse, among which was the beautiful one with the title of the "Grandame." For the higher qualities of poetry, such as shone forth in his friend's "Religious Musings," the compositions of Lamb will be searched in vain. His muse, modestly conscious of the true extent of its powers, aspired not to wing to such a soaring height. With Coleridge's lofty purposes and daring speculations, though he admired them, he could not sympathise. He clung tenaciously to the personal, the individual, and the tangible. With a fine, clear, deep, and loving insight into moral beauty, his susceptibilities were more excited by the nicer and more delicate traits and movements of human feeling. These are portrayed with a fine tact in these youthful poems, the versification of which is exquisitely sweet and musical. Neither much fame or fortune accrued to him from this publication.

They were followed, next year, by his tale of "Rosamund Gray." This was more successful in its impression on the public, and its sale added a trifle to Lamb's slender income. The exquisite little work lies in the closet—

the beauty of the diction, the refined sentiment, the elevated morality, and the deep religious earnestness by which it is pervaded. In it may be clearly traced the real farewell expression of his youthful feelings in the matter of the "fair-haired," who is evidently delineated in Rosamund.

In 1799, Lamb finished his tragedy of "John Woodvil," which he sent to John Kemble with a view to its representation on the stage. It was, however, rejected, but published in 1800. This play exhibits defects and beauties similar to those of his tale. In structure it is feeble and slight, but abounds in poetic beauties, and contains a lovely delineation of female character. The diction and versification is in the spirit of the old dramatists, whose peculiarities and beauties some of its passages vividly recal—as where Simon Woodvil describes to Margaret his occupations in the forests.

From this time to 1807, Lamb, then living in Mitre-court, wrote nothing except the essay called "the Londoner," which afterwards appeared in the "Reflector;" a little poem on the death of Hester Savory, the "Farewell to Tobacco," and an unsuccessful farce called "Mr. H."

In 1808, he published the "Adventures of Ulysses," and his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the time of Shakspeare."

In 1810, Lamb became connected with the "Reflector," a quarterly magazine, of which his friend and old school-fellow, Leigh Hunt, was editor. To it he contributed his "Farewell to Tobacco," many of his gayer pieces, and his essays "On Garrick and Acting," and "On Hogarth," in which are embodied, perhaps, some of the noblest criticism in the English language.

In 1822, he commenced the series of essays under the signature of Elia, on which his fame as a writer chiefly depends. They appeared partly in the "London Magazine," the "New Monthly," and in a publication entitled "The Last Essays of Elia." Their composition ranges between 1822 and 1833. These essays have taken their place among the classics of our language. Their subjects are, for the most part, fetched from the common—even the humblest—walks of life. But the material is common, there is no common in the style. This

is of the most exquisite finish, yet as diverse as possible from the received rules of composition. An antique quaintness of phraseology pervades it throughout. In presenting an idea, he frequently astonishes his reader by a marvellous fertility of graceful fancy, as well as wonderful mastery of language. The whole of his "Farwell to Tobacco" is an instance of this in his poetry. A colouring of subtle irony spread over some of these essays may, on the first impression, lead the reader to believe that his author is profanely sporting with what he has been accustomed to regard with admiration and reverence. A perception of the essayist's meaning, however, will show that his brain and heart are finely and nicely tuned to the inner harmonies of the spiritual and material universe; that few writers have, with less effort or display of argument, furnished so deep and lively an insight into profound truths; that none breathe a kindlier spirit, or instil so refined and elevated a morality.

In 1825, Lamb was released from the "drudgery of the desk," with a pension of £150 per annum during his life, to be enjoyed by his sister during her lifetime, in case she survived him. On the attainment of his impatiently looked-for freedom, he removed to Enfield, where he continued till his death. His feelings on being, at his fiftieth year, emancipated from the desk, "to which he had grown as it were, until the wood had entered his soul," are admirably described in his essay on the "Superannuated Man." The change does not appear, as might be supposed, to have brought him unalloyed pleasures. If, when chained to the desk, he bitterly complained of the little leisure he had for literary pursuits and intercourse with his friends, he soon found himself at a loss for the disposal of the wealth of time of which he was now suddenly the master. He spent much time in long walks into the country.

Successively in the years 1830 and 1834 he lost two of his best friends—Hazlitt and Coleridge. The death of the latter weighed with especial heaviness on his mind. He did not long

survive his friend. In September, 1834, he met with a fall, and slightly injured his face. The wounds seemed healing, when erysipelas in the head ensued, and he sank beneath the stroke, happily without much pain. He was buried in Edmonton churchyard, in a spot he had pointed out to his sister a fortnight before, as the spot where he wished his remains to rest.

The ruling feature in Lamb's character was its entire amiableness. He had the most large toleration, not only in matters of opinion but of conduct. From no one that had ever once shared his regard could he be induced to withdraw it. His conversation is described as most delightful, abounding in wild and whimsical humour, pun, and irony, and fine observation, intermingled in sweet and marvellous confusion. The testimony of one who enjoyed his intimacy is to this effect, "He would startle you with the finest perception of truth, separating by a phrase the real from a tissue of conventional falsehoods, and the next moment by some whimsical invention make you doubt truth to be a liar. He would touch the inmost pulses of profound affection, and then break off in some jest, which would sound profane to 'ears polite,' but carry as profound a meaning to those who had the right key as his most pathetic suggestions; and when he loved and doted most, he would vent the overflowing of his feelings in words that looked like rudeness." It must not be concealed that in his convivial moments he would often be betrayed into excesses in the use of stimulating drinks, that immediately afterwards caused him the acutest remorse. He also struggled manfully against the besetment, even to the denial of the company of such men as Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, that he might not, by the accompaniments of the table, be enticed to excess; and it was partially to escape the temptations of society that he left London and buried himself in the country, when he became his own master. We regret that truth compels us to record the failing, even in this imperfect delineation of so great and good a man.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

year 1757, two brothers, John and Lawrence Washington, whose family long occupied a prominent place in English society, emigrated to America, and settled on the banks of the Potomac river. They brought with them a high degree of social and industrial cultivation; and they found in the independence and hospitality of the Americans, in the wilderness scenery and the simplicity of the country, all the requisites for the creation and development of manly character. Three generations had passed, since the first WASHINGTON, destined to be renowned for their name, was born on the 22nd of February, 1732.

From an early age after the birth of George Washington, he was removed into Stafford county, Virginia, near by the waters of the Rappahannock. There were the days of his childhood. Carefully watched and instructed with paternal affection, he was early directed for the integrity of his heart, with physical energy and mental intrepidity yet prudent, the boy became of the man. At school he was a leader in the sports and enterprize of his playmates, and, at their annual election, drilled, marched, and paraded them with the literary ardour of a mimic commander-in-chief. The frequent wars in the colonies were involved with French and Indians, by the fear-inspiring incidents attending them, incited to excite his imagination, and kindle an enthusiasm for deeds.

Though diligent in study, his literary acquirements were few; and it is probable, from the scanty advertisements afforded in so remote a region, that he became a proficient in arithmetic, and commenced the study of geometry. His manuscripts were remarkable for neatness and regularity of the handwriting, and for orderly arrangement. As there were various business transactions—the forms for bills of sale, leases, and the like—copied by him to insure familiarity; but the most interesting document of this period is entitled, "Rules of Behaviour in a Company and Conversation," which is the most satisfactory evidence of the soundness of his principles, of his estimation of the relationships of

life, and especially of a disposition for self-discipline and improvement.

It was proposed that he should enter the British navy as a midshipman; but there was one obstacle to the general wishes of his friends. His mother could not bear to part with her favourite son. She was deaf to argument, and, in deference to her, the scheme was abandoned. It was determined that, on the completion of his education, he should adopt the less hazardous profession of a land-surveyor, which was both lucrative and important. At sixteen he accordingly left school, and prepared to engage with vigour in his duties. His father had been dead five years; of his estates, distributed by will among his children, that in Stafford county had become his own. His brother Lawrence resided at Mount Vernon; and thither, at his invitation, he now hastened to join him, thus stepping directly, but unconsciously, into the path that led to eminence. Lawrence Washington was united by marriage and friendship with the Fairfax family, and their intercourse was frequent. Lord Fairfax, observing the attachment of George to mathematical science, and his skill in its practical application, requested him to survey, prior to their division into sections and lots, his extensive domains, extending between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers and across the Alleghany Mountains. The service was important and responsible. Washington was but a few weeks more than sixteen years old; but in company with George Fairfax, the eldest brother of Mrs. Lawrence Washington, he determined to undertake it. It was the evening of March 20th, 1748, when they set out. They swam their horses across the river at the time of a great freshet, and the next day journeyed onward, the roads beneath impeding their progress and the clouds above drenching them to the skin. A glance at the diary he kept at this period discloses the nature of the expedition. Now they met the Indian returning from the fight with the scalp of his enemy, and listened to the rude music that accompanied his war-dance; now they encountered the wolf or the bear, as they penetrated the jungles of primeval forests; now they waded

through snowdrifts and swamps, or now they reposed, wrapped in blankets or buffalo skins, beneath the clashing branches, when the wind drove them from their tents, either by levelling them with the ground or filling them with smoke. "Our spits were forked sticks; our plates were large chips; as for dishes, we had none."

For three years was Washington employed almost continually in surveying expeditions of this character. No discipline could have been better adapted for the circumstances of after days. He became inured to toil and danger. His frame increased in strength, his mind in energy. His habits destroyed the temptations of indolence, and begat fortitude, courage, and activity. Of the Indians he was afterwards to meet in council or fight, of the backwoodsmen he was to command, he acquired alike an intimate knowledge. The skill gained by experience in estimating the general features of a country especially qualified him for directing advantageously the movements of an army. In fact, his success as a soldier may be in great part attributed to this early training.

In figure he was of the noblest proportions, tall, and commanding in look. He excelled in the race or wrestle, and in bold and masterly riding. When yet a youth, a young horse, wild and furious and powerful, was brought to his mother's estate, whom no one would venture to break. Several experienced men had been thrown, when George determined to try. He enticed the animal, by the usual stratagems, near enough to spring on its back. It reared, kicked, dashed round the field in frantic fury; but he sat firmly upon it. It plunged from point to point with fearful rapidity, foaming with rage; but all in vain; then, making one desperate bound, fell dead to the earth, its spirit as indomitable as its rider's.

Washington was already becoming known, and it was not long before his abilities were demanded for the public service. The French, from their encroachments into the interior, south of the Lakes, and their constant efforts to surround the British, gave indications of a wish to obtain unrestricted possession of the continent; and this the colonists resolved to prevent. Virginia was divided into districts, over each of which an officer was appointed, with the title of adjutant-general and the rank of

major, to discipline the militia and prepare the people for the impending struggle. Washington, though only nineteen years of age, received the appointment of the district to which he belonged. His family connections, as well as personal merit, may have had some influence on the election. Scarcely had he begun to discharge the duties of his post, when his plans were interrupted by the illness of his brother. He accompanied him on a voyage to the West Indies, in hope that it might restore him to health, but Lawrence returned only to die. George was made one of his executors, and residuary legatee; and, in consequence, he ultimately became owner of Mount Vernon estate. As soon as private sorrows would permit, he embarked vigorously on his public labours—siting the counties of his district, inspecting the militia, and instructing officers. Events soon rendered such measures necessary. The French crossed the Northern Lakes, and were establishing themselves on the Ohio river. The British ministry had patched orders to the governor of Virginia, to send out forces to secure possession, and build fortified posts in the neighbourhood. The first step Governor Dinwiddie was to forward a commissioner his remonstrances to the French commander, and to give formal notice of his warlike intention in case of a refusal to retreat. Washington was selected to discharge this delicate embassy, and at the close of October, 1753, immediately on the receipt of his commission, commenced his journey. Six hundred miles lay before him, through a country wild and mountainous, and almost untraversed. A party numbered eight, when they plunged into the pathless forest. Heavy rains had saturated the earth, and upon this, not yet hardened by frost, deep snows had fallen. Often the recesses of the hills, would the traveller, wading through the snow, unexpectedly sink to the middle in water. Constantly impeded in his progress and fatigued by exertion, he had still to endure the cold and wet. At night, where the flames of his watch-fire had dried the ground, upon a bed of evergreen boughs he would rest with his blanket around him, beneath a hut rudely constructed of the thickest branches of the surrounding trees. In several days they reached Monongahela, at

stance of eighty miles. Washington pressed forward with all possible

Sometimes a precipitous rock passable chasm, sometimes the thicket or deep bog, would him to take a circuitous route; on the 11th of December, he succeeded in reaching the extreme point of destination. On the 16th he departed homewards again, with the commandant's official reply. But he had used every opportunity for obtaining information. He had thoroughly studied the Indian tribes; he had ascertained clearly the policy and designs of the French, and acquainted himself with the position of their colonies and the strength of their armaments. Having dispatched, previously to his own departure, the principal of his company—their horses being too weak to suffer from exhaustion, the weather still threatening, and all things urging the need of haste—he had embarked in a canoe, taking in the main part of the baggage, expecting to overtake them at York of the Ohio. In consequence of the ice in the river, the passage was accomplished with difficulty; but, notwithstanding these precautions, he found his companions almost unable to proceed from the weakness of their horses, and he carried the necessaries of the

He at once gave up his own for use, clothed himself in an Indian dress, and prepared to execute the remainder of the journey on foot. In three days, the horses becoming unable to travel, he saw no probability of reaching home in reasonable time, and waited for them; so, having the little money and directions, he set gun in hand, and his pack on his back, with a friend accustomed to the adventure, and determined to go alone across the country. The day they found an Indian willing to act as their guide; but, with wanton mockery, while pitching their encampment at dusk, he seized Washington's rifle, pointed it at him, and fired. Though distant only fifteen steps, he miserably missed his aim, and Washington only prevented his companion from killing him on the spot. They then led him to his cabin; and as soon as he was fairly gone, to escape pursuit, he and his fellows, resumed their march, and hastened on throughout the day. At Shannopin's town they found

the river only partially frozen; a whole day was spent in constructing a raft; the next they launched it; but becoming jammed amidst the drifting ice, could reach neither shore, and were in imminent danger of perishing. Washington was thrown from the raft into deep and rapid water, and saved himself by clinging to one of the logs; but it was soon clear that no alternative remained for either of them than to swim boldly to the nearest island. Night found them alone there in the middle of the stream—a night of intense cold, which, by its very severity, gave the means of escape. In the morning, the waters were hard bound with the frost, and they had no difficulty in crossing. Glad were they, on the 6th of January, to find themselves once more in their own country, and on open ground.

The result of Washington's mission was soon evident. The governor of Virginia was seconded by the assembly in his resolutions. The military force of the province was placed under Colonel Frye, and Washington, raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, made second in command. Early in April, 1754, he left headquarters. The people were panic-struck by the stories current respecting the French force advancing upon them. A council of war was immediately held; and, without waiting for Colonel Frye, it was determined to push on through the wilderness to Monongahela. Here they, erecting a fortress, attempted to stem the tide. Having penetrated to the vicinity of the western rivers, Indian scouts brought information of the near approach of a party of French, whose movements were easily concealed by the thickly-wooded nature of the country. Washington, placing himself at the head of forty men, started on a dark and stormy night for the purpose of surprising and capturing them. He discovered their camp in a recess of the forest, sheltered by rocks, and approachable only in single file. A sharp conflict ensued. Jumonville, their commander, was killed, with ten of his soldiers, while more than twenty others were made prisoners. This attack was the consummation of long-felt animosity; and the rupture now could not be easily healed. Washington has been severely reprehended for his conduct in the transaction. He is said to have violated the laws of nations, to have assassinated

Jumonville when he was advancing with pacific intentions. But the facts of the case destroy this representation. Jumonville had been hanging with armed men round the Virginian camp, and had given, from his concealment, no intimation of anything but hostility. Washington, however, has another justification, which even his enemies have admitted as forceful and sufficient, namely, his after career.

The gauntlet had been thrown down; it was as eagerly taken up. The French troops continued their march, and were joined by large reinforcements. Washington saw the folly of resistance with such inadequate means as were at his disposal, and at a point so remote from his own sources of supply. He retreated to Great Meadows, afterwards called Fort Necessity, and there intrenching himself, prepared with all possible prudence and dispatch for the assault. It was not long before the alarm was given. The attack began on the morning of the 3rd of July, about ten o'clock, and continued, notwithstanding the heavy rain, with scarcely any intermission, till eight, when the French requested a parley. Such overwhelming evidence of their superiority was then produced, that Colonel Washington, convinced of the fruitlessness of further resistance, acceded to articles of capitulation. His garrison the next day marched out with the honours of war; and the first campaign thus ended honourably, though unsuccessfully. Washington was publicly thanked for his services by the House of Burgesses of Virginia. He resigned his commission, and retired to private life at the age of twenty-three. Never were the circumstances and actions of early manhood more in consonance with the successes and renown of a matured life.

In February of the following year, General Braddock arrived with two regiments of the British army, sent over with artillery and equipments, for the avowed purpose of driving the French back into Canada. He requested Washington to accompany him in his expedition, and obtained his consent. Fort Duquesne was the point of attack; but the latter was seized with violent fever, and obliged, for some days, to remain behind, though he first extorted a promise from the General of delay till he could rejoin the army. On the 8th of July he was again found with the front

division, brought up in a covered waggon, still weak, but eager to be present on the scene of action and danger. The men were in excellent spirits, as they marched winding along the open border of a beautiful river, to the sound of the trumpet and drum. A cloudless noon, radiant with glory, calm and gentle, was stretched above them. Suddenly a sharp firing was heard in front, and then along the outskirts of the adjoining woods flash after flash was seen in quick succession. It was the deadly aim of Indian musketry. No foe presented himself, but the dying fell fast through the astonished ranks. Terror-stricken, those in advance rushed back upon the centre; confusion spread; the firmness and courage of the officers were in vain; the men fled in all directions. The provincial troops, accustomed to such warfare, alone remained cool. For three hours the murderous conflict lasted, and then the remnant of the army escaped as they could from impending destruction. General Braddock was mortally wounded, and Washington was the only aide-de-camp left to do service in the flight. He flew about the field, performing prodigies of strength and valour, trying to rally the men, and distributing commands. Four bullets passed through his coat, and two horses were shot beneath him; but he was undaunted to the end. "I saw him," said an old soldier, "take hold of a brass field-piece, as if it had been a stick. He looked like a fury; he tore the sheet-lead from the touch-hole, he placed one hand on the muzzle, the other on the breech; he pulled with this, and pushed with that, and wheeled it round as if it had been nothing. He tore the ground like a harshare."

Thus calamitously ended the second campaign. Washington led home the remaining troops, and then repaired to his estate at Mount Vernon. The legislature of Virginia voted him an honorary reward of three hundred pounds, and proportionate sums to his officers and soldiers. His fame was increased. The British wrote to the king in laudatory terms; the Americans hailed him with pride and joy. A distinguished minister, alluding in the pulpit to the courage displayed, in strangely prophetic words spoke the general sentiment: "As a glorious example, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope

Providence in his signal a man service to his

After a few weeks' rest, he was again summoned to the field. Virginia enlarged her military establishment, and placed him at its head. His position was one of great responsibility, and, as it proved, of great difficulty. The enemy was not easy of access; questions of jurisdiction between the different colonies impeded his designs; the people were exposed to the onslaughts of the savage tribes, while he was left without the means of defence; a conspiracy was formed to destroy his reputation and remove him from office; and the governor lent too favourable an ear to its calumny and envy. From such a complication of annoyances he would fain have retired, but duty kept him to his post. The House of Burgesses appealed to his patriotism, and besought him, at least to await the arrival of Lord Loudoun, who was about to take office as Governor-general of the British North American Provinces. He did so, but incessant anxiety and exposure brought on a settled fever, which compelled him to return to Mount Vernon, where he was confined for four months. Meantime, under the administration of Pitt, more vigorous measures were resolved upon; and on his restoration to health and active duty, Colonel Washington was gratified in joining an army under General Forbes, to execute or attempt what he had long urged. The expedition was, after many delays, successful in its issue, and accompanied by all the anticipated results. In December of that year, 1758, he again resigned his commission. Possessed of much military ardour, and at that period even enjoying, it would seem, the excitement of the conflict, he preferred the happiness of private life. His officers remonstrated in an address transmitted to him, the earnest eulogies of which are especially striking, as referring to a young man only twenty-six years of age. "When will our country meet a man so experienced in military affairs; one so renowned for patriotism, conduct, and courage? Who has so great a knowledge of the enemy we have to deal with? Who is so well acquainted with their situation and strength? Who so much respected by the soldiery?"

Early the next month, on the 6th of

January, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Curtis, a widow of distinguished beauty and as attractive character. By this marriage he came into possession of about one hundred thousand dollars, which, with his other property, made him master of a princely fortune. While absent in his last campaign, he had been elected as a representative in the Virginian House of Burgesses. To experience in military, was now to be added experience in civil affairs. Immediately on taking his seat, by a vote of the House the Speaker had been instructed to return him thanks, on behalf of the colony, for his recent conduct. Accordingly, swayed by the generous impulse of his own heart, he discharged the duty, speaking with warmth, and in terms so coloured as to confound his hearer. Washington rose to acknowledge the honour, so confused that he could not distinctly utter a syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the Speaker; "your modesty equals your valour; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

Now followed a period of tranquil retirement. For fifteen years he continued to hold a seat in the House of Representatives, where he was punctual in attendance and prudent in counsel. Oratory he never essayed, but influence he always had. The sessions were short, rarely extending beyond two months in the year. They were in every way an agreeable and profitable interlude to the occupations of Mount Vernon. In agricultural enterprises, in athletic recreations, in extended rambles by land or excursions on water—in the pleasures of hospitality and domestic affection—the time glided peacefully and rapidly by. Sixteen years thus passed, ere he played out the first drama in the trilogy of his existence.

Meanwhile events were occurring of the utmost importance. England had expressed its determination to tax her colonies, and America was rising in the spirit of resistance. Washington, firm in his loyalty to the former, but patriotic also, engaged prudently in the controversy. He examined the principles at issue, and prepared for decisive action. Virginia it was which "rang the alarm bell." On the floor of its House of Representatives he listened to the daring eloquence of Patrick Henry. "Tarquinius," said the young barrister, "and Cæsar had each his Brutus; Charles I.

his Cromwell; and George III. —“Treason! treason!” shouted the speaker; “Treason! treason!” echoed the House, —“may profit by their example.” When petitions were treated with contempt, and all the efforts of a passive resistance seemed likely to fail, Washington became more convinced of the necessity for a positive assertion of their rights. He joined in advocating the calling of a general Congress; and, on its meeting at Philadelphia in September, 1774, was chosen, with five others, to represent Virginia. At the close of the session he returned to his farms, but there lost no opportunity of exerting his influence in behalf of the cause he had espoused. At last the crisis came. The battles of Lexington and Concord were fought. He wrote: “Unhappy it is to reflect that a brother’s sword has been sheathed in a brother’s breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?”

In May of the next year he again assembled with Congress. The people were gathering to the field, but there was no common bond to the provinces. United action was essential to success. Accordingly, it was resolved to have a continental army. John Adams, in supporting the measure, described the qualifications requisite for a commander in so pointed a manner, that all immediately recognised Washington as the man. Taken by surprise, he silently withdrew from his seat and left the hall; but the next morning his unanimous election was officially announced. In accepting the appointment, he avowed his personal conviction of incompetence, thanked Congress for the honour conferred, and assured them that no pecuniary consideration could have tempted him from retirement—that he would permit them to pay nothing beyond the actual expenses incurred in the discharge of his duties. This was on the 16th of June. He bade adieu to the several independent companies of Virginia, whom he had marshalled beneath him, and on the 2nd of July established his head-quarters at Cambridge. The army eagerly welcomed him. He was now forty-three years of age, in the prime of manhood, with the laurels of his youth still green. As the sun flashed from his trappings and he

rode along the ranks, majestic in and resolute in deportment, his presence seemed to inspire strength. And great, indeed, was the need of a man there. He found the force disciplined, and ill-provided with necessities of the campaign. Everything devolved on him. He went to Congress for the appointment of officers in the various departments for the means of maintaining his and preparing them for success. Meantime he laid vigorous to Boston. His energy was unobscured by difficulties multiplied. A few months passed, and the men remained still unpaid and unclothed, and seemed to threaten an effectual drance to his schemes. Ammunition frequently short, and the enemy in sight. In September he proposed a retreat, but the hazard of an attack was considered too great by his council of war. Winter approached, and even fuel wanting to dress their victuals, the soldiers were kept together only by his unsuccessful attempts to secure their comfort. In February he was again overruled by a bold assault to terminate the struggle, but resolved on the adoption of more decisive means. He approached nearer the town, his movements more constantly aggressive, his batteries opened their fire from the neighbouring heights; and in March the militia troops, foreseeing the issue, evacuated their lines, and put to sea. He was enthusiastically received by the inhabitants of Boston. The news of success thrilled through the country. Congress thanked him their thanks, and a medal struck commemorative of the occasion.

The contest, however, had scarcely begun; the foe had fled, but might appear on any part of the coast. Washington deemed New York the likely point of attack, and immediately removed his forces thither. It was long before his predictions were verified. The British hove in sight, and barked their men. A general war was inevitable. The American possession of New York and Long Island; the enemy landed up the latter. Negotiations had failed, the party being as resolute in their demand for independence as the other was stinate in refusing concession. On the 27th of August, the British advanced to the battle. General Putnam found himself outnumbered, and defeat was

nence. Washington crossed over New York, but neither his presence nor efforts could redeem the battle. The Americans fell back upon the city, and even it became evident that further retreat was requisite for safety. The naval armament of the British gave them an immense advantage; they must be fought where it was possible. These were anxious activity, and skirmishes frequent; but the stores of New York were too valuable to be left behind. The British vessels advanced up the river; Washington despatched troops to prevent their landing. Firing began; but as his surprise and mortification increased to the spot to find his brigades in flight. Shame, anger, despair filled his spirit. "Are these," he said, "the men I am to defend America?"

He dashed amongst them, but his efforts were in vain. He drew his sword on the recreants and fired his cannon in their faces; but his threats were unheeded. They left him in so low a position that his attendants, to assist him, caught the bridle of his horse and gave it a different direction.

These disasters only moved him for a moment. His dispassionate judgment and unwavering confidence came to his rescue. Retreat was necessary. He retired to the heights of Harlem, and thence to New Jersey; but the province was destined to be lost.

He gathered thickly about him. His fortune followed another. He was defeated in skirmishes; he was stripped of his stores. His army wanted discipline; it was half-hearted and

The system of short enlistments was subject to perpetual change; the ranks were often thinned with necessity at times of most pressing

The cause of America was dear to its faith in Washington was unshaken. Strange it is to think of his career—this respect that cannot lessen—this love that always cannot cool. It was not by accident that he won and sustained the honour of his countrymen. It was his victories that flattered their pride, his sufferings that enriched their hearts. It was not his genius that, by lightning glare, dazzled and awed. It was his character that attracted, and in exquisite proportions, and content in all its developments. In

youth he had gone forth to battle, and twice had come back, though defeated in his objects, to be applauded by all. In manhood he struggled with fortune, and, long ere the issue was certain, had the admiration and esteem of rival parties centred upon him. Reverses that would have dimmed the sun of many, made his the brighter by the contrast of their gloom.

It was winter, and the enemy, marching upon Philadelphia, were waiting till the ice on the Delaware should afford them the means of crossing that river. Washington projected a surprise. In the dead of night, notwithstanding the difficulty of the passage, he threw his troops across the water upon the British army. It hailed and snowed, and so severe was the weather that two of his men were frozen to death; but his design was crowned with complete success. The British, occupying the town of Trenton, had before noon retreated in dismay; and Washington returned with six field-pieces and a thousand stand of arms, as trophies of his victory. The enemy, panic-struck, withdrew simultaneously from all their encampments along the Delaware. As soon as it was prudent, he resolved to recross it; and, in a few days, the rival armies were again opposed in battle array. A creek ran between them; night approached, when Washington learnt the superiority of his opponent in number and position; to cope with his concentrated force was impossible; to retreat would dishearten his own troops, and undo recent success. Leaving his watchfires burning, and a few men in the trenches, the sound of whose spades should be heard through the night by the sentinels in the distance, he led his soldiers, under cover of the dark, round to the rearmost point of his enemy's position, to Princeton. Day came, and with it a general panic in the British ranks. The artillery and musketry, heard in the least expected quarter, told where the army was that had so recently seemed to slumber before them. Washington was again successful. His bravery was as conspicuous on the field, as his courage and judgment were triumphant in the issue.

The American States were reanimated by this dexterous stroke. Just at this juncture, before the news of victory could have reached Congress, Washington was invested with powers

equivalent to those of a dictator. Great was the need of his prudent counsel and energetic action. The remainder of the winter was consumed in attempting to reorganise the army, and secure the prompt assistance of every province. He took up his position along the highlands of the Hudson, to prevent the British from communicating with Canada; but notwithstanding all his efforts, his own men were few and badly provided for. In all New Jersey, he complained to Congress, there were not three thousand fit for duty; and of those all, nine hundred and eighty-one excepted, were militia, who stood engaged only till the end of the month. One great impediment to his movements, to the execution of his schemes, or the following out of success, was the diversity of opinion existing in the various colonial governments. Unity of purpose, as well as of action, was often wanting. The masses of society, moreover, did not throw themselves into the struggle with ardour. Some even took up arms for the mother country, and aroused the worst passions of a civil war. Others saw before them no dazzling prize to entice to exertion; they were not galled by an excess of cruelty and tyranny; and could not comprehend the importance and bearing of the principle at stake; for themselves they preferred ease, of posterity they were unmindful. With resources so poor and a people so indifferent, it would have been an achievement even to postpone defeat. Notwithstanding the victories of Trenton and Princeton, it was, in fact, only possible now to thwart the intentions of the enemy. This Washington did with admirable perseverance. In vain, by every species of stratagem, did General Howe try to decoy him from his purpose—by marching and retreating, by sham embarkations, or actual manœuvres at sea. At length, he really deserted the coast and sailed southward. A division of the American army had been sent to prevent invasion from Canada, and by drawing Washington after him, he hoped, at least, to expose this northern detachment to easy destruction. Philadelphia was the point where he ultimately landed. His adversary's eagle eye had penetrated his designs; and he found Washington, less fearful of disaster in the north than hopeful of present victory, in the field almost immediately on his arrival. In September,

1777, the battle of Brandywine fought, and lost by the American second general engagement would followed, with the intermission of days only, had not a heavy storm their ammunition so completely compel retreat. Washington was usually frustrated by the condition of his army: "the strongest reason," wrote, "against a forced march was want of shoes." In October came the battle of Germantown; but owing to thick fog, he was again unfavourable. Foremost in the fight, the cautions entreaties of his officers could not strain him in his efforts to retake the day. They were unavailing; he received the thanks of Congress for "wise and well-concerted attack."

It may be questioned if a really or virtuous man ever passed a life without assault from the star of envy. A faction, headed by General Conway, had been for some time stirring against him. Advantage was taken of his failure at Germantown; secretly accused of being over-cautious and every means was used to undo his reputation. It was even proposed to deprive him of his command of the northern army, under General Mifflin. Washington had just won a brilliant victory. He rejoiced at the success of his companion in arms. Gates, elated, permitted himself to be placed in opposition to him. Even Congress was tentatively alienated. Washington wrote a brief note to General Conway, stating his knowledge of their conduct brought things to a crisis. A session followed, and the commanding chief triumphed without difficulty. A few months later, Conway, dying of a wound received in a duel with General Cadwalader, wrote express grief for the past: "My career will be over; therefore, justice and prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are, in my eyes, true and good man. May you long be the love, the veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues."

While these things were transpiring, the army retired to winter quarters at Valley Forge. Its state was pitiable: half-fed, half-clothed, and treated with unmerited neglect. A nation whose rights it defended wondered that the spirit of mutiny times brooded in its ranks. 2

time is over; plain that "of any kind to than twenty-five camp;" that "three or four days of bad weather would prove their destruction;" that "few men have more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and some none at all;" that blankets are so scarce, "numbers are obliged to sit up all night by fires, instead of taking rest in a natural and common way." Famine almost prevailed in the camp; soldiers, too, might be tracked through the country by the blood from their naked feet. Washington had enough to do; and enough to have awakened despair in a less resolute soul. With solemnity abroad, and want at home, with a foe victorious, and a father-land indifferent, he did not forget the sublime consolations of religion, nor refuse that strength divine which, freely given, can nerve in suffering and calm in disquietude. It was his habit secretly to withdraw to a secluded grove, there to commune with his God, and supplicate His blessing on his country and her cause.

In May of the next year, 1778, the alliance concluded with France was celebrated by the army with great joy. The campaign opened with brightening prospects. In July, the battle of Monmouth was fought, and though the advanced corps of the American army under General Lee had at first retreated without a blow, Washington redeemed the honour of the day and achieved a victory. In September, he was encouraged by the arrival of the French fleet; the British, too, no longer to ride unresisted on the waves, were again shut up in New York. "It is not a little pleasing," wrote Washington, "nor less wonderful to contemplate, that after two years' manœuvring and undergoing the strangest vicissitudes that perhaps ever attended any one contest since the creation, both armies are brought back to the very point they set out from, and that the off-lying party at the beginning is now reduced to the use of the spade and pickaxe for defence. The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations." Awaiting an opportunity for some decisive step, he

saw the movements, he was not the less full of civil affairs. It was, he knew, the posture of the latter that had so long impeded his success in the former. He therefore advised vigorous measures for the encouragement of manufactures, for the repression of fraud, for the fostering of a consistent patriotism. Meanwhile d'Estaing was increasing the reputation of the French navy in the south, and Cornwallis, at the head of the English troops, was counterbalancing the advantage by his victories in Carolina. In July, 1780, Count Rochambeau brought large reinforcements from France. Few things of importance, however, transpired to the end of the year. Once more in winter quarters, and with time to reflect on their grievances, the soldiers began to repine. In New Jersey a mutiny actually broke out, but was promptly subdued by Washington. He bitterly felt for the men and officers beneath him, whose deserts were so tardily acknowledged, and appealed from time to time in their behalf to Congress in language both just and indignant. He was himself hopeful of soon terminating the war. His purpose was to concentrate his army, and, falling on one of the larger divisions of the enemy to overwhelm it with irretrievable disaster. Lafayette had repeatedly urged an attack on New York. Washington, aware of his deficiencies in general strength, refused to undertake it. He delayed. If, at any period of his career, he merited the name of the American Fabius, it was now. At length, in June, the opportunity seemed come. The presence of the French fleet, to guard the sea or attack in that quarter, was only requisite to insure success; but the Admiral disappointed him by sailing to the Chesapeake instead. On receiving the news that dissipated his long-cherished hopes, he was so agitated that his attendants were obliged to leave him. In less than half an hour they were again summoned; he was as calm as though nothing had occurred, and at once entered dispassionately into the inquiry what next could be done? A plan was formed—he determined to transfer his troops to the Chesapeake, and attempt at York Town what had

failed at New York. In August, the men were in motion; the march was conducted with prudence, the siege with vigour; and, in October, Lord Cornwallis, with 7,000 men, laid down his arms. Thus ended the great struggle. The strength of the enemy was shattered, but Washington did not relax in vigilance. All things were yet uncertain, and he made every preparation to consummate his victory, or renew the war if the English Government persisted in its policy. He addressed circular letters to the various States urging the necessity of continued and increased exertion, and full of wise counsel. He advocated the claims of the soldiery; and, as at the beginning he had expressed his determination to accept no recompense himself, could do so the more boldly, and without the charge of selfishness in his views. Discontent prevailed in the army; officers were implicated; the delays and jealousies of the various local governments irritated them; they saw that some strong hand was requisite to bring order out of the chaos and justice from indifference; they inclined to a monarchy, and for king who so suitable as their General—Washington? The wish was delicately intimated to him. He wrote in reply: "With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. . . . Let me conjure you, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself or any one else a sentiment of the like nature." In the spring of 1783, the state of the army became still more critical; the discontent was violent and extensive; anonymous insinuations were issued; a meeting was advertised. Washington took timely measures to repress disorder; he summoned his officers, spoke faithfully and affectionately, and left them to deliberate on the matters at issue. The result was an earnest expression of their loyalty and patriotism, and a complete subjugation of the

rebellious spirit. This was the last public service of the commander-in-chief. In April, peace was formally announced. In July, he made a tour of observation northward, over the field of recent operations, and on returning was summoned to Congress, to take part in its deliberations respecting final arrangements. He was everywhere received with honour and applause. A few months later, the British having evacuated the country, he resigned his command of the revolutionary armies. Congress listened with "emotions too affecting for utterance." "I resign," he said, "with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven. . . . I retire from the great theatre of action . . . and take my leave of all the employments of public life." The President accepted his resignation in words of eloquent eulogium; and the second drama of his life was finished.

Nine years had passed of hazard and toil. He had conducted the struggle, often doubtful, to a happy conclusion. His career as a general was not marked by that romance of daring and success which encircles many of the warriors of the older world. He did not sweep as a wild wind over an uprooted forest, making his name a terror, and exulting in his strength. He did not break through laws human and divine, and mould men to his purposes by the potency of his spirit. He was not blinded by the lust of glory or of power. What he might have done with a soul so courageous and an eye so piercing, with his energy and judgment, and his natural influence over the minds of others, it is impossible to say. But there are no more heroic elements to be found than those his character does display. He never sank the citizen and the man in the soldier. He had taken arms in a just cause; he relied on its rectitude. Civil institutions were respected; personal rights regarded. Hence, in a great measure, his frequent failures and the length of the contest. The jealousies and vacillations of rival States left him absolutely without resources and without remedy. His army was continually fluctuating,

I never thoroughly inoculated with a
so of its high trust. He courted its
our neither by flattery nor by pro-
cess; he appealed to acknowledged
principles of right. If generous, he was
s; if often perplexed, he was always
sistent. Men of less prudence might
sometimes have achieved a victory
ere he delayed to strike; but no man
possessed of truer courage, or
later personal bravery. He was
governed by judgment rather than im-
pulse, and saw the future where others
were lost in the present. With a long
line of sea-coast to defend, and a vete-
rinary enemy to oppose, he obeyed his
country's call, forgetting himself in the
national peril. His wisdom and valour
were both equally conspicuous through-
out the contest. At its close, his fame
was established. Frederick of Prussia
sent him his portrait, with this inscrip-
tion:—"From the oldest General in
Europe to the greatest General in the
World." He retired at a crisis when al-
most all who had preceded him in the
fields of military glory would have re-
belled their exertions to reach the
goal of their selfish devices.

Where may the weary eye repose,
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yea, one, the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnati of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,—
To make man blush there was but One!"

Christmas Day, 1783, found Wash-
ington again at Mount Vernon. Once
more blessed with rural quietude and
surrounded by sources of domestic en-
joyment, he looked forward to a serene
age. The prime of his life had been
spent in patriotic exertion, and with re-
sisting peace he had a right to antici-
pate the reward of rest. While he
devoted himself to agricultural improve-
ments, to local interests, and congenial
pursuits, he could not be un-
faithful of his country. He traced, in
solitude, a plan of internal naviga-
tion that was afterwards carried out.
Public events excited and by de-
votion enchain'd his attention. It was
fully evident that the work of con-
stitution was yet incomplete. Inde-
pendence had been gained, not popular
government established. The difficulties
yet to be uprooted were inherent at
base. Congress had no final power.
Unity was the grand want of the

social structure. The Union was im-
perfect, and liable to destruction from
the factious. Foes looked on with con-
tempt, friends with wonder. Though
distant from the scene, Washington was
not an unconcerned spectator. He had
brought the ship to port, and feared
lest it should again be drifted to a sea of
troubles. The condition of affairs be-
came the chief problem of his contem-
plation, and soon he was insensibly
drawn into the vortex. He wrote to
the governments of the various States,
that the revolution was yet to be con-
sidered a blessing or a curse, and urging
their co-operation towards a satisfactory
result. As disturbances increased, he
grew more anxious. "*Influence*," he
declared, "was not government." His
own views were being gradually con-
firmed—they were those of a decided
Federalist. In 1785, he explained his
sentiments to some gentlemen casually
staying beneath his roof, and prevailed
on them to propose, in their respective
localities, an appointment of delegates.
Five of the States sent men; a general
meeting was resolved upon; and he was
chosen to represent Virginia. He hesi-
tated to appear on the stage so formally
renounced, but duty left no alternative.
He went, was unanimously elected Pre-
sident; and over the daily sittings of
that momentous council presided from
the 14th of May to the 17th of Septem-
ber. When it rose, the Constitution of
the United States was framed.

In June, 1788, having been adopted
by a sufficient number of States, the
time arrived when it was to be put into
operation. A President was to be
chosen to hold office for four years.
All eyes were directed to Washington;
in him was reposed the fullest confi-
dence; his wisdom had consummated
the independence of the nation, and
could best inaugurate its political ex-
istence. He was unanimously elected,
and heard with mingled feelings the
public voice again summoning him
from his retirement. Every personal
consideration was opposed to his ac-
ceptance of the honour; it was to
resume a burden, to expose himself to
anxiety and contention, to hazard a
reputation already brilliant. To these
and similar thoughts he was no stranger,
but resolved to sacrifice his tastes and
suppress his fears. In reality there was
much to excite apprehension. Ameri-
can society was divided into two

great parties—the one favourable to centralization, the other to the diffusion of power through the several States. They arranged themselves against each other under the inexpressive names of Federalist and Democrat. Washington's sympathies were with the former; but he was a man above the low spirit of partizanship. Reconciliation was his great wish—a unity of feeling and intention as well as in theory and name. "I will go to the chair," were his words, "under no pre-engagement of any kind or nature whatsoever. But when in it, I will, to the best of my judgment, discharge the duties of the office with that impartiality and zeal for the public good, which ought never to suffer connections of blood or friendship to intermingle, so as to have the least sway on decisions of a public nature." On the 10th of April, 1789, he left Mount Vernon to proceed to New York, where the Congress was in session. His journey was one long triumph.

His entrance to the city was its climax. The acclamations of the crowd, the roar of artillery, the strains of music, the display of boats, the decorations of the ships, the hearty joy of the public officials, all told the sincerity of his welcome. His inauguration completed, he commenced his task. His first act evinced his impartiality; he called Jefferson and Randolph, the chiefs of the democratic party, to share in his councils with Hamilton and Knox, of the opposite sentiment. Great questions abounded; a new constitution, subjected to such influences as the world had never before recognised, was to be developed; all possible firmness and prudence were necessary. Petty jealousies were not long in manifesting themselves. In the "pompe and circumstance" of his official state, some saw reason to apprehend a monarchy. He pursued his way, regardless of insinuation, because upright in design. The great difficulty of his administration was the discharge of the public debts. Hamilton proposed that they should be acknowledged and paid by the Union, in whose common cause they had been contracted; the friends of local independence, that each State should be left to bear its own burden. The debate was prolonged; Washington, doubtful of the principles at issue, entered vigorously into the question, satisfied himself, and then threw his influence decidedly on the side of Hamilton.

The result was the accomplishment of his wishes, and the establishment of a public credit that gave life to commerce and prosperity to the land.

At the conclusion of his term of office, all parties joined in conjunction on the success attendant on his counsels. The country was rich in wealth and influence; bright prospects cheered all hearts; yet it is evident that these might be imperious false steps. The times were such that all the elements of political and well-being seemed bursting into flame, but the storm was heard in the distance; it might gather overhead and descend in its fury present beauty and peace. The old world was shaken to its centre; an earthquake might affect the new. All men of thought, whatever their peculiar opinions, looked to Washington as alone able to control affairs again; he was unanimously elected and inaugurated as President. His term of office was not lessened, but neither his patriotism. By and by came the hour of anticipated danger. A land and France ranged themselves in opposition—the one the old enemy, the other the ally, of America.clamours arose from numbers were eager to participate in the Washington avowed himself the champion of neutrality. "My ardent desire," he said, "is, and my aim has been, to depend upon the executive government, to comply strictly with engagements, foreign and domestic, to keep the United States free from political connections with any other country, to see them independent of all, and under the influence of none. In a word, I want an American character, that the powers of the world may be convinced we act for ourselves and not for others." The part France and the enemies of the United States combined against him. Ever ready was used to shake his determination; his character was maligned, his motives were misinterpreted. For one moment, popularity seemed ready to forsake him; but he had taken principle for his guide, and stood firm by her. To increase the difficulties of his position, Pennsylvania refused to pay the taxes levied by Congress, and rebellion. Without hesitation, he prepared to quell the movement by force. The law was sacred, if only to be maintained. He sent troops into

vinces, and without delay or bloodshed collected his energies. He bore the great sore to the people in his conduct towards England, who had been guilty of many petty acts of aggression indicative of bitter animosity, since the declaration of peace. The violent and thoughtless would have rejoiced in a second rupture. At this moment, with the approval of the Senate, he despatched an ambassador to Britain to propose or arrange a treaty. This was sufficient to increase the confusion; but when the ambassador returned, and the treaty was found in some points objectionable, the popular clamour knew no bounds. The House of Representatives demanded an inspection of the papers relative to it, which was a direct infringement on the prerogatives of the President and his Senate. Washington refused in the name of the Constitution, and purposely hastened its ratification as the contention became more violent. In all this he was not acting haughtily or selfishly; he was discharging, with admirable firmness, the duties for which he had been chosen by the States themselves. The power he was exerting in the face of intimidation had been intimated him by them, and he was using it for the very purpose for which it was given, bringing his wisdom and experience to bear in times of critical moment.

At length a reaction came. True-hearted men saw their champion alone, and returned to the rescue. The cloud passed over; what was spoken in the heat of debate was withdrawn; his popularity was but transiently affected; he was still the "beloved of his country." When again the four years of his administration expired, there were loud expressions of desire for his re-election. He declined; and in his wishes, now that the peril seemed gone and the nation established, there was a general acquiescence.

On retiring to Mount Vernon once more, he took with him the same rural and peaceful tastes that years of influence and action could not weaken. At one time, a war with France appearing imminent, he was appointed commander-in-chief, and accepted the office on

condition that he should be allowed to remain in quiet till his services were actually required on the field. Meanwhile he directed his attention to the details of preliminary preparation; but fortunately his aid was never needed, the prospect of war passed away, and he was left to enjoy the ease of home.

On Saturday evening, December 14th, 1799, General Washington expired. His death was almost sudden. On the Friday he had been out and discharged, though unwell, his ordinary engagements; before the week was gone, he had closed his eyes with his own hand, and breathed his last. The tidings spread; and through the country there reigned one general sentiment of grief and loss. America bowed in sorrowful homage over the bier of her favourite chief.

Washington's character is written in his life and actions. It is unique in history. Viewed in contrast with other men of like intellect and position, he excites both our admiration and esteem. A career so successful yet so spotless, so important in its issues and yet so unostentatious in itself, beset with such countless temptations yet so steadily pursued, is worthy of our praise. Living at a time of political strife and in sympathy with the wants of his age, he separated from principles all their false associations, disclaimed fanaticism and cowardice, and moved on conviction. If there was one faculty predominant in him it was sound judgment; but the great beauty of his character consisted in the rare development of its proportions. Prudence and courage, generosity and firmness, energy and serenity united in him. Events as they swept by him brought out in harmony the music of his nature. All his powers and passions were interpenetrated, and subdued to the great object of his life. He sought neither wealth nor influence; he valued his reputation, but promoted and conserved it best by acts of patriotism and philanthropy. His path was not one of dazzling and uncertain brilliance, but of suffused and constant light. So faultless a man is rarely found. Americans may well glory in the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

REV. FRANCIS AUGUSTUS COX, D.D., LL.D.

THE moral potency of the middle classes is, perhaps, the most remarkable phenomenon of our age and country. Blessed as we are with free institutions, there is nothing to hinder the material developments of society, or to cripple it in the exercise of its energies. One consequence of this happy state of things is, that the privileged orders, without being deprived of that balancing power which they exert in social and political questions, have been reduced from the infinite elevation at which, in feudal times, they proudly sat above the common people, and brought into that sympathy with the nation at large, which results from the sense of a community of interests and wants. Another effect is, that the proper supports of the state subsist in the order of mutual relation and dependence which best insures its stability. But, while the Corinthian capital adorns the edifice, the broad entablature rests secure upon the tall and polished shaft that springs from the granitic pediment of an orderly and industrious community. In countries where between the nobles and the nation a great gulph is fixed, the energies of the people, pent up within despotic laws, display themselves only, volcano-like, in outbursts of anarchy and destruction; but, in happy England, where opinion has free course, and the road to wealth, rank, and influence lies open to the peasant's son as to the peer's, the lines of demarcation between the different grades of society are obliterated by the intermingling of classes; and every man, high or low, finds an opportunity of contributing to the consolidation and prosperity of the state, according to his several ability.

A still further consequence of this desirable state of things is, that provincial and sectional spheres are occupied by men whose talents and qualifications lacked only the opportunity in order to rival the most eminent in church or state. Genius and learning, instead of being wasted, as under despotic governments, upon fine-spun theories and useless speculations, become tributary to the affairs of practical life; the subordinate institutions of the body politic are managed with regular efficiency; and the ambition that the heights of power and station excite

without ever satisfying, at once finds scope and is allayed, in occupations which, while excluding the rage of party and the fever of competition, bring the pleasant reward of an appreciable utility.

The late FRANCIS AUGUSTUS COX, D.D., I.J.D., was one of those men whose career illustrates the preceding observations. With talents and an education which would have enabled him to adorn the loftiest station, it more than satisfied his moderate desires to apply them to the office of the Christian ministry. In that unpretending sphere, however, they raised him to the highest eminence, as, by common consent, the leading divine of the Baptist denomination, and one of the great lights of the evangelical church in the nineteenth century.

This truly illustrious man was born at Leighton Buzzard, in Buckinghamshire, on the 7th of March, 1783; the year with which the great transatlantic republic opened its brilliant career, and which, ere its close, had witnessed the ill-omened elevation of Pitt to the pinnacle of power. He was the only son, and, for the long interval of eighteen years, the only child, of his parents.

He was the first fruit of an early and happy marriage, and saw the light before his mother had completed her twentieth year. His infantile beauty afforded fair promise of the fine aspect and distinguished presence into which it expanded. His grandfather, a man of some property, was so delighted, that he endowed his tiny descendant at once with four thousand pounds, which, after defraying the expenses of his education, was sunk in that unfortunate speculation, the London Waterworks. His infancy and boyhood were passed like those of only sons in general. Until the time when his opening faculties demanded more systematic instruction, he was indebted for all he knew to his mother. No sooner could he run alone, than a poor but respectable boy, old enough to take charge of him, yet not too much his senior to find pleasure in amusing him, was appointed his attendant. On one occasion, however, the youth's vigilance was at fault. His young master was nowhere to be seen. At length, he was found in the act of crossing an unguarded foot bridge, to

which he had his way over some fields behind. The alarmed mother ascertained that he was only putting in practice her instructions: he was going on pilgrimage, he said, and intended to pass through the Wicket-gate to the Celestial City. The incident is worth preserving, from the circumstance that, in this instance as in many others, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" gave a decided bias to the character and life, being the only source to which young Cox's first religious impressions can be distinctly traced. On several occasions, both in boyhood and in after-years, he experienced those "narrow escapes" which teach most of us the existence of an over-ruling Providence.

At eight years of age, he was reluctantly confided by his indulgent parents to the care of Mr. Comfield, who kept a private academy at Northampton, and had a local reputation as a man of science, especially in astronomy, for the pursuit of which he made his own telescopes. Such was the tenderness of the parents, that the young servant accompanied the more youthful master, and for the first year had an equal share in his educational advantages. Nor even then could this carefully-tended only son be left to rough it, like other boys, without misgivings; but, regularly as the months went round, a messenger was despatched on horseback for intelligence of his state.

His progress was more rapid than is usual with boys so delicately nurtured; and his advances in piety kept pace with his attainments in learning.

While at school, he cherished the idea of becoming a minister of the gospel, and used to collect small bands of his comrades for united devotion. It is not surprising, therefore, that, at the early age of thirteen, he made a public profession of religion, after the manner of his father's sect. From private memorandums in his mother's handwriting, it appears that, on the 26th of February, 1796, he "gave in his experience," at a church meeting, in Leighton Buzzard; that, on the following sabbath (the 28th), he was baptized by immersion, by the Rev. Mr. Wake; and that, on March the 6th, the day before he completed his thirteenth year, he was openly received into the fellowship of the church, and partook of the Lord's supper in token of his admission.

Whatever may be thought of the fitness of mere boys to enter the pulpit and give religious instruction to mixed congregations, it is unquestionable that some of the most successful preachers of the present century began to exercise their talents at a very early age. This was the case with the late Dr. Winter Hamilton, of Leeds; with the venerable William Jay, of Bath; and also with the eloquent Dr. Collyer. But none of these tried their unfledged wings so soon as Dr. Cox, who, before fifteen, had preached several times at Leighton Buzzard, and in his grandfather's chapel at Waddesden-hill. Notwithstanding the partiality of natural affection, the old gentleman had a puritanic objection to "a man-made ministry," and gave but a qualified sanction to the juvenile tyro. His dependence upon notes nurtured this mistrust. On one occasion, in the fervour of gesticulation, these were scattered to the ground. A sympathising hearer would have restored them to the embarrassed preacher; but his grandfather placed an authoritative foot upon the leaves, declaring in an under tone, that he should "go without crutches." The experiment was therefore made; and it succeeded so well, that from that day all objection was withdrawn.

Called by the church, after the manner of the Protestant dissenters, young Cox preached his first sermon, as a duly authorised minister of the gospel, on the 15th of July, 1798, in the Baptist chapel, at his native place.

The next step was to recommend him to a theological seminary for ministerial education. Stepney College, now so famous, did not then exist. In August, 1798, therefore, he was sent to Bristol College, to which the names of Ryland, Hall, and Foster have given a celebrity that Professor Gotch and others have well sustained. It is usual to receive students for the ministry without charge, except as their friends may be able and willing to pay. The entire cost of young Cox's board and tuition was amply defrayed by the liberality of his parents. On quitting Bristol, he was entered at Edinburgh University, embarking for the Modern Athens in a Leith smack, on the last day of September, 1800. England did not then contain a university liberal enough to accept the care of a youth so heretical as to question the propriety of infant bap-

tism. Who can tell what influence this discreditable circumstance may not have exerted upon the catholic mind which, in subsequent years, devised, and, in conjunction with Brougham, Campbell, and other great souls, carried into effect the plan, to which primarily we owe the existence of at least one English university in which peculiar religious opinions neither facilitate nor bar the path to literary honours.

As to whom young Cox had for his associates, whether at school or at college, there exists no known record. It cannot be doubted, that at Bristol he was contemporary with men who have achieved distinction in their peculiar line; while, at Edinburgh, whoever may have been his intimates, he must have had for his fellow-students not a few of the greatest lights of the present century. He numbered the late Sir James Mackintosh among his friends; and it is not improbable that his acquaintance with Brougham, Campbell, and Lord John Russell, was formed in the Scottish capital. It is worthy of note, that the peculiar religious principles of so young a man should have stood the test of such associations. In those times, and in that university, there were no limits to the daring of speculatists; and even the professors themselves, with all their talents and learning, were some of them but doubtful guides in matters of the highest moment.

Leaving Edinburgh with the well-earned degree of M.A., young Cox was announced as ready to accept a ministerial charge. On the late Mr. Morris, one of the biographers of Robert Hall, leaving Clipstone, in Northamptonshire, he accepted an invitation, suggested by Hall, to take the pulpit for a month. At the end of that time, the people entreated him to prolong his stay; and, after three months' experience, they were so satisfied with his preaching, that they called him to be their pastor. He complied with their unanimous request, and, in 1804, was publicly ordained after the Congregational manner. Fuller, Ryland, Hall, Sutcliffe, Anderson, and "the seraphic Pearce," as Dr. Cox styled him, being present and taking part in the services.

On the death of Mr. Francis Cox, the elder, Mr. and Mrs. Cox relinquished business, and, with parental fondness, removed to Clipstone in order to provide

a home for their darling son. When moreover in 1806, at the recommendation of his friend Hall, he accepted a unanimous invitation to succeed the great preacher at Cambridge, they accompanied him thither. But his stay was not long. A Unitarian leaven, which had insinuated itself into the church, began to manifest its permeating influence; and his friends at Clipstone being urgent for his return, he was glad to escape from the turmoil of controversy into the bosom of a peaceful community.

As a mother, however affectionate, does not supply the place of a wife, Mr. Cox began to think of marriage. His choice fell upon Miss King, of Watford, whose father had returned with a handsome competence from India. The couple were married on the 27th of June, 1809. But ere the honeymoon had begun to wane, the bridegroom had the mortification to discover, for the first time, that his bride was subject to epilepsy, with no prospect of ever being free from its recurrence.

The state of Mrs. Cox's health, the capricious fancies which it led her to indulge, and the fear of exciting the paroxysms of her complaint by opposing her inclinations, exercised, however, a guiding influence upon her husband's career. He not unnaturally aspired to a more public sphere than an obscure town in a rural district afforded, and she also was not content with so confined a circle. When Cannon-street chapel, Birmingham, became vacant by the death of Pearce, his young friend received a unanimous invitation to succeed him; and both his laudable ambition and the best feelings of his susceptible heart were enlisted in favour of so tempting a proposal. Mrs. Cox, however, detected a disagreeable element in the atmosphere of the place; and, in gratification of her wishes, both Birmingham was relinquished and Clipstone given up. So accomplished and clever a preacher, however, and one so much loved and esteemed by the leading ministers of his denomination, was not likely to remain long unsought after. They had not resided many weeks at the house of his father-in-law, when, being in London, he received an intimation that his temporary services would be highly acceptable at a chapel in Hackney, then recently bereaved of its minister. Without the slightest

thought of a permanent settlement (for the place was of a much humbler description than that which he had quitted), he supplied the vacant pulpit as requested; and with so much satisfaction to the people and to himself, that he was invited to become their pastor, and was induced to accept the invitation. This event, justly styled "the cardinal event of his life," occurred in 1811. The humble edifice in which his metropolitan labours were begun was demolished a few years ago, to make room for the approaches to Victoria Park. It was soon found too small to accommodate the numbers who flocked to hear the popular young minister; and measures were taken to provide for the erection of a larger building on a more eligible site. On the 12th of November, 1812, the new chapel in Mare-street was opened, and, till death, continued to be the scene of his ministry, in the course of which it was twice enlarged. In the midst of this prosperity, Mrs. Cox, who had already borne him a son and a daughter, died in giving birth to her third child, which did not survive her. After a widowhood of three years, he formed a matrimonial union with Miss Sarah Savory, one of the orphan daughters of a respectable manufacturer of Exeter; a woman whose many admirable qualities would have adorned any sphere, and made her peculiarly adapted to that thus allotted to her. After a union of many years, the larger and the happier half of a long and public life, Mr. (now Dr.) Cox was again reduced to widowhood. In process of time, however, he once more found a suitable companion in the amiable widow of the late Mr. M. G. Jones, of St. Paul's Churchyard, a lady whose devoted attentions soothed his declining years and his latest hours, in the absence of his surviving children, all of whom had emigrated. He closed a stated ministry of forty-two years' duration, by preaching his last sermon on the evening of July 31, 1853, and a life of great usefulness and honour, on the morning of the 5th of September following.

The space allotted to this memorial precludes an adequate review of Dr. Cox's public career. It would, however, be unpardonably imperfect without some notice of his services to the cause of true religion, sound learning, and enlightened humanity. These were not without some acknowledgment during

his life; when, in addition to the entire confidence of his own denomination, and the general esteem of the evangelical church, he received from the University of Glasgow the diploma of LL.D., and from Waterville College, in the United States, that of D.D., besides being elected an honorary member of the Rhode Island Historical Society. He was at one time mathematical tutor in Stepney College, and, on several occasions, acted as examiner. Admitted when but a youth to the meetings of the venerable men with whom the Baptist Missionary Society originated, he was honoured by Dr. Carey with the presentation of the first copy of the Bengalee Testament that reached England, and lived to record the stupendous labours of that modern apostle and his researches, with a vividness, as well as with a fidelity, rivalling Plutarch. Having caught their spirit, he never ceased, by his powerful advocacy and wise counsels, to second their exertions; continuing a zealous and active member of the committee till the anniversary meeting preceding his death, at which, the sense of infirmity dictating his resignation, his name was placed, with touching tributes of affection, upon the honorary list.

But neither his eminent powers of persuasion, nor his co-operation at the council-table, was confined to that section of the Christian church with which conviction associated him. All the evangelical and benevolent societies which have sprung up since the eighteenth century, enjoyed in turn the benefit of his fine talents. No voice or form was more familiar at Exeter Hall than his, and no man's name or opinion had greater weight with its frequenters. More than once he was chairman for the year of the London ministers of the Three Denominations. He was one of the founders, and for some years librarian, of the London University. In all anti-slavery and other humane movements he took a decided and conspicuous part; and, besides being identified with several previous efforts to secure complete religious liberty, he was one of the founders, and for three years one of the honorary secretaries, of the Anti-State-Church Association.

Amidst the bustle of a more than usually active metropolitan life, Dr. Cox found time to make many valuable contributions to sacred literature. Besides

numerous writings in the "Eclectic Review," the "Journal of Sacred Literature," and other critical periodicals, he published not a few volumes of acknowledged excellence, some of which have passed through several editions. Those by which his name will be best known to posterity are, his "Life of Melancthon," whom he closely resembled in the union of learning and zeal, and of both with charity; his "Biblical Antiquities," probably the best work on the subject, for its size, in the English language; and his "Female Scripture Biography," which has been much admired by competent judges. But those who had the fairest opportunities of estimating him are of opinion, that, had his genius been devoted to literature, instead of being distracted by a multiplicity and variety of exhausting engagements, he would have produced works far transcending the most excellent that bear his name.

His preaching, while free from the parade of learning, proved him to be at once a scholar and a Christian. But the excellence of the matter was more obvious than the beauty of the style. He was as attractive to the unlearned as to the polite, and impressed the aged without repelling the young. His discourses were as fresh and vigorous at the close of his ministry as in his prime, and, in the latest productions of his facile pen, the spring and nerve of youth are as evident as the wisdom and maturity of age. For reasons already glanced at, however, he was more remarkable for the variety of his attainments than for their depth, and, though well versed in modern science as well as in ancient literature, he shone as the accomplished gentleman rather than as the professed student. But his chief ornament consisted in the catholicity of his spirit, the gentleness of his disposition, and the purity of his character and life. Baptist as he was, his

anxiety to obliterate the lines of denominational division amounted to impatience. He afforded the rare example of combining the firm advocacy of principles deemed extreme, with the preservation of a temper free from intolerance. His very presence was the symbol of peace, love, and cheerfulness.

But character is best seen in circumstances which burst through all conventional disguise, and reveal the man exactly as he is. In the month of March preceding his death, Dr. Cox received the felicitations of his church and congregation on the completion of his seventieth year. "My dear friends," he observed, in reply, "long and affectionate as our union has been, the day of separation will arrive; the day when, on my part, the pulpit must be vacated, and the lowly bed of death occupied. Sad is the thought of separation, and sad the outward aspect of the grave; but far be it from me to dwell on what is melancholy, or even to regard the event in its whole character as such. I have always taught you, as Christians, to take the most cheerful views of the future, and have always sought to adopt them myself. I have always represented death as a vanquished enemy, divested of his power and sting; and eternity to every believer in the Great Conqueror, as a blissful home, his very Father's house. I will not cherish gloom, or aim to inspire it, but rather gladness. When we part, it will not be the dissolution of our ties; they are too strong and indissoluble for death or the last fires; they are stamped with immortality. If the hour is to come, as assuredly it will, when we must bid farewell, I only regard it as when two friends say adieu; the one to go into some distant country, the other expecting after a time to follow, when they will meet joyously again. And so, brethren, whenever we part, I shall hope to meet you, and for ever, on a happier shore."

MARSHAL NEY.

MICHAEL NEY was born Jan. 10, 1769, in the strong frontier town of Sarrebrück, then a French possession, but ceded at the peace of 1814-15. His father, a working man, found means to give him some schooling, and, probably from his learning to write a good hand, got him a clerk's place in a lawyer's office at the age of thirteen. Here he remained nearly four years, but not relishing the employment when his youthful passions began to be developed, he enlisted in a hussar regiment. In two years more the Revolution broke out; the time was favourable to such as he, and it was not long before he became a commissioned officer—a piece of good fortune he could never have hoped for under the old system. He soon showed that promotion was not lost upon him; for he signalised himself on several occasions during the first years of the war against the coalition, and was soon known as Ney the Unwearied (*Infatigable*).

When Bonaparte became commander of the army of Italy, he secured the special services of Ney as one of his aides-de-camp; and the latter, like his master, greatly distinguished himself in the campaign of 1796. He remained attached to Bonaparte, also, in his Egyptian exploits; and by this time the two had become so intimate, that Bonaparte recommended his favourite to Miss Anguie, the companion and confidential friend of Hortense Beauharnais, as a suitable husband. Ney being accepted, the marriage took place in due course. Bonaparte giving to his friend, as a wedding present, an oriental sabre of great value—a present that became prejudicial to the possessor, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter.

Having now the rank of General of Division, after attaining all the subordinate grades, he reached the height of military place by being appointed one of the fourteen Marshals of France, of Napoleon's first, his name being the twelfth upon the list.

In the campaign of 1805, against the Austrians, Ney showed great bravery and superior tactics, especially in turning the strong position of Elkingen, on the Danube, when the French were ad-

vancing upon Vienna. Napoleon named him Duke of Elkingen, in reward for his services. Ney afterwards wrenched the Tyrol from Austria, fought at Jena and Friedland, and so distinguished himself that the soldiers called him "the bravest of the brave;" a title which Napoleon himself, upon the field of battle, recognised as justly due.

He was sent by his master to Spain, where he remained till the year 1812, when his presence was demanded to take a command in the army of invasion of Russia. His chief deeds of arms there are doubtless known to most of our readers; they were recognised and recompensed by Napoleon's bestowing upon him the title of Prince of the Moskowa. In the disastrous retreat that followed, he commanded the rear-guard, as long as one could be kept together; and in that situation of "forlorn-hope" showed wonderful talent, and a care of the wrecks of the army, and a devotion to its unworthy master, surpassing all the expectations that had been formed even of him. That they were of small avail, detracts nothing from his merit.

In the succeeding campaigns, first that of Germany, and then that of France itself, he manifested less enthusiasm, but did not fail in his duty to his master till he became unfaithful to himself. Ney was, indeed, one of the first of Napoleon's chief military notables who warmly adopted the cause of the Bourbons. The feeling which prompted him to this was not indeed spontaneous; for it was implanted in his morally feeble nature by the oily persuasiveness of Talleyrand, who had well noted the pliability of his character. Under his influence he thus addressed the Count d'Artois (since Charles X.) upon his entry into Paris:—"My Lord, we have zealously served a Government which ruled us in the name of France. Your Royal Highness and his Majesty Louis XVIII. will see with what fidelity we shall serve our legitimate king." His advances were graciously received, and the king, thinking such dispositions could be relied on, first gave him active military employment, then created him a Knight of St. Louis, and soon after made him a Peer of France; lastly he was en-

trusted with the command of the 6th military division — a very important as well as honourable and lucrative situation.

By this time, however, being surfeited with military distinction and covetous of repose, he much neglected the more active duties of his office, and spent most of his time in retirement upon his princely domain, near Châteaudun. And it is believed that he was, in reality, reluctantly dragged from his retreat, when, on the 6th March 1815, he received an order to be at his post forthwith. He responded to the call, however, and not only so, but he repaired to Paris, and renewed his protestations of devotion to the royal cause, after hearing of the descent of Napoleon at Cannes. Up to this time no oath of fidelity to the royal cause had been asked, much less exacted from Ney, so complete was the confidence placed in him by Louis XVIII. this was now taken by him with great apparent sincerity; and when he left the province, he, with the profuse expression of an exaggerated zeal, not unaccompanied with the self-sufficiency of a vulgar mind, promised to the trusting monarch he would not only attack and defeat the "usurper," but "bring him prisoner to Paris in an iron cage!"

Arrived at Besançon, his headquarters, he wrote to ask that he might command the opposing vanguard, if it were possible, he "so much desired to give proofs of his zealous faithfulness." Shortly afterwards he wrote to the war minister, "If I find a favourable opportunity, I shall not hesitate to attack the enemy."

Ney, like too many of the French military chiefs, had probably no decent principle whatever, and was probably quite unaware that the world ever much remarks its absence. These men burned to distinguish themselves, some for the supposed interest of their country, and all to procure the commendations of their master, that they might secure their share of the plunder and distinctions he was sure to lavish upon them as long as he was able. The enthusiasm Ney manifested in the cause of the Bourbons, was partly real, partly simulated; and it died within him as soon as he saw the tide turning against them and in favour of his old master, to whom he owed so much — and what was more influential still in his case — whom he had been for a much longer time accustomed to

obey. When Napoleon's emissary Bertrand *got possession of him*, therefore, we need not be surprised, or think he was worse than others of his relapsing fellows, to find him changing sides in a moment, at the approach of Napoleon's forces, which had run together as if by magic, and excusing himself for re-adopting his cause, by the remark, "It is not for me to thrust back the waters of the sea with my hand." In this state of mind, he did not hesitate to sign as his own the following proclamation to the army,

"Officers and soldiers,—The cause of the Bourbons is lost for ever. The legitimate dynasty which the French nation has adopted is about to remount the throne. To the Emperor Napoleon, our sovereign, alone does it belong to reign over our beautiful land. Whether the Bourbonite nobles quit the country once more, or remain among us, what does it matter? The sacred cause of liberty, and that of our independence, will suffer no more from their influence. They vainly hoped to cause our military glory to be held in disesteem; but that glory is the fruit of too noble strivings for its remembrance ever to pass away.

"Soldiers! the times are past when the people could be governed by trampling on its rights; public liberty is in the ascendant, and Napoleon, our august emperor, is about to assume it for ever. For the future, let this noble cause be ours and that of every Frenchman; and let all the brave hearts whom I have the honour to command be penetrated with this great truth.

"Soldiers! I have often led you to victory. I am now about to conduct you towards that immortal phalanx whom the Emperor Napoleon is leading to Paris, where they will arrive in a very few days, and where our hopes and well-being will be realized for ever. Vive l'Empereur!"

His forces, or rather the troops he had been entrusted with for quite another service, soon joined those of Napoleon; by whom he was, of course, heartily welcomed; and to whom (at most equally of course) he gave similar assurances of attachment as he had done to the Bourbons.

But, either somewhat ashamed of his tergiversation, or (what is more likely) doubting the possibility of his old and new master maintaining himself in his place in opposition to antagonists

age and unsupp as he was by
unbrigaded nation, and the civilians
which were weary of him—from
sorrow of these causes, or any other,
shrank from attendance at Napo-
león's levees, and kept retired, as before,
his estates. As before, also, he un-
ingly obeyed a positive summons
of June 11th) to take active service,
repair to the Belgian frontier. He
fought at Waterloo with all his accus-
ed bravery, but with less than his
old judgment, as was said by the Em-
per, an authority not to be relied on
in the circumstances; his constant
tendency being to throw the blame of his
mistakes and reverses upon any-
one and everybody but himself.

Ney was borne along to Paris among
the wrecks of the discomfited host that
rushed upon Wellington's bands as
an assured prey. Never having
known defeat, and exerting him-
self in his own despite for the desperate
role of a leader in whom his faith was
firm, he was utterly confounded by
the treachery of the French army. On
the 2nd of June, he took his place, in
a mood, in the Chamber of Peers,
listened to the recital of the battle
which had been fought and signally lost,
details of which he knew better

than the Minister of War (Oudinot),
tried to represent as merely a
check, easily reparable, what
he knew to be utter, hopeless discom-
fit. Rising in his place, and almost
drowning with rage at the imposition
which was attempted to be put upon the
army, he energetically denied the ex-
tenuations, and scouted the hopeful ex-
pectations the minister had, or rather
needed to have, of soon recovering
the effects of the brain-blow that
just then been dealt to the imperial
army.

In proportion to the exceptionally
degree of confidence that all the
members of the Bourbon family had
placed in Ney, was their exasperation
at his treachery, and their disgust
at the bad taste of the manner of its man-
ifestation. Louis himself, in particular,
prided himself upon his knowledge
of the man, was nettled that the rough-
ness of the man had so completely
been imagined, taken him in. The
treachery of the astute Soult he might
have distrusted; but Ney
was, *Brutus!* It was insufferable.
The gentle-hearted monarch was, for

once, perhaps, disposed to be too
severe in punishing what he considered
a personal as well as political wrong
done him.

This feeling was perilous to Ney,
should he not provide for safety by flight.
This he at first obstinately refused to
do, thinking there was nothing par-
ticular in his case, and relying, as he
and most other oath-taking and oath-
breaking chiefs did, upon the saving
clause in the armistice concluded be-
tween Davoust and Blücher, July 3,
in which it was agreed, that "all indi-
viduals, now resident in the capital, shall
enjoy their rights and liberties, without
being disturbed or called to account,
either for the situations they may have
held, or as to their conduct or political
opinions." As Paris was to be cleared
of all the imperial soldiery (in terms of
the same agreement), it is pretty plain
that the security promised was for the
benefit of the Bonapartist citizens, and
the many thousands among them who
held civil employments in the different
administrations, whose tergiversations
had been nearly as flagrant as those of
the notabilities of the army.

On the 6th of July, a list of proscrip-
tion was drawn up, comprising the
names of those chiefs of the army, and
heads of administration, who had, as
the king, his brother, and their confi-
dential advisers thought, more basely
than others, betrayed or deserted the
royal cause. When Ney heard that his
name was included, he was persuaded
to prepare to leave the kingdom. But
this was more easy to resolve upon than
to effect. Napoleon's system of civil
government of the French territory was
of the nature of that of a fortified town,
in expectation of a siege. The land
was enveloped in a kind of network of
obstruction to the locomotion of his
subjects, through the meshes of which
it was very difficult for any of them to
escape, if the despot or any of his myr-
midons, even the lowest, desired their
detention. This enthralling system,
which afterwards prevented the escape
of the master, was fatal to the man.
In a word, Ney, although concealing
his name, and disguising himself with
great care, was baffled in his attempts
to reach the frontier.

By some means he managed to ap-
prise a female relation of his difficulty,
who lived in an isolated mansion, near
a small town, called Bessous, in the

department of the Lot; and she undertook to secrete him for a time. His hostess was a person who received a good deal of company; and, as she thought that a sudden discontinuance of her socialities would look suspicious, she, with an over-refined policy, gave them full course as before. It was in vain that in other respects she took many precautions to hide from her guests the near presence of the marshal; for one of them observing upon a table a remarkable sabre (the one already spoken of), and admiring its form and ornaments, showed it to the assembled company all round. One gentleman, after examining it attentively, said, "I have heard speak of such a weapon as this, and of another not unlike it—they are the only two that exist: one must have belonged to Ney, and the other to Murat." The looks of the guests all turning inquiringly to the hostess, her face coloured; and instead of saying, as she might have done, that the sabre was Ney's, and that it had been sent to her to keep, she protested that she knew not how it came there at all. This seemed strange; the incident was related in the neighbourhood, commented on, and, in a very short time, reached the knowledge of the prefect of the department at Cahors.

This functionary, like others of his kind, was all anxiety to recommend himself to his superiors at Paris, and without waiting for orders thence, at once repaired to the house where Ney had been foolishly allowed to remain, and surrounded it with a troop of *gens d'armes*.

Hearing a clattering of horses' hoofs and clanging of arms, Ney guessed at once that the party had arrived to take him. He put his head out of a window from the small garret-room he occupied, and asked the foremost soldier whom he sought for. "We are sent to arrest Marshal Ney," was the reply. "Come upstairs, then," rejoined the latter. The soldiers were not slow to accept the invitation. Arrived at the door, the inmate opened it, and said, "I am Michael Ney."

The prefect, sending the news of the capture he had made to the capital, was directed to send thither his prisoner with all possible despatch. Ney reached Paris the very day (Aug. 19), on which Labédoyère was shot on the plain of Grenelle. His treatment in prison was

disgraceful, if all be true, to the government. It is said that the place he was put in at the Conciergerie (the French Newgate, and of a far worse type than the English), was "a long, narrow, dark room, the furniture in which consisted of a mean bedstead, one chair, and two pestilential buckets."*

It was intended at first that Ney should be tried by a military commission and one was called together for the special purpose, Moncey, as senior marshal, being named as its president. But that warrior, compassionating his comrade, and thinking his condemnation would be both unjust and impolitic, not only refused, but sent an eloquent letter of entreaty and remonstrance to the king, a copy of which is now lying beside us. Other members of the commission, taking example from their head, refused to take cognizance of the accusation, upon the score of their incompetence to judge it. Meantime, Ney, by his haughty spirit, and ill-timed pretensions to enjoy the full privileges of a noble, did all his enemies wished he should, in demanding to be tried by the Chamber of Peers.

This body, now composed chiefly of zealous Royalists and renegade Imperialists, was the most unfavourable tribunal he could have been tried by. If the whole responsibility of the process and its conclusion, had belonged to the government, it is doubtful, even had the commission of its appointment condemned Ney to death, whether a capital sentence of its own procuring would have been carried into execution; but the newly reconstituted Chamber more than willingly taking up the matter the Court left the issue entirely in its hands.

Unfortunately for Ney, the prosecution was, legally speaking, pressed with great talent, and the defences set up miserably poor. The public prosecutor was M. Bellart, a man of great talent and craving to distinguish himself in order that he might merit the high place he afterwards attained.† Ney's advocates (among whom were M. Dupin l'ainé, at that time rather *jeune*, and M. Berryer, his leader), instead of placing the justification on the high ground, his having been only a prominent actor

* A. GODET: *Le Terreur Blanche*.

† See the work of M. Claveau, docteur en droit, author of a remarkable book, "*De la Peine de Mort*," published in Paris in 1831. This advocate personally watched every phase of the trial.

at a time when all kinds of petty barricades of chicannery in the face of the irresistible forces which they might be assured beforehand would drive over them. Among the other untenable positions they took up, one was, that as the department of the Sarre where Ney was born, though it formed part of France in 1789, was now (the other day) ceded by her (perforce, though), therefore Ney could not be literally considered as a Frenchman at all! Hearing this plea put forward, worthy of an Old Bailey barrister defending the hopeless case of a burglar, the client, who had up to this time acquiesced with docility in what was done for him, lost all patience, and turning to M. Dupin in patriotic rage, exclaimed, "Press that pretext no further! I was born a Frenchman, and a Frenchman I will live and die!"

Thus was this petty plea disposed of; and the others put forward in his favour were all successively attacked with vigour by Bellart, and overruled by the judges. The trial terminated in the capital condemnation of Ney by an overwhelming majority of voices; the numbers were, out of 157 votes, 139 for the penalty of death, 17 for banishment, and five abstentions from voting, on account of the Marshal's advocates having protested that they had been denied full liberty of defence.*

The trial took place in the latter end of November and beginning of December, 1815. In condemning Ney to death, a recommendation of a merciful consideration of the king was voted.

* Since we began to compile this memoir, — the materials for which we have derived, while in Paris lately, from sources not yet known to any English biographer, some communications regarding Ney have been sent to the editors of several London newspapers, in one of which that appeared in the *Times*, Dec. 15, the assertion is made that five of Ney's brother marshals, namely, Davoust, Serrurier, Kellermann, Marmont, and Victor, were of those peers who condemned him to death, in their capacity of peers. Now the first two were not present on the occasion at all; of that we are sure, and we are inclined to believe that the same may be asserted of the other three marshals. How stand the facts? Let us see. Davoust was called in indeed as a witness for Ney, and being asked for his interpretation of the armistice of July 3, he read it entirely in Ney's favour, for which he fell into disgrace at court. Serrurier, named a peer in 1814, accepted a confirmation of the dignity from Napoleon in 1815; and for this implied allegiance to him was immediately expelled from his seat in the chamber and deprived of the governorship of the Invalides. Monnier was not a marshal at all.

A family council was called upon this, in which it was decided that the sentence should take its course. This decision was, to use the words of Talleyrand, "something worse than a crime, it was a fault."

The execution took place on the morning of the 7th of December, in a side alley of the walk between the Luxembourg Gardens and the Observatory. The monument lately inaugurated on the 37th annual return of the day, now consecrates the spot. Ney met his fate with the courage that was to be expected of him. His lifeless body, pierced with several balls, was taken up,* and carried on a litter into a neighbouring hospital, where the needful decent observances to the dead were performed by two of the hospital sister-religieuses. It was afterwards removed by the family of the deceased.† Had he lived a month longer, Michael Ney would have completed his 47th year.

No single public act of the Bourbons made them so odious to the French people—we use the word in the popular sense—as the sacrifice of Ney. He was one of their greatest military idols; and a part of the odium of his death fell upon the representatives of the allied powers then in Paris—especially the Duke of Wellington.‡ This feeling, however unjust, made it be thought that he was the victim of foreign hate and fear! as well as of Bourbon vengeance.

The regrets for his death were not confined either to the lower ranks of society. After a time, it became common in good society, even in the salons of the government coteries, to consider the execution of Ney as a discreditable act. When M. Bellart, the manager of

* "I was present at the sad spectacle, quite unexpectedly, and I may say unwillingly, for the authorities gave out that he was to be shot in the plain of Grenelle, the usual place of military executions. Being in the Luxembourg quarter that morning, however, and seeing something unusual about to take place, I went along with a few others to the fatal spot. It may seem a trivial thing to notice, but I cannot help remarking a circumstance that I observed, as being indicative of the character of our Britannie neighbours, that as soon as the Marshal's body was taken up, an English gentleman suddenly advanced and gathered up several small stones that lay about the path, and had received some sprinklings of the victim's blood. These he carefully wrapped up and precipitately walked away. These will doubtless be found repositied in some collection of curiosities, public or private, over the channel." — M. CLAVEAU.

† Madame "la Maréchale Princesse" Ney, his widow, is still living: Dec. 1853.

‡ "And echo answers Ney!" — Byron.

the prosecution, had attained the summit of his hopes as head of the police, he became much disquieted in his mind—rather a sensitive one—at the free remarks which occasionally met his ear about the “judicial murder” in which he had borne so active a part. One night towards the end of the year 1816, he had a numerous and fashionable party at the prefecture. He happened to be in bad health at the time, and “very nervous,” as it is called. One by one the guests arrived, the domestic whose duty it was, announced their names. Most of these M. Bellart heard with

languid indifference; but all at once he was roused from his reverie by hearing the approach sounded of “Monsieur le Maréchal Ney!” The man had mistaken what was told him. M. Bellart rose up and met one of his intimate friends, Monsieur Maréchal, aîné (Mr. Marshall, senior.) The blunder was explained, and thought to be a good joke by the guests; but the Amphitryon was so painfully discomposed, that he had soon to retire to his room for the night.*

* M. CLAVEAU : *De la Police de Paris.*

AMELIA OPIE.

It is a pleasant thing to endeavour to throw on the past something of the warm reality of present life; to thaw by the touch of memory the stream of time, till hopes, and sorrows, and affections with which we had almost ceased to sympathize, sparkle again before us in something of their first brilliancy.

With respect to Mrs. Opie however, there is no wading through the sea of years; we have but to turn and look back, and she stands before us. Not very long ago, at the interesting lecture or philanthropic meeting, an aged but stately looking lady was often seen, with a face where beauty had not vainly pleaded with time for permission to linger, and an earnestness of expression which seemed at variance with the peculiar placidity of her manner; and persons for a while forgot the object of the meeting when they learned it was Mrs. Opie, she who had so faithfully depicted human nature, and dealt so wisely and tenderly with human sin and suffering.

It is true that for some years silence has hung around her name, and amidst the excitement of modern works, the fame of her early days appears to be almost forgotten, but, like the tree of many winters, which, almost concealed by the younger ones that spring up around it, when thrown down by tempest, reveals to us as it lies prostrate, perhaps more strikingly than ever, the magnitude and beauty of its form; so

now that death has stepped in, and with its hallowing influences placed Mrs. Opie amongst the spirits of the past, we marvel that we contentedly allowed her to remain, as it were, for so long a time concealed from our view.

Norwich was the birthplace of this gifted woman. She was the only daughter of Dr. James Alderson, a physician of that city. Her mother died when she was very young, and there existed between her and her father that peculiarly tender and beautiful affection which is sometimes observable between a widowed parent and his daughter. There is, in all probability none now living who remembers the little girl tripping gaily along the side of the thoughtful physician with her posy of violets, or sitting on the green bank,—for Dr Alderson had a pleasant home near Norwich—arranging with him the glittering cowslip chains.

There may be some, however, who dimly remember as the half-forgotten dream of childhood, the tall and graceful maiden, as she wandered amongst the fine old ruins which surrounded her father's hall. There was at that time a blended thoughtfulness and determination of manner about her, a youthful diffidence softening, but in no way marring, her natural vigour of character. The differing opinion rose up earnestly and unprudently from her heart, and then trembled at its

own boldness yet hanging on her lips; and she had arrived at womanhood, a but lively intelligence was perhaps her most striking characteristic.

A lady of considerable ability conducted the early part of her education; and although at her father's house, she enjoyed the first society that Norwich would afford, it was at best imperfect and restricted, influenced by the peculiar character of the times in which her youth unfolded.

During the long wars that occurred in the reign of George III., England, from its insular situation, was necessarily shut out from the free continental intercourse it now enjoys. In the provincial towns there were communities in which narrow-minded, obstinate, and essentially dull people had the majority; every family abounded in prejudices which overran, like weeds, minds naturally amiable. Yet in the midst of all this, literature did not entirely stagnate; for even in this almost desert state of things, some great and good minds stood up, with whom Amelia Alderson held pleasant and instructive converse.

The social condition of Norwich at that time is certainly not without interest.

German literature was cultivated; and William Taylor, who became a proficient in that language, was born there. Dr. Sayers, a classical and learned man, was also a native of that place; so that the inhabitants in their simplicity, and many of them we must say in their ignorance, began to think that they too must be wise. The narrow stream of knowledge was increasing; no matter though they stood not within the influence of the waters, its course was through their town, and like the little child who boldly called the wealth-laden Thames his father's property, because a narrow part of it ran through the lands attached to his childhood's home, they gravely put forth as an appropriate title for their secluded town, "The Athens of England."

If stone could have smiled, the sedate old cathedral would have done so then; but Bishop Bathurst smiled for it. He was a liberal-minded man, and could be happy at a literary conversazione, in spite of the dissenters who surrounded him; and if there was anything like satire in the complimentary style

which Sir James Mackintosh used, when speaking of those worthy townspeople, it was only detected by Amelia.

Sweetly she flourished amidst all this, the rose of her father's bower—gladsome and light-hearted, with a bounding step and melodious laughter, yet with a pensiveness, increasing instead of diminishing the grace of the one and the music of the other.

We are told there was a peculiar brightness in her smile, which, when once seen, was not easily forgotten; a strange but fascinating blending of frolic and sympathy, as if, from her earliest years, the exuberance of childish glee had been obedient to the first small voice of feeling.

Although fond of fashionable society, and of communion with the intellectual, the poor she had always in remembrance, and many a narrow street in Norwich could tell how her smile had lightened the abode of poverty; how her kind sympathy had fallen as Hermon's dew on the stricken heart of despair.

When she was about eight or nine-and-twenty, she became the second wife of Mr. Opie, the Royal Academician, who enjoyed some reputation as an artist. He was a native of Cornwall, and so marked was his talent, that when quite a child he attracted the notice of Dr. Walcot, better known, perhaps, as Peter Pindar, who became his friend and patron. And when we consider the peculiar circumstances, and even limited means, under which Mr. Opie's education was pursued, we cannot but be surprised at the celebrity he obtained. If he did not reach the summit of fame, he got over the rough places of the toilsome part of the ascent, and stood on an eminence from which, though he viewed many above him, he looked down on multitudes below.

His works in the Exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1781 acquired for him no small degree of note; and his paintings at the Bozell and Macklin galleries were highly thought of.

He was of an ardent and affectionate disposition, and the nature of Mrs. Opie's home-happiness can only be understood by those who have themselves experienced a charmed brightness in the flame of the household hearth.

What, for instance, would seem more preposterous, than if, when taking a stranger to view the beauties of High-

land scenery, we paused in some mountain nook, devoid of all striking objects, to expatiate on its loveliness, forgetful that from some pleasant association it wore to us a beauty others could not perceive.

Of this kind of infatuation we may, perhaps, be accused when we speak of Mrs. Opie as sitting for hours at her husband's side, watching him at his easel, whispering to him gentle hints, and giving him that peculiar encouragement, which has been the secret but acceptable boon of many a loving woman to her husband, and the invisible fragrance round the glittering wreath which Fame has placed on his brow. She was herself something of an artist, and we are told she has left one or two excellent likenesses of her familiar friends.

It is said that after Mr. Opie's marriage, his female portraits acquired much more grace and softness, and that the peculiar smile, for which, as we have before observed, Mrs. Opie was remarkable, in many instances found its way to the canvas.

Her voice was sweet and musical, and characterized by the same mingling of joy and sadness which was so observable in her. It was as if her smile had become melody. It is said that the Prince Regent often left the music of the stage, and stood an attentive listener to her sweet and simple strains. We recollect once during a summer's stay on the banks of Killarney, listening with much interest to an elaborate flute-player; at length the notes died away in the distance, and the mountain thrush, from the very heart of a magnificent chesnut-tree before us, began its unpretending minstrelsy: we felt these notes more in harmony with the scene, than the strain of the accomplished musician; and there are moods and temperaments, in which the heart delights—more in the natural, than the artificial, though it wear gracefully its cultivated beauty.

Sometimes Mrs. Opie still remaining in her husband's studio, would turn from the work-box to the desk; and, under his kind encouragement, she soon began to acquire some reputation as a writer. To his kind and earnest approval of her love of literature, she thus alludes in her short memoir of Mr. Opie.

"If I have ever valued the power of

writing, which it has been my amusement to cultivate, it is now that it has enabled me to pay a public tribute to him who first encouraged me to give my writings to the world; and if I have ever rejoiced that I obeyed his wishes on that subject, it is now that, having already appeared as an author, I can offer myself to the notice of the public, on this sacred and delicate occasion, with more propriety than if this were my first literary effort."

To her friends she often regretted that she had not written more during the lifetime of her husband, whilst she might have received the benefit of his criticisms and advice. "I should have been sure," she said, "to have received the proudest and dearest reward of woman, the approbation of a husband at once the object of my respect and love."

Mrs. Opie's tales of "Father and Daughter," "Adeline Mowbray," and "Temper," are still thought of as works of merit, although they no longer hold a prominent place in our literature. Vigour and artistic arrangement are displayed in her tales, and they are interwoven with the earnest thought and delicate feeling she so eminently possessed; yet with all this there is sometimes a poverty of invention, and an unreality of sentiment, if we may be allowed such an expression, too forcibly reminding us of the old novels; so that amidst the graphic and natural, though careless writings of the present day, they seem to stand as portraits amongst living men.

But this remark does not extend to the "Father and Daughter," which, although the first of her novels, is certainly the most powerful. The credulity of Agnes, the villainy of Clifford, the earnest unselfishness of parental affection, all are portrayed not only by a masterly hand, but by a feeling heart.

The contending emotions in the mind of the betrayed girl, causing her to act in a manner apparently contradictory, are delicately explained, whilst pity, though appearing in its most beautiful garb of Christian love, never once takes the form of approval. She does not run into the fashionable error of giving the seducer no single fair point of character; but with consummate skill she contrives so to imbue his better qualities with selfishness, that they unconsciously wear to us the aspect of

And there perhaps, something a little overstrained in the meeting of Agnes with her nice father; but life has scenes as sad as this, and Warren's "Magdalen" is scarcely less tragic.

When we remember that Mrs. Opie was an excellent daughter, tending the declining years of her father with filial love and care, we no longer marvel at the earnest way in which she relates the devotion of the repentant Agnes, as having even against hope, she watched and waited for the dawn of returning reason in her father's mind. Mr. Seymour's character showed that Mrs. Opie had practically studied life—his good impulses so often scattered by a weak fear of the world, till his wish to serve Agnes, strong as it was, in a measure yielded to this cowardice. The gentle remonstrances of his daughter Caroline have in them a quiet womanly strength. "Believe me, my dear father," she says, "the world is in many instances like a spoiled child who treats with contempt the foolish parent that indulges its caprices, but behaves with respect to those who, regardless of his clamours, give the law to him instead of receiving it." There is something very genuine in the petulant sympathy and half-impatient forbearance of the nurse's daughter, and a wide stream of worldly knowledge is a prominent feature of the narrative when she introduces us to Mrs. Macfiendy.

The end of the touching tale has a peculiar charm for us. There is no hurrying onward into the darkness of despair, neither are we called upon to wade through artificial light whilst reading the closing pages. It is just as it were the sunset suitable to the season. Hope has its fruition, but sorrow and suffering stand by to take from that fruition all character of happiness. Strong principle, depth of feeling, and tenderness of thought are evident throughout the volume; it is pre-eminently a woman's book, and one that England may well put into the hands of her daughters.

"Lays of the Dead" is a volume of metre and rhythm but not of poetry. There is throughout it a smooth, we can scarcely say musical, phraseology—an insipid conformity to measure, and a decorous and chastened sorrow for the death of relatives, which leaves on every page the impression of an amiable writer, and nothing more. There is no

enthusiasm—no dark imaginings are portrayed. There is no profound feeling, no touching pathos, no richness of simile—in fact, no simile at all; neither is there variety, nor perspicuity, nor energy, to make up for the lack of all this. It certainly was a morbid feeling which made Mrs. Opie weary of prose, and take up the shackles of dactyls and spondee for change. Like the Prisoner of Chillon, she could not say,

"Even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh;"

for her thoughts, emancipated from their unnatural bondage, seemed more buoyant than ever on their return to prose.

"Simple Tales," and "New Tales," are gracefully and clearly written; and though they might not of themselves have given her any prominent place in the literary world, they have about them a quiet wisdom, a healthful energy, which acts on the mind as bracing air on the enfeebled constitution.

In "Tales of the Heart," there is feeling without sentimentality, strength of principle without dogmatism. As she communes with the affections, not only is patience brought before us, the result of a disciplined mind, but she reminds us that she is not forgetful of the Divine precept, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"Temper," although written in the style of a novel, is a practical work, entering in almost a homely way on the management of children, yet ingeniously keeping up throughout the narrative the evil effects of an ungoverned disposition. "Temper," she says, "is like the unseen but busy subterranean fires in the bosom of a volcano; it is always at work where it has once gained an existence, and is for ever threatening to explode, and scatter ruin and desolation around it;" and we read this with no ordinary interest, when we learn how by her own winning gentleness of manner, she endeared herself to many, and how her amiability of disposition was the root of that glad-some home-cheerfulness which was bequeathed to her by the pleasant memory of years. Just as we are perhaps beginning to weary a little of the tale, some striking development of character arrests our attention, and strong sense and clear judgment become so evident, that we forget all but her knowledge of

human nature, which in her unaffected style she brings so intelligently before us. It is not by profuse colouring but by a skilful touch, that she gives effect to the whole. Who, as he reads the following sketch, does not feel that, at some time of his life, he has been acquainted with Mr. Hargrave? "His understanding was good, but he fancied it better than it really was, or rather perhaps he did not so much overvalue his own ability, as undervalue that of those who surrounded him. He did not fancy whilst measuring himself with others, that he was a giant, but he erroneously imagined them to be pigmies, while he piqued himself upon his talent of overreaching and imposing on his less acute companions. He was the slave of a bad and incorrigible temper, and this slave to himself became the tyrant of others. He was thrown upon the world with all his irritable feelings uncorrected, unsubdued, except where interest and ambition made it necessary for him to assume the virtue which he had not."

"Adeline Mowbray" appears at first sight a strangely designed tale, but one cannot travel far over its pages without perceiving its excellency of purpose. The fine theory, so bright at a distance, will not bear close inspection, and stands out an unsightly thread when woven into practical life. There is a candid avowal of principle, and an acuteness of judgment, which have the effect of deepening our confidence in the right; and whilst she leaves to sin its dark path of suffering, she gives to repentance a chastened happiness, and never has recourse to that rigid condemnation which too often abuses because it cannot discriminate.

But we must for awhile leave the author and return to the woman; we must watch her in her widowed life turning from the attention of those whom wealth and rank had made eminent, and quietly attending to the daily duties of home, not in the monastic spirit of seclusion, but because there was no pleasure to her in the excitement and tumult of dissipation.

Time rolled on, and Mrs. Opie joined the Society of Quakers. There was more strength of character, more firmness required for such an act than one would be inclined to suppose. Her literary friends first laughed, then remonstrated, and finally pronounced her

mad. The religious world looked at her with surprise, and, what was worse, with suspicion. But she brought into real life the principles had hitherto used only to ornament pages of fiction; and having learned to seek strength from Him who gives upbraiding not, she turned mildly from the sarcastic smile and unkind remark, and went calmly on, supported by a sense of the propriety of her new course.

Her writings seemed all at once, like herself, to be clothed in new attire; and if her friends in passing required a second look before they recognised her, and then wondered that the fine countenance and graceful form could ever have appeared changed to them, so with regard to her works, we were inclined to say, "Can this indeed be Mrs. Opie?" and then immediately felt we were dealing with the same mind, but renewed, we would reverently say, by the Spirit of God.

Her "Illustrations of Lying," though forcible and impressive, could in no way supersede the fame of "Father and Daughter." She wished, as it were, to separate the one from the other, by the river of years that rolled between them; but the celebrity of the earlier work overstepped the barrier, and stood by the side of the new volume, which, though differing in style, and, to a certain degree, even in principle; though warmly received and justly appreciated; was in some degree indebted for this welcome from the public, as coming from the same pen which had so thrillingly and tenderly related the trials of "Father and Daughter."

In 1828, she published "Detraction Displayed." In this the same straightforwardness is observable which had characterised all her works; the same avoidance of the circuitous path of many words, proceeding at once, though not with ungraceful velocity, to the object she had in view.

Greater fervency of purpose becomes observable than was evident in her earlier works, as if more under the influence of that spirit which seeketh not its own. She not only dwells on the dangerous habit of evil-speaking, but presses on her readers, a sense of the happiness necessarily resulting from a cultivation of the spirit of love; so that, as we read, we are reminded of the holy precept she was herself so prayerfully endeavouring

"Let all bitterness and wrath and clamour and evil-speaking pass from you with all malice, be kind one to another and tender, forgiving one another even for Christ's sake, has forgiven

in the autumn of age she bore the summer atmosphere of earlier years; her smile never lost its brightness, her heart its fervour.

Because she was a Quaker, but she felt the love of the world against the spirit she wished to she withdrew from fashionable society; she knew she had need to win with her own heart and befriend the world followed her.

When the snows of winter rested upon the Parisians spoke of her, which the Quaker costume hid from her appearance. Louis attended by his staff, paused to see with her in the streets of Paris, requesting her to name an evening party at the Tuileries.

She would not enter again on the path she had left, though gratified, as she was, by this attention; she had descended the mountain, and,

having already caught some rays of light which reached not the valley she had left, she had no wish to retrace her steps.

Some are still living who may remember her in their childhood, sitting in her cheerful room at Castle Meadow, with her crutches at her side (for, during her latter years, she was afflicted by rheumatism), with contentment on her brow, and peace in her smile, even that peace which "passeth all understanding."

She lived to a good old age, and took the love of many as her heritage, her title-deed to this being the Christian spirit by which she was actuated, "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." Though nearly 90 years of age she never railed at life; she was not disgusted with the world, because she had learned to use it without abusing it; and when death gently summoned the aged pilgrim home, looking up to God as her Redeemer, reconciled to her through Christ, she could trustfully say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.

At 1849, Rome, at the time of the tumult and revolution, witnessed the obscure death of CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI, the glory of modern Italy, one of the greatest men that the Church ever produced. His name awakens our recollection of an original linguist, of a genius seemed by nature with the power of understanding all languages. History informs of a Pontic monarch of old times who thriveth the Great, who was adorned with two and twenty languages. Cardinal Mezzofanti was acquainted with *seventy-eight*, and he them all with a facility and intonation which were unparalleled, and capable of producing the most complete illusion with his own individual nationality. "I recollect," wrote Byron in his *Unshod Thoughts*, "I cannot

recollect a single *litterateur* whom I ever wished to see a second time except Cardinal Mezzofanti, who is a perfect prodigy of learning, a Briareus of the parts of speech, a walking polyglot, who should have lived at the time of the Tower of Babel in order to have been a universal interpreter; a venerable marvel, and yet entirely without affectation or pretentiousness! I have tried him with every language of which I know anything, though it be only an oath or an adjuration to the gods, regarding savages, thieves, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, post-masters, post-houses, post-horses, post-everythings, and, by heavens! he has always confounded me, and, I believe, knows my own tongue better than I do myself."

This wonderful linguist, for whom Germany, that classic land of philology,

invented, in order to express some portion of the admiration which it felt for him, the epithet of *Sprachenbandiger*, the Conqueror of Languages, and whom Italy surnamed "The Living Pentecost," was born in that noble city of Modena, which has always been so amorous of letters and the arts. It was on the 17th of September, 1771, that he came into the world. He received at baptism the two names of Gaspard and Guiseppe, or Joseph. The house in which he was born is still existing in the *Strada del Malcontenti*, and is much visited by pilgrims from all parts of Europe. His family was one but slightly favoured with the gifts of fortune, but enjoyed the esteem and consideration of all Modena. Under the paternal roof, everything breathed simplicity, gentle piety, order, and economy; and the Mezzofanti family was accustomed to visit the rich and relieve the poor, in a singularly simple and unostentatious way, and, in spite of the errors of their creed and their superstitious faith, in what we believe to have been the true spirit of Christianity.

At Bologna there dwelt a monk, Jean Baptist Respighi, prefect of the Oratorians, who was devoted to the Mezzofanti family, and often visited it. Whilst the future cardinal was an infant he often took him in his arms, and afterwards he became his counsellor, protector, and friend. His influence over the destinies of the young Guiseppe was decisive, and he it was who determined and formed his future. When Father Respighi, in his old age, closed his eyes in death, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his young friend had become a cardinal, and that solely in consequence of his own instrumentality, but for which he might have never have been anything but a respectable artisan.

Mezzofanti commenced his first grammatical studies under the direction of Philip Cicotto, priest of Bologna, and his progress was so rapid that his father, a prudent man, who feared that literature would seduce his son, and prove itself to him, as to so many others, a sterile, ill-paid, and difficult career, actually became jealous and displeased at it. He endeavoured to persuade him to abandon his studies and engage himself in a more lucrative profession; but Providence had other intentions with regard to him. Father Jean Baptiste Respighi quickly perceived and appreciated the

genius and talents of his protégé, and sought to prevail on his father to abandon his original intention and send him to college. At first, and for a long time after, this was decidedly and stubbornly refused; but wearied at last of constantly denying the prayers of his friend, and fearful that it would be impossible fairly to turn the bent of his son's mind, he suffered him to be sent thither. Upon this, reassured with respect to his future, young Mezzofanti applied himself with a new ardour to study, and his successes soon placed him in the first rank of his companions, and, coupled with his good conduct, gained him the first prizes. Already there were perceptible those powers of memory which afterwards made him so famous, and his courses of philosophy and rhetoric were successfully passed through at the age of fifteen—a circumstance almost without precedent. Already he had felt irresistibly drawn towards the study of languages, and he now commenced to apply himself to it in good earnest. For the next two years, indeed, he applied himself to it with a great deal too much earnestness; for the excess of labour which he indulged in, together with the rigorous austerity to which he subjected himself, had brought on, by the time he was eighteen, so much nervous debility and general ill health, that his physicians were obliged to command him to refrain from touching a book for a lengthened period, as the only possible means of saving his life. The young man profited by this forced repose to finally decide upon his future career. What would be the nature of his decision might have been easily foreseen. The profession of priest naturally offered itself to him as the most acceptable, since it united opportunities for study with the daily practice of those religious duties to the performance of which he had been accustomed since his infancy.

On his recovery, therefore, by the influence and under the patronage of Father Respighi, Mezzofanti was admitted into the episcopal seminary of Bologna. His reputation had preceded him, but new successes augmented it a hundred fold. He continued his Greek studies un-

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himself, always the object of his qualification. At time a Dominican friar, F. Cuvieri, who at the end of the last century was counted amongst the savans of Bologna, initiated him into the knowledge of Hebrew; and Mezzofanti set to work to teach himself, conjointly with these, Arabic and the more important living languages. A monk of Blois, whom the Revolution had driven to seek an asylum in Italy, became his French master, and the French language was ever afterwards the one which he spoke the most willingly and the best.

The same superiority as that which he manifested in his linguistic labours was evident also in his theological studies. An old archpriest of Porreta, in the diocese of Bologna, his ancient fellow-student, used to speak of his rapid progress as a thing which astonished all his companions. On the 23rd of September, 1797, he was ordained a priest by the archbishop of Bologna. In the same year, on the 15th of December, he was inaugurated professor of Arabic, at the university of the same city, being then only in his four-and-twentieth year. On his entering into orders the archbishop presented him with a couple of small livings which were in his gift, but the revenue from them both together did not amount to £11. But Mezzofanti found in a priest, a friend of his family, a generous benefactor, who, divining the worth of the young professor, gave him out of his own private purse an income twice as large as that which he derived from his two benefices, although his own did not amount to more than £15 per year.

This was the epoch of the Italian wars, and the time at which Napoleon's memorable victories in the Peninsula had rendered his name more than ever redoubtable. Conquered several times, Bologna was successively in the power of the French and of the Austrians, and its hospitals, filled to the overflow with foreign soldiers, wounded in the field of battle, became, for a long time, the theatre in which the zeal of the youthful priest principally exerted itself, his vocation of linguist adding immensely to his powers of doing good. Nothing could be more touching than th

their sorrows or tell of their pains to the physicians and priests charged with the task of attending them, and who, but for him, would have had to die without being able to send to their far-off friends a single last word, were deeply moved at the compassionating kindness of Mezzofanti. His heart filled with emotion at the bed-sides of these warriors, wounded in the combat. His Christian charity did the rest, and proved itself always meek and patient, and willing to do anything in order to relieve the cares and ease the pains of others. The ardour with which he fulfilled his many sad duties, and the solicitude with which he watched over the states of all, together with the spirit of gentle kindness which breathed in every word and every action, gained him quickly the confidence both of the soldiers and their chief. They felt themselves called upon to love with all their hearts him who recalled to them their distant country, by speaking its language, and treating them as they could only have expected to have been treated by the kind ones there. But for him, thousands would have died raging with blasphemy, bitterness, and despair; who, as it was, died repentant and full of hope and resignation."

This work of charity and devotion was highly beneficial to the young linguist in another way than that in which the performance of good actions always benefits us all, since it caused him to acquire that facility of conversation in several foreign languages, and many of those familiar expressions in them, which books cannot teach.

In 1804, he was named professor of Greek and the Oriental languages to the University of Bologna, and he kept his chair till 1808. At this epoch the agitation of the times caused him to prefer a studious retreat to a public life, and he therefore became an Eremitic professor. In 1812, however, he came forth and accepted the office of under-librarian to the city, happy to find in this literary depôt all the resources of knowledge, and in the concourse of strangers who visited it the opportunity of exercising himself in the art of speaking the living languages with which he was acquainted. Two years afterwards, the hand which had held the Pope captive

at Fontenaille, freed him to liberty, and he returned to his native Liguria and then arrived

France became the theatre in 1830, communicated themselves also to Italy, and the year following Bologna rose in insurrection against the papal authority. We shall not here recount all the particulars of this insurrection. It was at last quelled; and when peace was re-established, the archbishop re-entered the city with a mission of reparation to fulfil; and one of his first acts was to send a deputation of the citizens to the Pope, to carry to the sovereign pontiff the homage (coupled with assurances of its future fidelity), of the second city in his dominions. Mezzofanti was appointed a member of this deputation; and during the few days that he passed at Rome in such capacity, the Pope made him a prelate, under the title of Non-assisting Episcopal Protonotary. It is to be believed, however, that objections were still raised by Mezzofanti to the acceptance of any office which should require him to leave his beloved Bologna; for the Pope ever afterwards used to say, that he had to carry on a veritable siege, and actually command him henceforth to reside in Rome, before he could bring him to comply with his request; and, with that species of gaiety so natural to him, he would remark that the only service which was rendered him by the insurrection at Bologna was the sending of its celebrated linguist to Rome.

Shortly afterwards, namely in 1832, he made him a Canon of the Basilic of Saint Mary: soon after that, he appointed him Keeper of the Library of the Vatican; and, finally, a Canon of Saint Peter. These dignities, however, were only the preludes to another which was to crown them all. In the consistory of the 12th of February, 1839, Gregory XVI. created him a Cardinal. In his new capacity he had, of course, to take his place in the congregations of the Propaganda, and play his part in the examinations of the bishops in *saera teologia e sacri canonii*; as also in many other similar duties; but of all of those which were imposed by his elevation, not one was so dear to his heart, or so conformable to his taste and inclinations, as that of watching over the young neophytes of the Propaganda. Their examinations, the cure of their studies, the paternal and sage advice which he was able to give them, the care of the material interests of the college and the correspondence which it carried on with the

learned men of all the countries of the world, attracted him incessantly towards this academy, whose students were composed of men of every nation. His presence there was never more earnestly solicited, nor ever more useful than during the few weeks preceding Epiphany, when, in commemoration of the initiation of all the nations of humanity into a knowledge of the Christian revelation, the Propaganda was accustomed to hold the "Festival of Languages," at which the various and numerous members, gathered together from all points of the globe, recited oratorical or poetical compositions in nearly fifty different tongues and idioms. All these compositions were shown to the cardinal before the holding of the solemn sitting, at which they were to be recited; and he was accustomed to correct them with the greatest care. The ideas of the authors, the construction of their phrases, the forms of their orations, the rhythm of their poems, and the cadence of their verses; all these, and more, profited by his corrections. When else did there exist a man who was capable of performing such a wonder?

From amongst the number of interesting or curious anecdotes concerning him which have been collected by his biographer, we select two or three, which will serve to give some further idea of the talents of this extraordinary man.

One day, Gregory XVI. wished to give himself the pleasure of one of those improvised conversations in various languages which were sometimes got up for the purpose of trying the ability of Mezzofanti, and which were veritable linguistic assaults, from which, however, he always came off conqueror. Accordingly, in the tortuous alleys of the garden of the Vatican, behind thick masses of verdure, he hid a number of pupils of the Propaganda, and then persuaded Mezzofanti to accompany him in his usual afternoon's walk. All at once, at a preconcerted signal, the young people came in a crowd to bend their knees before the supreme pontiff, and rising, addressed Mezzofanti with the utmost volubility, each in his own tongue. As they all spoke at once, one would have thought it impossible for him to have made anything of such a confused flood of words, and in a conflict of sounds and languages of such dissimilar characters. He, however, wrestled against it with the utmost

bility, and responded to his interlo- store with promptitude, answering each in his own dialect with elegance and exactitude, and leaving the pope in astonishment and admiration at a memory so vast, so certain, and so prompt that even the most unexpected surprise could not put it at fault.

The next anecdote we reproduce here, dates to the visit of the Russian Emperor Nicholas to the capital of catholicism. The monarch had come from Rome from Naples, whither, in consequence of its fine climate, his sickiness had been attracted. It was during the first days of the December of 1845. All thoughts were turned towards the daily expected interview between the Emperor and the Pope, and conjectures were innumerable as to which of the cardinals the pontiff would choose to be the witness of it. Gregory XVI. last pointed out Cardinal Acton, by choice in which it was imagined that political intention could be discovered. The emperor, who occupied with his visit the Palace Justiniani, designed to visit the monuments and marvels of the eternal city; and as of the last Mezzofanti was the chief, the autocrat expressed a desire to see and speak with him. Accordingly he was invited by letter to come and pay his respects to the imperial visitor. The cardinal immediately complied with the invitation, and the interview between him and the autocrat was long. Nicholas spoke in Russian and in Polish, and avowed that Mezzofanti expressed himself in those languages with as much correctness and fluency as any of his own subjects. Mezzofanti, however, could not reply to the Czar with a similar compliment. In the contrary, he took the liberty of informing him that he did not pronounce some of his Polish words quite correctly, and that he had several times had the pleasure of hearing them pronounced here so!

Mezzofanti was acquainted with all the dialects which are spoken in France, though they are neither few nor very like each other. Some ecclesiastics from Lower Brittany one day began to converse with him in low Breton. Persuaded by their countenances that they, however, were not Bretons, he stopped them and inquired of what province of France they were natives, and they replied of Burgundy. "Ah!" responded the cardinal, "but there are two Bur-

gundian dialects; which of them is your mother tongue?" "That of Lower Burgundy," was their answer; and thereupon the cardinal began to converse with them in their own dialect with a fluency and facility which they themselves could not exceed, if they could equal.

When the Roman revolution broke out, Mezzofanti remained faithful to the papacy, and this was almost the only action of his life in which we think he erred. We cannot doubt, however, that his motives were all pure, nor, considering his education can we, after all, blame him much for his fidelity to what, nevertheless, we cannot but regard as the cause of superstition and despotic tyranny. In his eyes the righteous efforts of the revolutionists towards liberty, appeared as the greatest calamities which could have befallen his country. They preyed upon his mind, and broke his heart; and this being the case, though none of us can doubt that his sympathies were in reality on the wrong side, since we cannot any the more doubt the sincerity of his intentions, should we not honour him as a true, though, like so many others, a mistaken patriot! He died on the 18th of March, 1849.

The agitation of the time did not permit his family or the clergy of the parish to which he belonged, to render to his mortal remains the honours usually conferred on those of persons of his rank. There was no lying in state upon a magnificent bed in the palace of the cardinal, or upon the high altar of the cathedral of Saint Peter's. Everything was done in the obscurest manner possible, and on the second day after his death his body was deposited privately in a vault near the altar of the church of Saint Onuphreus. His bones were placed by the side of those of Tasso, who, after coming out of the prison of Ferrara, in the year 1595, came to seek a last asylum and a supreme consolation in the convent which remains attached to this church. The great linguist and the immortal chanter of the "Jerusalem Delivered," now repose there, side by side.

The knowledge of languages possessed by Mezzofanti in such an extraordinary degree makes us regret that he wrote no work on the art of acquiring them. He must have had some method unknown to others, or he never would

have assimilated such a vast number of languages, or penetrated so deeply into their grammatical and literary genius, or retained so faithfully in his memory such an astonishing number of words, and drawn them thence at need without any difficulty or confusion. An Italian writer, who, under the veil of the anonymous, has devoted some pages in a periodical review, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, to a criticism upon the talents of Mezzofanti, after having informed us that he was acquainted with *seventy-eight* different languages, exclusive of a vast number of varieties and dialects, assures us that he was not only able to read and speak them all at will, but also to write them all correctly, in their own characters; and that he had also composed poems in all and each of them. This, if true, is very remarkable, for we all know, that in all languages the peculiar idiom employed by the poet is the most difficult, the most artificial, and the most intricate of all. The same writer tells us that Mezzofanti had written, a year before his death, an "Essay on the comparative signs of the languages of Shem, Cham, and Japhet;" in which he had indicated the connection more or less close which exists between them all, and also the common source

from which they are derived. He says further, that Mezzofanti had also laid down in this essay a simple method by means of which a great number of idioms might be easily learned; but he is obliged to add that he does not know what has become of so valuable a manuscript. One of the pupils of Mezzofanti, Father Cadevoni, in a letter addressed to a friend of ours, relates that Mezzofanti once read in his presence at one of the sittings of the "Pontifical Institute of Bologna," a memoir upon the language of the mountain populations, which inhabit the *Sette Comuni*, in the dominions of the pope, and the origin of whose language was a question of controversy in the fifteenth century, though it was generally considered really philologists to be a branch of the ancient Cimbrian or Teutonic; and in the memoir he remembers that some reference was made to this method, though all particulars concerning it he has forgotten. Mention is made of this memoir in the records of the Society, but no one has yet been able to find it. We trust, however, that it is not wholly lost, but will one day be discovered, to the great benefit, we doubt not, of every future student of language. W. W.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THERE have been many greater men within the last half century than Robert Southey—men of more enlarged and liberal views, of profounder thought, of deeper spiritual consciousness. There have been poets too, whose imagination has taken a nobler flight, who have understood the heart of humanity better, who have stirred our inmost feelings, because they themselves have fathomed all the depths of our existence.

Of Southey's poems few, if any, have become household words; we do not take them with us when we travel, or resort to them when we feel the greatest need of refreshment and delight. They are admired, but not loved; they are read, but not learnt. Nor is there one of his prose writings which, in a small and select library, we should deem indispensable. They are never rich in

the "seeds of thought," they are not suggestive, they do not awaken and stimulate the mind, nor do they calm and tranquillise it by images of beauty.

Indeed, among the many paths into which Southey was led by genius or circumstances, we do not know one in which he has not only rivals but superiors.

And yet, while we acknowledge this, there is scarcely a name connected with our modern literature for which we have a kinder feeling, a more thorough and heart-felt love. A simple and brief narrative of his life will explain the ground of our predilection, and as we believe justify it.

It has been often said that the life of a literary man must be devoid of general interest, that there is for the most part lack of incident or romance; and that

a position in society must, of necessity, attract less attention than the career of warrior, a statesman, or a politician. We say, in reply, that the uses to which biography may be applied are as manifold as the objects for which it is written. Some men read it to acquire facts, some for amusement of a refined and rational nature, some to gain a greater insight into the spirit of an age or country, and some, and these we think have the highest object in view, that they may become conversant with humanity, and thus their sympathies may take a wider range, and that they may be enabled to appropriate whatsoever is noble and of good report, to develop in their own lives, to gain loftier motives for action, and greater strength for suffering. Now it is not from the more gay and ostentatious acts of public life, that this latter class of readers can obtain the *pabulum* they require. The great heroism is to be met with by the domestic hearth; and the study of mental idiosyncrasies, or of the processes of thought, which mark the course of great literary men, may be of infinitely more importance than the records of a battle, or of a diplomatic intrigue. The highest wisdom is not to be met with on the surface, and intercourse with mind is oftentimes more profitable than a knowledge of facts. It may lead to thoughtfulness, and sometimes may reveal powers within us of which we had not previously been aware. Besides which, we should never forget that the men of thought are the pioneers of the men of action; they are not so universally estimated, but their real influence is felt by those best able to understand its value; and the world, thank-a-little, unappreciating, receives the benefit. Next to the religious and moral condition of a country, its highest and most enduring glory is derived from its literature. Literary biography therefore possesses a universal interest, and could be studied by men of the world, as well as by those who find in it a more peculiar delight.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol, the 12th August, 1774.

His autobiography gives an amusing account of his early history and school feelings, which commenced as soon as he was capable of learning the alphabet. In this narrative Southey's aunt, Miss Tyler, occupies a prominent position, and, as much of his time was

spent in her custody, a short account of this strange woman must be given here. It will afford an idea of the earliest impressions and training the young genius received. He it known then that at the period of which we are treating, Miss Tyler, a lady of an uncertain age and temper, but possessed of some beauty, after having "lived at large," frequented watering places, and visited Portugal, took a house at Bath, and received our poet, who from the age of two till six found for the most part a residence in it. Here his childish miseries began. Every night during the winter months was he aroused from his first sleep and transferred from the maid's bed to his aunt's, to avoid the danger of a warming-pan; every morning was he compelled to lie immoveable until nine or ten o'clock, lest the slumbers of this interesting lady should be disturbed. Perhaps she indulged him with the theatre, as a compensation for the unpleasant position of these morning hours; certain it is he was continually taken there, even when he was too young "to comprehend the nature of the drama, or to derive any pleasure from it, except as a mere show." Miss Tyler's love of theatricals, awakened doubtless the poetical powers of the boy. He was conversant with Shakespeare as soon as he could read, and in his eighth year had gone through Beaumont and Fletcher.

His aunt preserved all the play bills, and Robert's amusement was to prick the letters with a pin. "It is the easiest thing in the world to write a play," he said, "for you know you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it." From Bath Miss Tyler removed to Bristol. "She laboured," Southey says, "under a perpetual *dysto-phobia*, and a comical disease it was." The best room in the house was never opened except for company, and to keep the other apartments clean, she took her meals in a kitchen, which was little better than a scullery. Every person, too, whom she did not like, was looked upon as unclean, and she once buried a cup for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she so regarded. We conclude that the circumstances of Southey's father, who was a linen-draper, rendered it advantageous for the family that the boy should remain with his aunt. It is impossible

not to lament this, for his mother was a woman of considerable understanding, as almost all the mothers of great men have been, and, moreover, of a sweet and affectionate disposition. Southey's early school life is interesting, but we must pass it over, and hasten at once to the month of February, 1788, when he was removed to Westminster. Here a weekly paper had been set on foot by the elder boys, and Robert, who had already written a considerable quantity of rhyme and blank verse, tried, in vain, to find a place in it. A rather minute account of some of his contemporaries, at this school, closes the autobiography; which, if it had been continued, would certainly have proved one of the most amusing and anecdotal ever written. The termination of his course at Westminster was characteristic. When he had attained to the upper classes, he started, with the assistance of some of his companions, a periodical, called "The Flagellant," which however did not long survive its birth, for the ninth number contained an invective on corporal punishment, ascribing its origin, very naturally, to Satan. Southey, with the ingenuousness which distinguished him through life, acknowledged the authorship, and was expelled the school. This occurred in the spring of 1792, and until the close of the year he resided with his aunt at Bristol. Soon after this his father died, and Southey, having matriculated at Oxford, was entered at Balliol College, whither he went up to reside in the month of January, 1793.

With the unconservative principles of his early days, Southey finds fault enough with the discipline and habits of his College.

"Would you think it possible," he says, "that the wise founders of an English University should forbid us to wear boots?"

"I must learn to pay respect to men remarkable only for great wigs and little wisdom."

All the members of the College were accustomed to have their heads dressed and powdered. Southey, partly from obstinacy perhaps, and partly from an allowable vanity, would not suffer his beautiful hair to be thus disfigured. This excited some remarks at the time, but his example was soon followed.

In the month of August, during the vacation, Southey resided with his old

Westminster companion, and life-long friend, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, and while with him completed in six weeks the poem of "Joan of Arc," of which he had previously composed 300 lines. Already his restless and teeming brain was excited with projects for the future. "I have plans lying by me," he says, "enough for many years or many lives."

Perhaps no man ever built more castles in the air, or accomplished more at the same time. His industry was marvellous, and apparently knew no cessation. It may undoubtedly be said he was the most voluminous author of modern times. Even now, when only twenty years of age, he speaks of "10,000 verses burnt and lost, the same number preserved, and 15,000 worthless."

The expenses of Southey's College course were defrayed by his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, who had cherished, although he had not expressed the wish, that he should enter the Church. But Southey was at this time a radical in politics, and a unitarian in religion; and he was far too conscientious and earnest a man to subscribe to articles in which he could not believe.

For a time he proposed to study medicine, and attended the anatomy school. But his horror at dissections, and his love of literature, which occupied, even at this early period, a warm place in his heart, soon caused him to withdraw from the pursuit.

He was in love, and naturally anxious for employment, but for a long time he was destined to endure that "hope deferred," which, more than anything else in this world of ours, "maketh the heart sick." And now arose that wild and romantic scheme which, under the name of "Pantisocracy," has become famous. Coleridge and Southey become acquainted, a mutual liking springs up between them, Southey is engaged to Edith Frierick; his companion falls in love with Sara; Lovell, the son of a wealthy quaker, has already married another of the sisters. A notable triumvirate truly! Eager, ardent spirits! Panting to emigrate to a new world, and to establish a Colony there. After awhile they are joined by several other young men, and there remains but one obstacle, the lack of money; but Southey will print "Joan of Arc," which will "carry him over and get him some few acres, a spade, and a plough."

strangest part of the whole matter Mrs. Southey approves of the end is to accompany her son, yet she looks or calls him mad at the same time. For a while there is not much objection. In spite of Coleridge's eloquence, and Southey's energy, money is not forthcoming. Suddenly Miss Southey becomes aware of her nephew's plans, and in a storm of maidenly indignation, partly at "Pantisocracy," and more at the proposed marriage, she turns him out of her house, in a wind and rain, and the lateness of the evening, and will see his face no more. Poor Southey is in an uncomfortable condition truly! Many plans are in his mind, but his horizon is dark and cloudy, and he sees not yet what is beyond. He gives a course of lectures, and writes for a month and a half a week, in "The Friend." "If Coleridge and I," he says, "can get £150 a year, between us, for purpose marrying, and retiring to the country, as our literary business is now carried on there, and practising law, till we can raise money for ourselves—still the grand object in view." Southey happily commences his acquaintance with Joseph Cottle, who offers him fifty guineas for the copyright of "An Arcadian." The scheme of "Pantisocracy" is in the meantime abandoned, much to Coleridge's dismay, and he goes by it to the last. Coleridge's uncle, Mr. Hill, who was in London about this time, persuaded him to accompany him to Lisbon, and he commenced the study of the law, which is now proposed as a profession. His object in advising this trip, was to moderate his nephew's political views, and partly "to wean him, if not from what he considered an attachment." Doubtless, in the midst of the world, heart sympathy and affection are very poor substitutes for want of money; but Mr. Hill, who is seriously in supposing that his absence, could in anywise affect so warm and constant as Southey's. The day was settled for the departure, and on the same day, the 11th of November, 1795, he was married to Edith Fricker. They parted sadly, and Edith went to reside with Joseph Cottle's sisters, preserving her maiden-name, and wearing the ring hung round her neck. His visit to Lisbon "seems chief-

ly to have been useful to him, by giving him an acquaintance with the Spanish and Portuguese languages, and by laying the foundation of that love for the literature of those countries which continued through life."

In six months he returned, and resided with his wife, in lodgings, at Bristol. There his chief employment was literary.

"Is it not a pity, Grosvenor," he says, "that I should not execute my intention of writing more verses than Lope de Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore? The more I write, the more I have to write. I have a Helicon kind of drowsy upon me, and *crescit indulgens sibi*." And in another letter he gives a long list of projected works. At the commencement of the year 1797, his "Letters from Spain and Portugal" were published; and an old Westminster friend, having, with a noble generosity, granted Southey an annuity of £160, he was enabled to go to London, and commence the study of the law.

It is difficult to say whether London itself, or the profession which he had chosen in it, were the most hateful to him.

"I have an unspeakable loathing for that huge city." "My spirits always sink when I approach it."

"Is it not a villanous thing that poetry will not support a man, when the jargon of the law enriches so many? I had rather write an epic poem, than read a brief." With such feelings he entered upon his city life, proposing to devote his mornings to professional pursuits, and his evenings to "Madoo."

But before long he found the two occupations incompatible. London became unbearable, and he took lodgings for some months in the country, and after a few removals and excursions engaged a house at Westbury, a village two miles from Bristol; and literature occupied far more of his time than the study of the law. The booksellers appear to have given him ample employment, and much time was spent in poetical composition. After a delightful excursion in North Devon, in which he visited Lynmouth, then uninjured by buildings, and described it as the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, that he ever saw, Southey removed to Burton, in Hampshire, but he was scarcely settled there, when a

violent attack of illness compelled him to repair to Bristol for a medical opinion. He was advised to try the effect of a change of climate, and with Edith as a companion, again visited Lisbon. Here he read much in the Spanish and Portuguese languages; collected materials for that "History of Portugal" on which, through life, he was so intent; and completed *Thalaba*. "One overwhelming propensity," he says, "has formed my destiny, and marred all prospects of rank or wealth; but it has made me happy, and it will make me immortal." On Southey's return to England he resided for a short time at Bristol, and renounced entirely the study of the law; and from thence, on an invitation from Coleridge, he visited his brother-bard at Greta Hall, Keswick; which was destined, ere long, to become his own residence, and where the greater portion of his life was spent. And now, at the age of twenty-eight, he obtained the appointment of Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, which proved to be a mere sinecure. The income was respectable, the work only nominal. This did not suit Southey's taste or conscience, and after a few months, on the Chancellor's expressing a wish that he should undertake the tuition of his son, he resigned, what he terms, "a good office, and a good salary;" and returned once more to Bristol, with "a job in hand for Longman and Rees, which will bring in £60, a possibility of £10, and a chance of a farther £30."

Amidst his own necessary labours for daily bread, he found time for one of those many acts of mercy which "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust," and which will for ever immortalize the name of Southey.

Mrs. Newton, the sister of Clatterton, was in necessitous circumstances, and Southey, jointly with Joseph Cottle, undertook to edit a new edition of the unfortunate poet's works, and they had the delightful satisfaction of handing over to that lady £300, as the proceeds of their labour.

It is quite impossible for us to recount all the kind and noble acts of this sort, which Southey performed. Struggling bravely himself, and seldom able to do more than to meet the exigencies of the coming hour, he was always ready to assist others, sometimes with money, sometimes with advice, and

often with the precious labours of his pen. The widow and child of his brother-in-law, Lowell, found a place at his fire-side. Coleridge's wife and children, also, were, it is well known, forsaken by their father, and received by him. Some of his friends became overwhelmed with difficulties, and his purse was at once offered for their aid. And many a young poet found it difficult to acknowledge the debt of gratitude he owed to Robert Southey. Three of those who may be deemed the most promising—Kirke White, Dusautoy, and Herbert Knowles, sunk early into the grave, but, not before Southey had rendered them all the assistance in his power. Towards Kirke White, indeed, his kindness extended beyond this, for in a short, but touching memoir, he has embalmed his memory.

In the autumn of 1803, the Southneys lost their first child, and so much did they feel this bereavement that they were glad to escape from Bristol, and visit Keswick once more. It proved to be more than a visit, and Greta Hall has become associated with all that is most significant and touching in the life of Southey. There his finest works were written, there he gained no small and stinted portion of the world's fame; and there, in the bosom of his family, he showed the possibility of uniting poetical genius with steady, conscientious labour; and of combining lofty powers of intellect with the most beautiful simplicity of character, and with the tenderest affection for every member of his home-circle.

At the age of thirty we find him fairly embarked in his profession; and never was literature more honored, or more steadfastly adhered to, by any man who has chosen it for a vocation. And now his projects and performances thicken upon us; surrounded by his books, and secluded altogether from the world of action, the poet takes the pen in hand (without which he found it difficult to think at all) and labours on from day to day, and from year to year, sometimes writing for bread, sometimes for fame, but always with a cheerful self-reliant spirit, and a hopefulness which is almost youthful. "I have more in hand," he writes, "than Buonaparte or Marquis Wellesley—digesting Gothic law, gleaming moral history from monkish legends, and conquering India, or rather

dia with Albuquerque; filling up the blanks of the day by hunting in Jesuit annals, and compiling "Collectanea Hispanica et Gothica." At the same time he was preparing his "Specimens of English Poets."

In 1803 "Madoc," which although completed long before, had, it seems, been greatly altered, was printed. Southey's opinion of this poem, as indeed of most of his poetical works, was very high, and few even of his warmest admirers will agree with it. Thus he writes to his brother, "William Taylor has said it is the best English poem which has left the press since the 'Paradise Lost'; indeed this is not exaggerated praise, for unfortunately there is no competition," and again in another letter, he says, with a more truthful criticism, "The story wants unity, and has perhaps too Greek, too stoical want of passion; but as far as I can see, with the same eyes wherewith I read Homer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, it is a good poem and must be."

In the autumn of the same year, Southey visited Walter Scott, at Ashiel, and this interview added strength to the intimacy between these two great men which had already existed for some time, and which continued unimpaired through life.

When in Edinburgh, Southey was introduced to Brougham and Jeffrey, the latter of whom was well known and severely criticised his poems in "The Edinburgh Review," and Southey in turn, with a very amusing straightforwardness, speaks of the superficial knowledge of the Scotch reviewers, compared with such men as Rickman, William Taylor, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Unfortunately for his own reputation, Southey regarded with far too much contempt the critical bolts which were hurled against him. If Jeffrey was deficient in admiration of Southey, the keenness of his eye detected many of those flaws, which will permanently affect his poetical fame. He returned to his mountain home, thankful above all that he was not a Scotchman. From this time, even to the period of his death, his retired and useful life contains few incidents of stirring or romantic nature. But there was a daily beauty in his history which it would become us well to remember.

His intense love of his wife and children, his cheerful, happy, buoyant nature, his fine independent spirit, his patient adherence to the path of duty—rough and sterile as that path often proved—his thankfulness for the mercies of his lot, and above all his trust in God, which never forsook him even when his cup of sorrow was filled to the brim, all these traits of character throw a halo round the memory of Southey, which his mere literary labours could never have produced. We have said that in early life he was a Radical in politics, and a unitarian in religion. His change of views in both respects appears to have been gradual. In the formation of his opinions, he was certainly free from the insinuations thrown out against him, and uninfluenced by any secondary motives, but yet we doubt whether any political party would have gained much by the intellectual assent of a mind like Southey's. His feelings were so impulsive, his reasoning powers so illogical, the media through which he viewed what was passing around him so strangely distorted, that it is impossible he should hold a high place as a political writer. His religious life, however, as far as that life became developed and strengthened, was the result, not of trains of reasoning, but of wants which were felt, and which could alone be satisfied by a reliance on Jesus Christ as a divine Saviour.

Though we differ from Robert Southey on many points, and those justly esteemed among the most important, it is with pleasure that we can award to him the praise of sincerity, and an honest desire for the welfare of the church and the world.

An extract from a letter to a friend will afford the reader an idea of his daily habits at this time, and such it seems, with few exceptions, they continued through life: "My actions are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humour, till dinner-time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta—for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires

to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea, I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write, and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life—which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish."

In this letter, Southey gives no record of any labours before breakfast, but we learn from another that a vast amount of composition was completed at that early hour.

In 1807, Southey having attained his 31st year, Mr. Wynn, to whom our poet had been for many years indebted for a pension, procured for him a small annuity from government, which was welcome, inasmuch as it released him from any pecuniary obligations to his friend. Beyond this, reviewing appears to have afforded him the chief means of support.

He had been writing for "The Annual Review," and now received overtures from the Longmans to contribute to "The Edinburgh Review," as it was proposed to carry on the work under a different management. This plan, however, was given up, and, notwithstanding Walter Scott's entreaties and the prospect of a considerable addition to his income, Southey could not be prevailed on to write while Jeffrey continued editor. He said he had scarcely one opinion in common with the Review. After a while, Sir Walter Scott himself dissented from the principles of the "Edinburgh," and the "Quarterly Review" being started as its rival, Southey was invited to become a contributor. He accepted the invitation, and wrote for that work until within the last few years of his life. This afforded him a certain and steady income, but it was gained at the cost of much time and labour, which he would willingly have devoted to more important works. But whether he be employed on prose or verse, reviewing or history, there is no pause, no cessation; the public may admire, or, as is more frequently the case, neglect his writings, still he perseveres, undaunted by failure, and not unduly elated by success. Happy the man born into this rough world with the cheerful disposition and courage of Robert Southey!

In the Autumn of 1809, he undertook the historical department in the "An-

nual Register" at the yearly payment from Ballantyne of £400, which, while it lasted, was one of the most lucrative engagements into which he ever entered.

The first volume of the "History of Brazil" was published soon afterwards, but his *opus magnum*, the "History of Portugal," on which his most ambitious hopes were fixed, and on which he desired his reputation to rest, was still postponed, and doomed, alas! to continue unfinished to the last. Many a lucrative office, which most men would have grasped at with eagerness, was declined by him, for he preferred fame to money, and the quiet simplicity and pursuits of a literary and country life, to any mere worldly distinction. Children were growing up around him, and to them he was devotedly attached; they were not afraid to interrupt him even in his busiest moments, and he would cheerfully break off from his work to play with them or to take a country stroll. He loved flowers too; with them his earliest recollections were connected, and they afforded him that solace and refreshment for which they seem so peculiarly intended, and which they ever must afford to the man who is "pure in heart," and whose tastes have not been corrupted by the world. "The Life of Nelson" and the poem of "Roderick" are the next note-worthy productions of Southey's pen.

The former is probably the finest biography of its class to be found in the English language. The style is so chaste, the narrative so straightforward and beautiful, the descriptions of naval warfare so picturesque and vivid, that it is impossible to rise from the perusal of the volume without sentiments of high admiration.

"Roderick," too, as containing more of the spirit of humanity and of those qualities which excite our sympathy, although less gorgeous and magnificent than "Thalaba," and far less wild than "The Curse of Kehama," possesses a more permanent interest than either of those poems.

In the Autumn of 1813, Southey was invested with the office of Poet Laureate, which added but very little to his pension, and nothing to his fame. The office had passed through unworthy hands, and had become despicable; by his acceptance of it, he rescued it from contempt, and his successors, being

as-born poets, have conferred upon it adurable distinction.

In the politics of this eventful period, Southey was highly interested; and after the battle of Waterloo, paid a pilgrimage to the field, visited several of the cities of Belgium, bought a number of volumes to add to his noble store, and wrote a poem on his return. Among the books purchased was a "History of Brazil," by M. Alphonse de Beauchamp, three octavo volumes, who speaks, in a preface, of a compilation which had been published in England from his fumes, by Robert Southey; whereas, in fact, it appears, was, that this very faithful author had stolen nearly the whole of his work from Southey's history, copying his list of authorities, and committing various blunders at the same time.

A bitter domestic sorrow visited Southey in the spring of the following year, a sorrow so deep and pungent that it left lasting traces on his mind and constitution. This was the death of his son Herbert, in the tenth year of his age. The hopes of the father were envenomed around this boy. He had educated him entirely; he had participated in his amusements; "he was associated with all his thoughts, and closely connected with all the habits of his daily life."

Though resigned to the blow, the weight of it seems to have crushed him; and although still in the prime of life, he never again recovered the elastic cheerfulness of his happier years. The verses which Southey wrote on this occasion to faithful and sympathising friends are among the most beautiful ever penned; and, numerous as they are, we could not spare one. They reveal to us some of the finest feelings of the man. With great wisdom, however, he did not dare to indulge in idle grief, but worked on with more assiduity than ever, doing, as he says, more work in one day than he was accustomed to do in three.

Passing over Southey's political views at this period—which we gladly do—in silence, inasmuch as they were opposed to all true liberty, and the malicious republication of "Wat Tyler," the democratic offspring of his youth, we come to an offer which might, had he thought of it, have changed the whole course of his life, and raised him to comparative eminence. He was invited to live in

London, and write the leading article in the *Times*, at a salary of £2000 a-year, and a share in the profits. This offer he at once declined! for no considerations were strong enough to induce him to renounce a country life and his peculiar literary tastes. An offer of the like nature, which he received from Government, was also rejected by him; and even the office of Librarian to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, though more in accordance with his tastes than any previous proposal, was not accepted.

Another continental journey and a tour in Scotland, with a few other incidents not worth mentioning, bring us to the year 1820. "The Peninsular War," "The Book of the Church," and "The Colloquies of Sir Thomas More," were in progress, and "The Life of Wesley" completed, which is generally regarded as one of Southey's cleverest and raciest productions. We can speak with unqualified praise of the style, the general arrangement of the work, and the interest which is sustained throughout. We believe, too, as we have before said, in Southey's unflinching honesty of purpose. He never wilfully distorted facts or injured character, and yet we regard the general tone of these volumes as singularly false and most unfriendly to the memory of the great founder of Methodism. He failed in appreciating the religious life of Wesley, just as he subsequently failed when he attempted to investigate the religious life of John Bunyan and of Cowper. Southey never thought profoundly, or looked much below the surface; and when he met with certain phases in the course of these illustrious men for which he could not account, and depths which his own experience did not permit him to fathom, instead of pondering them more seriously or being disturbed and perplexed at them, he took refuge in the belief that they sprang either from fanaticism or some degree of mental derangement, and thus saved himself the fatigue of further investigation.

John Bunyan, he says, was before his conversion a "blackguard," and nothing more, and was afterwards strangely deluded about himself; and Cowper's delicately-wrought mind was at length upset by his religious views and by the gloomy fancies of some of his Christian friends. It is an amusing peculiarity in Southey's writings—amusing, at least, when great interests are not injured by

France became the theatre in 1830, communicated themselves also to Italy, and the year following Bologna rose in insurrection against the papal authority. We shall not here recount all the particulars of this insurrection. It was at last quelled; and when peace was re-established, the archbishop re-entered the city with a mission of reparation to fulfil; and one of his first acts was to send a deputation of the citizens to the Pope, to carry to the sovereign pontiff the homage (coupled with assurances of its future fidelity), of the second city in his dominions. Mezzofanti was appointed a member of this deputation; and during the few days that he passed at Rome in such capacity, the Pope made him a prelate, under the title of Non-assisting Episcopal Protonotary. It is to be believed, however, that objections were still raised by Mezzofanti to the acceptance of any office which should require him to leave his beloved Bologna: for the Pope ever afterwards used to say, that he had to carry on a veritable siege, and actually command him henceforth to reside in Rome, before he could bring him to comply with his request; and, with that species of gaiety so natural to him, he would remark that the only service which was rendered him by the insurrection at Bologna was the sending of its celebrated linguist to Rome.

Shortly afterwards, namely in 1832, he made him a Canon of the Basilic of Saint Mary: soon after that, he appointed him Keeper of the Library of the Vatican; and, finally, a Canon of Saint Peter. These dignities, however, were only the preludes to another which was to crown them all. In the consistory of the 12th of February, 1839, Gregory XVI. created him a Cardinal. In his new capacity he had, of course, to take his place in the congregations of the Propaganda, and play his part in the examinations of the bishops in *sacra teologia e sacri canonis*; as also in many other similar duties; but of all of those which were imposed by his elevation, not one was so dear to his heart, or so conformable to his taste and inclinations, as that of watching over the young neophytes of the Propaganda. Their examinations, the care of their studies, the paternal and sage advice which he was able to give them, the care of the material interests of the college and the correspondence which it carried on with the

learned men of all the countries of the world, attracted him incessantly towards this academy, whose students were composed of men of every nation. His presence there was never more earnestly solicited, nor ever more useful than during the few weeks preceding Epiphany, when, in commemoration of the initiation of all the nations of humanity into a knowledge of the Christian revelation, the Propaganda was accustomed to hold the "Festival of Languages," at which the various and numerous members, gathered together from all points of the globe, recited oratorical or poetical compositions in nearly fifty different tongues and idioms. All these compositions were shown to the cardinal before the holding of the solemn sitting, at which they were to be recited; and he was accustomed to correct them with the greatest care. The ideas of the authors, the construction of their phrases, the forms of their orations, the rhythm of their poems, and the cadence of their verses: all these, and more, profited by his corrections. When else did there exist a man who was capable of performing such a wonder?

From amongst the number of interesting or curious anecdotes concerning him which have been collected by his biographer, we select two or three, which will serve to give some further idea of the talents of this extraordinary man.

One day, Gregory XVI. wished to give himself the pleasure of one of those improvised conversations in various languages which were sometimes got up for the purpose of trying the ability of Mezzofanti, and which were veritable linguistic assaults, from which, however, he always came off conqueror. Accordingly, in the tortuous alleys of the garden of the Vatican, behind thick masses of verdure, he hid a number of pupils of the Propaganda, and then persuaded Mezzofanti to accompany him in his usual afternoon's walk. All at once, at a preconcerted signal, the young people came in a crowd to bend their knees before the supreme pontiff, and rising, addressed Mezzofanti with the utmost volubility, each in his own tongue. As they all spoke at once, one would have thought it impossible for him to have made anything of such a confused flood of words, and in a conflict of sounds and languages of such dissimilar characters. He, however, wrestled against it with the utmost

ility, and responded to his interlocutors with promptitude, answering in his own dialect with elegance and exactitude, and leaving the pope in astonishment and admiration at a memory so vast, so certain, and so prompt at even the most unexpected surprise did not put it at fault.

The next anecdote we reproduce here, relates to the visit of the Russian emperor Nicholas to the capital of ubelicism. The monarch had come

Rome from Naples, whither, in consequence of its fine climate, his sickiness had been attracted. It was during the first days of the December

1845. All thoughts were turned towards the daily expected interview between the Emperor and the Pope, and speculations were innumerable as to which of the cardinals the pontiff would choose to be the witness of it. Gregory last pointed out Cardinal Acton, by choice in which it was imagined that political intention could be discovered. The emperor, who occupied with him the Palace Justiniani, designed to sit at the monuments and marvels of the eternal city; and as of the late Mezzofanti was the chief, the autocrat expressed desire to see and speak with him.

Accordingly he was invited by letter to do so, and pay his respects to the monarch. The cardinal immediately complied with the invitation, and the interview between him and the autocrat took place. Nicholas spoke in Russian and in Polish, and avowed that Mezzofanti expressed himself in those languages with as much correctness and purity as any of his own subjects. Excellent, however, could not reply to the emperor with a similar compliment. To the contrary, he took the liberty of remarking, that he did not pronounce any of his Polish words quite correctly, and that he had several times had the pleasure of hearing them pronounced

Mezzofanti was a quantity of all sorts of languages spoken in Italy, and they are neither few nor very exact in their pronunciation. Some of these, as, for example, the dialect of the Ligurian, he began to converse with when he was a boy. He was very conversant with the dialects of the various provinces of France; they were natives, and they spoke them fluently. He also spoke the

gundian dialects; which of them is your mother tongue?" "That of Lower Burgundy," was their answer; and thereupon the cardinal began to converse with them in their own dialect with a fluency and facility which they themselves could not exceed, if they could equal.

When the Roman revolution broke out, Mezzofanti remained faithful to the papacy, and this was almost the only action of his life in which we think he erred. We cannot doubt, however, that his motives were all pure, nor, considering his education can we, after all, blame him much for his fidelity to what, nevertheless, we cannot but regard as the cause of superstition and despotic tyranny. In his eyes the righteous efforts of the revolutionists towards liberty, appeared as the greatest calamities which could have befallen his country. They preyed upon his mind, and broke his heart; and this being the case, though none of us can doubt that his sympathies were in reality on the wrong side, since we cannot any the more doubt the sincerity of his intentions, should we not honour him as a true, though, like so many others, a mistaken patriot? He died on the 18th of March, 1849.

The agitation of the time did not permit his family or the clergy of the parish to which he belonged, to render to his mortal remains the honours usually conferred on those of persons of his rank. There was no lying in state upon a magnificent bed in the palace of the cardinal, or upon the high altar of the cathedral of Saint Peter's. Everything was done in the obscurest manner possible, and on the second day after his death his body was deposited privately in a vault near the altar of the church of Saint Onuphrius. His bones were placed by the side of those of Tasso, who, after coming out of the prison of Ferrara, in the year 1595, came to seek a last asylum and a supreme consolation in the convent which remains attached to this church. The great Augustin and the immortal chanter of the "Jerusalem Delivered," now repose there side by side.

The knowledge of languages possessed by Mezzofanti in such an extraordinary degree makes us regret that he wrote no work on the art of acquiring them. He must have had some method unknown to others, or he never would

have assimilated such a vast number of languages, or penetrated so deeply into their grammatical and literary genius, or retained so faithfully in his memory such an astonishing number of words, and drawn them thence at need without any difficulty or confusion. An Italian writer, who, under the veil of the anonymous, has devoted some pages in a periodical review, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, to a criticism upon the talents of Mezzofanti, after having informed us that he was acquainted with *seventy-eight* different languages, exclusive of a vast number of varieties and dialects, assures us that he was not only able to read and speak them all at will, but also to write them all correctly, in their own characters; and that he had also composed poems in all and each of them. This, if true, is very remarkable, for we all know, that in all languages the peculiar idiom employed by the poet is the most difficult, the most artificial, and the most intricate of all. The same writer tells us that Mezzofanti had written, a year before his death, an "Essay on the comparative signs of the languages of Shem, Cham, and Japhet;" in which he had indicated the connection more or less close which exists between them all, and also the common source

from which they are derived. He says further, that Mezzofanti had also laid down in this essay a simple method by means of which a great number of idioms might be easily learned; but he is obliged to add that he does not know what has become of so valuable a manuscript. One of the pupils of Mezzofanti, Father Cadevoni, in a letter addressed to a friend of ours, relates that Mezzofanti once read in his presence at one of the sittings of the "Pontifical Institute of Bologna," a memoir upon the language of the mountain populations, which inhabit the *Sette Comuni*, in the dominions of the pope, and the origin of whose language was a question of controversy in the fifteenth century, though it was generally considered by philologists to be a branch of the ancient Cimbrian or Teutonic; and in the memoir he remembers that some reference was made to this method, though all particulars concerning it he has forgotten. Mention is made of this memoir in the records of the Society, but no one has yet been able to find it. We trust, however, that it is not wholly lost, but will one day be discovered, to the great benefit, we doubt not, of every future student of language. W. W.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THERE have been many greater men within the last half century than Robert Southey—men of more enlarged and liberal views, of profounder thought, of deeper spiritual consciousness. There have been poets too, whose imagination has taken a nobler flight, who have understood the heart of humanity better, who have stirred our inmost feelings, because they themselves have fathomed all the depths of our existence.

Of Southey's poems few, if any, have become household words; we do not take them with us when we travel, or resort to them when we feel the greatest need of refreshment and delight. They are admired, but not loved; they are read, but not learnt. Nor is there one of his prose writings which, in a small and select library, we should deem indispensable. They are never rich in

the "seeds of thought," they are not suggestive, they do not awaken and stimulate the mind, nor do they calm and tranquillise it by images of beauty.

Indeed, among the many paths into which Southey was led by genius or circumstances, we do not know one in which he has not only rivals but superiors.

And yet, while we acknowledge this, there is scarcely a name connected with our modern literature for which we have a kinder feeling, a more thorough and heart-felt love. A simple and brief narrative of his life will explain the ground of our predilection, and as we believe justify it.

It has been often said that the life of a literary man must be devoid of general interest, that there is for the most part lack of incident or romance; and that

not to lament this, for his mother was a woman of considerable understanding, as almost all the mothers of great men have been, and, moreover, of a sweet and affectionate disposition. Southey's early school life is interesting, but we must pass it over, and hasten at once to the month of February, 1788, when he was removed to Westminster. Here a weekly paper had been set on foot by the elder boys, and Robert, who had already written a considerable quantity of rhyme and blank verse, tried, in vain, to find a place in it. A rather minute account of some of his contemporaries, at this school, closes the autobiography; which, if it had been continued, would certainly have proved one of the most amusing and anecdotal ever written. The termination of his course at Westminster was characteristic. When he had attained to the upper classes, he started, with the assistance of some of his companions, a periodical, called "The Flagellant," which however did not long survive its birth, for the ninth number contained an invective on corporal punishment, ascribing its origin, very naturally, to Satan. Southey, with the ingenuousness which distinguished him through life, acknowledged the authorship, and was expelled the school. This occurred in the spring of 1792, and until the close of the year he resided with his aunt at Bristol. Soon after this his father died, and Southey, having matriculated at Oxford, was entered at Balliol College, whither he went up to reside in the month of January, 1793.

With the unconservative principles of his early days, Southey finds fault enough with the discipline and habits of his College.

"Would you think it possible," he says, "that the wise founders of an English University should forbid us to wear boots?"

"I must learn to pay respect to men remarkable only for great wigs and little wisdom."

All the members of the College were accustomed to have their heads dressed and powdered, Southey, partly from obstinacy perhaps, and partly from an allowable vanity, would not suffer his beautiful hair to be thus disfigured. This excited some remarks at the time, but his example was soon followed.

In the month of August, during the vacation, Southey resided with his old

Westminster companion, and life-long friend, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, and while with him completed in six weeks the poem of "Joan of Arc," of which he had previously composed 300 lines. Already his restless and teaming brain was excited with projects for the future. "I have plans lying by me," he says, "enough for many years or many lives."

Perhaps no man ever built more castles in the air, or accomplished more at the same time. His industry was marvellous, and apparently knew no cessation. It may undoubtedly be said he was the most voluminous author of modern times. Even now, when only twenty years of age, he speaks of "10,000 verses burnt and lost, the same number preserved, and 15,000 worthless."

The expenses of Southey's College course were defrayed by his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, who had cherished, although he had not expressed the wish, that he should enter the Church. But Southey was at this time a radical in politics, and a unitarian in religion; and he was far too conscientious and earnest a man to subscribe to articles in which he could not believe.

For a time he proposed to study medicine, and attended the anatomy school. But his horror at dissections, and his love of literature, which occupied, even at this early period, a warm place in his heart, soon caused him to withdraw from the pursuit.

He was in love, and naturally anxious for employment, but for a long time he was destined to endure that "hope deferred," which, more than anything else in this world of ours, "maketh the heart sick." And now arose that wild and romantic scheme which, under the name of "Pantisocracy," has become famous. Coleridge and Southey become acquainted, a mutual liking springs up between them. Southey is engaged to Edith Fricker; his companion falls in love with Sara; Lovell, the son of a wealthy quaker, has already married another of the sisters. A notable triumvirate truly! Eager, ardent spirits! Panting to emigrate to a new world, and to establish a Colony there. After awhile they are joined by several other young men, and there remains but one obstacle, the lack of money; but Southey will print "Joan of Arc," which will "carry him over and get him some few acres, a spade, and a plough."

The strangest part of the whole matter is that Mrs. Southey approves of the plan, and is to accompany her son, yet she thinks or calls him mad at the same time. For a while there is not much objection. In spite of Coleridge's eloquence, and Southey's energy, money is not forthcoming. Suddenly Miss Coleridge becomes aware of her nephew's intentions, and in a storm of maidenly indignation, partly at "Pantisocracy," and still more at the proposed marriage, she fairly turns him out of her house, in a fit of wind and rain, and the lateness of the evening, and will see his face no more. Poor Southey is in an unpleasant condition truly! Many plans pass before his mind, but his horizon is dark and cloudy, and he sees not yet a light beyond. He gives a course of rhetorical lectures, and writes for a piece and a half a week, in "The Citizen." "If Coleridge and I," he says, "can get £150 a year, between us we purpose marrying, and retiring to the country, as our literary business can be carried on there, and practising agriculture, till we can raise money for ourselves—still the grand object in view." He now happily commences his acquaintance with Joseph Cottle, who sends him fifty guineas for the copyright of "Joan of Arc." The scheme of "Pantisocracy" is in the meantime abandoned, much to Coleridge's dismay, as he clings by it to the last. Southey's uncle, Mr. Hill, who was in England about this time, persuaded his nephew to accompany him to Lisbon, before he commenced the study of the law, which he now proposed as a profession. Mr. Hill's object in advising this trip, was partly to moderate his nephew's political views, and partly "to wean him, if possible, from what he considered an imprudent attachment." Doubtless, in the eyes of the world, heart sympathy and affection are very poor substitutes for the want of money; but Mr. Hill acted grievously in supposing that distance, or absence, could in anywise affect a heart so warm and constant as Robert Southey's. The day was settled for departure, and on the same day, the 24th of November, 1795, he was married to Edith Fricker. They parted immediately, and Edith went to reside with Joseph Cottle's sisters, preserving her maiden-name, and wearing the wedding ring hung round her neck. Southey's visit to Lisbon "seems chief-

ly to have been useful to him, by giving an acquaintance with the Spanish and Portuguese languages, and by laying the foundation of that love for the literature of those countries which continued through life."

In six months he returned, and resided with his wife, in lodgings, at Bristol. There his chief employment was literary.

"Is it not a pity, Grosvenor," he says, "that I should not execute my intention of writing more verses than Lope de Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore? The more I write, the more I have to write. I have a Helicon kind of dropsy upon me, and *crescit indulgens sibi*." And in another letter he gives a long list of projected works. At the commencement of the year 1797, his "Letters from Spain and Portugal" were published; and an old Westminster friend, having, with a noble generosity, granted Southey an annuity of £160, he was enabled to go to London, and commence the study of the law.

It is difficult to say whether London itself, or the profession which he had chosen in it, were the most hateful to him.

"I have an unspeakable loathing for that huge city." "My spirits always sink when I approach it."

"Is it not a villanous thing that poetry will not support a man, when the jargon of the law enriches so many? I had rather write an epic poem, than read a brief." With such feelings he entered upon his city life, proposing to devote his mornings to professional pursuits, and his evenings to "Madoc."

But before long he found the two occupations incompatible. London became unbearable, and he took lodgings for some months in the country, and after a few removals and excursions engaged a house at Westbury, a village two miles from Bristol; and literature occupied far more of his time than the study of the law. The booksellers appear to have given him ample employment, and much time was spent in poetical composition. After a delightful excursion in North Devon, in which he visited Lynnmouth, then uninjured by buildings, and described it as the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arabida, that he ever saw, Southey removed to Burton, in Hampshire, but he was scarcely settled there, when a

violent attack of illness compelled him to repair to Bristol for a medical opinion. He was advised to try the effect of a change of climate, and with Edith as a companion, again visited Lisbon. Here he read much in the Spanish and Portuguese languages; collected materials for that "History of Portugal" on which, through life, he was so intent; and completed *Thalaba*. "One overwhelming propensity," he says, "has formed my destiny, and marred all prospects of rank or wealth; but it has made me happy, and it will make me immortal." On Southey's return to England he resided for a short time at Bristol, and renounced entirely the study of the law; and from thence, on an invitation from Coleridge, he visited his brother-bard at Greta Hall, Keswick; which was destined, ere long, to become his own residence, and where the greater portion of his life was spent. And now, at the age of twenty-eight, he obtained the appointment of Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, which proved to be a mere sinecure. "The income was respectable, the work only nominal. This did not suit Southey's taste or conscience, and after a few months, on the Chancellor's expressing a wish that he should undertake the tuition of his son, he resigned, what he terms, "a fold office, and a good salary;" and returned once more to Bristol, with "a job in hand for Longman and Rees, which will bring in £60, a possibility of £10, and a chance of a farther £30."

Amidst his own necessary labours for daily bread, he found time for one of those many acts of mercy which "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust," and which will for ever immortalize the name of Southey.

Mrs. Newton, the sister of Clatterton, was in necessitous circumstances, and Southey, jointly with Joseph Cottle, undertook to edit a new edition of the unfortunate poet's works, and they had the delightful satisfaction of handing over to that lady £300, as the proceeds of their labour.

It is quite impossible for us to recount all the kind and noble acts of this sort, which Southey performed. Struggling bravely himself, and seldom able to do more than to meet the exigencies of the coming hour, he was always ready to assist others, sometimes with money, sometimes with advice, and

often with the precious labours of his pen. The widow and child of his brother-in-law, Lovell, found a place at his fire-side. Coleridge's wife and children, also, were, it is well known, forsaken by their father, and received by him. Some of his friends became overwhelmed with difficulties, and his purse was at once offered for their aid. And many a young poet found it difficult to acknowledge the debt of gratitude he owed to Robert Southey. Three of those who may be deemed the most promising—Kirke White, Dusautoy, and Herbert Knowles, sunk early into the grave, but, not before Southey had rendered them all the assistance in his power. Towards Kirke White, indeed, his kindness extended beyond this, for in a short, but touching memoir, he has embalmed his memory.

In the autumn of 1803, the Southneys lost their first child, and so much did they feel this bereavement that they were glad to escape from Bristol, and visit Keswick once more. It proved to be more than a visit, and Greta Hall has become associated with all that is most significant and touching in the life of Southey. There his finest works were written, there he gained no small and stinted portion of the world's fame; and there, in the bosom of his family, he showed the possibility of uniting poetical genius with steady, conscientious labour; and of combining lofty powers of intellect with the most beautiful simplicity of character, and with the tenderest affection for every member of his home-circle.

At the age of thirty we find him fairly embarked in his profession; and never was literature more honored, or more steadfastly adhered to, by any man who has chosen it for a vocation. And now his projects and performances thicken upon us: surrounded by his books, and secluded altogether from the world of action, the poet takes the pen in hand (without which he found it difficult to think at all) and labours on from day to day, and from year to year, sometimes writing for bread, sometimes for fame, but always with a cheerful self-reliant spirit, and a hopefulness which is almost youthful. "I have more in hand," he writes, "than *Don Quixote* or *Marquis Wellesley*—digesting Gothic law, glean- ing moral history from monkish legends, and conquering India, or rather

to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea, I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write, and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life—which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish."

In this letter, Southey gives no record of any labours before breakfast, but we learn from another that a vast amount of composition was completed at that early hour.

In 1807, Southey having attained his 31th year, Mr. Wynn, to whom our poet had been for many years indebted for a pension, procured for him a small annuity from government, which was welcome, inasmuch as it released him from any pecuniary obligations to his friend. Beyond this, reviewing appears to have afforded him the chief means of support.

He had been writing for "The Annual Review," and now received overtures from the Longmans to contribute to "The Edinburgh Review," as it was proposed to carry on the work under a different management. This plan, however, was given up, and, notwithstanding Walter Scott's entreaties and the prospect of a considerable addition to his income, Southey could not be prevailed on to write while Jeffrey continued editor. He said he had scarcely one opinion in common with the Review. After a while, Sir Walter Scott himself dissented from the principles of the "Edinburgh," and the "Quarterly Review" being started as its rival, Southey was invited to become a contributor. He accepted the invitation, and wrote for that work until within the last few years of his life. This afforded him a certain and steady income, but it was gained at the cost of much time and labour, which he would willingly have devoted to more important works. But whether he be employed on prose or verse, reviewing or history, there is no pause, no cessation; the public may enquire, or, as is more frequently the case, neglect his writings, still he perseveres, undaunted by failure, and not unduly elated by success. Happy the man born into this rough world with the cheerful disposition and courage of Robert Southey!

In the Autumn of 1809, he undertook the historical department in the "An-

nual Register" at the yearly payment from Ballantyne of £400, which, while it lasted, was one of the most lucrative engagements into which he ever entered.

The first volume of the "History of Brazil" was published soon afterwards, but his *opus magnum*, the "History of Portugal," on which his most ambitious hopes were fixed, and on which he desired his reputation to rest, was still postponed, and doomed, alas! to continue unfinished to the last. Many a lucrative office, which most men would have grasped at with eagerness, was declined by him, for he preferred fame to money, and the quiet simplicity and pursuits of a literary and country life, to any mere worldly distinction. Children were growing up around him, and to them he was devotedly attached; they were not afraid to interrupt him even in his busiest moments, and he would cheerfully break off from his work to play with them or to take a country stroll. He loved flowers too; with them his earliest recollections were connected, and they afforded him that solace and refreshment for which they seem so peculiarly intended, and which they ever must afford to the man who is "pure in heart," and whose tastes have not been corrupted by the world. "The Life of Nelson" and the poem of "Roderick" are the next note-worthy productions of Southey's pen.

The former is probably the finest biography of its class to be found in the English language. The style is so chaste, the narrative so straightforward and beautiful, the descriptions of naval warfare so picturesque and vivid, that it is impossible to rise from the perusal of the volume without sentiments of high admiration.

"Roderick," too, as containing more of the spirit of humanity and of those qualities which excite our sympathy, although less gorgeous and magnificent than "Thalaba," and far less wild than "The Curse of Kehama," possesses a more permanent interest than either of these poems.

In the Autumn of 1813, Southey was invested with the office of Poet Laureate, which added but very little to his pension, and nothing to his fame. The office had passed through unworthy hands, and had become despicable; by his acceptance of it, he rescued it from contempt, and his successors, being

ne-born poets, have conferred upon it adurable distinction.

In the politics of this eventful period, Southey was highly interested; and after the battle of Waterloo, paid a pilgrimage to the field, visited several of the cities of Belgium, bought a number of volumes to add to his noble store, and wrote a poem on his return. Among the books purchased was a "History of Brazil," by M. Alphonse de Beauchamp, a three octavo volumes, who speaks, in its preface, of a compilation which had been published in England from his volumes, by Robert Southey; whereas, in fact, it appears, was, that this very faithful author had stolen nearly the whole of his work from Southey's history, copying his list of authorities, and committing various blunders at the same time.

A bitter domestic sorrow visited Southey in the spring of the following year, a sorrow so deep and pungent that it left lasting traces on his mind and constitution. This was the death of his son Herbert, in the tenth year of his age. The hopes of the father were entwined around this boy. He had educated him entirely; he had participated in his amusements; "he was associated with all his thoughts, and closely connected with all the habits of his daily life."

Though resigned to the blow, the weight of it seems to have crushed him; and although still in the prime of life, he never again recovered the elastic cheerfulness of his happier years. The letters which Southey wrote on this occasion to faithful and sympathising friends are among the most beautiful ever penned; and, numerous as they are, we could not spare one. They reveal to us some of the finest feelings of the man. With great wisdom, however, he did not dare to indulge in idle grief, but worked on with more assiduity than ever, doing, as he says, more work in one day than he was accustomed to do in three.

Passing over Southey's political views at this period—which we gladly do—in silence, inasmuch as they were opposed to all true liberty, and the malicious republication of "Wat Tyler," the democratic offspring of his youth, we come to an offer which might, had he thought of it, have changed the whole course of his life, and raised him to comparative eminence. He was invited to live in

London, and write the leading article in the *Times*, at a salary of £2000 a-year, and a share in the profits. This offer he at once declined! for no considerations were strong enough to induce him to renounce a country life and his peculiar literary tastes. An offer of the like nature, which he received from Government, was also rejected by him; and even the office of Librarian to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, though more in accordance with his tastes than any previous proposal, was not accepted.

Another continental journey and a tour in Scotland, with a few other incidents not worth mentioning, bring us to the year 1820. "The Peninsular War," "The Book of the Church," and "The Colloquies of Sir Thomas More," were in progress, and "The Life of Wesley" completed, which is generally regarded as one of Southey's cleverest and raciest productions. We can speak with unqualified praise of the style, the general arrangement of the work, and the interest which is sustained throughout. We believe, too, as we have before said, in Southey's unflinching honesty of purpose. He never wilfully distorted facts or injured character, and yet we regard the general tone of these volumes as singularly false and most unfriendly to the memory of the great founder of Methodism. He failed in appreciating the religious life of Wesley, just as he subsequently failed when he attempted to investigate the religious life of John Bunyan and of Cowper. Southey never thought profoundly, or looked much below the surface; and when he met with certain phases in the course of these illustrious men for which he could not account, and depths which his own experience did not permit him to fathom, instead of pondering them more seriously or being disturbed and perplexed at them, he took refuge in the belief that they sprang either from fanaticism or some degree of mental derangement, and thus saved himself the fatigue of further investigation.

John Bunyan, he says, was before his conversion a "blackguard," and nothing more, and was afterwards strangely deluded about himself; and Cowper's delicately-wrought mind was at length upset by his religious views and by the gloomy fancies of some of his Christian friends. It is an amusing peculiarity in Southey's writings—amusing, at least, when great interests are not injured by

it—that while he states facts with scrupulosity and a stern regard to truth, his reasoning from those facts is, in numberless instances, contradicted by them. It is so, we believe, with regard to Cowper and Bunyan.

Looking at John Wesley, too, and some of his colleagues, from one point of view, almost the only point from which Southey did regard them, we may find a degree of fanaticism and credulity; but in a movement so vast and momentous as that which they effected, it behoves us to “look before and after,” to consider the religious condition of England at that period, the degree of indifference which was manifested by its people, the necessity for some violent tempest which should purify the moral atmosphere and deliver it from the evils of stagnation. Seen in this light, all the wild delusions and fancies which some ascribe to the infancy of Methodism will be regarded but as the idle refuse which a mighty ocean casts upon its shores. The sea is not the less glorious or wonderful because it contains in its depths, or tosses upon its surface, much that is valueless and insignificant.

Southey spent some months of this year from home, visiting his friend Mr. Wynn, in Wales, where he was introduced to Bishop Hber, passing a few tedious weeks in London, and finally receiving the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford. While absent he wrote to one of his girls a very pleasant rhyming letter, which reminds us of the sportive humour of Cowper, and another in prose, written to three of his children, and describing the commemoration scene at Oxford is very characteristic and amusing. “A more insufferable jester never existed,” says Macaulay.

Southey was probably deficient in wit, but his humour is, we think, unquestionable; a pleasant humour it is, too—just quiet and unadorned enough to be thoroughly enjoyable. The publication of “The Vision of Judgment” brought upon Southey, as might be supposed, a vast amount of hostile criticism, not more, perhaps, than it deserved; for we are not speaking too severely of this poem when we say, that it was both ill-judged and ill-executed. Too often in his works and letters do we meet with passages so allied to profanity, especially when he is referring to another world, that were it not for

other and nobler sentiments, for the general consistency of his life, and his true submission and trust in God when any great affliction befel him, we should be inclined to judge less favourably of Southey’s religious character than we now do. As it is, we can only express wonder and sorrow that such a poem as “The Vision of Judgment” should have proceeded from his pen. Not long after this, “The Book of the Church” was published, which was heartily welcomed and applauded by the dignitaries of the Church of England, and as heartily opposed not only by the Roman Catholics, but by Protestant dissenters. Still, at the age of fifty, was he in full mental activity, perhaps reading more, and certainly writing as much, as any man of his day, not excepting Walter Scott; and yet, oddly enough, he says that he was never a close student.

It is impossible not to regret again and again that he chose so frequently subjects peculiar rather than important; and that when the topic was one worthy of his genius, he so frequently injured it by prejudice and partiality. The assertion which he makes from time to time, with respect both to individuals and to parties, the motives which he imputes, the effects which he anticipates, the conclusions to which he arrives from the course of events, both in the religious world and in the political condition of the nation, are sometimes amusing and sometimes excite a temporary anger. In either case, we are astonished at the want of judgment exhibited in a writer possessing such abilities and such genius.

In the summer of 1825, Southey again visited Holland, where an unlucky accident detained him for three weeks at Leyden, in the house of Mr. Bilderdijk, a distinguished literary man, whose wife had translated “Roderick” into Dutch verse. The misfortune which obliged him to keep the sofa was lightened by the exceeding kindness of these friends, and afforded Southey, at the same time, a pleasant view of a Dutch interior. His account of the domestic manners of the family, and their mode of living, is amusing and graphic. He returned home at length, as happy as “a chest of glorious folios” which he had purchased on the continent could make him.

The following year he again paid a visit to Holland, and to his Dutch friends. A severe affliction awaited him on his return, in the illness and subse-

DR. WARDLAW.

DR. WARDLAW was born, December 22, 1779, at Dalkeith, in Midlothian, where his parents were then resident, and were very probably in business. The few years immediately prior to this good man's birth had been especially fatal to a number of that class of persons to whom we generally give the name of "genius," for want of a term more definitely significant of our most indefinite notion. In the year when our subject was born, David Garrick, Mortimer, the painter and draughtsman, Bishop Warburton, the author of the "Divine Legation of Moses," Captain Cook, the world-wide-known traveller, Dr. James Armstrong, Cardinal Albani, and a great number of men no less celebrated, closed their account with earth, and entered upon their eternal state. Within a very small space of time previously, the ever memorable George Whittfield, Linnaeus, the botanist, Rousseau, Dr. William Dodd, F. A. Voltaire, Dr. Hoadley, Alban Butler, Lord Clatham, Hayman, the painter, Drs. Samuel Chandler and Patrick Delany, Woodward, Granger, Dr. Stukeley, the antiquary, Lawrence Sterne, and Dr. Langhorne had all been gathered to the illustrious dead, and had bequeathed their works either to mislead and ruin the living, or to inform and sanctify their readers. By what law of heaven is it that thus, as fast as death draughts out numbers from the men of distinguished faculties, women bring forth as great a number to supply their place, and who, for many years after their birth, give no outward sign of the celebrity which they are destined to attain? We are not so well acquainted with the nativities as with the obituary of great men; but we doubt not that any one who will take the trouble to investigate will find that, about the period of Dr. Wardlaw's birth, a greater number of rare minds first entered our world. Of this we are sure, that Sir Humphry Davy was born in the same year, while in the year before Lord Brougham first saw the light, and Tom Moore the year following, and a few years prior George Canning and the Duke of Wellington. This union of men of genius, who have always ap-

peared to live in contemporaneous clusters, has, as long ago as the age of Velleius Paterculus, been observed, who said, in failing to find the law which explains the fact—"Causas, quum semper requiro, nunquam invenio quas veras confidam." To be assured that the laws of Providence are the same in all ages, we have only to remember that in the time of Moses, and again in the ages of Solomon, as well as in the days of Jesus Christ, through the Jewish motherhood unwonted constellations of the highest power of human life appeared. It was the same in Greece, where we see the three poets, Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, in one single age giving an immortal impulse to tragic poetry. In one age, also, the old comedy was perfected through the influence of Cratinus, Aristophanes, and Eupolis; while the new comedy was in one age established by means of Menander, Diphilus, and Philemon. The same law displayed itself in philosophy, for we have Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, all within one generation; and in oratory, too, for we have in the school of Demosthenes and Isocrates the declamatory art carried almost to its highest perfection. If we pass to the Romans we shall find the best of the Roman authors in almost every department all but contemporaries in the time of Augustus; or, if we go over that long and dreary period in which the modern kingdoms of Europe were eliminating themselves from the confusions of the empire, we shall find, first in Italy, all contemporaries, Liouardi da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Corregio, Titian, Giorgione, Lanfranc, &c. The finest stud of French authors made their appearance under the despicable government of Louis XIV.; and with the exception of the masterly school of politicians that rose in the time of Charles I., and the comparatively small circle of eminent men that graced and founded the throne of Elizabeth, under no monarch has so rare a crop of intellectual persons appeared as under Charles II.; for we only seize at hazard the names of Wren, Boyle, Newton, Hervey, Denham, Evelyn, Bishop Wilkins, Cowley, Hobbes, Hooke, Dryden, Addison, Tillotson, and we might

mention a great number of the most distinguished of the Non-conforming clergy. How are we to explain this great peculiarity which we might as well have illustrated by the contemporary circles of great men from special periods in Germany, in the Netherlands, or in America, which we should find fully as rich as those of England, of France, or of the ancient republics? Is it the mere application of one of the laws of human sympathy, or must we devoutly at once look up to an authority higher than that of any human agency, and recognise in these special provisions of Providence the means of giving force to the progressive laws of society, and the design of working this "great round world" onwards to its last mighty consummation, through these periodic supplies of gifted mortals? Doubtless, the latter is the right Christian view; for it gives God room to act in His own world, and enables us at once to admit the authorship of these eminent minds to be His own work.

In about six months after Dr. Wardlaw's birth, he was removed by his parents to Glasgow, where his father, who belonged to the Secession Church, by his eminently Christian character as a citizen, a man of business, and a member of the church, acquired a high degree of influence, which he retained throughout his life; he also filled for many years with great credit the office of magistrate. By his mother's side this great man was directly descended from Ebenezer Erskine, the founder and first soul of the Secession Church; for Miss Erskine was married to Mr. James Fisher, who was the successor as professor of theology to Erskine, and whose daughter became afterwards Dr. Wardlaw's mother. In following the genealogical line of men of genius, we can often distinctly trace it to its source, as in the present instance to Erskine, the noblest impassioned leader of the bold Seceders in 1752, who with his three valiant colleagues withstood the concentrated fire of Scottish ecclesiasticalism, and became the first founders of the Secession. Had the Presbyterian Church only been, as mild and prudent at the time these offenders of its laws stood before it, as its clergy have often been since, we should probably neither have heard of the Erskines nor of Mr. James Fisher, who became the grandfather of Dr. Wardlaw, and died only three or

four years prior to his birth. But to be censured for Christian sentiments uttered in Ebenezer Erskine's own church, and to have thrust upon them a document like the following, was enough to have inspired any soul capable of righteous indignation into an attitude of greatness:—"The commission do hereby loose the relation of Mr. Ebenezer Erskine, Minister of Stirling, Mr. William Wilson, Minister at Perth, Mr. Alexander Moncrieff, Minister at Abernethy, and Mr. James Fisher, Minister at Kindevon, to their respective charges, and declare them no longer ministers of this church, and do hereby prohibit all ministers of this church to employ them." The consequence was these four conscientious men went forth unofficed and beggared, as far as the commission could effect it, in money and in ministerial reputation. Happily for the sufferers, however, their weapons were of a more heavenly temper, and as they had been well managed in the war, along with these four ministers, there left the established church of Scotland a considerable number of lay persons who became their respective churches, and who denounced with hundreds that yet remained within the establishment the censure of the church courts as an act of rigorous and unfraternal severity. But what will not organizations of the clergy do, when they have the power of inflicting their vengeance on an offending brother? This breach, however, was necessary perhaps to stir the fast growing lethargy of the Presbyterian church, for to the renewed and spiritual freedom of these Secession ministers Scotland owes a large debt, as it was doubtless to their agency, as to that of the Dissenters in England, that the established church must attribute the rise of a more earnest ministry within itself. As soon as the Presbytery saw the mischief that its extravagant censures had produced, it attempted to remedy it by an impolitic act, the oppression of its Moderator and its commission; but the outcasts preferred their freedom and faith to chains and the manse, and they continued through the remainder of their lives to work with more energy and devotedness to the cause of Christ than they would have done if they had remained in the Scottish establishment. It is a rousing and a fiery theme that thrills through the first years of the Secession Church,

when its ministers preached the gospel to lukewarm sinners with an extraordinary fervour and a captivating eloquence, and this in fact was done in Scotland, before either the Wesleys or Whitfield had kindled their torches on the southern side of the Tweed. The Erskines possessed that hallowed peculiarity of the poetic talent which originates hymns, and the Christian of the present day may at least converse with the spirit of a century ago in Scotland, when the preachers, after setting forth the power of the cross in the sermon, would give out such sentiments as Erskine used in his "Vision of Faith;"—

By faith I see the unseen things
Hid from all mortal eyes;
From I reason stretching all its wings,
Beneath me fluttering lies.

By faith I can the mountains see,
Of joy and guilt remove;
And climb into the ocean east,
Of my Redeemer's love.

By faith I walk, I run, I fly.
By faith I suffer thrall;
By faith I'm fit to live or die,
By faith I can be all.

The Lives of many of these Secession worthies, which were published a few years ago, and do ample justice to the maternal ancestors of Dr. Wardlaw, to whom Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, dedicated the work, will amply repay the attention of the reader, who will find among them a Mr. James Wardlaw, minister of Dunfermline, though we know not whether of the present family.

The Scotch were thoroughly indoctrinated with the love of early education by its own reformers, and to this sentiment, almost everywhere evinced, is was owing that young Ralph Wardlaw was sent to the Grammar School of Glasgow before he had attained his eighth year, and there he continued until he was nearly twelve years of age. About that period he entered the University of Glasgow, a mere boy in years, and perhaps nothing more in attainments, but associating at that premature age both with the sons of other thriving and respected tradesmen and also with many young men. England has outgrown the custom of crowding colleges and universities with children, but the progress in this particular in Scotland is less obvious: for, as Scotland is in haste to begin her collegiate curriculum for the student, she is certainly premature in dismissing him

from her tutors before nature can have sufficiently matured the intellectual faculties to profit from their best tuitions.

It must, we suppose, have been during the student-life of young Ralph Wardlaw, (from 1791-4) that he became personally acquainted with the experimental power of the gospel; for, though he had been religiously educated in a distinguished Secession family, he might have easily remained ignorant of what it became him most to know. That, however, he had some measure of pious feeling, would seem to be implied by the fact that when he had finished his collegiate course he became a student in the Theological Seminary of the Secession Church, with the view of entering that ministry, of which the Rev. Dr. Lawson, of Selkirk, was his tutor. This good man seems to have imbued his students with a supreme regard to the authority of the sacred volume; a fact that, at the particular period and in Scotland, was of far more consequence than developing any intellectual theology. So that Dr. Lawson's pupils, who, perhaps, were less critical than Dr. George Campbell's, were more remarkable for an accurate exegesis of Scripture statements, and for submitting all theological opinions to that simple test. During the time that Ralph Wardlaw was prosecuting his ministerial study in the Secession College, Scotland became excited by the secession of the Revs. Mr. Greville Ewing and Mr. Innes from the Established Church of Scotland. With these eminent ministers, also departed, a large number of pious and independent laymen joined, and it was through this fact, though so comparatively recent, that Congregationalism was established in Scotland, where its imperfectly understood theory had by no means been favourably received. The fact that two respected and talented ministers should have quitted their position, emoluments, and prospects, produced at once a very deep impression: in the superficial it merely indeed excited hatred, contempt, or, at all events, censure; but among those more addicted to habits of reflection, it led multitudes to ponder whether Presbyterianism was the right or the Christian way. To the latter class of persons our youthful candidate for the ministry belonged, and he, too, soon joined the Congregational party of Mr. G. Ewing, and became a member of his church, and thus, by one act, severed himself from

church of his ancestors to a distance **ide as the poles asunder.**" This **age in** the views of Ralph Wardlaw **ld have** had in it no worldly predom-
ance : for, besides placing him in **a** hostility to his own family, and to **n** the friends of his youth, it might **e** the effect of representing this **ing** man as an apostate from the **rch** which had given him the very **er** to judge of her ordinals. But **nest** men get over all difficulties the **a** : and, however unfriendly and in-
fortunate the desertion of the young **dent** might appear, he followed his **aviction** till he found himself, early **the** present century, 1803, introduced **the** minister of a small chapel in **bion** Street, Glasgow. Here Mr. **ardlaw** was ordained as pastor at the **st** service. On this occasion, Mr. G. **wing** fraternally offered the Ordination **rayer**, and delivered the charge to the **minister**, and by his cordial and amiable **operation** with his young brother, **laid** the foundation of a friendship **high** lasted forty years, and gave in **ecular** circumstances a fine instance **f** the true catholicity of noble hearts.

It was at an early period, subsequent **Mr.** Wardlaw's ordination, that he **as** married to a lady who was already **is** cousin, and whose name was Jane **nath**. This estimable widow still sur-
ives the husband of her youth and the **der** of her children, with the felicity **l** living, perhaps, as many pleasurable **minutes** as any life admits to a **lady** who outlives her husband and **l** act of her children. She has often **seen** in her last prime displays of **rowing** fortitude in which her heart **as** to break, and she has only a spare **er** to wait before she will join her **over** to be separated again. Not **happily** separated with one of her **lives** in two daughters and a son to **visit** in the course of foreign absences, **in** she is a constant object of regret and **honor** to her friends so long from their **homes** as to identify her with the separa-
tion is far from all to be followed by **and** her aged maiden, where parents, **brothers**, and children, and children all **congregated** with a sister's life, shall no **o** it from several tools in the service **f** Christ.

In 1811, when a vacancy was **low** **ig** at the new year, Mr. Wardlaw **as** brought into Collegiate connexion **th** Mr. Ewing as one of the tutors in

the theological academy established in **that** year, to train suitable persons for **the** Congregational Ministry in Scotland. **The** profound biblical learning, felicitous **exegesis**, and ardent eloquence of Mr. **Ewing**, admirably combined with the **more** formal logic, the penetrating ana-
lysis, the good taste, and the sound **sagacity** of Mr. Wardlaw, produced a **tutorial** department such as few theo-
logical seminaries could have possessed. **It** was greatly to the honor of Dr. Ward-
law that though he continued his offices **to** the Institution till a short period **within** his death, his services were **almost** entirely gratuitous, an instance **at** once of his intellectual generosity, **and** of his conscientious care in pro-
viding the earliest years of his system **in** Scotland with an adequate amount **of** theological education.

The popularity which Dr. Wardlaw **acquired** as a preacher was not of that **ephemeral** sort which springs up hastily, **and** as hastily passes away. His quali-
ties in the pulpit were all of the substan-
tial order; and hence only those who were **really** in search of religious improvement **would** be likely to frequent his ministry. **So** many such, however, had gathered **around** him, that in 1819, Albion-street **Chapel** became too small to accommo-
date the congregation, and the necessity **of** providing a larger place led to the **erection** of West George-street Chapel. **In** this place Dr. Wardlaw officiated **as** the honored and esteemed pastor of a **numerous** Church, and the admired **leader** of one of the largest congrega-
tions in the kingdom. That he should **have** spent his life in connexion with **the** same Church, did not result from **his** never having been tempted to re-
move elsewhere; for several attempts of **this** kind were made—especially by **those** who were anxious to induce him **to** be profr as a Professor in mere **tion** one of the Dissenting Colleges of **the** South—but the mutual attachment **between** him and the people of his **own** always proved too strong for **any** such attempts to dissolve their **union** with each other—a circumstance **being** wholly able to bind to them.

Dr. Wardlaw's theology was purely **objective**; all its maxims are drawn **from** Revelation, and its dogmata are **such** as a strictly logical induction **would** infer from the words of eternal **life**. He appears to have had a hearty **and** a sound aversion to the inanities of

intuition and subjective theology. What "saith the Lord," was the question which he seems to have asked on every theological speculation; and it was his aim to make all his divinity studies and his writings accord. In this respect, we could wish that a greater number of our preachers would follow the doctor's example, as we are sure that the stuff which goes by the name of "subjective theology" is but the preliminary to one of the many forms of heresy, and is most mischievous among those young students who are but imperfectly acquainted with the transcendent importance of the objective theology of the sacred volume. Subjective theology has originated many of the more subtle forms of heresy now rife, and it leaves the controversy to be borne by men who abhor the relative and shadowy cause that gave them existence.

For many years Dr. Wardlaw figured prominently at all public meetings, whether political, educational, or religious. He was always popular as a platform speaker. His presence in such an arena was courted, not so much for the graces with which the brilliant rhetorician invests the subject, as for the massive force with which the astute logician demonstrates how invulnerable is his position. His voice always "lifted up a testimony" in behalf of universal freedom, and he signalled himself as the champion of negro emancipation, at a time when even many of the members of his order stood aloof, either in direct hostility or culpable lukewarmness.

The Reverend Doctor held his degree from an American college,—a circumstance which is surely a reproach to the senates of our Scotch universities, and more especially to that of Glasgow College, of which he was a distinguished graduate. Is it not somewhat anomalous, that when lavishing such distinctions on so many clergymen, much less known either in the pulpit or in literature than Dr. Wardlaw, it should have been left to a university in a distant country to testify their practical appreciation of his admittedly eminent attainments?

Dr. Wardlaw's habit of writing all his sermons necessarily imbued his mind with a full, an easy, and accurate habit of delivering his sentiments, and peculiarly fitted him to pass from the literary and well-prepared pulpit to the press; and hence in all probability arose the

greater abundance of his published works than could have been the case if his sermons had been extemporary. His first work with which we are acquainted was his "Twenty-three Lectures on the Book of Ecclesiastes," which were delivered in 1810-11, but not published, we believe, till 1821, when the work appeared in two volumes. At the close of the second volume is a funeral sermon which the author preached for his own father, who died May 20th, 1821, at the age of eighty; but we have not found in this sermon any extended biography of his parent further than to declare that, having been religiously educated by his parents, he had become pious in his youth, and had maintained a progressive growth in grace till the period of his death. In 1830, the Doctor published his "Two Essays on the Assurance of Faith and the Extent of the Atonement." The former is developed in six propositions, and is remarkable for the logical lucidity which is more or less characteristic of all Dr. Wardlaw's productions. About the same period also appeared the "Nine Discourses on the Christian Sabbath," in which the author considered the origin and universality of the Sabbath, the comprehensiveness and permanence of the Decalogue, the moral nature of the Sabbath, and the especial authority of the New Testament for the change of the day, the difference between the Jewish and Christian Sabbath, the benefits accruing from its observation, and the means of preventing its profanation.

In 1829 Dr. Wardlaw published a volume of sermons on some of the ordinary topics of a Christian minister's pulpit, and it is in this volume that the reader will find the four sermons on the subject of "Fear being cast out by perfect love." In the year 1833 the Doctor had published a single sermon on "Civil Establishments of Christianity tried by the Word of God," and we imagine that it was in part owing to these publications, and the great popularity which Dr. Wardlaw had now attained wherever an intellectual preacher could be appreciated, that in 1833 he was appointed to deliver one of the most important of the congregational lectures in London, on "Christian Ethics." These lectures were also nine in number, and divided the subject into the following distributions: 1. On the

philosophy and religion. 2. A scheme of virtue from the present character of human nature. 4. The moral system of Bp. Butler. 5. The rule of moral obligation. 6. The right principles of that obligation. 7. The identity of morality and religion. 8. How far disinterestedness enters into our love of God? and 9. On some particulars of Christian obligation and duty. This course of lectures was certainly not the most popular one that has been delivered, but as a series of addresses *ad clerum* we know of none more important. In the year 1839, Dr. Wardlaw was requested to deliver a course of lectures in London during the months of April and May, on "National Church Establishments," in reply to the course that Dr. Chalmers had delivered the preceding year. In this course the Doctor considered the argument from the Old Testament; the province of the magistrate in religious matters; the objects of voluntaries and the means by which they seek them; the efficacy of the voluntary principle, and the independence of principles on statistics; and the last lecture was on the evils of Establishments. In these lectures the logic of their author is as much superior to that of Dr. Chalmers as his eloquence exceeded that of Dr. Wardlaw.

About the year 1841, the Doctor was invited to preach a funeral sermon for his friend and colleague, the Rev. Greenville Ewing, which he did, and appended to the sermon a somewhat extended account of Mr. Ewing's history: and it is from that document that we are informed that he was ordained as one of the colleagues of Dr. Jones, in Lady Glenorchy's Chapel, but that after a time he, in company with some other clergymen, intended to settle in Bengal, as missionaries, under the support of Mr. Haldane, of Caithness, who had sold his estate to raise a missionary fund: but Mr. Ewing was prevented from fulfilling his intentions by the positive refusal of the East India Company. It was at the same period, 1797, that Mr. Ewing preached his two famous sermons on the right of Christians to act as missionaries, and in defence of itinerant and street preaching.

In 1842, Dr. Wardlaw, in reply to a very numerous body of Requisitionists

(1,100 we believe) delivered both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, to a small audience exclusively, his lectures on female prostitution. In the first lecture the Doctor considered the nature and extent of prostitution; in the second, its effects; the third was on the guilt and causes of the evil; the fourth on the means of preventing and removing it, especially in our cities. Besides the above, the Doctor published a considerable number of single sermons, and a treatise on the Socinian Controversy, and one on Christian baptism; besides a memoir of his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Reid, of Bellary. The last work that Dr. Wardlaw issued was the life and the works of Dr. M'All, late of Manchester, who, in his day, was one of the most extraordinary public speakers in England, but who for several years was subject to the injurious and unjust imputation of holding heretical doctrines, simply, as we opine, because he adopted modes of enunciating his views which gave displeasure to those *soi-disant* judges of orthodoxy with which every denomination is cursed. Dr. M'All was in every way the converse of his biographer, original, exuberant, artistic, and indomitably impulsive, a man of intense ardour and sensitiveness, and whom we think from the memoir Dr. Wardlaw could not have adequately conceived.

How watchful Dr. Wardlaw's mind was of the progress of truth and of the war between it and error, some of our readers will remember the happy illustration that occurred when Lord Brougham delivered his rectoral address at Glasgow, in which the following dangerous, but specious sentiment flashed forth, that "a man is no more responsible for his faith than for the hue of his skin, or the colour of his hair." In all the sceptical pages of England this sentiment was lauded as express and positive truth; and it was pretended by many of the quacks, now forgotten, that this outrageous piece of nonsense, on the part of Lord Brougham, was the law by which human opinion would come to be settled. We remember the passage well, and can never forget the masterly exposition of the falsehood, the sophistry, and the shuffle which Lord Brougham was convicted of, by Dr. Wardlaw's admirable little treatise, which showed in a spirit far more philosophical than the one in which his

Lordship had spoken—that men must be responsible for their opinions, because they have both the power over their formation and the materials out of which faith arises at their command. We have not for many years seen a single copy of Wardlaw's reply to Brougham, we therefore judge how soon the edition must have been consumed. Among all the foolish extravagancies to which Lord Brougham has given authorship, we remember nothing so unworthy of him to have delivered, at that moment when he had so large a number of juvenescent sceptics before him, who would take this French sentiment as gospel, and thereafter pursue enquiries no further. He that inflicts a murder or a robbery on society may be counteracted, and made to repay it by his own sufferings: but no atonement can be made for inflicting *ex cathedra* on the best part of society a sentiment which contains all the smothered guilt of a falsehood, with the brevity of a universally admitted general truth.

We are not aware of having omitted to notice any of Dr. Wardlaw's main works, and we shall de-patch this part of the article by a few remarks on Dr. Wardlaw's style, which will apply to all his productions. They are preëminently characteristic of a Scotch mind, more habituated to apply the force of reason, the power of facts, and the rigid use of a logical process than have been common in pulpits in this city, or generally in the southern part of England. No doubt climate and the constant influence of university studies, would, in part, account for this peculiarity, but there is certainly a higher state of severe thinking north of the Tweed than is found among Englishmen, and it is through these circumstances that Dr. Wardlaw's works will have a longer measure of popularity than those of many of our most gifted preachers, who, while living, have held thousands captive by their more discursive and imaginative sermons. None of the productions of this author can be set aside as trivial, though perhaps it is only fair to admit that but a selection would be admitted to possess the highest qualities of pulpit excellence. We can hardly explain to our readers how it happens that Dr. Wardlaw's works are for the most part purely controversial. It is possible that this might have arisen from a greater degree of the pugilistic in

his constitution, though his Christian equanimity would scarcely tolerate such a supposition. Perhaps, also, his sounder views of the whole range of Christian controversy in our age might lead him to imagine that a more accurate exposition was now become necessary. Whatever was the cause, it was a felicity to the cause of Christian truth that controversy fell into Dr. Wardlaw's hands, for, by a clear avoidance of the extravagancies that usually accompany the controversialist, and a somewhat generous bearing to his antagonists, Dr. Wardlaw has materially commended his own views to the candid reader. We commend his works to the thoughtful reading of all young ministers, and especially to our young men.

"As a speaker," Mr. Gilfillan observed, "Wardlaw's tones are soft, tender, and trembling. The key he assumes may be called a long audible whisper. There is a silvery sweetness in his notes, like that of gently flowing streams. He reads, and reads so easily and elegantly, with such earnest, quiet manner, and with such minute and fairy music of intonation, that you wish him to read on for ever. Yet there is nothing mawkish in his tones. You may, indeed, on reflection, wish that there had been a greater variety—that, instead of the eternal dropping of honey from the rock, there had been a mixture of manlier melodies, the crash of the thunder, the shivering burst of the cataract, the full-lipped harmony of the great deep river, the jagged music of the mountain-stream, or the boom of the breakers in the 'half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks'; but you do not feel this at the time. While the preacher's voice continues to sound, you listen as to the song of the Syrens; it winds round you like an enchanted thread; you suck it in like 'honey-dew, or the milk of paradise.' The mildness of tone comports with his character (a man of timid and gentle temper, foaming and thundering in the pulpit, may well remind us, as well as the French, of a 'mouton enragé'); it points his sarcastic vein (how do a mild lip and tone acerbate a keen sneer); and it is in keeping with his personal appearance. Gravity, without sternness, is the leading expression of his countenance, which also beams with a certain thoughtful sharpness, like the face of one who has often leant over and looked up from an adversary's book."

As a preacher in the vault of purity of style, clear arrangement, simplicity of elucidation, and cogency of reasoning, his sermons were universally admired. His felicity of illustration was much enhanced by the profitable account to which he turned every important public event; and no man could better sway an audience by the way in which he improved the dealings of Providence. In expounding Scripture, his analysis was, perhaps, too elaborate, but his critical research and happy application always told with great effect. Some idea may be formed of the variety of the subjects which he treated, from the fact communicated to us by one who has long enjoyed the benefit of his ministrations, that 'he has gone over the whole of the Books of the Old Testament, the Acts of the Apostles, Romans, Galatians, Ephesians, Thessalonians, Hebrews, the Epistles of James and Jude, and Revelation, besides giving thousands of detached sermons and numerous short series of discourses.' His influence and his pulpit were ever at the service of every benevolent and philanthropic object, and the friends of all missions, whether foreign or domestic, are under deep obligations to his generous and disinterested aid. Amid many temptations to leave Glasgow, either for pupils or university chairs in England, where the emoluments would have been considerably larger than the stipend which he enjoyed in this city, although it was reported to be the highest given to any dissenting minister north of the Tweed, he remained warmly attached to West George-street Chapel.

In February last, on the completion of the fiftieth year of his ministry, a jubilee was held to celebrate the auspicious event. The public soiree which took place in the City Hall was a noble demonstration, attended by the most influential clergymen of all denominations, who came from all parts of the United Kingdom, vying with each other in paying their tribute of respect to the venerable and esteemed minister in whose honour it was held. With reference to a very painful occurrence which temporarily broke in upon the peace of his declining years, Dr. Wardlaw on that occasion said, 'It is just three years since I was called to pass through the heaviest trial of my life; and it is

just three years since, mercifully to myself, and to others marvellously, that my strength for official duty was renewed. He whose it is to turn the shadow of death into the morning has dispelled the darkness, and has made it only to contribute to augment the serenity and cheerfulness of the light which has succeeded.'

The present age is pre-eminently one of activity and enterprise, not less in the religious than in the commercial and political world. Moral evils which our ancestors, when discovered, were satisfied to deplore, and then tried to hide, are now carefully explored, and made the objects of systematic assault. A benevolent restlessness, we might almost say, seems to have seized the mind of the Christian public; and no man who holds any station of influence in the Church can keep himself aloof from the onward movements which, on every hand, are directed towards the amelioration of the condition of the race. To the demands of the age upon him in this respect, Dr. Wardlaw has ever showed himself ready to respond with heart and vigour. In all the great religious and benevolent movements of the times, he has taken a zealous and effective share. Of the Bible Society, of the Missionary enterprise, of the Anti-slavery movement, of the cause of popular education, and such like, he has ever been the strenuous and unflinching advocate. To the cause of missions to the heathen, especially, he has lent his powerful aid. Some of the ablest of his published sermons are devoted to the exposition and enforcement of its claims; and he added, in 1849, a new contribution in this department, by preaching one of the anniversary sermons for the London Missionary Society. But he has consecrated to this cause still dearer pledges of his attachment; not fewer than three of his children having been surrendered by him to labour personally on the field—a son and two daughters. Of the latter, one has returned to him a widow, with her fatherless children; the other has lately fallen a victim to her pious exertions, put forth in the trying climate of the East. His son, the Rev. John Wardlaw, of Bellary, is still on the field—an esteemed and devoted missionary, on whom no small portion of his father's abilities, and his father's spirit, has descended.

Dr. Wardlaw had long been suffering

severely from neuralgia, induced by chronic dyspepsia, which gradually destroyed the long-sustained vigour of his body and mind; and he was, during a part of 1853, only able to appear in the pulpit occasionally. His interest in his people, who had been drawn around him by his well and long-sustained ministry, bore no share in his declining powers. He had been apparently recovering from one of his neuralgic attacks only a few days prior to his death; but he relapsed, and continued to grow worse till early on Saturday morning, Dec. 17th, when within five days of seventy-five years of age he died, at Easter House, Glasgow. His funeral took place on Friday, Dec. 23rd, in the Necropolis, when an extraordinary scene of sympathising and sorrowing friends attended the remains of the man they had so long admired to his last

home. In private life, especial Wardlaw was much loved, on account of his unaffected and conciliatory manners. He was another of the instances in which the refinements of the Christian scholar fully combined with the more affections of the minister, the friend of his relatives, the voice, so long gifted with humour and innocent pleasantness, stilled for ever; the oft-used instrument of severe criticism were now laid all the rivals and opponents were by the overpowering sensation of a great man had fallen in Israel; was only left to the friends of Wardlaw to remember his vast and found lessons of instruction, his people so uniform, and his spirit so betrayed.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"I HAVE won my name," said EBENEZER ELLIOTT, "as the Rhymer of the Revolution, and am prouder of that distinction than I should be if I were made Poet Laureate of England." Two elements, the poetical and political, blended in his life; the one was the offspring of nature, the other of circumstance. Poetry was enwoven with his spirit and cast its sunny hues on all his thoughts and feelings; politics gave reality and purpose to his efforts. In childhood both influences combined to mould his character; there was the inward impulse and the outward pressure.

He was born at Masbrough, a village near Sheffield, March 17th, 1781. Within a quarter of an hour of his birth, in the hurry and confusion of the moment, he was laid in an open drawer, which was shut by a person not knowing its contents. Suddenly he was discovered to be missing, and for several minutes could not be found.

His father was employed at the new foundry of Messrs. Clay and Co., and was a decided original; gifted with great satiric and humorous powers, fearless, positive, a bold thinker, and an ultra

Calvinist. He called himself a deacon and once a month, on the Sunday, forth in his little parlour to friends gathered from a great distance. At times, he would expatiate on the merits of Cromwell and Washington, and sinuate very naughty things respecting our "glorious constitution." In his eye, the earliest and most sunny years of Ebenezer were spent. His mother was a delicate woman, her life a disease, "one long sigh," himself described it. To her he attributed his nervous irritability, his awkwardness, and his proneness to anticipate evil.

Young Elliott first learned his alphabet in the educational establishment of Dame Nanny Sykes. From being a scholar he was preferred to the school of good Mr. Ramsbotham, of Hollis, who had seldom fewer than a hundred and fifty pupils, all in those untutored days demanding his own share. We should say, ubiquitous at Ebenezer, who had no sympathy with his companions, and about as little for his daily lessons, when nine years he conceived the idea of leaving home

ad cast a great pan of several
ght, for his uncle at Thurstone.
placed on a truck ready for the
and into it he crept, without
ing any one with his intention.
unset, he covered himself with
remained concealed; as night
enjoying its solemnity and
t, with pleasure, the shooting
about four in the morning they
their destination, and he
from his hiding-place. His
eived him, but it was not many
fore he began again to think
his deserted mother. He was
school in the neighbourhood,
made some little progress, but in
a half his father came for him;
more at Masbrough, he resumed
under his old master. His
lows appear to have respected
why, he confessed himself at a
termine; he never fought their
r led their sports, and to learn-
ny sort he made no claim. In-
ible as he was, he had a strong
ty to travel that "royal road"
by Ptolemy of old; and clever-
ss supplied the desideratum by
s sums and otherwise helping
a contraband way. In this
at last, to his no small asto-
t, he reached the "Rule of
hough he knew as much of addi-
ision, and the like, as of the
an mysteries. He was then
to Dalton School, situated
o miles distant, and daily went
hrough the meadows, now lin-
o watch the kingfisher on the
eating piecemeal his dinner
rs before the time. Often did
beside the desk in tears, while
er strove at least to encourage
ruct. But his pupil was by no
cile; he "looked on a boy who
a sum in vulgar fractions as
f magician." Summer came,
h it temptations to play the
Dalton, and Silverwood, and
gh Park, and the sunshine and
s preferred to the school-room
crabbed rules; but there were
lms of conscience and fore-
of parental anger, as the
turned home and sneaked
s to bed. His father could
be ignorant of these vagabond
of the little progress made in
Grieved on the discovery,
him from school and set him to

Already had Ebenezer given symp-
toms of poetical feeling. When seven or
eight years old, he had made of a frying-
pan a mirror for nature herself. Placing
it in the middle of a little grove of mug-
wort and wormwood, flourishing in the
yard, he filled it with water, and then
hung over it, watching the sun and
clouds as reflected in it. Rarely did
the noon pass but he was found there—
that same sky, which colours the sea
and "glasses itself" in storms, shadow-
ing the insignificant surface, and thrill-
ing with delight the childish heart.
At the age of twelve he fell in love
with a young woman, to whom he
had never spoken, and whose voice
to the day of his death he had never
heard. Such a strange affection, rat-
her felt than understood, was favour-
able to the growth of a poetic spirit.
Another trait in his character at this
period which has left its trace in his
works, and was probably the result of
constitutional infirmity, was a taste for
the horrible. Solitude, again, was never
unwelcome; there were ample materials
of enjoyment within and around that
could be used without the intervention
of another. He would build fortresses
on the banks of the canal, or swim his
little fleet, or fly his kite.

As yet there was nothing practical
about him. At the foundry he felt re-
lieved of that sense of inferiority which
had oppressed him at school. Though
amidst rude company, and actually
sharing in its vulgarities and tippling,
his mind strayed to other scenes, and
he fancied himself with his boats again,
or revelling on the banks golden with
flowers. On a Sunday he seldom missed
the chapel. Going there one day as
usually, he called at his aunt's. She was a
widow, but out of a small income had con-
trived to educate her children well. She
placed before him a number of Sowerby's
"English Botany." He turned from
page to page; the beauty of the plates
attracted his admiration, and he gazed
on them almost with a feeling of rapture.
She showed him how to sketch the
figures by placing a thin piece of paper
over them, and holding them to the
window. A new light broke upon him.
Henceforth, as often as he had a vacant
hour, he went to his aunt's to draw.
By and bye, she put before him a book
of dried plants of her son's collecting,
which gave fresh vigour to his zeal, and
opened other regions of innocent enjoy-

ment. For botany itself he had no regard, but the varied and elegant objects of its classifications were really *loved*. His Sundays were now spent in the fields, or strolling down the green lanes; he became more fully acquainted with the glories of nature, and was better able to realize her charms; he heard for the first time the nightingale, and began to feel a living sympathy with the inanimate world.

Giles Elliott, his brother, had hitherto monopolized the applause of the family. Handsome in person and gifted with considerable business tact, a thing readily appreciated, he completely eclipsed the lonely and unpretending Ebenezer, who would fain have shared in the praises showered abundantly upon him. It was Giles who first awakened a love of verse in the poet's mind. He read to him Thomson's "Seasons," and as the polyanthus "of unnumbered dyes," and the

"auricles, enriched
With shining mould o'er all their velvet leaves,"

were mentioned, the young botanist felt a new enthusiasm. It was not long before he made an attempt to imitate in rhyme Thomson's description of a thunder-storm. Unfortunately rhyme had the mastery of reason; and he portrayed a flock of sheep as "scudding away" after the lightning had slain them. But Ebenezer had resolved on the task of self-education. He had had opportunities and neglected them. He now began with grammar, but the rules proved too much for his memory; he then tried reflection and comparison, and by the aid of a "Key" at length formed some idea of grammatical accuracy. He resolved to learn French, but could not remember his lessons; and the task was relinquished in despair. The meditative and imaginative powers seem early to have predominated over the mere recollection, although his mind was as yet more familiar with assimilative than inventive processes. If he ever attained fame, it was likely to be rather by the growth of inherent susceptibilities than the acquisition of external knowledge. At this juncture a library was bequeathed to his father, in which he found the nutriment and discipline he wanted. Barrow's "Sermons," Ray's "Wisdom of God," Young's "Night Thoughts," Hervey's "Meditations," and several works of a similar cast, taught him both to

think and to consider the expression of his thoughts. Pope came next, then Shenstone, and afterwards the sublime visions of Milton. Shakspeare and Ossian had their turn, and Junius and Paine.

From his sixteenth to his twenty-third year he worked for his father in the foundry at Masbrough. An autobiographical sketch, to which we are extensively indebted, brings his life down to that date. His first-published poem, the "Vernal Walk," an indifferent imitation of Thomson, was written in his seventeenth year, and, though deficient in force and continuity, contains indications of genius. He next essayed in the "Second Nuptials" to build, not the lofty, but a humorous, rhyme. In "Wharmcliffe" he invoked the demon of horror, and steeped his spirit in gloom; the lines are rugged, the language labours, the metaphors are forced. But his soul was now fairly aroused, and poetry became its delight. He produced a succession of pieces, each tinged with the same colours and pathos, but evincing an advance in freedom and taste. The "Tales of the Night" exhibited great improvement. Guilty and unfortunate love was his favourite theme; and he spoke in tones where the deep bass of sorrow mingled with the swell of gentlest emotions. But his expression was often too concentrated, his figures were far-fetched, and across his fairest pictures there was an occasional dash of coarseness. The masterpiece of this collection was the poem of "Love."

The publication of his poetry had early procured him the friendship of Southey; but as yet he had made no impression on the public. He scorned mere patronage from the great given because of his position rather than his merits. "I never felt," said he, "any respect for the patrons of inspired milkmaids and ploughmen, for milkmaids and ploughmen, if inspired, cannot long need patronage; but I know that, unwilling to believe aught good of the poor, the rich, when a poor man's deed shames theirs, transform the individual into a marvel at the expense of his class; because, having wronged, they hate it."

Meanwhile external things were forcing his thoughts into a rugged channel. The politics of the age were of an exciting character. His father's distastes, his studies of Bentham, Smith, and Thompson, and his own observations,

made in a . . . d . . . t, tended to embitter h . . . and his misfortunes ultin . . . them into frenzy. He had become a partner in business with his father, had married, and afterwards set up on his own account. Unfortunately he invested his wife's fortune in a concern of many partners, which became bankrupt beyond redemption; and ruin was the result. With poetry and painting he tried to beat down despair; but there already began to loom before him the gaunt spectre of the Corn Laws. To them he ascribed his reverses, and he vowed their destruction. In 1821, when forty years of age, he made another venture in Sheffield, by the aid of money borrowed from his wife's sister. He started with a capital of only £150, but it was sufficient for his industry and tact; and in a short time he could sit quietly in his chair and make £20 a day. His warehouse was small and dingy, piled round with bars of iron; in the centre stood a bust of Shakespeare, and, in the counting-house, busts of Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon. Here it was his poems were written. No successes could divert his earnest spirit from the object before it. He commenced his "Corn Law Rhymes." "If my compositions smell of the workshop and the dingy warehouse, I cannot help it. . . . We are cursed with evils infinitely worse than a sooty atmosphere—we are bread-taxed. Our labour, our skill, our profits, our hopes, our lives, our children's souls, are bread-taxed." To these "suicidal, anti-profit, laws" he traced every social evil; and against them he now directed every energy. The "Rhymes" were the pride of his last years; he was delighted when his correspondents styled him, C.L.R., and had a seal with those initials surmounting his name. He poured his verses on the public ear, now descending to the coarsest invective, now pretending a Dante-like flight, or sprinkling over his thoughts all the graces of the lyre and nature. The "Rhymes," taken as a whole, are a photograph of his character; there are strange groupings of the wild and beautiful—there is sympathy with suffering, overshadowed by a fierce uncharitableness—there is a love of flowers, and warbled song, and overarching sky, gushing out in the presence of the prosaic demons imagination has conjured out of political strife.

The next lengthened poem of Elliott's was, "The Ranter." Its hero is a poor preacher, who is represented one Sabbath morning as standing beneath an oak, and calling his hearers to worship under the sunlit dome of heaven. There is much exquisite description and much vigour contained in it. The sermon is thoroughly political in its tenor; with a sneer at modern Methodism, it leaves the purely spiritual, to set forth some of the practical aspects of Christianity. It is a libel on the evangelism of the age: true it is, that that is not religion which ignores its earthward relationships, and soars away like the lark to chant out its existence; but true it is, also, that religion can never discharge its life-work in time till it has first gone by faith into eternity, and drawn thence incentives and strength. The poet glides into his favourite theme, and lavishes all his efforts about it. His avowed aim, expressed in poetic diction, is the abolition of the hated Corn Laws. "Storms have beauty, as the lily hath," and come what, come may, he seems to plead, Let them perish. He thus draws arguments for free-trade from nature:

"Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky,
Lo, all is interchange and harmony!
Where is the gorgeous pomp which yester-morn
Curtained yon orb with amber, fold on fold?
Behold it in the blue of Rivelin, borne
To feed the all-feeding seas: the molten gold
Is flowing pale in Loxley's crystal cold,
To kindle into beauty tree and flower,
And wake to verdant life, hill, vale, and plain.
Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power;
But should the clouds, the streams, the winds
disdain
Harmonious intercourse, nor dew nor rain
Would forest-crown the mountains; airless day
Would blast, on Kinderscout, the heathy glow:
No purple green would meeken into gray,
O'er Don at eve: no sound of river's flow
Disturb the sepulchre of all below."

In 1829, the "Village Patriarch" appeared, exceeding in length and in merit all his other productions. We have the painting of Crabbe, stern or pathetic, with more of sympathy and more of purpose actually evident; we have the philosophy of Wordsworth, only less aerial and too often restricted. Enoch Wray, the blind patriarch, whose musings and experience are the burden of the poem, is simply an exponent of Elliott's self. Monopoly is first apostrophized, and then we are borne along in flowing lines, through scenes and sentiments of every kind. Now we are melted with pathos, now thrilled with highest aspirations; now poverty, with

its lowly associations, is faithfully pictured, and now genius is invested with sublime honours. Here the game-laws are assailed, and our compassion eloquently asked for the suffering poor, in a skilfully-imagined fiction: and there the page groans with reproaches heaped on "Sir Breadtax" and "Cantwell." To-day we are in church, listening to the parson glibly rating the world; to-morrow on the hill-top, or strolling over the lone and silent moor, or by the river with its streamlets, our spirits kindling with enthusiasm, and thoughts and finer feelings rising at every step, as the scene expands and the breezes sweep by.

Elliott was now rapidly becoming popular. What his best poetry had failed to do for him, his political rhymes achieved. The masses of men with whose wants his big heart beat in sympathy, were ready to listen to his sarcasms, when to gentler and more spiritual utterances they would have been indifferent. But others were willing to do him justice from a real appreciation of his excellence. Dr. Bowring had a copy of the "Ranter" given him in Sheffield; at Howitt's house he met Wordsworth, and they discoursed over its merits together. He afterwards showed his poems to Bulwer, who generously wrote an anonymous letter in the "New Monthly Magazine" (1831) in praise of them. Miss Jewsbury in the "Athenæum," Mrs. Holland elsewhere, and Carlyle in the "Edinburgh Review," hastened to do him still more abundant honour. Encouraged by this applause, in 1833 he collected and published his works. But his political fervour did not abate, and almost everything that came from his pen was charged with a portion of it. "The Splendid Village" mourns over the country as "fallen from its high estate;" instead of the cottage, with its simplicity and manly independence, honoured by industry and blessed with peace, he sees a fraternity of villas aping fashion and shining in gewgaw splendour. His two dramas are failures, from the want of diversity in the characters.

Meantime the Reform Bill had passed. He had eagerly watched its progress and hailed its success, because he hoped it would issue in the repeal of the Corn Laws. This seemed to him the *summum bonum* of social existence, and in aspiring after it, he overlooked the other multifarious objects that would

have forced themselves on the vision of one less determined. He had organised an "anti-bread tax society"—the forerunner of the Anti-Corn Law League—chiefly for the working-classes, but this had been dissipated in the general zeal for the Reform Bill. When, however, he found that Reform did not immediately effect what he most desired, he poured out rhymes and hymns in profusion to awake the indifferent. He declaimed on the hustings and in the lecture-room, and his conversation was full of allusions to the same topic. His fears respecting the country were, at least, sincere; he did not predict to excite, but spoke as he believed. Had he known the French language, he confessed to a friend, he would have retired with his children to France, to escape the coming revolution. In 1837 he was again unfortunate in business. A sudden panic that ruined many, injured him. "I lost fully one-third of my property," he afterwards wrote; "and after enabling my six boys to quit the nest, got out of the fracas with about £6000."

Public affairs taking a prosperous turn, and a temporary pause ensuing in his favourite movement, he was induced to join the Chartists. In 1838 he attended their great public meeting in Palace Yard, Westminster: "They poisoned Socrates," said he to the people, "they crucified Jesus, they are starving you!" When, subsequently, the Chartists repudiated the Corn Law, he withdrew his connexion in a characteristic letter. Disappointed in them, he was cheered by the great bulk of the middle classes lending a more attentive ear to his opinions. In truth, the crusade was beginning in earnest; he had sounded the alarm and laboured incessantly in the cause, sometimes alone, sometimes almost despondent; but the victory was at hand, and he lived to see it and participate in the results.

In 1841 he left Sheffield to reside at a villa he had purchased near Barnsley. The last years of his life were spent there in delightful seclusion. Friends were always welcome visitors, and in their absence the companionship of nature was his constant resource. His family circle contributed to his enjoyment; like Borthorn, Sir James Mackintosh, and others, he found

ging the words he had written for her favourite melodies. He was himself a lover of music, and believed it to be one of the necessities of life. The last years of his career were come. He had some time been unwell, and a breathlessness after excitement and other symptoms intimated approaching danger. But in 1849 drew to a close, it became evident that death was at hand. His illness confined him to his room. "You said he," a strange sight—an old man unwilling to die." The genius of poetry had not yet forsaken him. He kept dreaming, and when he awoke observed, "I was on the common, and a wild flower knocked me down with a flower."

Those flowers! they had charmed him into thought when a child, they had graced the ruggedness of manhood, and they were remembered in death. He lay on his bed he watched his daughter, whose wedding he would not see to be postponed, go to church to be married. He was still cheerful, but the sands of life were fast falling. He heard the robin singing outside his window, and dictated these verses to a friend:—

"Thy notes, sweet Robin, soft as dew,
I heard soon or late are dear to me;

"I know I don't bid adieu,
But not to thee."

"When from my eyes earth's life fell through
Has passed away, no more to me."

Then, autumn's primrose Robin's song,
Retain I may."

Soon after this, on the 1st of December, 1849, he died—a death as calm as his life had been impetuous.

Two small posthumous volumes, entitled "More Prose and Verse," have attracted little regard; but one of them contains "Ethereal," which he deemed his best poem.

It now only remains for us to pass rapidly in review his genius and character. Two very different things have left their impress on his poems—love and hatred, calm sympathy and restless passion. Nature was his first mistress, beloved, and he could never forget her smiles and beauty; the passion clung to him even when he confronted the sternest and most unlovely social realities. Towards all life and the wrongs of the world, but his

force we now see in his political tirades might have borne him on towards the sublime. "All poets," he wrote, "are fervent politicians." If they are so, it is not because of their art, but because they are men. Nevertheless, he has unconsciously so elevated by his earnestness the themes of every-day life, that they become in his hands full of poetry. When he degenerates into coarseness, it is the fault of his education. He did not write as a man embittered merely by personal suffering, but as one of large soul, as a patriot, sincerely hating and generously toiling. His sympathy with the oppressed or troubled, made him tenfold more angry with every seeming opponent; and his enjoyment of scenery and solitude, of peace and beauty, made him more indignant when surrounded by the tumult of a careless world, the realities of which were all in contrast with the lovely images of nature. How he associated the two is seen in a letter written to a friend towards the end of his life. "The flowers, bees, and birds," says he, "these are my companions: from them I derive consolation and hope, for nature is all harmony and beauty, and man will be one day like him, and the war of castes, and the war for breed will be no more." In some of his miscellaneous poems his genius is seen to the greatest advantage. Its freshness sparkles in such verses as those of "Ribbledin or the Christening," and its pathos moves in such as "Leaves and Men." As an instance of the manner in which he could invest his political and moral sentiments with novel grace, we quote the following from his "King of the Park"—

"To be a crowned and scepter'd curse, that makes
Immortal worms! a wolf, that feeds on souls!
One of the names which vengeance whips with
snakes."

Whose venom cannot die! a king of ghouls,
Whose drink is blood! to be clear-eyed as owls,
Still calling darkness light and winter spring!

To be a tiger king, whose mercy growls!
To be of meanest things the vilest thing!
Throned asp o'er lesser asps! what grub would be
a king?

But—Win-Hill! to be a king like thee!
Death! as God's thy calm behest!
Crowned in thy royalty!
To thy sheltering breast,
From thy gorgeous nest,
And happy thing!
b thee that thou hast not

but the Almighty's wing!
And! who would not be a

The predominant feature in Elliott's character was earnestness—an earnestness based rather on intensity of feeling than intelligence and judgment. A wider range of thought, without weakening its force, would have prevented its so frequent development in asperity and abuse; but the circumstances of his earlier years, and the influences to which he was then subjected, free him in some degree from the charge of wilful factiousness. This ungoverned earnestness is always apparent. It prejudiced his religion. "I am a Christian from conviction, and because I cannot help it," were his words, more full of passion than belief. He hoped that his "Corn Law Hymns," which sometimes almost embodied curses on his opponents, would be sung in churches; and he prayed before eight or ten thousand Sheffielders, "that the food-taxing and much-mortgaged heir of Chandos, might live to know what it is to be poor," and believed, too, that God heard his petition; in after years, even founding on the case an argument for the efficacy of prayer! The same thing appeared in his conversation, which was generally vehement; and, if not logical, forceful in expression. A friend, one day speaking mildly of the party favourable to the Corn Laws, as at least containing some amiable men, he began:—"Amiable men! amiable robbers, thieves, and murderers! Sir, I do not like to hear robbers, thieves, and murderers called amiable men. Amiable men indeed! Who are they that have ruined trade, made bread dear, made murder wholesale, put poverty into prison, and made crimes of ignorance and misery? Sir, I do not like to hear such terms used for such men." Notwithstanding volubility like this when the "ruling passion" had the mastery, in public speaking he was nervous, and learnt his speeches. This earnestness of feeling, again, led him to narrow his always limited views, and to blame one thing for *all* evils. The Corn-Laws were constantly charged as the cause of *all* social disorders and troubles, yet we occasionally find him

tripping in a sentence like this: "From national ignorance result not drunkenness only, but *all other public evils*." The same earnestness produced the condensation of style so characteristic of his writings, and also prompted him to indulge in invective. It led him to disregard mere polish, and artificial association; and hence his occasional ruggedness and use of unusual words. His prose contains some amusing instances of the way in which he concentrated his ideas; thus Chalmers he libels as "a walking sophism," and Hannah Moore and Wilberforce as "incarnated clap-trap." When coarse passages in his works were pointed out to him, he replied, "I wish to stir up indignation. I always endeavour to use words expressing my meaning." His earnestness also made him practical, and banished the speculative almost entirely from his life. "We cannot spare," he used to say, "one true man from the ranks of thought and progress, in these distracted times; and it grieves me to see any man waste his talents in constructing cobwebs, when the world has to be built anew."

Elliott's character is not of the highest order. That earnestness which is its excellency, chiefly originating in deep feeling, was from its origin, likely to be defective in sublimer developments. He learnt "to labour," not "to wait," he could bound along as impressive as the torrent, but he could not stand while storms were round him, calm as the mountain. He knew nothing of the consolatory truth—"perfect through suffering;" and forgot that denunciation inspires rather hatred than courage. Yet, "The Corn-Law Rhymer," is worthy of remembrance. He helped, heart and hand, to accomplish a great work; and lived manfully, earnestly, consistently. As the tempest is often necessary to purify the atmosphere, and the rugged rock to stem the heaving sea, so perhaps men of uncouth words and stern thoughts are essential to the progress of society.

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD.

THE minds of many eminent men, for the last twenty years, have been directed towards the East. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Volney, Pouqueville, Michaud, are names which must be hereafter invariably connected with Oriental questions; and whether the peregrinations of these illustrious writers were undertaken merely from a feeling of curiosity, or that some secret, vaguely-defined, anxiety about the traditions and history of the *morgenland*, drove them to adopt for a time the erratic life of the caravans, still the fact is worth noticing. Of course, a high interest belongs to the annals of that vast continent, which has been the cradle of civilisation; but, in addition to this, we believe that not a few amongst those who watch with earnestness the course of events, at the present time, have long anticipated a convulsion which shall bring the people of Asia into more immediate contact with the nations of the West. Leaving untouched such points as are merely to be viewed in the light of speculation, we shall proceed to lay before our readers some account of the person to whom we are indebted for a revelation of those astonishing realities—the monuments and palaces of Nineveh.

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, in common with many celebrated Englishmen of the age, is the descendant of French Protestant refugees. "His family," says a biographer, "seems to have long been distinguished for mental talent and industry—some branches of it were among the earliest supporters of the persecuted Albigenses; but, notwithstanding their known leaning towards orthodox religious opinions, they appear to have received both honours and profitable grants from the kings of France. But when the day of trial arrived, they had their share of miseries. In the slaughter of the Huguenots, two members of the family perished; but a third, more fortunate, succeeded in escaping to Holland, where the Layards commenced a new career.

His first appearance in England was under William of Orange; and in the list of those who held command under that Protestant prince, when he fought the battle of the Boyne, will be found the name of the father of the English branch of the family.

"Previous to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the name had been Raymond, but Layard was taken as a *sobriquet*, when its owner fled from France, and has since been retained by the descendants of the religious exile. The mental characteristics that secured them distinction in Holland, prepare us to find that the family thrived in this their adopted country; and the grandfather of the discoverer of Nineveh, the Rev. Dr. Layard, became Dean of Bristol. The dean had two sons; the second, Henry Peter John Layard, held an important civil post in Ceylon, where, between the years 1820 and 1830, he distinguished himself by his great activity in the dissemination of the Scriptures among the savage tribes of that part of the world. He is described as a man of much classical learning and of cultivated taste. Like all persons engaged in official occupations in the East, Mr. Layard required an occasional recourse to the more genial climate of Europe. During a visit to Paris, in 1817, his wife gave birth, on the 5th of March, to Austen Henry Layard, the man whose name will henceforth be identified with Nineveh."

Mr. Layard's family having fixed their abode in Italy, the future traveller became acquainted, at a very early period of his life, both with the finest specimens of art, and also with those facts and data which belong more particularly to the province of the antiquary. It would have been impossible to select a spot better calculated in every respect to train the young man for the work which he was, in the course of time, to accomplish with such signal success.

When of sufficient age to start upon the business of life, Austen Layard was intended for the law, and he began its study under the most favourable circumstances. But he had, as it seems, already contracted a passion for travels, which could not very well be satisfied by excursions from Lincoln's Inn to Westminster Hall. Blackstone was soon relinquished, briefs soon left to be filed by more ambitious legists, and in 1839, the votary of Themis set out with a friend on a course of travel, which led him to various points in the North of Europe. He wandered about

Germany, marking the languages of the different states through which he passed; he spent some time in Dalmatia, and at last, directing his course to Montenegro, he came to Constantinople by way of Roumelia and Albania. These excursions were attended with sundry adventures; and Mr. Layard, on different occasions, had to show the courage of an Englishman, whilst in the company of semi-barbarian chieftains, whose *ultima ratio* was powder and shot; and we find him one day, like a Lycurgus or a Solon of the nineteenth century, helping a young Dalmatian prince, who was attempting to improve the condition of his subjects.

We may easily suppose that every point worth noticing in Europe was soon visited, studied, and *made a note of*, by Mr. Layard. It was quite natural that he should feel anxious to cross the Bosphorus, and to explore the vast field which unfolds itself before the steps of oriental travellers. He accordingly set to work; learnt the languages of Turkey and Arabia, familiarised himself with the manners and habits of the Eastern world, and started upon a new expedition. He is said to have been often mistaken for an Arab of the desert, such was the ease with which he had overcome every difficulty that stood in his way. He visited Persia, Mesopotamia, Khuzistan, and other districts, chiefly directing his attention to those spots which were of historic interest. He published, from time to time, some records of his wanderings, and the journals of the London Geographical Society contain particulars on that subject, full of useful information in more than one respect. In all his journeys, Mr. Layard contrived to live with the strictest economy, eating and drinking cheerfully what the country afforded, however rough it might be. When he first found himself at Mosul, near the mound of Nimroud, he felt an irresistible desire to make researches of some kind on the spot to which history and tradition point as "the birthplace of the wisdom of the West." These were the localities where Babylon and Nineveh were supposed to lie. Within a short distance Xenophon had, twenty centuries before, led the ten thousand Greeks through all the perils of an enemy's country, back to their native land. Mr. Layard had seen the monuments

which are scattered over the *Romana campagna*; he had admired the noble *debris* of ancient Athens; but never had he felt coming upon him "the serious thought, and earnest reflections," which seem to arise from the ruins of Assyrian grandeur.

In the summer of 1842, he made the acquaintance of M. Botta, who, located at Mosul as French consul, had commenced excavations in the great mound of Kouyunjik. This occurrence, and the success M. Botta met with, roused to its highest pitch the energy of the Englishman. He set out for Constantinople in order to secure, if possible, the means of carrying on a system of investigation which might produce results similar to those obtained by M. Botta. For a long time Mr. Layard's application received no encouragement. At last, in the autumn of 1845, through the munificence of Sir Stratford Canning, he was enabled to commence his long desired labours. He accomplished in twelve days the voyage from Constantinople to Mosul.

The difficulties which Mr. Layard had to cope with at the onset of his endeavours were of a nature to have discouraged anyone but the real enthusiast in the cause of science. Accompanied by Mr. Ross, a British merchant in Mosul, his own *cawass*, and a servant, he descended the Tigris to Nimroud in five hours, and at sunset reached the Arab village of Naifa-Awad. A Sheikh of the Jchesh, in whose house he lodged, entered his service, and speedily engaged six Arabs to assist in the excavations. In the principal mound, only twenty minutes walk from the village, about 1800 feet long, 900 broad, and 65 high, supposed to be the pyramid of Xenophon, they found fragments with cuneiform inscriptions; and in the course of the morning *ten* large slabs, forming a square, were uncovered, being the top of a chamber, with an entrance at the north-west corner, where a slab was wanting. Cuneiform inscriptions filled the centre of all the slabs, which were in the highest preservation. The amount of the discoveries thus made, their importance, and the fact that they constituted evidently a very small portion only of treasures yet to be brought to light—all this was well calculated to repay Mr. Layard for his anxiety, his zeal, and his unremitting efforts. But the tyranny of Keritli Oglu (the son of

Cretani, pasha of Mosul, his duplicity, his greediness, had well nigh proved an obstacle more serious than any of those which the traveller found in the ordinary course of his expedition. "The variance of his excellency," says Mr. Layard, "was not prepossessing, but he watched his temper and conduct, and we had placed hypocrisy beyond our reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by the small-pox, uncouth in features, and harsh in voice. His fame reached the seat of his government, and he was known to all. On the road he had revived many good old customs and impositions, and he was the reforming spirit of the age, which suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-purassi*, or compensation in money, levied upon the villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the wear and tear of his teeth in masticating the food which he sends to receive from the inhabitants."

The great object of this man was to procure money from the *Giaour* by all possible means. Various objections were made by him to the continuance of the excavations: the Europeans were probing the graves of true believers, violating the Koran, &c. &c. Mr. Layard, at a final conference, through Sir Stratford Parnell's influence, a firman from the pasha, authorising him to proceed with his labours, and it was only then that we could do so in safety. Very fortunately, Kerim Oghin incurred the disapproval of his government. He was dismissed; and the new official, Ismael Pasha, adopted a system of policy which was both honest in itself and favourable to the important work now actively carried on at Nimroud.

When the first gigantic figure brought light out of the ruins made its appearance, the whole town of Mosul was thrown into commotion. The Arabs declared that Nimroud himself had appeared. "There is no God but Allah," cried they, "and Mohammed is his prophet." The chief of the mufti, and the *Sheik* of the *Ulama* communicated to the pasha that these excavations were contrary to the religion; the pasha requested, therefore, their discontinuance till the sensation in the town had subsided. But this incident had no unpleasant consequences. The poor Arabs, when they heard of Nimroud's sudden appearance, felt well, for they consider

"the mighty hunter" as one of the greatest and most abandoned amongst God's enemies. Disappointed in his design of making war with the Almighty, he turned his arms against Abraham, who, being a powerful prince, raised forces to defend himself; but God dividing Nimroud's subjects, and confounding their language, deprived him of the greater part of his people, and plagued those who adhered to him by swarms of gnats, which destroyed almost all of them. One of those gnats having entered into the nostril or ear of Nimroud, penetrated to one of the membranes of his brain, where, growing bigger every day, it gave him such intolerable pain that he was obliged to cause his head to be beaten with a mallet, in order to procure some ease; which torture he suffered four hundred years. And, at last, there he was, the great tyrant, the sworn enemy of everything good. "Certainly," exclaimed the terrified Arabs, "this is not the work of men's hands, but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood."

Whilst such were the speculations of Mr. Layard's workmen, he himself mused over the mutilated remains of the Assyrian monarchy. "I used to contemplate with horror these mysterious emblems. What more noble forms could have adorned the people into the temple of their gods! What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a supreme being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of a man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wing of the bird. These winged, human-headed lions, were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished 3,000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognised by the Assyrian votaries."

They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundations of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed, and the corn had waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient, and no less wonderful, but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown, whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness, in the words of the prophet, that once the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. . . . His height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations; for now is Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her: all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it, their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds."

This quotation will strike every one, we believe, by its beauty and its truth. It is a good illustration both of the style of Mr. Layard's writing and also of the lessons which every intelligent, thoughtful traveller must needs derive from the consideration of ruins such as those of Nineveh. The name of Volney comes back to our mind, whilst we read over again the *morale* of the English antiquarian, but there is this difference between Layard and Volney, that for the one the word of God stands as the infallible test of history, whereas the other was only *compelled* to lay aside his sneer and his scoffing in the presence of unquestionable *facts*. The hot season was now drawing nigh; Mr.

Layard's health began to fail felt the necessity of renou a while his labours at Nimron inspecting and covering up f examination a number of s slabs, he caused the remain packed up and transported to by way of Bagdad. On the August, he started with a friends, on a visit to the Chal Nestorian Christians who inl Tiyari mountains, intending t in September for the purpos taining the excavations. specting the French *diggings* sabad, on his way to the moun passed through the town of A and reached the village of where he was most hospitably by the Chaldeans. A Kurdish cruel Beder Khan Bey, had time commenced putting into a plan for the entire destr those unfortunate Christians. sand of them were, by his ord sacred in cold blood, and the inl of one of the villages which M visited, Ikoma Gowaia, daily an invasion of the Kurds. verner of Mosul attempted the calamity; yet a few days English traveller had reached the deed of slaughter was per The Porte, at last, saw the nec putting a stop to these atrocioi an army marched against the Kurd, who, after sustaining defeats, was taken prisoner, br Constantinople, and banished island of Candia.

The next locality in which Mr. Layard is the district of the or worshippers of the Devil queer associates, one would f an orthodox Christian. Howe votaries of the Evil Spirit turn be far from fiendish in their disp and they entertained their visit the greatest eagerness. This s son of relaxation produced the effect; Mr. Layard returned t both refreshed and eager to re labours. There he received let England, informing him that f ford Canning had presented nation the sculptures discover syria, and that a grant from ment had been obtained tow expenses arising from fresh itions. The allowance could ha fice to defray the most essentia

it was far inferior to the one made at Botta, by the French cabinet, for excavations at Khorsabad; yet Mr. Layard resolved to do his utmost, and by undertaking the multifarious occupations of draughtsman, sculpture-packer, taker, and overseer, he succeeded. At the end of October, new excavations began; and, on the 24th of June following, after having covered up the treasures which he could not remove, transported to Busrak the valuable fruits of his labours, Mr. Layard left for Constantinople, on his way to England.

In reviewing the principal facts connected with this first expedition, we must acknowledge that the encouragement which our illustrious countryman lived at the hands of Government, such as to reflect the greatest disrepute upon those who have the management of the public money. Not only the grant voted amount to a very small sum, compared with the work to be accomplished, but it was with the greatest difficulty that advances could be obtained in cases of absolute necessity. The subject was earnestly taken up at the time, by the majority of the English Members, especially by the "Athenæum." When we reflect," says this paper, "at the highly interesting and extensive collection of Assyrian marbles and gems, now in the British Museum, all obtained by Government at a very nominal price, and that if sold by Sotheby and Wilkinson's they would probably have realised a very large sum in ten times, perhaps, what was given for them — we must confess to some surprise that Government should have been so niggardly in its second advance. A fine English spirit of research displayed by Mr. Layard, and his known willingness to profit in pocket by his discoveries, when the British nation is purchaser, should have been met by a nobler return from the representatives of the British people." But the results Mr. Layard had obtained, when once fully made known and rendered, as it were, palpable, were so characteristic, too important, to remain absolutely unacknowledged. He received from the University of Oxford the doctor's degree, and was appointed to the embassy at the Porte. On the retirement of Lord Palmerston from the sign office, and the accession of Earl Russell, he was named Under-secretary

of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1853 he took his seat in parliament as member for Aylesbury; and in the following year was presented with the freedom of the city of London, in consideration of his discoveries amongst the ruins of Nineveh.

Let us now retrace our steps, and devote a paragraph to Mr. Layard's second expedition. "After a few months' residence in England, during the year 1848, to recruit a constitution worn by long exposure to the extremes of an Eastern climate, I received orders to proceed to my post as Her Majesty's embassy in Turkey. The trustees of the British Museum did not, at that time, contemplate further excavations on the site of ancient Nineveh. Ill health and limited time had prevented me from placing before the public, previous to my return to the East, the result of my first researches, with the illustrations of the monuments and copies of the inscriptions recovered from the ruins of Assyria. They were not published till some time after my departure, and did not, consequently, receive that careful superintendence and revision necessary to works of this nature. It was at Constantinople that I first learned the general interest felt in England in the discoveries, and that they had been universally received as fresh illustrations of Scripture and prophecy, as well as of ancient history, sacred and profane."

It seems perfectly clear that the decided manifestations of public opinion alone roused the authorities of the British Museum to a sense of their duty. Mr. Layard was consequently requested to undertake the superintendence of a second expedition into Assyria. "Being asked to furnish a plan of operations, I stated what appeared to me to be the course best calculated to produce interesting and important results, and to enable us to obtain the most accurate information on the ancient history, language, and arts, not only of Assyria, but of its sister kingdom, Babylonia. Perhaps my plan was too vast and general to admit of performance or warrant adoption. I was merely directed to return to the site of Nineveh, and to continue the researches commenced amongst its ruins."

Ten persons, Mr. Layard included, composed the corps of savants who started upon this new journey; an experienced artist was appointed to secure

designs of such monuments as could not be removed, either from injury or decay; a physician also gave to the party the benefit of his skill; and most of the workmen or attendants who had helped on a previous occasion to carry on the work were very willing to accept further employment under the direction of so intelligent, so generous, and so considerate a master as Mr. Layard. The caravan left the Bosphorus for Trebizond on August 28th, 1849, and in the space of less than two years discoveries were made which have rendered the collection of Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum the most complete in the world.

After a series of successful excavations at Nineveh, Mr. Layard commenced an examination of the ruins of Babylon. Vast heaps of earth and rubbish, which often could not be removed without danger, impeded his progress. A few valuable relics were found, but it was not possible to trace the general plan of any one edifice, only shapeless piles of masonry and isolated walls and piers being brought to light. No sculptures or inscribed slabs, scarcely a detached figure or tablet, appeared: "Babylon is fallen, is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods He hath broken unto the ground."

We have spoken of Mr. Layard as a scientific traveller; as a *writer*, it is hardly possible to overrate his merits. The facility with which he unites interesting narratives and travels with the details of his remarks is extraordinary; and this peculiarity of style being pre-eminently suited to general readers, will no doubt have the effect of widely disseminating the information his works contain.

The value of his researches in all their consequences cannot yet be estimated. Now that the track is open, explorers have hastened into it, and nearly

every day brings us, on the subject of Assyrian history, new conclusions, or new materials for investigation. It is well known that a Society, recently organised, is now engaged in making systematic excavations in the localities already visited by Mr. Layard; and we are authorised to expect great things from the combined resources furnished by money, social influence, and scholarship. The interpretation of the cuneiform inscriptions promises still more important additions to history and chronology; and in the restoration of ancient palaces and monuments, art may profit by the comparison of its earlier and later stages. To the illustration of Scripture and prophecy, we must, at least, allude, as associated with the labours of Dr. Layard. Less than half a century ago, one of the most learned Deists of France, a man of great energy and talent, earnestly sought for a theme, in the development of which he might, as he vainly hoped, destroy the authority of Scripture, and subvert the doctrine of the Gospel. Having selected his post, he carefully inspected venerable mounds, ruined architecture, and the remains of ancient cities. He recommended the genius of the past to inculcate upon the human mind the lessons of Voltairianism. This laboured effort failed; nor is it probable that it will ever be repeated. On the contrary, let the man who may have learnt to doubt at the school of rationalistic theology, carry his Bible with him to the Assyrian room of the British Museum; let him there study, impartially and completely, the histories of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, and Sennacherib; and the result must be his conviction, that on the field of ancient history, as on every other, the infidel has lost his boasted power.

CARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

life of Körner, the young German poet and poet, presents a remarkable picture of the powerful tendencies of a new epoch to mould the mind and consecrate the energies of man to the exigencies of the hour. Rising manhood at a period when the German empire was prostrate beneath the iron sceptre of Napoleon, we find him surrounded in early life by the influences which always elicit greatness. It is inherent in the character, and he seized the opportunity, when presented itself, of vindicating his heroic ardour and his country's claim, at the sacrifice of all that men generally are most ambitious to attain. He laid upon the altar of his country what in common estimation renders sacrificeable, enjoyable, and honourable—the poet's fame, a bridegroom's hopes, a hero's life-blood—and went down to his grave in his twenty-second year, a victim, self-devoted, to the service of his fatherland.

CARL THEODOR KÖRNER was the son of Christian Gottfried Körner, doctor of law and counsellor of the chief consistory at Dresden. His mother was the daughter of Stock, the artist and engraver of Leipzig. He was born at Dresden, on the 23rd of September, 1804.

As an infant his health was weak, and he required constant care, from which cause his education was somewhat retarded. He was characterized in his childhood by strong affections, great strength of mind, and a lively imagination. Living much in the open air, he became a bold horseman, a good swimmer, and an expert fencer; from an enduring love of music, he became a skilled performer on the guitar. Poetry was from his earliest years his ruling passion, and he soon gave evidence of the possession of no ordinary power. There is no doubt that Schiller and Goethe were his models; and his first attempts were of the best kind. At seventeen years of age he was sent for instruction to the *Schule* at Dresden, enjoying at the same time the advantage of private study at home. In the select circles of which he became accustomed to gen-

teel society, and learned to appreciate the value of intercourse with the most accomplished persons of the place. In the choice of a profession it was necessary that he should be guided in a measure by prudential motives, as he inherited no patrimony on which he could rely for support. He selected the profession of a miner, and omitted no opportunity of prosecuting a study which had peculiar charms for him, from its associations with poetry, and from its connexion with various auxiliary sciences necessary for the completion of his education. He laboured diligently in the acquirement of the elements of physics, of natural philosophy, of mechanics and chemistry, the difficulties of which served rather to attract than to repel his ardent temperament.

In the summer of 1808, Körner removed to Freyberg, for the sake of the advantages of a higher course of instruction in the profession he had chosen. Here he found himself agreeably situated, with the celebrated Werner for a personal friend, and Professor Lampadius as one of his preceptors. He pursued the practical part of his business with great zeal, living and labouring among the hardy miners, and painting in glowing colours the duties of a miner's life in the songs which he wrote; and made rapid and solid progress in his profession. He had the true German perseverance, which was visible even in his liveliest moods, and could at any moment revert from gaiety to serious study. In the summer of 1809, he set out on a journey on foot through Upper Lusatia, in the Silesian mountains, an expedition from which he derived much practical knowledge in his art, while at the same time the sublimity of the scenery through which he passed had its effect in further developing his poetic faculty—his productions from this period assuming more depth and seriousness.

His academical career at Freyberg terminated in 1810; when, after visiting Carlsbad with his parents, he set out for Leipzig. At the period of his arrival at this city the students were divided into two great parties, known as

the *Renomisten*, or Renownists, and the *Studenten*. They were much exasperated against each other, and it was impossible for a new comer to remain neuter. Körner ranged himself with the *Studenten*, at the same time endeavouring to reconcile the existing dissensions. He made the best use of his time, studying philosophy, history, and anatomy, and rendering himself remarkable by the assertion of an independent spirit.

In 1811, at Easter, he removed to Berlin, and pursued the study of botany under Count Hoffmannsegg, an intimate friend of his father—availing himself of the amusements of the theatre and the practice of music as relaxations. Here, however, he was attacked by tertian fever, and after much suffering was compelled to remove to Carlsbad for change of air; there he remained a month with his parents—and, in the following August, repaired to Vienna. At the capital he was hospitably received by his father's old friend, William von Humboldt; and it is from the period of his arrival in Vienna that we may date the commencement of his decisive career. The studies which he had so enthusiastically followed with a view to his profession, had served to strengthen and enlarge his powers as a poet; and it is no marvel that, with the consciousness of these powers strong within him, we find him virtually abandoning the profession of a miner, and paying undivided court to the muses.

It seems pretty clear, that notwithstanding the obstructions thrown in the way by the Government, and the opposition of the Censors, the facilities afforded to a young author for making himself known to the public through the medium of the stage must have been, at that time at least, much greater among the Viennese, than they have ever been with us. The success of young Körner in this respect seems to us almost as marvellous as the astonishing fertility of his genius, which enabled him, within the short space of fifteen months, to compose and produce upon the stage above a dozen dramatic pieces, among which were a drama of five acts, a tragedy also in five acts, two dramas in three acts each, two operas, and a number of lighter pieces. The most important and the most finished of these performances are "*Zriny*" the Hungarian Leonidas, and "*Rosamond*,"

a tragedy, taken from English history. These productions were, upon the whole, received with unparalleled favour by the public. The author was called to appear before the audience in person, an honour then much less usual than it is at the present day. Goethe from a distance recognised the genius of the young poet, and by his influence several of his pieces were brought out at Weimar with eminent success.

At Vienna, Körner found his early ambition realised, and reaped the full enjoyment of honour and reputation while yet at an age when most men are entering upon life. His success served but to add a new impulse to his ardent nature and to excite him to nobler exertion. For this spirit of generous determination he was, no doubt, partly indebted to the associates of his leisure, among whom were Humboldt and Schlegel, the celebrated Caroline Pichler, and Madame de Pereira. At this time, too, he became engaged to a young lady of exquisite beauty and good sense, with whom, by the approbation of his parents, who rejoiced in the selection he had made, he looked forward to a speedy and happy union. As though fortune had resolved that nothing should be wanting to his felicity, the approbation with which the public received his dramatic compositions procured him the appointment of Poet of the Court Theatre, the emoluments of which assured him a sufficient income and justified his marriage as a prudential step. At the commencement of 1813 he received a mark of distinction of the most flattering kind, being invited to visit the Archduke Charles, to whom he had dedicated two poems full of martial enthusiasm, and received by the conqueror of Aspern with the most gratifying expressions of friendship.

But in the heart of Körner patriotism occupied a larger space than even poesy,—the love of his fatherland was yet stronger than his love of the muse,—and the time was now come when every faculty of body and mind was to be devoted to the cause of his country. The horrible reverses which the hosts of Napoleon had suffered in the retreat from Moscow, could not be concealed from his enemies; and as the conviction gradually spread through Germany that the gigantic power of the despot had received a mortal wound, the whole nation burned to throw off his yoke and

recover their independence. If we turn now to the correspondence which at this time, and for some months previous, passed between the young poet and his friends, we shall discover in the feeling, so soon to burst into action, which prevailed among the true men of the hour, a key to the conduct of Körner—a motive amply sufficient, in the eye of every lover of his country, to justify and to sanctify the sacrifice he was willing to make.

One of the dearest friends of Körner, and the man in whose arms he breathed his last, was Dr. Frederick Förster, who served through the campaigns of 1813, 1814, and 1815, who twice fought his way to Paris, and at the conclusion of the war resumed the pen which he had exchanged for the sword. He was the biographer of Wallenstein, Frederick the Great, and Blücher, and Director of the Cabinet of Arts in the Museum of Berlin. He thus writes to Theodor on December 14, 1812: "Though it is past midnight, I take pen in hand, my dearest friend, to regain, in communion with thee, my peace of mind and repose. By my tremulous handwriting you will perceive in what excitement I write. . . . It was past one o'clock when I left the house of your parents. . . . It snowed heavily, and, driven by the blast, I hastened with rapid steps towards the bridge. . . . On a sudden I heard loud cursing in French and German, before the door of Dr. Segert. . . . Impelled by curiosity, I hastened to the spot. . . . I was summoned to a carriage which was mounted on a sledge, and, as I was aware of the wishes of the travellers, I said, '*N'est ce pas que vous cherchez l'hôtel de l'ambassadeur Français, M. de Serra? Suivez moi.*' This was exactly what they wanted, and as Serra lived at the corner of the *Kreuzgasse*, in the palace of Loo, I soon led their sledge to the spot. In an instant a footman sprung from the foot-covering of the vehicle, and pulled at the ambassador's bell, as if he were quite at home in this house. The porter opened, and two other furred knight Ruperts (bogies) unfolded themselves in their wolf-hides, from the inside. The first was a stout, well-made man, but he was frozen so stiff, both hand and foot, that he endeavoured in vain to assist his still more helpless companion to alight. Half from courtesy, half from curiosity, I advanced, when

the cold man of snow put his glove upon my shoulder as if a polar bear had thrown his paw upon me. The glove fell off—I lent him my hand, and led him to the door. It sprang open; two servants with wax-lights, and the ambassador himself—a lustre in his hand—presented themselves before us. The full blaze fell like lightning on the countenance of the guest, whose hand still held fast by mine; the eyes and nose alone were visible amid the muffling of the furs. I recognised them again, those fiery stars which I had so often seen in the spring shining in this very place—it was the *Emperor Napoleon*, whose hand lay in mine, and I may say that the fate of Europe rested for a moment on my shoulders. Friend, what thoughts are pressing this moment through my brain! I sit writing here as if in the maddened dream of a fever. The newspaper, with the eventful twenty-ninth bulletin, lies on my table; the grand French army is destroyed—totally destroyed; it was but yesterday we received the news! I felt as if I could have drawn a dagger from beneath my cloak, and with the words, 'Europe, I give thee peace!' have plunged it in the heart of this mortal foe to freedom and to fatherland! But no! Brutus, I envy not thy deed! Caesar, thou shalt fall, but not by the base hand of the assassin. We will fight out our cause chivalrously with thee; according to old and time-honoured usage, we will grant thee all fair chance of distance, and equal position as to wind and sun; and even so, shall the righteous judgment of God be fulfilled on thee."

The following is from another of Förster's letters to Körner, dated January, 1813:—"On Sunday morning last I went to the *Linkeschen Bad*, and found many persons collected round a carriage which had just arrived with soldiers returning home. These unfortunates were more dreadfully mutilated by the frost than grenades or grape-shot could ever have effected. One had lost the upper joints of the whole of his ten fingers, and he showed us the blackened stumps; another . . . wanted both nose and ears; and still more frightful was the appearance of a third, his eyes were frozen, his eyelids hung rotting away, the pupils of the eyes had burst, and started from their sockets. Oh, it was a fearful sight! And yet this horror

was to be surpassed by a fresh spectacle more hideous still. From the straw of the waggon a figure crawled, which could scarcely have been recognised as human, so wild and distorted were the features; the lips had rotted away, the teeth stood exposed; he tore the bandage from his mouth, and grinned on us like a death's head. Then, bursting into a fitful laugh, he endeavoured to give the word of command in broken French, in tones more like the howling of a dog than a human voice; we perceived that the poor wretch was mad—mad with a frozen brain. Suddenly, with the cry, 'Henry, my Henry!' a young woman rushes to the car, the poor maniac rubbed his brow, as if to collect himself, then stretched out his arms to the unhappy girl, and raised himself with all his remaining strength; but a shuddering fever-fit convulsed his frame, he sank exhausted and lay lifeless on the straw. The girl could only by force be removed from the corpse; it was her bridegroom! Her agony now found vent in the most fearful imprecations against the French and their Emperor, and her rage communicated itself to the people assembled round, particularly the women, who expressed their fury in the most frantic manner. I should recommend no Frenchman to venture amid such a mob. These are the dragon's teeth of evil which the Corsican Cadmus has sown. The crop grows splendidly, and already I see, in fancy, the fields covered with lances for spikes of corn, and swords for flowers. Thou and I, my Theodor, will find our place among the reapers! . . . I was at your father's last evening, when a letter arrived from you. Inquiry was made if it contained any intelligence of the French armies, &c. 'Theodor,' said your father, 'thinks only of his marriage: he is happy in his love, and will bring us his young wife in the spring.' 'He is very anxious about so important a step,' added your mother, 'read what he says at the conclusion of the letter.' Your father read your closing words—'an important moment of life approaches. Be assured you will not find me unworthy of you, whatever the future may bring.' Your family found in these words nothing more than an allusion to your marriage. I kept silence, not to betray my thoughts; for I know you too well not to interpret your words very differently."

It may be seen from the above that there was already a mutual understanding between Körner and his intimate friends respecting the course he would pursue. We might cite a number of other letters in a similar strain, all tending to show the growing hatred of the French, and the universal determination in the minds of the Germans to avenge their wrongs. That Theodor himself had fully calculated the cost and formed his resolution may be gathered from his reply to Förster. "You may well conceive," he says, "that my feet have burned, since the appeal of the King of Prussia to the volunteers has been in my hands. . . . The Prussian eagle it is which will lead the way in the approaching struggle; under her wings let us meet; it is now the cause, not of Prussia alone, but of Germany itself. Several of my friends have desired me to be more cautious in my expressions, as I am watched by the secret police. Gracious heaven! my tongue is too sharp for them here—and I long to be where my sword shall not be sharp enough. You have rightly interpreted my mystic expressions, in my letter to my father. I have since written to acquaint him that I intended every expression for the great struggle of the time."

The following is Theodor's letter to his father, here referred to. "DEAREST FATHER,—I write to thee respecting an event, which I feel assured will neither surprise nor shock thee. I lately gave thee a hint of my purpose, which has now arrived at maturity. Germany rises—the Prussian eagle, by the beating of her mighty wings, awakens in all true hearts the great hope of German freedom! My poetic art sympathises for my country—let me prove myself her worthy son! Yes, dearest father, I will join the army, will cheerfully throw aside the happy, joyous life which I have here enjoyed, in order, be it with my blood, to assist in the deliverance of my country. Name it impetuosity, levity, rashness. Two years since, it is true, I should have termed it thus myself; but now that I know what happiness may ripen for me in this life; now that the star of freedom sheds on me its cheering influence; now is it, by heaven, a sacred feeling which inspires me, a conviction that no sacrifice can be too great to ensure our country's freedom. Possibly the fond paternal heart may

any, 'Theodor is meant for better things; in another field he might have accomplished objects more worthy and important; he owes, as yet, a weighty obligation to mankind.' But, father, my conviction is, that for the death-offering for the freedom and honour of our country, no one is too good; though many are too base. If the Almighty have, indeed, inspired me with more than common mind, which has been taught and formed by thy care and affection, where is the moment in which I can better exert it than now? A great age requires great souls, and I feel that I may prove a rock amid this concussion of the nations. I must forth and oppose my daring breast to the waves of the storm. Shall I be content to celebrate in poetry alone the success of my brethren while they fight and conquer? Shall I write entertainments for the comic theatre, when I feel within me the courage and the strength to take part in the great and serious drama of life? I am aware that thou wilt suffer much—my mother, too, will weep! May God be her comfort; I cannot spare you this trial. I have ever deemed myself the favourite of fortune; she will not forsake me now. That I simply venture my life is of little import; but that I offer it, crowned as it is with all the flowery wreaths of love, of friendship, and of joy—that I cast away the sweet sensation which lived in the conviction that I should never cause you inquietude or sorrow, this is, indeed, a sacrifice which can only be opposed to such a prize—our country's freedom! Either on Saturday or Monday I depart . . . At Breslau, my place of destination, I meet the free sons of Prussia, who have enthusiastically collected there under the banner of the king. I have scarcely decided, as yet, whether I shall join the cavalry or infantry . . . Antonia [his betrothed] has, on this occasion, proved the great and noble character of her soul. She weeps, it is true; but the termination of the campaign will dry up her tears. My mother must forgive me the tears I cause her—whoever loves me will not censure me; and thou, father, wilt find me worthy of thee.—Thy Theodor."

Körner left Vienna on March 15th, 1813. On his arrival at Breslau, he found the afterwards famous corps of Lützow in the course of formation. They were a body of volunteers, sworn

to the deliverance of Germany. Theodor was irresistibly attracted towards such a combination, and joined its ranks on the 19th. A few days afterwards this devoted band were solemnly consecrated in a village church near Zobten. Körner, in one of his letters, thus alludes to the imposing ceremony: "At the conclusion of the hymn [a choral hymn written by himself] the pastor of the place, who was named Peter, made a powerful and all-impressive oration. No eye remained dry. At its close he administered to us the oath, to spare neither our fortune nor our lives for the cause of mankind, of our country, and of religion; but to go cheerfully either to victory or to death. We swore! on which he fell on his knees, and implored God to grant a blessing on His combatants. By heaven, it was a moment in which this consecration to death impelled every breast, and when every heart beat heroically! The oath was repeated by all, and the officers swore it on their swords. Martin Luther's hymn, 'A strong tower is our God,' concluded this imposing solemnity."

From Breslau Körner writes to his friend Förster, claiming him as a comrade. Of the devotion and cheerfulness of that daring band, the following extract will afford a lively picture:—"Do not engage in any other regiment; I have already entered you on the muster-roll of the Black Jägers . . . Nowhere on earth could you find so fine a set of fellows as in our black battalion; the corps already amounts to 1000 men; it is a true camp of Wallenstein, but in a higher sense. There is no lack of merry fellows among us, for all the universities have sent us their choicest spirits; but whatever is rude or vulgar is banished by the hallowed nature of our calling, and even our most joyous moments are chastened by the thought of the cause to which we are devoted. . . . That every second man of us must die, we are all aware; and you have here my avowal of this conviction. Of all my friends, I know that you and Falkenstein feel and think and write in my own spirit; let us three, then, form a brotherhood of song; one of us, we will presume, will survive, and be it his to preserve what the others have sung, and let him sing joyously for the future." As a comrade, Körner won the esteem and affection of his brethren in arms. His mineralogical experience was now

of use in preparing snug and dry quarters for his companions. He never hesitated at self-sacrifice or danger; and though forebodings of death are to be found in the poems and letters written by him at this period, yet this anticipation never relaxed his cheerfulness. He spent much of his leisure in the composition of martial songs, and in setting them to music, as well as in collecting the compositions of others which interested him. Soon after his entrance into the corps he was chosen by his companions for the post of *oberführer*, a post nearly corresponding with that of sergeant-major of the English service. He was selected to accompany Major von Petersdorf on a mission to invite the Saxons to unite and engage in the common cause. This mission brought him to Dresden a week before the arrival of his comrades; and now he saw his friends for the last time, and received his father's blessing on his enterprise.

Having refused an official appointment offered him in the Prussian army, under Winzingerode, Körner accompanied the volunteers to Leipzig, where, on the 24th April, he was, by universal suffrage of his comrades, elected lieutenant. The corps, which was now very much increased, was destined to be employed, with other flying troops, in harassing the enemy's rear, in conjunction with two other corps intended to support their flank. Lützow attempted to pass the Saale, near Scopau, and to press through the Hartz mountains, but from the strength of the enemy in that direction was obliged to desist. It was necessary, however, that they should approach the Prussian forces lower down on the right bank of the Elbe, in order to act in unison with them. Lützow therefore led his volunteers through Dessau, Zerbst, and Havelberg, and crossed the Elbe in the neighbourhood of Leutz. Shortly after, on the 12th of May, was fought the battle of Danneberg, in which the Lützow corps rendered effective service, by covering the Prussian light artillery, and harassing the enemy in their retreat. On the morning of the battle of Danneberg, Körner composed a magnificent war song, which ranks among the first of his lyrics, but of which no translation affording an adequate idea of the original has yet appeared.

General von Walmoden declined to

follow up his advantages after the battle of Danneberg, and recrossed the river on the following day, with all his troops. Lützow could not therefore carry out his intention of harassing the enemy's rear. But the French were now advancing towards Lusatia, and it was necessary to defend the frontier. The volunteers were employed in this service by every general who commanded in the vicinity. Meanwhile the band was continually organizing and increasing in numbers. The inhabitants of Altmark rose almost *en masse*, and the arming and enrolling of fresh recruits occasioned considerable delay, during which the cavalry of the corps halted in the neighbourhood of Stendal. This inactivity annoyed Körner, who complains of it with a bitter kind of jocularity in his letters home. On the 24th of May, he followed the cavalry to Stendal, as a member of a deputation to the civil authorities of Westphalia. Here he learned, on the 28th, that Lützow had resolved upon an expedition towards Thuringia with four squadrons of his cavalry and fifty Cossacks. Körner begged for permission to join him, and was appointed adjutant by Lützow, who desired to have him near his person.

This expedition especially annoyed the French. Passing through a district much occupied by detachments of their troops, and not without encountering many dangers, this dashing corps of cavalry, accompanied by its Cossacks, was daily effecting important services in the cause of freedom. They intercepted intelligence, seized the supplies of ammunition, captured couriers, and maddened the enemy by cutting off his communications. Napoleon was so exasperated by their apparent ubiquity and audacity, that he formed a plan for the extirpation of the corps, resolving to inflict condign punishment by way of a terrible example, and not to leave a man of them alive. He treacherously took advantage of the armistice which just at this time had been agreed upon, and which was to endure for six weeks, to put this plan into execution. Lützow had received notice of the armistice at Plauen, and having had confidential assurances of safety from the enemy's commanding officers, was proceeding along the high road to rejoin his infantry—not expecting, and therefore not prepared, for opposition.

On arriving at Kitzén, a village near Leipzig, he saw himself surrounded by a force of 3,000 men; his own troop consisting but of 500 in all. Körner rode forward to demand an explanation; but the scoundrel in command of the enemy, instead of replying, cut him down before he had time to draw his sword; and it being now near dark, a general attack was made upon Lützow's squadron, and numbers of them were cut to pieces while their sabres were yet undrawn. Upon seeing him fall, numbers of Körner's friends rushed in and rescued him from the hands of the enemy. Lützow himself was saved by a band of Uhlans, who formed the vanguard. Körner was guided by his friends to a neighbouring wood; there they bound up his wound as well as they were able, and concealed him in a thicket. Suffering from the anguish of his wound, he lay on the ground through the whole night—his strength exhausted, and his last hope gone. In this extremity he composed a noble sonnet, which has been thus translated—

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

My deep wound burns; my pale lips quake in death.—

I feel my fainting heart resign its strife.
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lead, to thy will I yield my parting breath,
Yet many a dream hath charmed my youthful eye;
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh, surely not! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.
And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
It stands in scrapp'd guise before me now;
And as my failing senses fade away,
It beckons me on high, and points to endless day!

He could hear the enemy searching for him during the night, but at length fell asleep, and on waking in the morning, found two peasants standing over him. These were friends whom his comrades had sent to his rescue, and by whose assistance he was disguised in the garb of a countryman, and conveyed into Leipzig, then in possession of the French, and found a safe asylum in the house of Dr. Windler. After five days he was so far recovered as to be able to leave his confinement, and secretly removed to Carlsbad. There he rapidly recovered, under the affectionate care of Madame Recke. During his convalescence he thus writes to his father—

"Carlsbad, July 2, 1813.

"DEAREST FATHER,—Accept my most affectionate wishes on your birthday:

God grant that you may celebrate the next in your liberated fatherland. I am going on better. I sleep well at night, the pains are intermitting, and in fact unimportant. Excuse my narrating the unworthy history of the affair till I see you; for the present, I would only mention that I was wounded while asking the rascals, without drawing my sabre, whether they were observing the armistice which was agreed on. Madame Recke overwhelms me with maternal kindness, and the interest which is generally testified for me here has proved extremely gratifying. As soon as I am recovered I will see you in Toplitz, and I would not delay joining you for a single moment, were it not that the journey would prove prejudicial to my recovery. . . . To my mother, aunt, and Emma, I send an affectionate kiss. To all my friends my remembrance. To you a hearty shake of the hand, and the solemn assurance, that even in the most formidable moments of the past days, I have never been untrue to the good cause.

"Your son, THEODOR."

This treacherous attack during an armistice did the cause of Napoleon more injury than it would have suffered by the loss of a pitched battle. So great was the indignation which it excited at Leipzig, that but for the presence of a large French garrison the people would have risen in insurrection. The allies suppressed their resentment from motives of policy, but this act of atrocious perfidy sank deep into the heart of Germany, and increased, while it justified, the universal horror of French domination. Everywhere arose the eager cry for retribution; and the conclusion of the armistice was looked for as the dawning of the day of vengeance. "No peace!" was the watchword; "Revenge for Körner first." As Napoleon persisted in refusing satisfaction for an atrocity almost unheard of in war; opposing all enquiry, and detaining the prisoners taken on the occasion, the allies refused to allow the provisioning of the fortresses of Dantzic, Modlin, Zamose, Stettin, and Custrin, to which they had agreed by the terms of the same armistice. Napoleon was so enraged against the Lützow corps, whose operations had stung him to the quick, that he treated the prisoners as criminals. He sent for the French officer who had given Lützow notice of the

armistice, and provided him with a Saxon officer as a commissary and safe conduct on his march, and reviling him furiously for his honourable conduct, tore, with his own hands, his epaulettes from his shoulders, and cashiered him on the spot. The French historians, driven by the general odium to invent an apology for so shameful a deed, have pretended that the armistice was only intended for regular troops, and not for the volunteers—a miserable evasion too contemptible to need refutation.

As soon as Körner was completely cured of his wound, he hastened to rejoin his comrades and to recommence his military career. Lützow's corps were at that time posted above Hamburg on the right bank of the Elbe, with the Hanseatic legion, the Russo-German corps, and some English auxiliaries, under the command of General Von Walmoden. Davoust occupied Hamburg, and with a large force of French, supplemented by Danish troops, threatened from that city the north of Germany. Hostilities recommenced on the 17th of August, and the corps of volunteers, being employed in the outposts, was in action almost every day. It was at this period that Körner composed his celebrated war-song, entitled "Men and Boys."

Lützow had resolved upon heading a part of the cavalry of his corps in an attack upon the rear of the enemy, which was to take place on the 28th of August. The squadron set forth, and arriving towards evening at a refreshment station provided for the French, appropriated it to themselves, and after resting a couple of hours continued their march to a wood in the neighbourhood of Rosenberg. Here they lay in ambush, and sent out a scout who was to bring them information of the most practical route to the camp of the enemy, which, badly guarded, lay at the distance of some three miles. While they were awaiting his return, the Cossacks who formed a part of their force, and who had been placed on the look-out on a commanding eminence, descried the approach of a transport of ammunition and provisions, escorted by two companies of infantry. An immediate attack was resolved upon, and it proved eminently successful. Lützow ordered the Cossacks, a hundred strong, to head the attack. Taking one half the squadron to assail the flank

of the enemy, and leaving the other half to cover the rear, he led them against the enemy, Körner acting as adjutant by his side. When the signal for the attack was made, Körner was in the act of reading to a friend his last poem, "The Sword Song." He had written it in his pocket-book in the dawn of the 26th of August.

The action took place close to the wood on the high road from Gadebusch to Schwerin, about a mile distant from Rosenberg. The enemy fled after a short resistance across the plain, and not being cut off by the Cossacks in time, took shelter in a grove of under-wood. Körner was among the foremost of those who pressed forward in pursuit, and here it was that, in the moment of victory, he met the death which he had so often anticipated and celebrated with so much enthusiasm. The enemy's infantry, long inured to the tactics of war, rallied in the under-wood, and discharged a close volley upon the pursuing cavalry. A shot struck Körner in the body after passing through his horse's neck; penetrating the liver and lodging in the spine, it immediately deprived him of all power and consciousness. The expression of his countenance remained unchanged, exhibiting no trace of pain. His friends rushed to his assistance and bore him through the fire which still raged hotly to the sheltering wood, where he was delivered to the care of a skilful surgeon. But human help was vain, and he breathed his last in the arms of his friend, Förster. In revenge for such a loss, the Lützow cavalry charged desperately into the underwood—the major part of the enemy were shot, sabred, or taken prisoners, and the rout was complete.

Körner was buried with all the honours of war. He lies beneath an oak tree on the road from Lübelow to Dreikrug, near the village of Wöbbelin. His father received the oak, together with a portion of the surrounding land, as a present from the Prince of Mecklenburg Schwerin. A handsome monument of cast iron was erected to his memory, bearing inscriptions expressive of his pure and heroic life and death, and some brief extracts from his compositions. The most appropriate tribute to his memory is perhaps that which was supplied by Mrs. Hemans in the following beautiful and stirring poem,

which has been translated into German by Körner's father:—

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER.

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the sword his bride!

He went with his noble heart unworn,
And pure and high;
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die!

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone,
Beneath his hand,
Hath thrilled to the name of his God alone,
And his Fatherland!

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride,
For him that went to a hero's grave
With the sword his bride!

He hath left a voice in his trumpet lays,
To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after days,
Like a watchfire's light!

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,
And a high thought;
And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught!

And a name and a fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
And a soul of natural and bright—
To live and last!

A song for the death-day of the brave,
A song of pride,
For him that went to a hero's grave
With the sword his bride.

The character of Carl Theodor Körner is sufficiently delineated in the story of his career; but we cannot resist the adding the following significant epitaph, which we translate from the collection of his works, in which we have printed the columns of the *Illustrations*.—

He was a young poet, who perished in his hands in 1813, and whose last collection of songs full of genius and patriotism, under the title of *The Lyre and the Sword*,

has since then circulated in the most noble manner. In the morning of his death, he was conversing with Fichte the philosopher, and that philosopher, who, in metaphysics, as in politics, attributes everything to the power of the human mind, when he creates the world, and governs it with his virtue—a doctrine which makes of man a god, and renders the bare idea of being

a slave intolerably bitter to the mind of youth. In the evening, in the tavern, with closed doors, when none are present but the band of German brothers, they sang in chorus the hymns of Körner. The genius of Körner is vital with patriotism and enthusiasm. He is no Tyrteus of the cabinet, who, from his comfortable chimney-corner, tags military verses. He is a soldier—a volunteer of the black hunters. A sword on his side, a musket on his back, he marches forth to liberate his country and to overthrow her tyrant. Poet and soldier—his genius, like his courage, glows and is invigorated by the fire of war. For him, everything is poesy; the flash of the musket is the spark of liberty—the blood upon the ensanguined plain is the purple of Aurora, the Aurora of freedom. Is he wounded and at the point of death? his imagination adorns such a death with images, embellishes it with illusions. His dying thoughts, like those of all his life, are tinged with the colours of German poetry; forms of angelic phantoms float before his eyes, and the groans of the dying are transfused around him in accents of melody. The glory of which he has so long dreamed, and which has been the main-spring of his life, he is now about to realise, and to possess for ever. Already the object of all his youthful ardour, which he sometimes apostrophises as liberty, and sometimes as love, hovers around him like a brilliant specter. It is thus that these enthusiastic patriots welcomed death. Certainly this is not the death of a grenadier, who falls in his rank, and dies gravely, with the consciousness of having failed neither in duty nor in honour; but the death of a dreamer—a poet—a German death.

"Once, indeed, did Körner rebel against death—once he pictured it as neither sweet nor glorious. He was keeping post on the banks of the Elbe, when he heard from far the thunder of the cannon and the bray of the trumpet. The battle was about to begin—and he? He must remain quiet and inactive—to watch like the coast-guard the banks of the river, and perhaps to die in obscurity. 'Ah!' he cried, 'let me not die such a prosaic death. O Poesy! Poesy! grant me the field of battle, and death at the dawn of day!'"

The father of Körner survived him eighteen years, and died after a short

and painless illness, in March, 1831. His mother, who was a woman of fine and noble faculties, and who had been in her youth the intimate friend of Goethe and Schiller, lived to the advanced age of eighty-one—dying in 1843.

More than thirty years after the death of Körner, the melancholy fact came to light that he, for whom there was hardly a German who would not have sacrificed his life, met his death by a German hand. In the spring of 1844, a schoolmaster, named Schönborn, of Dohrn, forwarded to the editor of the *Allgemeine*

Zeitung a narrative which puts the truth of the matter almost beyond a doubt. The slayer of Körner was a German peasant of the name of Frautz, then serving as a musketeer in the 165th French regiment of infantry of the line. The schoolmaster who writes the narrative was his comrade; and, from a calm consideration of the particulars of his statement, it is difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that Germany's first patriot and poet was unknowingly slain by one of her simple peasants. Such are the terrible blunders of war.

THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

It was about the year 1783 that the Rev. Cornelius Winter, then in the prime of manhood, a zealous convert of Mr. Whitefield, and, like many other good men of the same class in those days, an itinerant preacher, added to his "circuit" the little village of Tisbury, in Wiltshire. Mr. Winter was a benevolent man, and fond of youth. At that time, indeed, he was settled in the town of Marlborough, and his circuit, unlike those divisions of the country bearing the same name under the evangelistic visitations of the preachers in connection with Mr. Wesley, was formed by himself alone. He resided permanently at the central station, and employed pupils of his own for supplying the village pulpits, if pulpits they were. In the days of his itinerancy, more properly so called, when his habits were more fully those of a Methodist, and his ordination and settlement in a fixed abode had not made him altogether an independent minister, he had often said that if he were ever settled, he would give some poor child a common education. Being settled, with an income from his little church of £30 per annum, and married to a lady whose fortune brought in £25, the competence of £55 yearly encouraged him to carry the desire of his heart into execution; and he charitably took charge of the child of his deacon, a poor man—taught the child to decipher the alphabet, and persevered until he was made fit for business. Attracted by the fatherly

solicitude of Mr. Winter towards this child, one or two other persons in inferior circumstances confided their children to his care; and on these beginnings rose the Academy at Marlborough. Mr. Winter could not be expected to impart a finished education, inasmuch as he was originally but a servant man, and quite untaught; but partly under the care of Mr. Whitefield, and yet more by dint of self-discipline, he had acquired a tolerable amount of rudimentary and general knowledge. But his piety, benevolence, and unaffected earnestness in well-doing, made him an invaluable teacher of truths more precious than those of literature and science, and a foster-father to every youth that came under his care.

Among Mr. Winter's constant hearers in Tisbury, were a quarryman and stonemason named Jay, his wife, and children. One of these children, William, a boy of about fourteen when the congregation was first collected, and working with his father in the capacity of mason's labourer, used to listen with fixed attention to the plain, but affectionately serious discourse of good Cornelius Winter; and, as if drawn by the force of reverential admiration, got into the habit of taking a seat just at the foot of the pulpit stairs, where he could be near the preacher as he came in and went out. The good-natured smile of this boy won the attention of Mr. Winter, and as his mind rapidly unfolded, and his heart became affected

by what he heard an air of intelligence more keen than appeared in any of the rustic audience, induced him to notice him, speak to him, ascertain his name, and seek information concerning the occupation and character of his parents, and his own conduct. His "eye was upon him more immediately than upon any other in the congregation; his heart was unaccountably knit to him." "Why do you come here so constantly?" said he one day to the lad. "I don't know, sir, but I like to come," was the reply. The testimony of a Mrs. Turner, an inhabitant of the same village, and member of the same congregation, and probably the lady by whose exertion a cottage was first opened in Tisbury for a weekly prayer-meeting, strengthened Mr. Winter's impression that he would one day be brought under his own roof.

Even so it came to pass. William Jay entered the hospitable dwelling of this man of God, wearing his working dress and iron soled boots, rich with depositions of mortar, gathered during many a long day's hard work, and then the old coat and ponderous boots were not only exchanged for attire such as he probably had worn on Sundays, but the very boots and coat were laid up by his patron and Mrs. Winter, to be memorials of his original vocation; or, as one might say, of the rock whence he was hewed, and the quarry where he had wrought. And this was not the only remembrance of his humble beginning. Long after his removal from the rude society of his father's fellow-workmen, it was currently related in Tisbury that he had set himself against their evil habit of profane swearing, and used to lecture them roundly thereupon, until people looked upon him as a young Methodist, and the rougher sort would make merry with him about his "sermons." And this plainly enough shows that before he forsook the hod for the Lexicon, his mind and life were habitually under the power of religion. There is no record as yet extant of the time or manner when he first made open declaration of his determination to forsake the follies of the world; but there is this evidence, that he did rise above their influence; and it is but reasonable to regard him as a living fruit of Mr. Winter's gratuitous and self-denying toil as a village preacher. Let village preachers take heart, then, and venture to hope that

their labours, humble as they are, may draw forth other brilliant ornaments of humanity, to shine in the great world, and give the first impulse to nascent luminaries, whose virtues shall enlighten other generations.

With a sort of fatherly pride, Mr. Winter entered on the charge of his rustic pupil, and already showed him to his friends, as if he had set it down for certain that he was the rudiment of a great man. Introducing him to a family, a member of which afterwards became one of Mr. Jay's first and most devoted deacons in Bath, he is recorded to have laid his hand upon his head, and said, "There is more under this cap than you think for."

Strong was the attachment of Mr. Jay to his patron. The first volume that he ever wrote was a collection of letters, and a short memoir of his life, of which the first edition bears date, April 1, 1808, and contains some very characteristic sentences. "I know not," he says; "whether there has been a wakeful hour since his death [nearly eleven weeks before] in which I have not thought of the deceased, or that I have written a page concerning him without tears; for tears have been my meat." But he also says, "I have laboured with pleasure, and rejoice in the enterprise, from a persuasion that what I have written from the warmest affection and the highest regard, will be ratified by the public voice; and that I am doing good to others while I have an opportunity to indulge my own feelings, and to acknowledge the obligations to my dear and honoured friend and benefactor, which I shall never be able to discharge. To him I owe all my respectability in life, and all my opportunities of public usefulness. Though not a child by birth, I have been one by adoption; and close this preface with a line borrowed from Homer, which our admired Cowper, with some little variation, inscribed on a bust of his Grecian favourite:—

"Ὡς τε πατήρ ᾧ παιδὶ, καὶ οὐποτε λήσεται αὐτοῦ.

Loved as his son, in him I early found
A father, such as I will ne'er forget."

And, on the other hand, Mr. Winter bears honourable testimony to the character and deportment of the youthful inmate of his family, telling him in one

of his letters, that "to all that was amiable and kind in his dear friend, under God," that family was in part indebted for their happiness. He contributed his quota to it, and had his share in return. "O blessed villages!" exclaimed the good old pastor, in a rapture of grateful recollection, "O blessed villages, which were favoured with your ministerial abilities! O highly favoured Marlborough, whose streets were then occasionally thronged with them who went to and from the house of God, and had their hearts filled with joy and gladness! I bless the Lord for all he has since done for you and by you." The discipline of the house was easy; there was little or no academical formality; instead of lectures were familiar conversations and "breakfast and tea readings," and young Mr. Jay took his full share of village preaching, going into the highways and hedges, in good old style, to compel the attention of the ignorant and ungodly. The exigencies of those times, the extraordinary religious excitement that prevailed in almost all parts of the country, the laxity, too, of ecclesiastical discipline, both in the Established Church and out of it, with a powerful reaction against forms and rules which had superseded piety instead of guarding and guiding it, justified or suffered many proceedings which could not be often repeated with advantage, in such days as ours, and thus only can we account for the haste with which this young man was sent out to preach before he was sixteen years of age; and before he was twenty-one he had preached nearly one thousand sermons. Mr. Jay himself, in after-life, would not probably have exposed a youth to so severe an incentive to vanity, but he was under a tutor whose authority he felt bound not to dispute, and the state of the villages all around was truly deplorable. Compassionating the multitudes who were "perishing for lack of knowledge," that venerable tutor sent his students to address them early. The rude rustics, too, required neither depth nor accuracy, they only yearned after some knowledge of those cardinal verities which began to be dispersed over the land, on the wings of rumour, and crowded around any one, man or boy, whom they thought able to bring them more exact intelligence. But Mr. Jay's own account of this part of his

life is incomparably better than any second-hand representation of it.

"In some of these villages I have preached down many a live-long Sabbath, in the homely cottage, on the green before the door, or in some open place in the road, or in a field hard by. How often have I wished to revisit all these hamlets! But, alas! how few should I now find alive, and who would be able to remember—what I was always then called—the boy preacher. Many of these places we supplied on week-day evenings, as well as on the Sabbath, as we could afford time and assistance. To many of them we walked on foot; from some of them we returned, for the want of accommodation, the same evening, whatever was the weather; and from none of them received we the least remuneration. We seldom encountered persecution. This depends very much always on the preacher; and our prudent tutor taught us not to rail and abuse, but simply to preach the truth, and to avoid the offence of folly, when we could not avoid the offence of the cross. I shall never forget with what eagerness and feeling these villagers received the words of life. The common people heard us gladly, and the poor had the gospel preached unto them; not by the 'poor man's church,' but by those who *then* supplied their lack of service."

The first place where this young student from Marlborough attempted to preach—readers may be gratified to know—was the village of Ablington, and we have a poetical allusion of his own to this beginning.

"Poor Ablington! among thy sons,
The shepherds of the plain,
My first attempt to preach was made,
Nor was it made in vain."

Assuredly not in vain. And presently we shall have occasion to speak of his eminence and excellencies as a preacher of the first order.

But we must now follow him into more public life. He was born, it must be noted, on the first day of May, 1769, the same day that the sun shone first upon the infant Duke of Wellington. And in the same year it has been noted, Napoleon Buonaparte and Sir Walter Scott were born. But this is not the place to descant upon coincidences. Counting from the date to the time when Mr. Winter broke up his establishment at Marlborough, and removed to Painswick, where he was wel-

came on the second day of August, 1788, we should say that Mr. Jay must have been a little over his nineteenth year when he entered on the duties of a Christian pastor. Gladly would he have sheltered himself from so heavy a responsibility, and avoided the assumption of that character for a year or two longer, for although he had been "a boy preacher," he was not self-confident. It was only as a youth that he, in common with others, perhaps not much older, had pursued those cottage and field-preachings, and the studies and discipline of each day were counteractive of any vanity that might spring from the commendations of the ignorant. But it would seem that Mr. Winter had brought himself to the verge of difficulties, by self-renouncing charity to others, and it became necessary for his pupil, now thrown on the world, to seek some humbler settlement. Such an one he found in the village of Christian Malford. No doubt Christian Malford is a place where any common man might hide himself effectually, but this youth had made himself too well known to be concealed. He had already won the respect of hundreds in that very neighbourhood, and each time he raised his voice he added to his popularity. With a salary of thirty-five pounds per annum, he calculated on living humbly and happily in private lodgings, devoting his days to study, preparing for a wider sphere, and waiting until the lapse of time should bring him to an age that the world would accredit as mature. He tried to be obscure. But this might not be. Frequent applications to render occasional service, drew him into neighbouring places and threw him into an ever widening circle. Books he had not, or at least he had not sufficient for the necessities of a student, and so far as the consideration of study went, he found that retreat inadequate to the fulfilment of his purpose.

And it might be doubtful whether one whom Providence appeared to hurry on towards the stage of public action two or three years earlier than usual, should refuse to obey the summons. It was at this time, and before he had reached his twentieth year, that the Rev. Rowland Hill invited him to preach in Surrey Chapel. Perhaps the announcement of so youthful an orator might have been attractive to a large audience, but the hearers were far from being disappointed,

and the crowd was so great that, after the service, he had to address, from a window of the chapel-house, a multitude that thronged the chapel-yard, and not being able to find admission to the sermon, lingered there in hope of catching a glimpse of the young man, or hearing a word from his lips. He occupied the pulpit of Surrey Chapel several times, and addressed immense congregations. Once the Rev. John Newton was present: and after observing the germs of future excellence and considering how strong must be the pressure of temptation to pride by such extreme popularity, he followed the young preacher into the house after service, and gave him some affectionate and faithful advice, which he treasured with gratitude, and often made respectful mention of in future life.

He also began to preach in Bath, where he supplied the pulpit on account of the sickness of the minister, whom he afterwards succeeded, and there met with Lady Maxwell, who engaged him to officiate in her chapel. This severed him from the little congregation and mean chapel of Christian Malford, and brought him to the town with which his name will always be associated: for "Jay of Bath" can never be forgotten. Lady Maxwell invited him to take charge of this congregation; and, at the same time, the Rev. Mr. Tuppen, the Independent minister, for whom he had often preached, being on his death-bed, named him as his successor. The Argyle Street Chapel was then in course of completion: but Mr. Tuppen, for whom it was erected, did not recover to occupy it, and on Sunday, Oct. 4th, 1789, Mr. Jay preached the first sermon therein. Mr. Tuppen died February 22d. 1790; and on January 30th. 1791, Mr. Jay was ordained to the pastorate of that church, and opened his ministry to the flock, now become his own, by preaching from the words: "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter," with allusion, no doubt, to the perplexity in which he had been involved by diversity of proposals and by conflicting views, both in himself and others. His honoured friend and tutor, of all men the most proper for such a service, delivered the ordination charge,

Bath, it should be observed, was then a very different place from what it is now. It was far more celebrated. The baths were in the height of reputation,

and a Greek inscription which we used to observe glittering in gold on one of those porticoes — "APIETON MEN YΔM?"—might without violation of the meaning of the proprietors who borrowed it, be translated by "Nothing like water." Yet water was not all in which the visitors delighted. There were the noble, the gay, the dissolute. The spirit of Beau Nash still haunted that theatre of profusion and folly. Even the languishing came thither that they might struggle against death, amidst the warbling of songs and the vibration of dances. It was a Paphos. Yet religion, as we have seen, had some genteel followers even in Bath, and it was a noble lady who had sought to enlist Mr. Jay's talent and fervour on its side; but even listeners to the gospel were fastidious. "For such a situation," to borrow the words of his friend, the Rev. J. A. James, "Mr. Jay was eminently suited. Attractive in personal appearance, with a voice of music, a demeanour that combined the simplicity of village manners with the inartificial polish of the city: and what was more than all, and better than all, with a deeply rooted piety in his own heart, and a rich unction of evangelical truth in his sermons, he was suited to the place, and the place to him. His ministry soon drew upon him, not only the eyes of the citizens, but of those who came there as visitors; and as, at that time, Bath was not favoured, as it happily now is, with evangelical ministrations in the pulpits of the Church of England, the pious, and many of the illustrious members of that communion, who came there either for recreation or health, were glad to avail themselves of the benefit of his acceptable public services and of his private friendship. Among these were Mr. Wilberforce and Mrs. Hannah More. Unworthy attempts have been made to conceal the friendship of these distinguished individuals for Mr. Jay. His autobiography, however, will successfully draw aside the veil which has been cast over this subject, and prove how close was the intimacy between the liberator of Africa, the holy and lofty authoress of Barley Wood, and the minister of Argyle Chapel."

That this minister, raised so rapidly from a very humble condition, not hitherto familiar with other than lowly society—for even his tutor was but a plain village pastor—should have been

proof against the influence of pride, and never have betrayed the littleness that is too often apparent in persons suddenly promoted, is proof that he must have possessed great native strength of mind, or eminent piety, or both. Nobles and bishops drove up to Argyle Chapel, and heard him with delight. Senators and comedians, each in his own way, came to profit by his eloquence, which was as unaffected as it was devout; except, indeed, when, with flashes of wit and strokes of satire, that thickened as he advanced, he poured a ridicule upon prevailing vices that must have made some of his hearers contemptible in their own eyes, which was just what he desired. Never ashamed of his origin, he did not talk about it, with an idle ostentation of humility, but from the affluence which had fallen on him unsought it was his care to supply his father and mother in Tisbury with all they needed for the comfort of their advancing age: and as long as they lived they were sustained by his filial care. "Is your name Jay?" said a stranger, who once found out the cottage, and was curious to enter the birth-place of the man who was at that time a prince of pulpit orators. "Aye," said the old man, "my name is Jeay." "Have you got a son?" "Yes, I've a got a son in Bath. That's Passon Jeay. Aye! bless 'im!" And then the old gentleman and his wife, with a simplicity like that inherited by the "Passon" himself, related at great length the bounties and the tendernesses of their noble and reverend child, who loved and honoured them no less than when he lived in that mean dwelling, and knew no vocation higher than his father's craft.

The even career of a preacher, however eminent, cannot afford much incident to his biographer. The most remarkable period of Mr. Jay's life was that which we have already traced; and all that now remains for us to do is to gather a few notices of his manner of preaching, his course of life, and the calm and glorious eventide in which that life closed.

At the first hearing of this preacher, the listener was charmed. His voice, as it has been truly said, can never be forgotten by one who has heard it once. Its fine barytone soothed the audience, and prepared the way for the teaching or admonition that should follow; and,

while his eloquence was capable of great variety, he excelled in the expression of tenderness. His object was to produce impression, not indeed on the imagination, but on the heart; and, sinking at this, he threw aside, whenever occasion required, mere pulpit conventionalities. Curt, grave, impressive, he strove to concentrate as much meaning as possible within the compass of his sentences; and sometimes, breaking off the current of thought, he would catch a conception fresh as it came, letting it serve his end even if it interrupted his argument. The first words of a discourse were often abrupt, and even foreign from the subject to be treated, but they served his purpose of winning the ear, and perhaps the heart, of some hearer at the same time. They were like an arrow just shot at a venture—a first essay of the elasticity of the bow that he was bending. And he bent that bow, and levelled those shafts, with an intensity of satisfaction that was apparent in every lineament of his expressive countenance, and fully justified a saying of his own, that he would rather be a preacher of the gospel than the angel that should blow the trumpet at the last day. And the soul, and emphasis, and music of his discourse was such that oftentimes, as we have heard, an accustomed hearer—one who knew and loved the man—confessed he could almost imagine, as the long-loved voice came upon his ear, that it was indeed the utterance of an angel. The sententiousness of his discourses was made happily subservient to their perspicuity, and tended to fix both sermon and doctrine on the memory. A beautiful illustration of this was furnished, not long ago, by one of his congregation when on his death-bed. It was an aged man. For the last time he heard his pastor preach from these words: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." The old pilgrim returned no more to Argyle Chapel, but lay at home enjoying in frequent meditation the lessons he had learned there. This last sermon dwelt much in his thoughts. "I wish," said he, "I could give you some idea of a discourse so suitable to my present circumstances; but though my memory serves me, my speech begins to fail. But think of this:—

"1. My presence shall go with thee, to *guide* thee; and I will give thee rest from *perplexity*.

"2. My presence shall go with thee, to *guard* thee; and I will give thee rest from *apprehension*.

"3. My presence shall go with thee, to *supply* thee; and I will give thee rest from *want*.

"4. My presence shall go with thee, to *comfort* thee; and I will give thee rest from *sorrow*."

Here was nothing scholastic, nothing laboured, but here was the voice of a faithful shepherd, sounding in the memory and cheering the soul of one of his flock, while passing through the dark valley and shadow of death, and going home to the chief Shepherd, where there would be no perplexity, nor apprehension, nor want, nor sorrow. "His speech," says a member of his congregation, and one who is himself no stranger to the occupation of a pulpit, "His speech is calm and steady, indicating a mind self-reliant, possessed, content with the divine majesty of his theme. As he speaks you glide with him through a galaxy of light; and yet he seems indifferent to the graces or other arts of eloquence; never says a word too much, or a word too little; dreams not of Demosthenes, yet is a Boanerges; recks not of gaudy words, yet is

"When unadorned adorned the more.

"How hushed is the assembly! With what power of conviction his plain, manly, devout sentences fix the soul upon his lips, the eye upon his face! Yet what he says, we almost fancy all knew before; but who could have spoken it like him? If we fancy we can, let us try. No; it is not a pastor's robe that makes a pastor's *heart*; and we believe the best eloquence is born there." During the greatest part of his life he preached *extempore*, as it is called, but it would be more correct to say, without verbal preparation. Latterly, on great public occasions, he read his sermons, perhaps conscious of less of that buoyancy of spirit, which once rose freely to the height of the theme and overcame the exigency of the moment. Even in his ordinary discourses he aided his memory by short notes, but, in private, expressed regret that he had fallen into this new habit, finding it often a hindrance rather than a help. Every one who describes his manner, mentions the emphasis he threw into his reading. The simplicity

of language in which a grand-daughter of his own describes that perfection of a good reader, conveys a clearer idea of it than could be given in an elaborate description. "— walked down at seven to hear dear grandpapa. He preached a most glorious sermon upon 'the manifestation of the sons of God.' I doubt if you can possibly imagine our feelings when the venerable silver head appeared in the pulpit, and then bent in silent prayer. The expression with which he reads is wonderful—his words distil as the dew; so softly, *and yet so effectually* do they fall. His manner of emphasising some passages gives you an entirely new view of them."

Certain it is, that whatever is odd in the address of a public speaker, will be remembered when all else is forgotten, and that vulgar fame seizes on these exuberances and hawks them about until the subject of their garrulity is known in the outer world rather by these accidental flashes, than by the steady light wherewith he fills his proper circle. Mr. Jay's reputation has often been marred by this treatment, and therefore the writer is reluctant to gather up anecdotes that are generally garbled, and, at best, are deteriorated beyond remedy by separation from their contextual position in his discourses, and by the want of that incommunicable grace and influence which were attendant on his most remarkable sayings at the moment of their delivery. One fragment only of this kind shall be given here. It shows how he could venture to speak in his own place and to his own people. His object was to impress on those whom it most concerned, the truth that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and to this end he told a tale of two parrots. "Two friendly neighbours bought each a parrot. That of Mrs. A. was a bird of grave deportment, and had been taught to speak a good many *godly* words. That of Mrs. B. was an impious fellow, for his language abounded in *bad* words. Now Mrs. B. felt quite shocked at the irreverent talk of her parrot, and prevailed on her friend to allow the grave parrot to pay a visit to the swearer, in hope of reclaiming the rogue by good example. Well; the two birds stayed together for about a month, and a great reformation was expected in the swearing parrot, from listening to his more decent neighbour; but ima-

gine the consternation of good Mrs. A. on the return of her more grave and decorous bird, to hear him swearing like a trooper! The fact is, that instead of teaching he had been learning; and from that sad day, his language was as bad as that of his scapegrace associate—thus 'evil communications corrupt good manners.'" One may imagine the effect of such a parable on a large congregation. But although the parrots would haunt their memory, we may be sure that the inimitably artless art of the preacher wound up with a lesson that lay deeper, and would doubtless spring up again to memory amidst the confusion of worldly intercourse. His anecdotes were mnemonic, and therefore useful. But he was himself inimitable, and therefore others must beware of borrowing an instrument they cannot handle. But the last words—except the benediction—that he ever delivered in Argyle Chapel, were in a sermon on the morning of Sunday, July 25th, 1852, that closed in a manner that might almost seem prophetic. With great feeling he quoted these verses from the Apocalypse: "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." He made no comment, and how could he? But he pronounced these final words: "If this be heaven, O that I were there!"

Mr. Jay was not remarkable for extensive pastoral visitation, nor would it have been possible for him to devote himself, as he did, to preparation for the pulpit, and also spend as much time in going from home as is desirable, and even necessary, for the care of any flock. He needed an assistant, but he strongly disliked the scheme of a co-pastor.

His home was made happy by the charm of a lovely temper and pure example. Temperance and early rising helped to keep him alive to green old age, and some of his habits were peculiar. He rose at six, breakfasted at seven, and took exercise after breakfast.

In winter, or in weather, his exercise consists in chopping firewood. An amusing story is told of his wood-chopping. Early at work one morning in his cellar in Percy Place, the quick ear of a policeman caught the reverberation of his blows, and at length, fancying that some operation was going on inconsistent with his own notions of public order, the guardian of the peace peered through the grating—"I say, there, what's all this noise about? What are you doing there?"—"What am I doing here! I'm chopping wood. Haven't a man a right to do what he likes in his own house?" It can scarcely be necessary to say that the honest author of the "Address to Masters of Families," discharged, in his own household, the duties of a Christian master; and that the writer of the "Morning and Evening Exercises," ministered faithfully at his own domestic altar.

On the completion of his fiftieth year as pastor at Argyle Chapel, his flock held a sort of jubilee, and, on that occasion, a beautiful purse was presented to him, containing six hundred and fifty sovereigns fresh from the Mint. Mr. Jay received the gift, and turning to his wife, who was present with him at the meeting convened on the occasion, addressed her thus:—"I take this purse, and present it to you, madam—to you, madam, who have always kept my purse, and therefore it is that it has been so well kept. Consider it entirely sacred—for your pleasure, your use, your service, your comfort. I feel this to be unexpected by you, but it is perfectly deserved. Mr. Chairman and Christian Friends, I am sure there is not one here but would acquiesce in this, if he knew the value of this lady as a wife for more than fifty years. I must mention the obligation the public are under to her—if I have been enabled to serve my generation—and how much she has raised her sex in my estimation; how much my church and congregation owe to her watching over their pastor's health, whom she has cheered under all his trials, and reminded of his duties, while she animated him in their performance. How often she has wiped the evening dews from his forehead, and freed him from interruption and embarrassments that he might be free for his work! How much also do my family owe to her! and what reason they have to call her

blessed! She is, too, the mother of another mother in America, who has reared thirteen children, all of whom are walking with her in the way everlasting.

When Mr. Jay had reached his eighty-fourth year, and was also suffering under an attack of a painful disease, he deemed it right to resign his pulpit. It was in April, 1853, that he sent in his final resignation. There had been some discomfort in the congregation, in consequence of difficulties that arose concerning the settlement of a co-pastor, or of supplies. But, with a generous cordiality, "the church assigned him an annuity of £200 per annum for life, out of the income of the place." But he did not live much longer.

For many years, he had anticipated the end of his career. On his meeting a good old man once, this pithy colloquy took place between them: "How do you do?" said Jay; "I am longing to leave this world," said the weary pilgrim, "I am tired of it." "I am tired of it too," was the reply, "but I must work on, until it pleases God to give me rest." And later, he remarked, "that he had known, in his time, many excellent and eminent men, all of whom were gone into eternity, but," said he, "of late they all seem to stand nearer to me than they ever were." The truth is, that he was nearer them. The last hours of his life were calm, and the present sketch shall close with a mention of him by his friend, the Rev. John Angell James, who saw him shortly before his decease. "Having recovered from a burst of emotion on my entering the room, he conversed, as far as suffering would permit, with solemn cheerfulness and deep humility. It was to me an unusually impressive scene, to see that man whom millions delighted to honour, reduced to such a state of weakness and suffering; and yet a no less joyful one, to see the power of grace triumphing over the helplessness of humanity, and to observe the glory which was beaming from the soul, and irradiating the mortal paleness of the countenance. His intellect was still clear: and that fine voice which had penetrated the soul of multitudes, though with faltering tones, sealed, in death, the testimony he had borne for Christ in his life. On my referring to that expression in the ninety-first Psalm, as applicable to his own case, 'With

long life shall I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation ; ' Ah ! ' he replied, ' I have known the fulfilment of every part of the Psalm but the last verse.

and I shall know that in an hour.'" That hour soon came. He departed December 27th, 1853.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

THE great Bedford family, of whom the subject of the present memoir is a scion, is of very ancient extraction. It is traceable to a period antecedent to the Conquest. The Russells are descendants of the Du Rozels, an old Norman family, more than one member of which accompanied William of Normandy in his descent on this country. One branch of it settled in Dorsetshire, and supplied a Constable of Corfe Castle in 1221, and a Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry VI. The foundation of its greatness, however, was laid by this last mentioned gentleman's grandson, and took its rise in one of those fortunate incidents which so often form the first step in the elevation of distinguished men. In the reign of Henry VII. the Archduke Philip of Austria, being on his way from Flanders to Spain, was driven by a storm into Weymouth. Here he was entertained by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who, pending the arrival of instructions from court concerning the disposal of his guest, invited his cousin, Mr. Russell, to wait upon him. This gentleman had just returned from his travels, and besides being a good linguist, was one of the most accomplished men of his time. By his conversation and manners he so ingratiated himself with the prince, that he secured his company to the English court, where he powerfully recommended him to the notice of the King. He was immediately received into the royal favour, and appointed one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. The sequel of his career was in keeping with this commencement. He stood equally in the favour of Henry VIII., by whom, for his services in some important commands in France, he was raised to the peerage. On the dissolution of the monasteries, he received a still more substantial proof of his sovereign's regard, in the grant of the abbey of

Tavistock and the extensive estates attached to it. On the accession of Edward VI. he received an addition to his fortune in the grant of Woburn Abbey, the present family seat, and was created Earl of Bedford. The fortunes of the family were thus early bound up in the success of the Protestant cause. The fourth earl died early in the struggle between the parliament and Charles I., after taking a conspicuous part in opposition to that monarch. The next earl was likewise an eminent leader on the parliamentary side; but some time after the civil war broke out, distrusting the tendencies of the popular party, his course oscillated between the two factions. At length he joined Monk in his schemes for the restoration of the monarchy, and for his share in contributing to that event was raised a step higher in the peerage, with the title of Duke of Bedford. His eldest son was the celebrated William Lord Russell, who laid down his life in the assertion of the civil and religious liberties of the people in opposition to the arbitrary policy of Charles II. From that time downward, the Bedford family has uniformly identified itself with the same cause in all the great constitutional struggles of our history.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL is the third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford. He was born August 10th, 1792, in Hertford-street, May Fair. He received his first education at a public school at Sunbury, Middlesex. He was next sent to Edinburgh, to be trained under the care and tuition of Professor Dugald Stewart. One reason for this selection of the University of Edinburgh, in preference to either of the English seats of learning, probably was, the lustre the former derived from the very eminent men who then filled its professorial chairs, and the wider as well as more liberal course of study there pursued. But perhaps it was fixed upon as the alma mater of

young nobles . principally because it was at that time the focus of the principles and doctrines. The English universities, besides restricting the system of education within the narrowest limits, were at that period hotbeds of Toryism ; and at a time when the Whigs were in such disfavour, was dangerous to hazard the political heresy of the young nobleman, by admitting it to an atmosphere so unfavourable to the hereditary doctrines of his family. In the house of Dugald Stewart was often in the society of the most illustrious scientific men of the day, and unfrequently the conversation turned on the great current political questions, which were discussed with a keenness and ability, that must have powerfully contributed to confirm and stimulate political bias he had inherited. The young politician was in the habit also of training himself in oratory in meetings of the Speculative Society, where young men of the university met for the purpose of debating on scientific and political questions. Brougham, Macintosh, and Macintosh essayed their talents on the same arena. It is well known that Canning, Plunket, and other great speakers, in their youth distinguished themselves in similar societies.

On leaving Edinburgh, Lord John Russell proceeded to the Continent. His state of Europe at that time afforded a very limited range for the tourist : he accordingly went to Spain, the scene of the struggle between British and French arms. He resided at Lisbon in 1809, in the year when Wellington drove Soult out of Spain and gained the battle of Talavera. Lord John was also a witness of the operations of the following year, in which Massena was so signally foiled before the lines of Torres Vedras. With avowed dislike and misgiving he regarded the war itself in common with his party, the prowess of his countrymen in arms and the genius of their commander, thus brought under his immediate observation, could not but command his cordial recognition. In 1813 he returned to England, and in July of the same year the influence of his family secured him an entrance into Parliament, as member for the borough of Tavistock. On his entrance on political life, the Tories were in the ascendant. They had an

overwhelming majority in Parliament, and were popular in the country. This popularity they owed to the war-feeling that deeply pervaded all classes. Not only were the people at large animated by an uncompromising hatred of Bonaparte, but the brisk demand for war-stores, and the high prices, imparted to the producing classes—or a large section of them—a degree of activity and prosperity that still further enhanced the popularity of the war. To the manufacturing classes, however, the high prices and the closing of the continental markets were almost ruinous, and they clamoured for peace. In behalf of this important section, in view of the immense increase to the national burdens which the war entailed, and the impediment its continuance offered to the successful introduction of urgent internal reforms, the Whigs opposed the war at almost every stage. There were three great domestic questions then taken up by them—Parliamentary Reform, Catholic Emancipation, the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and National Education. These questions were embraced by them, partly for their intrinsic merits, and partly, also, for party purposes. If carried, they would not only confer material benefit on the country, but their natural result would be the destruction of the power so long enjoyed by the Tory aristocracy, the continuance of which mainly rested on the existing abuses of the representative system, the political influence of the Established Church, and popular ignorance. During the continuance of the war, however, particularly in its latter stages, the party in power carried everything before them, and these questions were condemned to an apparently hopeless abeyance. But with the termination of the war a different state of things arose, which materially revived the hopes of the Opposition. The return of peace brought with it a necessary cessation of those branches of industry to which the war had given rise. In addition to this, the ministry kept the expenditure on an undiminished scale, so that peace did not bring with it any diminution of the excessive taxation, which the country endured without a murmur during the prosecution of hostilities, but submitted to with increasing impatience on their termination. The fall in prices, the relaxed industry, the oppressive burdens, aggravated by a scarcity in the

year 1816, gave rise to great discontent among the labouring classes. They were easily led to believe that their evils were owing to the abuses of the Constitution, and they accordingly petitioned for reform. Riots broke out in several parts of the country. The Government turned a deaf ear to the petitions of the people, and founded on their growing disaffection an argument for severe repressive measures. At last, in 1817, Lord Castlereagh, the leader of the House of Commons, proposed a Bill for the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. This measure met with the strenuous opposition of the Whigs, in which Lord John Russell greatly distinguished himself. An extract from his speech on this occasion will give a fair and favourable idea of his opinions and of the eloquence with which he expressed them. Speaking of the original enactment of the Habeas Corpus Act, in the reign of Charles II., he says:—

“Upon looking back to history, the first precedent which strikes me is the precedent of the enactment of this law. The year before this law passed, a plot was discovered, which, though it has since been mentioned only as an instance of credulity, wore at the time a most alarming appearance. Not less than two hundred persons, many of them of the first rank, were accused of conspiring the death of the king. The heir-presumptive to the throne was supposed to be implicated in the conspiracy, and foreign powers were ready with money and troops to assist in the subversion of our constitution in Church and State. Yet at this time did the Lords and Commons present for the Royal assent this very bill of Habeas Corpus, which for less dangers you are about to suspend. We talk much—I think a great deal too much—of the wisdom of our ancestors. I wish we would imitate the courage of our ancestors. They were not ready to lay their liberties at the foot of the crown, upon every vain or imaginary alarm.

“I will say only one word more as to the cry for reform, of which so much use has been made; I would make another use of this cry. The house must soon discuss the whole question. It is not difficult to foresee that the majority will decide in favour of leaving the constitution untouched. Anxious as I am for reform, I am still more anxious that the House should preserve the respect

of the people. If they refuse all innovation upon ancient laws and institutions, it is not to be denied that they will stand upon strong ground. I beseech them, then, not to cut this ground from under their feet—not to let the reformers say, “When we ask for redress, you refuse all innovation; when the crown asks for protection, you sanction a new code. For us you are not willing to go an inch—for ministers you go a mile. When we ask for our rights—you ought not to touch the little finger of the constitution; but when those in authority demand more power, you plunge your knife into its heart.”

The ministry carried their measures, and plainly intimated their purpose of continuing their course of severity and oppression. Disheartened by the gloomy aspect of affairs, and suffering from ill health, Lord John, shortly after this, retired from the House, with an intention of withdrawing altogether from public life, and devoting himself to literary pursuits. Fortunately the remonstrances of his friends induced him to alter this determination, and in the following year, being restored to health, he was again returned in the general election as member for Tavistock.

The commencement of the new session was anything but auspicious to the ministry. The discontents among the labouring classes acquired a more serious aspect than ever. In 1819, the large towns, which were then without representation, resolved upon the wild expedient of each choosing a “legislatorial attorney,” who should claim his seat in the House. A meeting for this purpose was held at Birmingham, and another was convened at Manchester. The magistrates having proclaimed the illegality of the proposed object, the election was abandoned, and the meeting was then summoned to petition for Parliamentary Reform. The dispersion of this assembly by a murderous charge of yeomanry—well known as the Manchester massacre—and the recognition and justification of the deed by the party in power, excited a deep and widespread feeling of indignation throughout the country. To repress the desire of revenge it aroused among the labouring classes, Lord Castlereagh introduced the most coercive measures, which contracted, to an alarming extent, the liberties of Englishmen. It was now that Lord John Russell took up the question

of Parliament. On the 14th December, 1832, he introduced the first of these motions on the subject, which, with few exceptions, he annually made, and, as minister of the Crown, he was enabled to carry his views into effect. The position taken by him on this question is best illustrated by his own words. "There are two parties dividing the country, both greatly exasperated, and both going to extremes; the one making unlimited demands, and the other meeting them with total and peremptory denial; the one ready to encounter any hazard for unknown benefits and imaginary rights; the other ready to sacrifice, for present security, those privileges which our ancestors thought cheaply purchased with their blood." It was between these two parties that Lord John took his stand. Knowing the opposition he must encounter, and the impossibility of securing any recognition of a large proposition, his motion was framed with admirable tact for achieving the greatest possible amount of support from all parties. He simply aimed at having the principle of transferring the franchise from convicted boroughs, acknowledged and established by Parliament. The point of the wedge thus introduced, he hoped subsequently to be able to drive it home into the compact mass of abuses he had attacked. He succeeded in getting this principle acknowledged, and obtained leave to introduce a bill in which Grampound was disfranchised, and its right of representation in Parliament was transferred to the County of Yorkshire. Though this measure fell far short of the aims of the Radicals, the Whigs were not diverted from their steady course, by which they gradually paved the way to effective reforms, that the wild and violent efforts of the extreme popular party could never have achieved. On this occasion, too, Lord John Russell established his position as one of the future leaders of his party.

The events of the next year brought on still greater changes in the position of parties. On the accession of George IV., the differences between him and his consort came to a crisis. Her arrival in England to claim a share in her husband's throne, was met with a Bill of Pains and Penalties. This treatment aroused in her behalf the indignant sympathy and support of the people. The exasperation against the Crown was

probably never at any time so great since the accession of the House of Hanover. The Whigs warmly espoused the cause of the Queen, and thereby gained what the Tories lost in popularity. The Bill of Pains and Penalties was carried through the Lords, but the Ministry did not venture to bring it down to the Commons. This was the first important victory won by the people. Lord John took a leading part in this question, as also in those of Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and retrenchment. In the first of these, great advance was made by the admission of Canning this year into the Ministry, who became Foreign Secretary in place of Castlereagh.

In 1832 Lord John made another motion in favour of Reform. In a most elaborate speech, the object of which was to show that, both in its existing constitution and by its recent course of legislation, the House of Commons failed to represent the people of England, he proposed that one hundred new members should be added to the representation—sixty for the counties, and the remainder to be given to large towns that were unrepresented: a hundred of the small boroughs were to be deprived of one member each. The state of opinion in the Houses was not yet sufficiently ripe for the adoption of the new principle contained in this proposition. It was opposed by Canning in a most brilliant speech, and negatived by a large majority.

The construction of a new Ministry was necessitated on the death of Lord Liverpool in 1827, by the divisions and jealousies that distracted the Tory party. Canning was intrusted with the duty of forming a new administration, and, being deserted by the high Tory section of the late government, he was compelled to fall back upon the Whigs. Several of these, on the ground of his liberal tendencies on the Catholic question, agreed to take office under him. Lord John, though unwilling to compromise himself to that extent, felt the importance of supporting such a Minister, in opposition to his old colleagues, and accordingly waived his annual motions on Parliamentary Reform and on the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, to which questions Canning was inveterately opposed. This Ministry was of very short continuance,

being broken up by the decease of their distinguished leader six months after its formation. It was succeeded by an administration, at the head of which were the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. This Ministry was avowedly opposed to all innovation and reform whatsoever. All motive for reserve on the part of the Whigs was now removed, and accordingly Lord John Russell brought forward a motion for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Though the whole force of government was directed against the measure, it was carried by so large a majority, that Sir Robert Peel, seeing the hopelessness of further opposition, came down on the following day with a proposition that Dissenters, on taking office, should take an oath or affirmation that they would not use the power they were about to acquire to the prejudice of the Church of England. The Dissenters were thus relieved from that exclusion from all places of trust under Government, to which they had been subjected ever since the days of Charles II.; and Sir Robert Peel commenced that series of concessions to the growing force of liberal opinion, for which his public career is so remarkable. The next concession came no later than the following year, when the Wellington administration, to prevent a rebellion in Ireland, was compelled to pass that measure for the relief of the Roman Catholics, which they had so long and obstinately resisted. Lord John took no further share in this measure than supporting it by his vote.

In the following year George the Fourth died, and the Parliament was dissolved. In the general election which followed, the Tories appeared to great disadvantage. Their dissensions arising out of the Catholic question had miserably impaired their strength. On the other hand the Reform question had gained new and irresistible accessions of strength. The spread of education, supplemented by the rapid development of newspaper talent and power, had brought existing abuses home to the sense and feeling of the middle classes, and inoculated them with the discontent that had hitherto infected only the labouring classes. They now raised the cry for Reform. The news of the events of the three days of July, in France, swelled the tide of popular feeling, and gave it new impetus in the

direction it had now taken. They were returned at the head of the tide in every direction. On the meeting of Parliament, amid the discontent, middle, and the desperation of the labouring classes, manifested by numerous outrages upon property in the cultural districts, the Duke of Wellington's early declaration again for reform, decided the fate of his Ministry. It fell on a question connected with the civil list, and was replaced by an administration under Earl Grey.

Lord John Russell took office at the head of this Ministry as Paymaster of the Forces, and though not in the Cabinet, was appointed one of the commissioners to prepare the draft of the new Finance Bill, and also to introduce it to and carry it through the House. The Commissioners associated with him in this task were the late Earl of Durham and Sir James Graham. Their proposals submitted to the Cabinet, approved some modifications, and was before one of the fullest Houses that had ever assembled in old St. Stephen's Hall, on the 1st March, 1831.

As this famous bill wrought so important a change in the constitution, it produced such an alteration in the position of parties, and has had so important an influence on the subsequent history of our country; moreover, the name of the subject of this measure so intimately connected with it, it is not amiss, in order the better to intimate his claims as a great statesman to take a brief review of the state of the representative system at the time it was introduced, and the alleged evils which it was intended to remedy.

The old parliamentary system was essentially a feudal origin, and of a feudal character. According to the principles of the feudal system, all, whether individuals or corporate bodies, who held land in direct tenure from the Crown owed the Sovereign, or lord paramount, military service. They also owed him the aid of their money, and called on for these purposes, as vassals. The great vassals, or barons, called on for these purposes, assembled in person. This constituted the Council of Lords, spiritual and temporal. The minor holders of land on this tenure called *comites*, in the legal language of the time, subsequently freeholders, too numerous to assemble in person.

elect one of their number—in the aggregate called a comitatus or county—to represent them. Such representative was called a knight of the shire. Lastly, the cities, boroughs, and universities, being corporate bodies, holding land by charters from the king, and including a class of subjects important from their numbers, wealth, and intelligence, were likewise summoned to send each two representatives to the great council of the nation. The knights of the shire, and the representatives of the burgesses assembled in the same hall, and formed the House of Commons. In its essential features, and without any important alteration, this system of parliamentary representation obtained down to the year 1881. But long before this time England had ceased to be a feudal country, consequently the House of Commons remaining unaltered in its constitution, ceased to be, in Burke's language, "the express image of the people" it professed to represent. For in the course of time, not only had many of the ancient boroughs decayed, but in the north of England many towns of modern growth had risen to be populous and wealthy centres of manufacturing industry. These though increasing daily in numbers and importance, and contributing a great proportion to the taxation of the country, were deprived of all direct share in the legislation, and were unrepresented in Parliament. This was not all. In the majority of the old boroughs the suffrage was not only extremely confined, but was constantly becoming more so, and from this circumstance was easily subject to corrupt influence. Hence a single individual, say some nobleman, possessed an almost absolute influence in the disposal of the seats in Parliament attached to them. The result was that the majority of members in the House of Commons represented a constituency of no more than 8,000, influenced too in the manner just mentioned. In the counties while a freeholder, holding land of only 40s. annual value, possessed a vote for a member for the county, a landed proprietor with a large estate on copyhold, or a farmer paying £500 annual rent to his landlord, had no vote at all. And as these latter constituted the wealthiest and most influential class in the counties, the most important portion of the community in these

counties was likewise deprived of its fair share in the representation. The final result was that the suffrage being thus contracted and corruptly exercised produced a House of Commons, that no longer, in any correct sense, represented the nation at large, or beneficially legislated for its interests. Towns like Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham, with populations reaching hundreds of thousands, naturally wanted to know why they might not have at least as potential a voice as Evesham and Wells, that scarcely numbered so many hundreds, or as Gaton and Old Sarum, that were merely green mounds, and yet sent two members each to Parliament. And as naturally, because that equality was denied them, and because they felt practically that the course of legislation in consequence was indifferent or adverse to their interests, a spirit of disaffection was rapidly growing up among them, and unrepresented classes of the community, conscious that they included the vast proportion of the industry, wealth, and intelligence of the nation, sighed and agitated for a change, that should give them that political influence which was due to their position.

The extreme party of Reformers, taking up the cry of the discontented labouring classes, had demanded universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and annual parliaments, as the only adequate remedy for the grievances of the people. Lord J. Russell's propositions in previous years, as we have seen, fell very far short of these schemes—indeed very far short of his own view of the necessity of the case. Yielding to none of these projectors in his love of liberty, he differed from them in taking a more statesman-like view of the circumstances under which he was called to legislate. He did not feel at liberty to commit himself to more than the country at large was prepared and willing to accept. Hence the apparently timid extent to which in previous years he had professed himself ready to go. But now that the middle classes had given in their adhesion to the cause, and also loudly and generally called for reform, his views regarding the reconstruction of the representation had become bolder and more sweeping. His language now was, "The Ministers have thought, and, in my opinion, justly, that it would not be sufficient to bring forward a measure which should

measures, one commuting the tithes into a land-tax, payable by the landholder, the other proposing important diminutions in the number of archbishops and bishops, the reduction of the primate's income, the abolition of sinecures and firstfruits, and the application of the surplus, thus accruing, to educational and other purposes acceptable to all Christian men. The first of these bills was thrown out in the Lords, while the second, called the Irish Church Temporalities' Act, in its passage both through the Commons and Lords, received important mutilations, particularly in those clauses relating to the surplus-revenue of the Church and its appropriation. On the 27th May, 1834, Mr. Ward, the present Governor of the Ionian Islands, brought forward a motion that the surplus revenues of the Irish Church should be ascertained, and the produce applied to the general education of the youth among all classes of the community. The proposal met, as might be imagined, with the warm opposition of the Tories in the House, and of the majority of the people outside. The Cabinet was divided upon it. Lord John Russell took a leading part in asserting the abstract right of dealing with the Church property; and in a long and animated discussion, prevailed on a majority to adopt his views. Lord Stanley in this saw the overthrow of the Whig Ministry. On the same night he wrote to a friend:—"My dear —, Johnny has upset the coach." Mr. Ward's motion was not, however, adopted in the shape proposed by him, but on a motion of Lord John Russell a commission was appointed to examine and report upon the actual state of the Irish Church Revenue, as a preliminary to an enactment in the sense of Mr. Ward's proposal. At the same time, Lord Stanley, with Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Ripon, seceded from the Ministry. Many of the more moderate Whigs also withdrew their support from Ministers and joined the Conservatives. Simultaneously with this defection of the ablest of the number, they lost the confidence of the King, who, in answer to a deputation of bishops, confessed his alarm at the recent measure of the Government, and, with tears in his eyes, avowed his repugnance to any sacrilegious inroad on the property of the Church. Shortly after, Earl Grey, the Prime Minister,

resigned. The Whig Ministry was continued a few months under Lord Melbourne. At last, Lord Althorpe, whose presence in the Commons as leader was deemed indispensable to the existence of the Ministry, was removed to the Upper House, and the King seized the opportunity to dismiss his Ministers altogether and call Sir Robert Peel to his councils.

In the session of 1835 Lord John took his position as leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. This party, now in opposition, composed of the most discordant elements—Whigs, Irish Catholics, and English Radicals—stood in need of a leader in whose sagacity and tact the most implicit reliance might be reposed. Not only were the ranks of the Reformers in the House materially weakened by the secession of the distinguished men we have already mentioned, but they had been still further thinned by the result of the general election that took place on the accession of the new Minister. The remnant of the Whigs was compelled to seek an accession of strength by a closer combination than heretofore with the more advanced Reformers, among whom towered conspicuously Daniel O'Connell. This union, while it numerically strengthened Lord John Russell's position in Parliament, materially impaired his popularity in the country. To aggravate the difficulty of his situation, an unexpected, and, as the event showed, a most formidable competitor for public favour in the cause of Reform, appeared in the person of the new Premier. Sir Robert Peel announced his entire acceptance of the Reform Bill, and his intention of adapting his administration to the altered circumstances introduced by that measure. Accordingly, his programme of measures contained many of the most urgent reforms the country called for. These, when introduced, contrasted most favourably, in the care with which they were prepared and the reception they secured from the country, with the timid, vacillating, and slovenly legislative attempts of the Whigs during the later years of their term of office. On such questions Lord John Russell was compelled, consistently with his own principles, to support the Minister, and thus had the mortification of aiding his rival to establish a character for ability, and a title to the confidence of the nation, that threatened to inflict on the

party in opposition a long exclusion from power, as well as a permanent loss of popularity. Lord John was not long in discerning his opponent's most vulnerable point, where he might assail him effectively, with the least danger of incurring the imputation of offering a factious opposition to an administration increasingly recommending itself to public favour by a vigorous, yet cautious, course of reforming policy. Sir Robert Peel was known to be inflexibly opposed to the devotion of any of the funds of the Irish Established Church to non-ecclesiastical purposes. Without waiting for the report of the commission, appointed in accordance with his own motion in the previous year, to ascertain the actual state of the revenues of that Church, Lord John moved a resolution on the 30th March, 1835, to the effect, that no settlement of the Irish tithe question should be considered permanent, which did not include the devotion of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to educational purposes. This motion being carried by a majority, decided the fate of the Ministry. Sir Robert Peel resigned, and the Whigs were reinstated in office after an exclusion of five months.

The new administration, nominally led by Lord Melbourne, but virtually by Lord John Russell, conducted the affairs of the nation for six years, and proved one of the most powerless and unpopular the country has ever seen. The measures it attempted to carry were rejected, altered, or mutilated, so that its legislative action was almost paralysed. Under its rule popular disaffection assumed in Ireland the formidable attitude of an extensive agitation for Repeal, headed by Daniel O'Connell; in England it came to a head in Chartist riots at Newport and Birmingham; in Jamaica it took the form of an incurable rupture between the Executive and Legislature; in Canada it burst forth into absolute rebellion. An attentive and candid study of the manner, in which Lord John Russell acquitted himself in the arduous position he filled at this period of his career, will evince that these unfortunate results are by no means attributable to the absence of a bold and enlightened policy, or to a want of courage and ability to support it. A consideration of the difficulties that surrounded him, cannot fail to elicit our highest admiration of the ad-

dress with which he maintained himself so long in power, and was enabled to carry so many eminently beneficial measures. At first distrusted by the Crown, with a majority against him in the House of Lords constantly rejecting or curtailing his measures; in the Commons supported by a feeble and motley party; thwarted by a strong and compact opposition, led by the most powerful debaters in the House; and assailed in the country by a growing reactionary party on the one hand, on the other by the numerous sections of extreme Reformers, whom his cautious policy disgusted and alienated, the wonder is that he was able to effect anything at all.

In face of these difficulties, he initiated a conciliatory policy for Ireland, founded on the principles of impartiality in the administration of justice and in the bestowal of patronage, and of equalising the institutions of that country as nearly as possible to those of England. He extended to that country the New Poor Law, amended their Municipal Corporations, and settled the Tithe Question, though he was compelled to drop the Appropriation Clause. For England, he carried the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, the Marriage Bill, and a Bill for the Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages. He also vigorously addressed himself to the task of correcting abuses in the Church, and succeeded in passing a measure for commuting tithes and remodelling episcopal sees and incomes. He was not so successful in an attempt to improve the pastoral superintendence in the Church by a better appropriation of cathedral endowments, the suppression of non-residence, and an alteration in the distribution of patronage. It was in the controversy which grew out of this measure, that Sydney Smith, the Canon of St. Paul's, who took a leading part in it in opposition to Lord John, applied to him his famous *bon mot*, that his Lordship was a bold man, without fear, and possessing that amount of self-esteem that he would undertake at five minutes' notice to cut for the stone or command the Channel fleet.

While he thus boldly applied himself to correct abuses, he no less firmly resisted the assaults on the Constitution that came from many of his own supporters. This course brought down upon him the wrath of O'Connell, who

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The time was passed, however, for this measure, sagaciously conceived and boldly executed as it was, to succeed. The public confidence and respect for the Ministry had been destroyed by a long course of weakness and political disaster, which conveyed an universal though unjust idea of its imbecility and incapacity. The proposal on the sugar duties was defeated in the House of Commons by a considerable majority. A few nights after Sir Robert Peel carried against them, by a majority of one, a vote of want of confidence. Still Lord John refused to give up the contest. Parliament was dissolved, and the struggle was transferred to the country. The cry of cheap bread and cheap sugar availed not to save the Whigs from their impending fall. Lord John Russell procured his return to Parliament for the City of London, but some of his most distinguished colleagues were rejected by important constituencies, and the general election issued in an overwhelming majority in favour of his opponents, which was brought before his notice on the very first debate in the new Parliament. On the 30th of August, 1841, Lord John Russell ceased to be Minister, and resigned the reins of power into the hands of his great opponent.

As leader of the Opposition, in the ensuing five years, his situation was at once a mortifying and a proud one. As a patriot he had the satisfaction of seeing, in the measures proposed by Sir Robert Peel, the triumph of those great principles of finance for which he had so ably combated; as an ambitious aspirant to power and fame, he had the mortification of witnessing his rival reaping all the political advantage and renown of carrying those principles into effect. At the same time, this period of his career brought to light his consummate qualities as a party leader, in the unflinching tact with which he selected the points of attack and the skill

with which his assaults were made. The weak points of Sir Robert Peel's position were Ireland and the Corn Laws. Personally that statesman had every wish to adopt the conciliatory Irish policy laid down and acted upon by the Whigs; nor was he much behind them in the assertion of a liberal commercial policy. But though this was the case, his hold on the larger portion of his followers was to be retained only by the maintenance, or at least no further concession, of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and the continuance of the sliding-scale. The presence in the Cabinet of eminent individuals, supposed to be bitterly opposed to the Irish Catholics, and the agitation of Dan O'Connell for the Repeal of the Union, which took a more formidable shape on the accession of the new Ministry, furnished Lord John with frequent opportunities of enlarging on the impossibility of Ministers governing Ireland in tranquillity. The debates on the prosecution of O'Connell impelled Sir Robert Peel still further in the direction of the policy so constantly and powerfully insisted upon by his rival—a policy, beneficial to the country, but perilous to the union and stability of the Conservative party. The famous Maynooth Bill of 1845 alienated many of the Premier's supporters, and induced many more to view his course with mistrust.

Lord John Russell directed a no less able and well sustained series of attacks on the sliding scale. In searchingly exposing its demerits as a scheme for maintaining a fixity of price in good and bad seasons, he sarcastically compared it to Regent Street, which somebody had said was a fine street, but one that would not bear the weather or criticism. For some time he went no farther than his proposal of a fixed duty. But in 1845, the potato-disease in Ireland gave such force to public opinion, by this time running strongly in the direction imparted to it by the Anti-Corn-Law League, convinced his lordship of the necessity of abandoning all plans of a fixed duty, and of advocating the entire removal of restrictions upon articles of food. Accordingly, he penned from Edinburgh his celebrated letter to the electors of London. In this most masterly state paper he depicted, with nervous conciseness, the state of the country with regard to its food, the proper

legislative remedy for the calamity by which it was menaced, and the attitude of the Government in respect to the question as it affected the people. In a few paragraphs, containing some pungent reflections on the career of the Premier, he allowed it to be pretty fairly inferred, that if Sir Robert was disinclined to follow the precedent of 1829, and repeal the Corn Laws, he, the writer, was perfectly willing and ready to undertake the task. A few days after, in December, the Premier summoned the Cabinet, announced his intention of giving up the present Corn Laws, and sent in his resignation. The letter failed, however, altogether to remove from the public mind in favour of the writer the impression, which universally prevailed, that Sir Robert Peel was the only man who was able to govern the country. Lord John Russell was summoned to her Majesty's Councils, but failed to form a Ministry, and was reluctantly compelled to relinquish to his rival the glory of achieving the greatest legislative act since the Reform Bill. He lent the Prime Minister his willing and effective support in the important struggles that took place on this question in the session of 1846. When the great measure of the session was safely passed, Lord John had leisure to avail himself of an opportunity of advancing his ambitious views. A somewhat factitious junction with the exasperated Protectionist section of the Conservative party enabled him to oppose successfully a bill introduced by Government for repressing outrages in Ireland. Sir Robert Peel resigned, and Lord John Russell was again summoned to construct a Ministry.

In his new position of Prime Minister he still had to contend with the disadvantages that had previously enfeebled his government. The support of Sir Robert Peel and his followers could only be depended on in measures that carried out the commercial policy of the preceding administration, and that support barely sufficed to give him a working majority. The first measure which he carried out through the same session, was to bring forward the sugar bill, on which he had been defeated five years before. He likewise in this year successfully introduced an important measure on national education. A new Parliament, summoned in 1847, barely gave him a majority:

but the support of Sir Robert Peel enabled him to make head against the strong and irritated body of the Protectionists. The horrible outrages that occurred in Ireland in the previous year added to his difficulties, and compelled him to resort to a measure of coercion, still more stringent than that which he had opposed in 1846. The Irish famine in 1847, and the revolutionary year of 1848, still more severely tested his abilities and courage as a minister. Though depressingly weak in legislative action, from the instability of his footing in Parliament, he showed himself fully equal to the demand made on his administrative qualities. The outbreak in Ireland, and the Chartist disaffection in England, were met with boldness and decision, and the tranquillity of the country was effectually preserved. The quiet resolution of his lordship was characteristically exhibited in a rather melodramatic scene in the House of Commons. When Fergus O'Connor, on the eve of Smith O'Brien's outbreaks, was indulging in a seditious tirade on the Repeal of the Union, Lord John checked him in full career by taking up the board, on which the oath of allegiance was written, and significantly pointing it towards the speaker.

The same year supplied an event in which his lordship scarcely played so worthy a part. The indignation of the Protestant population of the country was violently excited by the appearance of the celebrated Papal decree, parceling out England into twelve new dioceses, over which Dr. Wiseman, newly created cardinal, was appointed to preside. When the public excitement was at its height, Lord John's famous letter to the Bishop of Durham appeared. This unfortunate document excited hopes in the more violent section of the Protectionist party, which were not destined to be realised, at the cost of the support of the more liberal adherents. A most terrible fall was the result, which was only passed after serious curtailments and modifications. His friends fell off to such an extent that while the measure was still pending, he was left in a minority, and motion of Parliamentary Reform, and he resigned the government. No other party being sufficiently strong to form an administration, by the Duke of Wellington's advice, he returned to office. In the year 1851, he was compelled to recognise the neces-

sity of considerable alterations in the representative system, and a measure to that effect was introduced, but bearing in a most conspicuous manner all those marks of feebleness, which had characterised, to an extent so damaging to his character as a statesman, all his recent legislative attempts. His position was still further weakened by the loss of his ablest colleague, Lord Palmerston, who went out of office this year, in consequence of a dispute arising out of Louis Napoleon's assumption of despotic power in France. Early in the session of 1852, being defeated in a motion by Lord Palmerston, connected with the reorganisation of the militia, he announced his resignation, determined to submit no longer to the humiliation his situation inflicted on him.

On the termination of the short administration of the Earl of Derby, which lasted just long enough to prove the utter impossibility of a return to the protection system, he consented to take office in the Coalition Ministry of the Earl of Aberdeen. For a short time he held the seals of the Foreign Department with the leadership of the House of Commons. At present he is leader of the Commons, and has a seat in the Cabinet, an arrangement unprecedented in the history of cabinets.

This administration, of which Lord John Russell is perhaps the most influential member, is a remarkable phenomenon, and a signal indication of the signs of the times. Two great changes in the political world have contributed to render a combination of such discordant materials necessary and possible. The utter break up of the old political parties, which had been long preparing, and was consummated by the events of 1846, has, for a long time at least, put an end to the old constitutional usage of the government of the country being conducted by a statesman, relying solely on the support of a party, nucleated round a distinct policy, and sufficiently numerous to carry his measures through parliament. This change in the state of parties absolutely necessitates, for the purpose of forming an administration, the co-operation of the leading men for talent and influence among the various sections into which public men are now classified. And this co-operation is rendered practicable by the remarkable direction political sympathies have taken in recent

years. At present, legislative action is almost entirely diverted from organic changes, and is directed mainly to social reforms. Amendments in the administration of the law, improved sanitary arrangements, national education, and the like, open fields of operation extensive enough to task the energies of statesmen for years to come, at the same time that they are questions on which radical differences of opinion are barely possible.

As yet this administration has fully answered the expectations built upon it, and its measures have added not a little to the reputation of its various members. Lord John has earned no slight increase of respect, by his patriotic sacrifice of personal views in the acceptance of a subordinate post in a ministry, in which he might, considering his past career, have claimed the first. During his short occupation of the foreign seals, he gave the country an instance of vigorous interposition in the behalf of religious liberty, in the *Madiai* case, which secured him great and deserved applause. The questions with which his lordship's name is at present connected are the admission of Jews to parliament, parliamentary reform, and national education; to which last subject especially he has paid great attention.

Lord John Russell has been twice married: in 1831, to Adelaide, widow of the late and mother of the present Lord Ribblesdale; and on her death in 1841, to Lady Frances Anna Maria, daughter of the Earl of Minto. He has issue by both marriages.

Lord John Russell has appeared before the public on several occasions as an author. In 1815 he published a life of his illustrious ancestor, William Lord Russell; in 1821 a valuable history of the British constitution. The scenes and associations which he met with in his tour in Spain, induced his lordship to try his powers in poetry. The muses do not appear to have been very propitious, for the reception accorded to the drama of "*Don Carlos*," which appeared in 1822, has effectually discouraged its noble author from making a second attempt to work the poetic vein. His other literary productions are a "*History of the Affairs of Europe since the peace of Utrecht*," published in 1824; an important collection of the "*Correspondence of the fourth Duke of Bed-*

ford," which appeared in 1843; the "*Life, Letters, and Diary of the poet Moore*," in which he is still engaged; and a continuation of Lord Holland's unfinished "*Memorials of Charles James Fox*."

The personal appearance and features of our public men, Lord J. Russell among the rest, have been rendered so familiar to the public by the admirable delineations of Leech and other artists in the pages of "*Punch*," that it is perhaps scarcely necessary to devote any space to a formal description of his lordship's outer man. The following sketch of him as he appears in the House of Commons, taken by a very able pen, may not however prove unacceptable. "His head, though small, is finely shaped; it is a highly intellectual head, and the brow is wide and deep. The face, broad and firm set, sphynx-like in shape, is not of faultless outline, but it is strongly marked with character. A thoughtful repose, slightly tinged with melancholy, pervades it. The features are sharply defined; they look more so in the extreme paleness of the complexion, a paleness not of ill health, but of refined breeding. The mouth is wide, but finely shaped, surrounded with a marked line, as though it were often made the vehicle of expression, while the lips are firmly compressed as from habitual thought. The eye is quick and intelligent, the nose straight and decided, the eyebrows dark and well arched, and the whole face, which seems smaller still than it is from the absence of whiskers, is surmounted by dark and scanty hair, which leaves disclosed the whole depth of an ample and intellectual forehead. A moment more and you are struck with the proportions, though small, of his frame—his erect attitude, his chest expanded. You begin to perceive that a little man need not of necessity be insignificant. . . . His voice is feeble in quality, and monotonous. It is thin, and there is a twang upon it which speaks of aristocratic affectation; but it is distinct."*

As an orator he cannot be allowed, even in the estimation of his warmest admirers, to stand very high. Exhibiting in a great degree the self-possession, he lacks altogether the enthusiasm of an orator. Yet his speeches are marked by high intellectual qualities. The dic-

* Francis' "*Orators of the Age*."

tion is always : sometimes rises to the most : eloquence. On great occasion : much that is commonplace, his : will hit out a sentence as pregnant with thought, as it is distinguished by the brevity, terseness, and force of the phrase in which it is conveyed. His speeches are marked by great clearness and simplicity of statement, clearness and fairness of reasoning, and conscientious dealing with a question. His lordship always shows his mind to be known on any subject on which he addresses the House. Being extremely ready in argument, possessing a gift of sly humour combined with powers of playful and effective raillery, and being very happy in impromptu, he is at once a most formidable debater, and a consummate leader of party. Sir Francis Burdett once furnished at his own expense an instance of his lordship's quickness and force of repartee. When the honourable baronet, who had signalled the early portion of his political career by the extreme violence with which he advocated liberal principles, subsequently turned Conservative, he spoke of some observations of Lord John Russell as being dictated by the "cant of patriotism." The noble lord replied, that if there was the "cant of patriotism," there was also such a thing as the "recant of patriotism." As a leader of the House of Commons he enjoyed a place second only to that of the late Sir Robert Peel. Lord John was never qualified to impress the House and the country at large with the overshadowing prestige of his statesmanship, that was remarkable in the last fifteen years of his great rival's career. Restrained by principle or by a more cautious temperament, he lacked the boldness requisite to exercise the influence, achieve the reputation, or do the deeds which illustrate the name of his rival. Lord John Russell is ever ready to advance as far as circumstances will allow of without

bringing about, if we may so speak, a political *come*, but he will never, spontaneously at least, go beyond that point; Sir Robert Peel would "pluck the flower safety, from the nettle danger," and out of a difficulty achieve a brilliant success.

But if the characteristics of Lord John's mind have stood in the way of his building up so vast a popularity and fame as his rival, nay even if he has been, as the course of events have shown, the pioneer to that rival's renown, he possesses this advantage over his great opponent—his political life presents no glaring inconsistency, he has been compelled to make no startling concession. He has never been reduced to the humiliating necessity of contravening his past professions by adopting a policy which a few days before he strenuously resisted. To say that his present opinions are precisely those with which he commenced public life would be erroneous, and would convey a prejudicial idea of his lordship's intellect. But that change has been a progressive and consistent development of the sounder elements of his original profession of political faith, necessary to bring it into conformity with the altered phases of society. However much his legislative measures in later years may have halted behind the necessities of the time, it has been the fault of his position. In heart and conviction his lordship is still the same earnest yet cautious reformer, the same courageous and firm asserter of the rights of the people, as when he uttered his bold protest against the repressive policy of Lord Castlereagh, and when he made his first youthful efforts in the cause of Parliamentary Reform. A long and brilliant list of services have earned him an undying title to the gratitude of his country, and added an additional lustre to the traditional glories of his noble house.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

No man, perhaps, ever did more to develop the power now exercised by the press than FRANCIS JEFFREY. He did not labour with that end always in view, nor could he have anticipated the results he lived to see: but the course he pursued led, notwithstanding, inevitably to them. By elevating the character of our national periodical literature, and asserting its independence of authority or petty prejudice, he secured for it both influence and respect—respect the more widely felt, because the influence was exerted in the popular cause, and the more deserved because that cause was upward in its aim. He was the exponent of a great movement, a principal instrument in moulding a new era; and the processes by which he was fitted for his position, as well as his conduct in it, have, therefore, a peculiar interest.

Francis Jeffrey was born in Edinburgh on the 23d of October, 1773. His father was one of the deputy-clerks in the Court of Session, a man of good sense, but rather gloomy disposition; his mother was the favourite of her family, virtuous and gentle. At the age of eight Francis was sent to the High School, and began his studies in a class of one hundred and twenty boys, which was superintended by a single usher. Latin was the principal subject of attention, and it was not till some time later, when removed to the rector's class, that he commenced Greek. The surviving schoolfellows of those earlier days remember him as "a little, clever, anxious boy, always near the top of the class, and who never lost a place without shedding tears." During the whole period of his six years' sojourn in this place, he appears to have given no indications of extraordinary genius or industry; but the benefits conferred were gratefully recollected by him throughout life.

In 1786 he lost his mother, who died suddenly. He was staying for a few days at Steventon, about seventeen miles from Edinburgh. Intelligence of her danger reached the family he was with, too late, as they thought, for him to be sent away that night, and they resolved to withhold the news till the

morning. Francis suspected it, and at early dawn next day, before the house was astir, set off and walked home alone. His heart throbbed with filial affection, but she, the best beloved, was taken from him for ever.

In the winter of 1787, when in his fourteenth year, he was sent to Glasgow College. Already literary taste had begun to germinate; now there opened before him a wide and honourable career. Emancipated from school restrictions and formalities, with freer scope for independent exertion, and a variety of incentives to persevering effort, he gradually adopted that vigorous system of self-discipline which brought him to eminence and stamped the character of his after life. During his first session he attended the lectures of the Greek and Logic Classes; but in his general character was only remarkable for a degree of quickness bordering on petulance, and the indulgence of a caprice in cherishing a premature moustache, despite the ridicule of his companions. When Adam Smith was proposed that year for the office of Lord Rector, and the students and professors were preparing for the election, Jeffrey, more for opposition's sake than because he disapproved of the author of the "Wealth of Nations," harangued the boys in the Green against voting for him. In the second session he assumed a much higher position in the general estimation. At the Historical and Critical Debating Society, he acquitted himself in brilliant style as one of the most acute and fluent speakers; in the Logic Class, where Professor Jardine used to require his pupils to write remarks on each other's compositions, he first publicly exercised his critical talents, and gave proof of their acumen, sometimes with unmerciful severity. Professor Millar's lectures on Law and Government were forbidden to him by his father, whose Toryism could not endure the free doctrines of that popular gentleman. Professor Arthur's class he joined, for Metaphysics formed his favourite study. Under him he began his plan of taking notes, embodying the sentiments of the lecturer in his own language, and in-

interweaving with copious criticisms. On the same point his notes of Professor Arthur's lectures, he very freely expresses some of his opinions. An amateur theatrical performance which the members of the Debating Society had designed, was suppressed, whereupon Jeffrey, who was about finally leaving the college, writes that he had "one thing to advise, to declare, to reprobate, to ask, and to wish. What I have to advise is, Mr. Arthur and the Principal to pay a little more attention to the graces in their respective modes of lecturing and praying. What I declare is, that the Faculty has acted in the meanest, most illiberal, and despicable manner with regard to the Election Club," &c., &c.

The disposition of his mind at this time is curiously displayed in the following apology made for intruding a letter on his old and worthy master, Dr. Adam. After stating that he felt impelled to the deed by some internal agent, he writes: "As a student of philosophy, I thought myself bound to withstand the temptation, and, as an adept in logic, to analyse the source of its effects. Both attempts have been equally unsuccessful. I have neither been able to resist the inclination nor to discover its source. My great affliction for the study of mind led me a weary way before I abandoned this attempt; nor did I leave the track of inquiry till I thought I had discovered that it proceeded from some emotion in the powers of the will rather than of the intellect."

Jeffrey spent only two sessions at Glasgow, and in May, 1789, returned home to Edinburgh. This portion of his life is full of interest and value as exhibiting the processes by which he attained to maturity of thought and expression. His example is worthy the remembrance of every student. Gifted with a clear and quick perception, such as has led many to despise ordinary means of improvement, he pursued his self-appointed course of study with indefatigable industry. Composition became a habit with him almost from early boyhood; he associated it with whatever engaged his attention, and that solely for his own culture. Four papers only remain of those written at Glasgow; one on the Benevolent Affections, extending through fifty folio

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re observations

his notes of

pages of manuscript, and the others on the Immortality of the Soul, the Law of Primogeniture, and Sorcery and Incantation. When again in Edinburgh, and left altogether to the sway of his own thoughts, no place was so frequented as the "dear, retired, adored, little window" of his garret. There, for two years, he diligently prosecuted his designs, writing not as mere impulses might direct, but from forethought, and with the purpose of intellectual advancement ever before him. Deducting shorter pieces of a sheet or two, there are still in existence sixty articles to testify to his perseverance. These exercises embrace lengthened translations, epitomes of books, essays, letters, poetry, fiction, philosophy, criticism, speeches, and even sermons. He could scarcely have adopted a method more likely to strengthen or correct his judgment. At the end of many of these compositions there are appended criticisms of his own upon them, which are often just, and always characteristic. He translates Livy and then condemns his translation as "of that vague and licentious nature which scruples not to insert any extraneous ideas which seem entitled to a place;" he reads Lucretius, and abstracts his arguments, that having divested them of their glittering poetry he may form an independent judgment of their weight; he throws Racine into blank verse, then speculates on the possible use of such a thing, and at last discovers that the multiplicity of imperfections may be commendable, for they "will serve as a perpetual foil, and stimulate my exertion by showing me how much my later works surpassed my earlier." There are twelve letters subscribed by *Philosophus*, *Scrutator*, *Proteus*, *Solomon*, &c., all dated the same month, and on philosophical or literary subjects; there are essays on a variety of topics, each in imitation of Johnson, Addison, Steele, or some other member of that fraternity. One paper, and a very long one it is, is devoted to an analysis of his own character; and another embodies "My opinions of some authors," and shows the extent of his reading. He says that he has only ventured to characterise those who have actually undergone his perusal; yet they are fifty in number, including many French as well as English writers. His criticisms are remarkable for deli-

cacy and discrimination, and the views he thus expressed remained in general unaltered in maturer years.

In all this he was not merely obeying natural tastes. He framed a purpose in unison with them, but his determination of character was the secret of his conduct. One instance is recorded of the exertion of the same principle in another direction. He believed he was subject to superstitious fears, and to cure himself of them used to walk alone at midnight round the cathedral and its graveyard.

In September, 1791, Jeffrey left Scotland for Oxford. His local attachments were strong, and the change was by no means welcome. His spirit delighted in congenial friendships, and when he first found himself alone amidst strangers, and far from familiar scenes, he began to feel the weight of melancholy. The fame of Oxford had induced him to cherish a too flattering estimate of its character as a seat of learning; and the disappointment, combining with other causes, led him, when there, to depreciate its advantages. There was, too, a dash of romance and poetry in his character, ill according with the habits of his associates. What is so sad, he wants to know, "as a company of young men, without feeling, vivacity, or passion?" He does not expect that warmth and tenderness of soul, which is to delight and engage him. But "at least let us have some life, some laughter, some impertinence, wit, politeness, pedantry, prejudice—*something* to supply the place of interest and sensation." He writes to his sister, evidencing the same feeling. In one letter he descants on his love of moonlight, and pictures it to her as gilding the antique college walls and solemnly shadowing the green turf, adding, "Could I find any body here who understood these matters, or thought them worth being understood, I should regain my native enthusiasm and my wonted enjoyment; but they are all drunkards, or pedants, or coxcombs." At length he resolved to be silent on the subject; but when, after only a seven months' residence, the prospect of leaving opened before him, he partially welcomed it, believing, nevertheless, that although he had been the only complainant, none in the university was really happier than himself. He was soon gratified by the opportunity of writing beneath his certifi-

cate of admission, "*Hanc universitatem tædio miserrime affectus, tandem hilaris reliqui*, Ter. Kal. Jul. 1792." On the other side of the document he appends in a single line to the names of twenty-seven of his acquaintance and a tutor, the opinion he had formed of them. Dr. Maton, his future friend, was described "philosopher;" but the rest, almost without exception, were not very complementarily characterised. His habits at Oxford were similar to those he had previously adopted. Although not in the ordinary sense "a reading man," he was a diligent student, devoting himself chiefly to literature, and pursuing an independent course. He continued to compose much, and a considerable number of papers written at this period still remain. The most remarkable is that on Beauty, as containing the germ of those sentiments he afterwards expressed in an article on that subject in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*."

On returning to Edinburgh, life presented itself in its realities. He was now nineteen years of age, and it seemed necessary to come to some determination respecting the future. His brother had emigrated to America, and was successful in business; but to commerce in every shape, Jeffrey decidedly objected. The law was his path, and he himself was disposed to try the English bar: but wisely yielded to the opposition of his friends, and prepared for the Scottish. During the winter of 1792-3, he attended the Scotch Law lectures of Professor Hume, the course on Civil Law, and that of Professor Tytler on History. He found, also, a most invaluable means of improvement in the Speculative Society, to which he was early admitted. Thrown there into contact with some of the choicest spirits of the age, eager to extend their knowledge and strengthen their powers, he vigorously availed himself of the privilege. His Tuesday evenings were the most enthusiastic of the week, and brought the greatest intellectual enjoyment and profit. Walter Scott, Brougham, Horner, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and a number of other talented competitors, from time to time, elicited his best exertions. He read several papers before them: but as it was the exercise of debate he principally needed, so it was there that he shone. Although his connection with the society continued for nine or ten years, his zeal scarcely allowed him

after did he lo
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hardly conceive
erived them the recollection of th
burst of intellect.

Meanwhile he prosecuted his l
labours, abstracting important
translating classical authors, an
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various subjects, sometimes sol
the hope of gaining by such means a
definite idea of what they really were.
Great critical acumen is displa
in these productions, but the style is stiff
and too uniformly modelled. He also
composed a great deal of poetry, none
of which has been permitted to reach
the public eye. His poems, it seems,
were very varied in purport and kind,
some running through hundr
of lines, others filling only the lin
of the sonnet. He once left a manu
with a bookseller, and then fled into
the country; but, hearing that some
obstacle had occurred, returned hastily
and stopped the publication. At one
time, whatever might have proved his
difficulties as an actual poet, the
poetical element strongly affected his
character, and he himself was conscious
of it. At Oxford he had written to his
sister: "I feel I shall never be a great
man unless it be as a poet;" and
throughout life his taste for the beauties
and sublimities of nature, the contem
plation of which was to him a positive
luxury, tinged his thoughts with the
colours of fancy and emotion.

In December, 1794, Jeffrey was ad
mitted to practise at the bar. Although
possessed of little family influence, and
surrounded by talented rivals, there was
much to stimulate and encourage him
as he entered the public arena. There
were no legal impediments to success in
the way of merit; and, though it might
long wait its rewards, they were nearly
sure in the end. Moreover, the great
questions of the day, while they en
grossed attention, could not fail to
animate his energy. The French Revo
lution, with its many problems and
phases, was exciting the enthusiasm of
some and the fears of others. At home
there was a movement on the face of
the clouded waters, and some faint indi
cation of coming light. England was
divided into two great parties; and
Scotland could scarcely have fared worse
than she did, had she been subjected to

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action met with severe
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to produce this; for
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a party d upon by all
who were able to him. It was
some time before he, by his pleadings
in court, could produce any impression
favourable to himself. His opinions
were objectionable to his hearers, and
blinded them to his genius. There was,
too, a sort of affectation in his manner;
his light sarcastic style of disputation
was not pleasing; and his adoption of the
English idiom and pronunciation, to the
depreciation of the Scotch, which he had
discarded at Oxford, gave a decided
peculiarity to his tone. He had but few
friends, and complained that he was
not much liked by those who did know
him. But the honourable and brilliant
Henry Erskine, the foremost in his pro
fession, was not slow to notice him, and
between the two a friendship sprung up
which was not terminated till death.
Erskine was Dean of the Faculty of
Advocates; but in January, 1796, was
deprived of his deanship on account of
his political principles. When the
votes were given which decided against
him, but reflected disgrace only on their
givers, Jeffrey absented himself. Out
of 161 present, 38 stood true to justice;
and he always regretted not having
been one of these, although it would
appear he acted simply in deference to
his father's wishes. As time rolled on,
and he still found himself almost with
out a practice and without money, he
began to entertain serious misgivings
respecting the law. In vain he looked
round for some occupation as suitable;
none presented itself. Now temporary
success would inspirit him, and gleams
of hope and distinction flash across him;
and then again he would lament his
dismal stupidity and the loss of those
ethereal feelings of romance which had
once enchanted him, ascribing the
change to his "humiliating" hanging
on at the courts, and fearing that he
"should go on sophisticating and per-

verting himself till he became absolutely good for nothing." "I cannot help looking," he wrote to his brother, "upon a slow, obscure, and philosophical starvation at the Scotch bar as a thing not to be submitted to." His old love of literature was as strong as ever, and he had relaxed none of his diligence in composition. He seems to have entertained the idea of devoting himself more decisively to it; for we find him writing, in September, 1798, when on a short travelling tour: "I am going to be very literary in London, and have thoughts of settling there as a grub. I have introductions to review and newspaper editors, and I am almost certain that I could make four times the sum that I shall ever do at the bar." The same month he says: "I have derived but little benefit yet from my letters of introduction. Perry* I can never find at home. Phillips sent me away without reading my letter, and most of the other eminent persons to whom I meant to present myself are enjoying their dignity in the country." Things were coming to a crisis, and he felt it: "My ambition, and my prudence, and indolence will have a pitched battle, and I shall either devote myself to contention and toil, or lay myself quietly down in obscurity and mediocrity of attainment."

The atmosphere of the "Modern Athens" was well adapted to develop a healthful intellect and a manly constitution of soul. That Jeffrey, with a taste already cultured, and a mind already active, and an evident ambition already germinating, should shun the course to eminence, surrounded as he was by every variety of incentive to effort, was almost impossible. All his friendships were of a kind likely to excite to generous emulation; and by themselves would have turned the balance. In the Speculative Society he met men of kindred spirit, whose hearts were all beating with high hope, and whose purposes were, in many instances, already shaped into an unalterable earnestness. In the Academy of Physics, which he had joined, he found other similar associates. There he increased his scientific knowledge, and quickened his discernment in the discussions, in which only three facts were admitted without proof: "1. Mind exists. 2. Matter exists. 3. Every change indicates a cause;" while

the power was reserved of modifying even them. Prominent among his friends were the two Bells, both talented and industrious, and both afterwards distinguished, the one as a lawyer and the other as an anatomist.

Jeffrey had thought of publishing a translation of one of the classics, but was dissuaded by his correspondent, Dr. Maton. He had occasionally contributed to the *Monthly Review*, and still was haunted by the idea of "writing a book." His diligence as a student is highly commendable; during the year 1800 alone, he read forty-eight volumes on important and difficult subjects, attesting the mastery he attained over their contents by closely filling a hundred and fifty quarto pages of manuscript with critical disquisitions respecting them. At length he confesses himself "falling in love with great assiduity," and on the 1st of November, 1801, he married one of the daughters of the Rev. Professor of Church History at St. Andrews. But neither Cupid nor Hymen could divert him from his studies. He attended a course of Chemical lectures, and listened also to Dugald Stewart on Political Economy. Wedded life brought new responsibilities, and supplied additional energy. His wife had no fortune of her own, his own professional income had never yet brought him £100 a year, and although his father helped him a little there was need for exertion to secure a competence. He maintained at home the strictest economy, and so was enabled to indulge the generosity of his nature. His reputation as a lawyer was fortunately on the increase, but his general opinions and independence of character offended the dominant party, and hindered his progress.

The time, however, was arrived that should open a new sphere for the exercise of his abilities, and the acquisition of influence. One tempestuous evening a party of literati had gathered at Jeffrey's elevated residence in the eighth or ninth storey in Buccleuch Place. Sydney Smith had suggested the establishment of a *Review*, and the project now became a matter of serious consultation. The restlessness of the public mind, the dotage of existing journals, the tyranny of party, were so many arguments in its support; and as they heard the wind beating without, they laughed at the storm they should

* Editor of the "Morning Chronicle."

soon probably raise. It was resolved to appeal to a publisher, and Constable was the man selected; the material was to be given him, and he agreed to speculate on the risks, and defray the charge. The appearance of the first number of this, THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, was delayed till October, 1802. Of the articles it contained, five were by Jeffrey. In June he had written, "I have completely abandoned the idea of taking any permanent share in it, and shall probably desert after fulfilling my engagements, which only extend to a certain contribution for the first four numbers. I suspect that the work itself will not have a much longer life." The idea was afterwards recalled, and the suspicion banished. The hopes of its most sanguine friends were far surpassed by the reception of the Review. How gentle its original professions were is seen in the prospectus; the writers "are to judge with candour, but with freedom. Opinions they are only to relate, not to combat. Immoralities they would rather choose to bury in oblivion." The contributors, however, were men of too deep feeling and mental vigour long to submit to these self-imposed restrictions; and the first number of their periodical gave decided proof of the fact. The Review bounded into the arena, conscious of genius and strength; it dared to express novel dogmas, when previously, according to its founder, no man of less than two or three thousand a year was thought justified in having an opinion at all; it ranged through poetry and philosophy, it spared neither individuals nor society, it opposed war, and advocated reform; if severe, it was often just; if mistaken, it was always brilliant. Its projectors were young—Brougham only twenty-three, Brown and Horner both twenty-four, Smith thirty-one, Allen thirty-two, and Jeffrey twenty-nine. But their concentrated energy was thrown into it, and the vivacity of their genius sparkled in every page. The public interest was aroused—some were fearful of results, some enthusiastic in its praise, some indignant at its assaults. One year alone brought out fifty pamphlets against it; but all parties were obliged to acknowledge its talent.

Sydney Smith edited the first number, but the fraternity chiefly relied on Jeffrey, whose training had admirably qualified him for the chieftainship

amongst them. As many as could, periodically assembled in a dingy room near the printing office to read the proofs and criticise any manuscripts strangers might offer. Three numbers were thus completed; but the want of an individual and responsible editor was seriously felt. Jeffrey was pressed to accept the office, and at length yielded, after a deal of punctilious debating with himself that reflects no credit on his manliness, and displays a paltry regard for mere notional etiquette unworthy a philosopher. He feared lest he should sink in the general estimation, and be considered as article to a trade not perhaps the most respectable; and that thus he should degrade his immaculate profession! And it was only the peculiarities of the case that prevailed on him to soil his hands by editing the "Edinburgh Review." A salary of £200 a year was willingly apportioned him by the publishers, to whom as yet the numbers had been given. The contributors, moreover, had neither expected nor received remuneration for their services; now ten guineas a sheet were to be allowed them; afterwards the minimum was raised to sixteen, and during Jeffrey's administration the average was from twenty to twenty-five. A strict incognito was enjoined on the confederacy; every knight in the literary tournament wore his vizor down. Smith, even, the gayest and most dashing of the lot when in print, insisted on their meeting for consultation at the gloomy printing-office only, and on their repairing thither singly, or by back lanes!

The wisdom of the new arrangement by which Jeffrey was made responsible editor, was soon tested. His cultivated taste, his general readiness of mind, and his extensive knowledge, enabled him efficiently to fulfil his duties; but more than this was early required. He found the existence of the "Review" depending almost as much on his exertions as its character; and to him must be mainly ascribed its continuation and brilliant success. Not only must his name be associated with "The Edinburgh" as one of its originators and of its earliest and most frequent contributors, or as one whose judgment gave consistency and secured superiority of style and matter to its pages; he, more than any of the rest, was instrumental in maintaining it in its coveted

position through seasons of peril. But for him, it might have ceased to appear without having proved of material benefit to society; and to him, therefore, if it has accomplished anything, is the gratitude of posterity most due. As the student-band began to disperse, and emigration to London became the fashion of the day, difficulties quickly arose, and Jeffrey was often behind-hand in his work because in want of efficient help. We find him writing to Horner, and begging his aid in consideration of his forlorn state. Brougham is roaming the streets, he complains, or correcting his colonial proofs, trusting all to the exertion of the last week or two; Brown is dying of influenza, De Puis of asthma; another is asking absolution from his engagements, and another refuses to make any at all. He begs for thirty pages, and undertakes the salvation of the "Review," at least for that campaign; adding, "If you do not, I am afraid we shall not die nobly, but live pitifully, which will be much worse. Trash will be collected, and I shall have the pleasure of marching in the van of Mr. — and Dr. —, and I don't know who, that are ready to take your place beside me." At another time he writes in the style of "entreaty," and seriously reminds his friend of their mutual object, declaring that he will pester old associates with the story of his perplexities, and make them bear, if possible, a share in his anxieties. Later still he "conjures" him to set to work, "the cry is still for copy;" and four or five months after he asks him, for compassion's sake, to rise five mornings at seven o'clock, and finish one thing for him—"Upon my honour, I would do that for you, horribly as I detest rising, if it would relieve you half as much as you can do me . . . It would be a very extraordinary and somewhat of a ridiculous thing if the work was to be dropped while it flourishes as it does in sale; and yet if I do not get more assistance it must drop, or become not worth keeping up." His efforts, however, sustained it through many such a trial. Yet, as late as 1816, he reports himself as being, "as usual, in great perplexity and huge indignation at the perfidy of his associates;" while, as the years brought new duties upon him, he became increasingly desirous of an infusion of other and younger life into it.

At Walter Scott's suggestion, in 1803, a social institution arose from which Jeffrey derived much of his happiness. Every Friday evening, originally to supper, afterwards to dinner, the major part of the Edinburgh literati assembled for friendly converse. The "Friday Club" had no written rules, tolerated no formalities or ambitious talkings, had no special business, but passed the hours in careless, cordial, delightful interchange of sentiment.

Meanwhile Jeffrey's professional reputation was slowly advancing. He would wear no wig, and his black bushy head, as well as his vivacious style, betrayed him in the courts. But after nine long years of toil his income was still small. He had been appointed professor of moral and political science in the College at Calcutta, and poverty for awhile prompted him to accept it, although Scotland eventually overcame the temptation, and instead of sitting in the chair of honour abroad, he contented himself by assuming the uniform of an ensign in the volunteer corps at home. In 1804, he visited London for the first time.

Now there came across his sky, which had daily echoed with poetic minstrelsy, and poured the calm light of philosophy upon him, the deep shadowings of sorrow. His sister died, and then his wife, so dearly loved, who gave zest to his existence, and in being the centre of his thoughts and the ultimate object of his actions, supplied his purest, deepest happiness. His heartstrings vibrated with anguish. There was no more sunshine or summer-bloom of hope, no joyous warbling of the soaring soul or sweep of its proud wing through limitless space; all was dark and bare and still. Through the gloom there came no angel visitings, and faith failed to whisper, "mortality is swallowed up of life." "I am inwardly sick of life," wrote Jeffrey to Horner, "and take no serious interest in any of the objects it offers to me. I receive amusement from its common occurrences very nearly as formerly; but I have no longer any substantial happiness, and everything that used to communicate it oppresses me. My imagination and my understanding are exercised as they used to be, but my heart is deadly cold; and I return from these mechanical and habitual exertions, and weep over my internal desolation, and

to wonder why I linger here." And when months had not effaced the impression: "Woe ever cheats me of time and recollection most effectually, is now the most eligible course of life."

His position as public censor exposed him to many attacks. It was scarcely probable that most of the books reviewed would be worthy of unreserved praise, and in every case where this was withheld it was possible the author might feel aggrieved. But when, in addition to just censure, there came occasionally severe and unmerited sarcasm, no wonder that anger was excited and often entertained, even where shame would have been more befitting. Jeffrey, regardless of what the masses thought of his opinions, scrupled not to express them freely; and living in an age prolific of poetry, and characterized by an intellectual movement that ever and anon threw deep thinkings up on the surface of society, he came into collision with men of note in almost every department of literature and science. Authorship had so long possessed its obscure and tangled mazes in peace as to be alarmed at the first sight of the merciless scalping-knife; and, if before it had been accustomed for time only to play with its laurels, it especially disliked the rude hand of the critic that would sometimes threaten to tear them prematurely away. It would be curious to chronicle the various literary feuds that sprang from the "Edinburgh Review," and to observe how, as the genius of the combatants became more evident, differences settled into a cordial acknowledgment of respective excellencies. Southey visited Scotland about this time, and stung by a fancied disparagement of his works met Jeffrey in society. He found it "impossible to be angry with anything so diminutive," and contemptuously records that he was "a mere child" in the question of taste debated between them. But an incident occurred in 1806, when "the prince of critics" was in London, that more tangibly illustrated the animosity his pen had sometimes aroused. He had recently criticised Moore's "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems" in a strain of the severest condemnation, on the ground of their immorality, and in a manner so pointed as necessarily to appear personal to the author. The consequence was, in accordance with the absurdity of the

times, a hostile meeting between him and Jeffrey at Chalk Farm, in the vicinity of the city. Fortunately the police had obtained information of the design, and, arriving on the spot, apprehended the parties at the very moment they were about to fire. On reaching the police office, the bullet was found to have dropped from Jeffrey's pistol; Moore's was properly loaded. Both were bound over to keep the peace, but were nearly crossing to Hamburg, where the recognisance did not extend, to settle the matter as originally intended. Moore, however, withdrew his defiance, which he had given on the idea the imputations were personal, and Jeffrey declared them to be only literary. A reconciliation ensued, and the two breakfasted together in token of amity a few days after. Horner, who was Jeffrey's second, with all his admiration of his intrepidity, "feared there was much indifference of life;" and he himself was glad to have gone through the scene, because for one thing "it assured him that he was really as little in love with life as he had been for some time in the habit of professing." It was the wound, caused by his wife's death, still rankling in his breast, and making him reckless. The same month he made a tour along our southern coast, and his letters afford evidence of the melancholy still brooding over him. He languished perpetually for the repose and tranquillity of rational and domestic society, the quietness of the heart, and the activity of the imagination only. "You have found this, my dear Bob," he wrote, "but *I have lost it for ever*." The rencontre between the critic and the criticised of course formed a capital subject for town-gossips; and not a little ridicule was showered upon the whole affair. Epigrams and satirical effusions were numerous. One of the least scurrilous is still remembered:—

That the pistols were leadless
Is no sort of news,
For blank cartridge should always
Be fired at Reviews!

Jeffrey's friendship with his late opponent was sincere. In 1819, when Moore was involved in great pecuniary difficulties, he wrote to Rogers, offering to contribute £300 or £500 towards his relief, but enjoining that his name should never be mentioned lest the delicacy of the befriended should be

pained, and the proposal, though declined, showed the exquisite generosity of his nature. Moore, on the other hand, in one of his prefaces, while he confesses him the most formidable of his censors, styles him also one of the most cordial of his friends; and elsewhere says, that when he went to Scotland he was so often asked to sing his last new song, "Ship, ahoy," that "the upland echoes of Craigerook ought to have its burden by heart."

In January, 1808, appeared the celebrated criticism on Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which was not written by himself, but for which, indeed, as editor, he was responsible. In consequence, he figured very prominently in that "ferocious rhapsody,"—the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Byron seized on the circumstance of the duel, and most savagely assailed the "chieftain of the critic clan;" but in "Don Juan" he retracted his invective by the following compliment:—

"And all our little feuds—at least all mine—
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe—
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below.)
Are over: here's a health to 'Auld Lang Syne';
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul."

With Scott, Jeffrey was always on good terms; and when he wrote his severest article on his works, he sent him a proof one day before dining with him. Joanna Bailie had been so offended by his remarks on her plays, as to decline being introduced to him; but they met at last, and she became a great favourite of his—"the prettiest, best dressed, kindest, happiest, and most entire beauty of fourscore that has been seen since the flood." Coleridge, also, was among the number of complainants; but towards all, as far as it could be done without renouncing settled opinions, Jeffrey ultimately made the *amendo honorabile*.

Twenty-six numbers of the Review had been issued, and to them he had contributed twenty-six papers, when, in 1809, the "Quarterly Review" appeared. Many thought the principles of the "Edinburgh" dangerous, and deemed that its tendency was to create disaffection at home and encourage the foreign enemy; and when they read in the October of the previous year an article on an account given by Don Pedro Cevallos, of the French usurpa-

tions in Spain, their patience and patriotism could endure it no longer. Some subscribers refused to receive it again; and the Earl of Buchan, poor fellow, thought it expedient to expel it from his house in formal manner. He had the door opened, and the Cevallos' number laid on the innermost part of the floor of the lobby, and then himself kicked it out into the mud!! Scott had already remonstrated, and now withdrew his allegiance. A rival, and that a formidable one, was for the first time on the field.

About the close of 1810, M. Simond, a French gentleman, came with his wife and niece, to visit Edinburgh. The niece was a daughter of Mr. Wilkes, a banker in New York, who was nephew of the famous John. Jeffrey formed an acquaintance with this lady, which ripened into a mutual desire of marriage. She, however, having returned home across the Atlantic, it became necessary for him to brave the dangers of the sea, if he would win his bride. Accordingly, in the spring of 1813, he went to Liverpool in search of a ship, but it was not till August that he sailed. His gallantry was sorely tested, for he was a thorough landsman in experience and feeling, and the war which strewed the main with privateers exposed him to peculiar danger. Throughout his voyage, he was charmed neither by the sublimity nor beauty of the ocean. Its power and music, its vast solitudes, its changing colours, its waves curling themselves to break in white dancing foam, all failed to kindle his admiration, and if he ever felt, he resolutely withstood the enthusiasm that poets of every age have owned at the sight. "There is nothing so ugly," he wrote in his journal, "as the sea in roughish weather." The reason of this seeming anomaly of character may perhaps be found in his fondness of association, through which his poetic sympathies were most strongly excited and readily perpetuated; and added to this, his habits of thought, his inveterate local and personal attachments, which were, as his diary shows, continually leading him vividly to picture the scenes and people he had left behind, destroyed that calmly contemplative mood most likely to make even the shifting waters pleasantly suggestive. There is one passage, penned towards the commencement of the voyage, so remarkably resembling the majestic verses

with which E wards closed
his "Childe Harold" and we cannot
further quote any more of it:—"Man,
indeed, has left his traces of himself on
the watery part of the globe. He has
stripped the land of its wood, and
clothed it with corn and with cities; he
has changed its colour, its inhabitants,
and all its qualities. Over it he seems,
indeed, to have dominion, but the sea
is as wild and unsubdued as on the
first day of its creation. No track left
of the innumerable voyagers who have
traversed it; no power over its move-
ments, or over the winds by which
they are influenced. . . . Neither
time nor art make any alteration here.
Continents are worn down and consoli-
dated, and the forests grow up or rot
into bog, by the mere lapse of ages;
but the great expanses of the ocean
continue with the same surface and the
same aspect for ever, and are, in this
respect, the most perfect specimen of
antiquity, and carry back the imagi-
nation the farthest into the dark abysses
of time passed away." Byron wrote:—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stays with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and un-
known."

"His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil from him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him
lay."

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save
thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now."

There can be no plagiarism here, yet
the conceptions are similar, the master-
spirit of the bard infusing an energy
that the discontented journalist would
not have cared to emulate.

To return, Jeffrey reached the Ameri-
can shore in safety, united himself to
the object of his love, inspected a few

celebrities in the Union, and in due
time returned with his wife to Scotland,
settling in his quiet home with the re-
solution of "cultivating the domestic
virtues, and all manner of plants and
flowers." To Horner he confesses with
pretended sincerity, "I grow every day
more sick of the necessity of working,
and have serious thoughts of going
into a cottage and living on £300 a
year." In the spring of 1815 he moved
his summer residence to Craigherook,
on the eastern slope of a hill, about
three miles from Edinburgh. Every
Saturday his house was thrown open
to his literary and professional friends;
the party would begin to assemble
about three o'clock, some to sport on
the bowling green, others to stroll in
the garden, or gaze on the delightful
scenery; then came a generous banquet,
and then the conversation. Here he
wrote his essay on "Beauty," for the En-
cyclopædia Britannica, and spent much
of his time, except when tempted to
an occasional continental trip, or called
to London on business. His literary
activity knew no abatement. During
the first six years after his removal,
he composed about forty articles for the
Review, on a variety of topics, and in
his usual rich and tasteful style, not-
withstanding that he was in the full
career of a professional practice, that
occupied most of his time, and for eight
months in the year exacted daily ten
or even twelve hours exclusive atten-
tion.

While the *editor* was thus winning
enduring laurels, the *advocate* had been
gradually advancing towards success.
He had obtained employment in all
the courts, when in 1816 juries were
introduced into Scotland, for the trial
of facts in civil causes. Already in
criminal prosecutions, where juries were
usual, Jeffrey had acquired a consider-
able reputation; and when another
wide and similar field was opened to
him, none could doubt that he would
distinguish himself upon it. His legal
knowledge, which had long been deemed
superficial, was now recognised as
more than sufficient for all probable
emergencies. His acuteness in detect-
ing sophistry, his comprehension of the
laws of evidence, his soundness of judg-
ment, united with the ability to view
calmly a whole case, and retain the
details in his memory; and then his
flow of language in court, his brilliant

fancy, his versatility, that could be either humorous or grave—all helped to make him a popular advocate, and to break down any remaining barriers that political partizanship would have opposed to his advance. His voice was silvery, his utterance rapid but distinct; the only defect was a tendency to refinement, into which his speculative disposition betrayed him, and which was tediously in contrast with his general vivacity.

Jeffrey's connection with the "Edinburgh Review," was alone sufficient to characterise him as a leader of the Scotch Whigs. But when political meetings were organised, and a spirit of activity spread through the country, he distinguished himself further by his consistent exertions. His speeches were effective, and his counsel was valued.

He received his first official honour in 1820, the students of Glasgow electing him as their Lord Rector. When, in 1827, under Canning's administration, there came some show of liberal government, he was advised to seek a seat on the bench. False notions of respectability were still clinging to him; he thought it possible some might object to his elevation because the editor of a periodical work, even if purely literary, derogated from the dignity required in a judge. "From the very first," he wrote, "I have been anxious to keep clear of any tradesman-like concern in the Review, and to confine myself pretty strictly to intercourse with *gentlemen* only, as contributors."

In 1829 he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates—an honour the highest of the kind that can be conferred in Scotland. It was an evidence of the spread of liberal sentiments, and of the general estimation of his talents and character among his brethren in the profession. "It immediately occurred to me," he afterwards wrote, "that it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should continue to be the conductor of what might be fairly enough represented as in many respects, a party journal; and I consequently withdrew at once, and altogether, from the management." The 98th number of the Review was the last he edited; and, excepting three or four papers furnished considerably later, with the 99th he ceased to be a contributor.

On looking back over Jeffrey's lite

rary career, a remarkable point is the variety of subjects on which his pen was employed. He wrote in all two hundred articles; and there is scarcely a topic which he has not touched. He reviewed works on metaphysics, poetry, fiction, politics, history, travel—all in a manner that showed him to be largely acquainted with facts, to have examined principles, and formed his own standard of judgment. Sometimes he has strung sentences together, not really related, so that reading cursorily the mind is startled with the semblance of reasoning, and on examination finds itself deceived; at others, his logic is directly at fault; but, in general, discrimination and comprehensiveness of thought are characteristic of him. His morality was always severe; and, whatever share he had in the merits of the Review, he himself has publicly ascribed it to his "having constantly endeavoured to combine ethical precepts with literary criticisms, and omitted no opportunity of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue." His style is clear and vigorous, smooth, graceful, dignified—without affectation of learning or originality—discursive, eloquent, pure; sometimes terribly sarcastic, usually philosophic, often radiant with the lights of fancy. His meaning is patent at a glance, and to have better expressed it would seem almost impossible; his figures, with few exceptions, are elegant, appropriate, and thoroughly indicative of the writer's sympathy with beauty and nature. But exquisite taste is the leading feature of his compositions, and he fearlessly relied on his own judgment, constantly selecting passages, and affixing in a few words his condemnation or approval; so leaving, if wrong, his reputation completely at the mercy of his readers. He was not content with stating broad principles and affirming their application in general terms; he descended to details, and by so doing showed the honesty of his convictions, while, by the public appreciation of his views, he won his highest honours.

The character of his taste may be best illustrated by a survey of his avowed opinions. Taking poetry, as perhaps his favourite branch of criticism, we may gather a few data. And first, Shakspeare he deemed the prince of poets. In the following sentence, which may serve as a specimen of his more

disputant within the summons it commands. He which he has pointed out—"that bond familiarity with beautiful forms images—that eternal recurrence to its sweet and majestic in the aspects of nature—that indestructible of flowers and odours, and and clear waters, and soft air sounds, and bright skies, and woodland collation, and moonlight bowers, with the Material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their indefinite relation to mental emotion which essence and vivifying Soul—and which, in the midst of Shakespeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the ease of purer and brighter elements—which He ALONE has poured out from the richness of his own mind without effort or restraint; and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting an instant the proper business of the Muse, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of ornament or need of repose!—He ALONE, who when he requires it is always keen, and worldly, and practical—and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him as he goes all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace—and is a thousand times more full of fancy, and imagery, and splendour than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares." Pope, Jeffrey thought, was "a satirist, and a moralist, and a wit, and a critic, and a fine writer, much more than a poet." Cowper he liked, notwithstanding many faults, because he threw off the trammels of French criticism and false refinement. Burns, he believed, would never be fairly estimated as a poet till people ceased to regard him as a prodigy. Scott he admired for his vigour and originality; Campbell especially, for his polish and pathos; Rogers for his grace and pensiveness. Crabbe affected him powerfully by the observation, sympa-

and Southey's, more than in-
H he coming of our
The "Ei of I
The "Ei of I
ore, he avowed, realized
in any other writer the account
of Comus of the song of

mother Circe and the Sirens three,
and the flowery kirtled Nereides
Who, as they sang, would take the prisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium."

Byron's morality and "demoniacal sublimity" he most severely condemned; but he would not refuse praise to "the perpetual stream of thick-coming fancies—the eternal spring of fresh-blown images, which seemed called into existence by the sudden flash of those glowing thoughts and overwhelming emotions that struggle for expression through the whole flow of his poetry, and impart to a diction that is often abrupt and irregular a force and a charm which frequently realise all that is said of inspiration." His criticism on Wordsworth's "Excursion" begins "This will never do!" and his ridicule of the Lakers has justly been considered the most palpable evidence of his fallibility. Selecting the salient passages, he threw them together with such remarks as made the whole appear supremely ludicrous. He himself felt the beauty more than he perceived the philosophy of nature; and consequently, relying more on metaphysical reasoning than intuitive perception, less readily appreciated the calm meditative poetry of her high priest. Yet in justice to him it must be recollected he gave both Southey and Wordsworth credit for great excellencies, quoted all the finer passages of the former; and afterwards acknowledged his regret for the severity of his expressions and his mode of censure.

The "Edinburgh Review" effected much for society, and became a leader of many movements originating contemporaneously with it. As Jeffrey for so long a period was its chief support, the debt of public gratitude due to him cannot be estimated without at least a reference to the results it produced. Such a constellation of talent could not fail to be conspicuous in the social and political firmament. As the friend of popular progress, it achieved many im-

portant results: to enumerate all the changes it witnessed, from 1802 to 1829, would exceed our limits, but on the retrospect it is impossible not to ascribe the growth of the nation in some measure to its influence. It breathed life into the languishing spirit of constitutional liberty, and spread the knowledge of political economy; it advocated the cause of education, and attacked charlatany, wherever found. It was often too severe, and not always just; bigotry, especially in religion, sometimes supplanting charity. But had its benefits been confined to the stimulus it gave to periodical literature, it would have accomplished a great work. The "Quarterly" and "Blackwood" sprung up as correctives of its Whiggism; then "Tait" appeared on the Liberal side, and the "Westminster" and "Eclectic" and others followed, all combining to secure an elevated and potent position for "The Fourth Estate," which none of them singly could have done, and which without them it had never reached.

Jeffrey had now anticipated a degree of repose; but when, in 1830, the Whigs came into office, he was appointed Lord Advocate. The honour was not in all respects desirable, for it was coupled with onerous duties and responsibilities; but he could not with propriety refuse it. Thinking that two of the few dignities of the Scotch Bar should not be monopolized by one person, he resigned his deanship. A seat in Parliament was next requisite, and it was not long before he obtained one. His elections, between December, 1830, and May, 1832, cost him £10,000. The country was now engrossed in discussion. On the 1st of March, 1831, the Reform Bill was propounded, and three days later Jeffrey made his first speech in the House of Commons, of which Mackintosh observed, "No man of fifty-five ever began a new career so well." Parliamentary Reform for Scotland, by which was understood the extension of the popular principle of representation there, was the first thing to which he directed his energies. It was sure to follow in the wake of the English motion, to which he gave his cordial support. On the 1st of July he brought in his Scotch Reform Bill; it passed the Commons in June, 1832, and the Lords the next month. During its course through the House, he was partially fettered in his speeches by being one

of the Ministry; his opinions were always valued, his attendance was always regular; but, as a speaker, he failed to produce the expected impression. This is to be partly ascribed to a weakness of voice which had begun to affect him, and partly to his habits as a lawyer, and his indisposition to indulge in the personalities with which parliamentary oratory was then so highly seasoned. The forensic and political struggles of the time are matters of English history; Jeffrey was not sufficiently prominent to warrant us in delaying over them here.

While resident in the metropolis, he mingled constantly in society, and was courted by all parties, literary, political, and to a certain extent by even the fashionable. His fame had preceded him; and his rich, sparkling conversation, and generous tone of sentiment, made him a general favourite. His anxieties for the public welfare, then endangered by national excitement, were great; but he steadily persisted in his views. Neither of the two great parties could claim him wholly as their own; Toryism he had abandoned from childhood, and the Whigs he offended by maintaining that a country could be best governed by an educated people, while they held the aristocratic element to be the most essential.

He was returned to the first reformed Parliament, as member for his native Edinburgh; and carried in it his motion for Scotch Burgh Reform, by which the self-electing power of the old corporations was taken away. His position as Lord Advocate entailed many annoyances; it necessarily injured his professional practice, and it tried his patience in exposing him to endless references upon applications for place and office, from a common exciseman upward. No wonder that, with all his industry, he entertained occasional aspirations for rest. Suddenly a vacancy occurring in the Court of Session, he was made a judge; and thus relieved, hastened home to Scotland, to assume the title of Lord Jeffrey. He had still to work hard, but he found nothing irksome; even the early rising, to be at the court at nine o'clock, which he first dreaded most, proved to be "very bearable." His life now returned to its even tenor; the spring was generally spent in London or its neighbourhood, the summer at Craighook, and the winter at Edin-

burgh. His library was poor, only a few words were written on the margins. He wrote the three volumes for the "Edinburgh" already to about this time, and in 1846 a description for the foundation of a monument to Walter Scott. In June of the following year he became seriously ill, and was obliged to suspend his labours. Shortly after he was advanced in his judicial career to the highest Court of Scotland, where increased publicity attended him. As a judge, he discharged his duties efficiently, his only fault being in speaking too often and too long. He interrupted the proceedings in each case by a succession of questions; but his gentle and urbane manner, and his evident desire to arrive at justice, made this habit less obnoxious. With everybody and with counsel particularly, he was exceedingly popular.

In 1843 Lord Jeffrey published his selected "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review," and this is the separate work by which posterity can judge of the man. A book he always refused to write, though frequently solicited to make the attempt, and even supplied with suitable topics.

Calmly did his days run on to their close. In his friends and grandchildren, in books and external nature, he found ample enjoyment for his limited leisure. There was still the lively eye, and expressive lip, and rapid gait; but the dark complexion was paled, and the black hair grey, and the small person was smaller. The throat became more

blesome, and increased care necessary. On Tuesday, the 22nd of January, 1850, he was in court, and walked as usual. In the evening he was taken ill with bronchitis and feverish.

His nights brought no refreshing sleep, but were passed in a sort of dazed state, which he described in a letter dated the day before he died.

He was akin to "the ruling passion of the soul," in this last exercise of his critical habits. He saw, he says, in his visions, "part of a proof-sheet of a new edition of the Apocrypha, and all about Baruch and the Maccabees. . . . I could conjure up the spectrum of a closely printed political paper, filled with discussions on free trade, protection, and colonies. . . . I read the ideal copies with a good deal of pain and difficulty, owing to the smallness of the type, but with great interest, and I believe often for more than an hour at a time, forming a judgment of their merits with great freedom and acuteness, and often saying to myself, 'this is very cleverly put, but there is a fallacy in it for so and so.'"

He died the following evening, on Saturday, the 26th of January, 1850, in his seventy-seventh year. Strong sensibility united in him with generosity of disposition. He was resolute and energetic, but the variety of his attainments and the multifarious objects of his pursuit diverted him from that profound earnestness of character which is the highest glory of the human life. While his genius ranks him with the illustrious, and his labours with the benefactors of our country, his industry and self-discipline remain the more worthy of imitation.

LEAVES FROM THE ROSE GARDEN OF PERSIA.

HAFIZ AND SADI.

It is a great mistake to fancy all the treasures of by-gone poetry confined to the haunts of Parnassus or the groves of Tibur. Sanscrit scholars may form a small fraternity, but the fields of Oriental literature are rich to all comers. We need not wander so far as the Ganges to discover this; the Hindoo

epics will never lose their value as interesting narratives of important events, as storehouses of historical traditions and mythological legends, as records of the ancient social and political condition of India, and as pictures of national manners. But if we tarry in Persia, we find their rivals in fame.

MOHAMMED SHEKH EDDYN HAFIZ was born at Schiraz, in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Like Homer, Shakspeare, Corneille—like most great poets—the particulars of his life are not well known; and a few traditional anecdotes supply the place of facts respecting him. He appears to have resided principally in his native city, and died in the year of the Hegira 791 (A.D. 1340), if the following inscription, found upon a tomb erected to his memory, is of any chronological value:—

In the year seven hundred ninety and one,
A world of excellence and genius departed to the
regions of mercy.
The incomparable, second Sadi, Mohammed
Hafiz,
Quitted this perishable region, and went to the
gardens of paradise.
Khojah Hafiz was the lamp of the learned;
A luminary was he of a brilliant lustre:
As Mosella was his chosen residence,
Search in Mosella for the time of his decease.

The letters in the two words, *Khak* and *Mosella*, added together according to the numerical value of Persian capitals, represent the number 791.

No nation can boast of so many poets as Persia. The well-known line of Ovid may be applied with the utmost propriety to the pen-and-ink brethren of Hafiz:—

Quidquid tentabam scribere, versus erat.

The Persians have had the immense advantage of possessing a national literature. They are not mere copyists; they draw from their own resources, and, judge as we will the merit of their compositions, we are obliged to acknowledge in them, at least, the distinctive characteristics of originality. Many peculiarities render his task very difficult who attempts to translate pieces from Persian into English. Hafiz, to name him only, is exceedingly fond of employing compound epithets for which a version can give no equivalent. Then, we constantly stumble over puns, quibbles, and other facetiæ, appreciable, of course, to the natives exclusively; and lastly, a great proportion of Persian poetry is of a religious character. But the mystical aspirations of the Soufees are veiled under images which render the help of commentaries absolutely necessary. The following *ghazel* or ode, of Hafiz himself, amply illustrates this:—

In roses veil'd the morn displays
Her charms, and blushes as we gaze;
Come, wine, my gay companions, pour,
Observant of the morning hour.

See, spangling dew-drops trickling chase
Adown the tulip's vermeil face;
Then come, your thirst with wine allay,
Attentive to the dawn of day.

Fresh from the garden scents exhale,
As sweet as Eden's fragrant gale;
Then come, let wine incessant flow,
Obedient to our morning yow.

While now beneath the bower full-blown
The rose displays her em'rald throne,
Let wine, like rubies sparkling, gleam,
Refulgent as moon's orient beam.

Come, youths, perform the task assigned:
What! in the banquet-house confined?
Unlock the door—why this delay,
Forgetful of the dawn of day?

Ye love-sick youths, come, drain the bowl:
Thirst ye for wisdom? feast the soul.
To heaven your morning homage pay
With hearts that glow like dawn of day.

Kisses more sweet than luscious wine,
Like Hafiz, sip from cheeks divine;
'Mid smiles as heavenly Paris bright,
And looks that pierce like orient light.

Bacchanalian strains, these, eh? No, if you believe scholiasts and glossographers, wine here means devotion; breezes—illapses of grace; perfume—the hope of Divine favour; the tavern—a retired oratory; the tavern-keeper—a sage instructor; beauty—the perfections of the Divine being; wantonness, mirth—religious ardour. Persian similes, as we see, are far-fetched; and, arguing from the same principle, there is no reason why commentators to come should not make Burns' celebrated "Green grow the Rushes, O" read like a hymn.

The loves of the nightingale and the rose play a conspicuous part in the poems of Hafiz, as well as in those of Sadi and Ferdousi. We give a few specimens from some of his *ghazels*.

Now that the rose holds in her hand a cup of
pure wine,
The nightingale sings her praises with an hundred thousand tongues.

Again the patient nightingale, from the bough of
a cypress,
Repeats his strains (saying), May the evil eye be
far from the face of the rose!
O Rose! although thou art the queen of beauty,
Do not, for that reason, be cruel to thy wretched
downcast lovers.

Hafiz becomes often wearisome, through his repetition of the same idea, or metaphor. Want of variety is the grand defect in his style; he is gifted with imagination, but that imagination expends itself upon one limited circle of objects. Nevertheless, he was a poet of unquestionable genius; his works illustrate the manners and customs of one of the most polite courts in Asia; his

language is pure and elegant. He resembles Horace. Like the Roman poet to have been little better than a voluptuary; love and wine made up the bulk of his song. There was, also, in the composition of his character, no small proportion of vanity; but we are not surprised at hearing the Persian bard joining in the

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice,

when we think of the popularity he enjoyed. Sadi—of whom more presently—says, that the poetry of Hafiz derived its innate grace from being bathed in the waters of life; and that it equalled the virgins of Paradise in beauty.

That "dread of something after death" which, in spite of the levity, the folly, the materialism of the ancient poets, casts the gloom of despondency over their writings, is evident also in the *Schiraz* Anacreon. Horace has expressed the feeling that pervades much of the poetry of Hafiz:—

*Hæc vina et unguenta, et nimum breves
Flavæ amaranthæ ferre jubæ rosæ;
Bæna res, et ætas, et ærorum
Fila tristem patienter atra.*—(Horat. od. 11, 3.)

The following quotation is a beautiful instance:—

See, the jocund spring of roses from the garden
bower is gone;
Would to heaven no hapless lovers thus were
left to mourn alone!
Nightingales, with early morning, flutter round
to sing their woes,
Parted, through the weary winter, from the presence
of the rose.
Such is life!—this lonely garden; and its flowers—
man's hapless race,
Each in turn heaven's gardener scatters to its
long last resting-place.
Sad it is that all our pleasures thus should hurry
from our view;
Sadder still that soul and body have to take their
long adieu!
Many a form of beauty slumbers in earth's bosom,
side by side,
Screwed by fate, like yonder rose-leaves, rest the
monarch and his bride.
Oh! let time, then, teach thee wisdom; tread
thou lightly o'er the dead,
When they rest in silent slumber, from their
haunts for ever fled.
Canst thy love behind thee, Hafiz; bid the earthly
dream be o'er;
Næe let all the smiles of beauty tempt thy soul to
error more.*

There is in that poem a strain of true pathos, which is not surpassed by the best lyrics of Horace. Sir William Jones is right when he says, "There is scarce

a lesson of morality, or a tender sentiment, in any European language, to which a parallel may not be brought from the poets of Asia. I may confidently affirm that few odes of the Greeks or Romans, upon similar subjects, are more finely polished than the songs of these Persian poets; they want only a reader that can see them in their original dress, and feel their beauties without the disadvantage of a translation."

One more quotation, ere leaving the poet whose works are still sung, as travellers witness, in cottages and in palaces, in schools and in banquet-ing halls.

The rose has come forth! oh, my friends, 'tis the hour,
To fill the bright goblet, and drink in the bower!

Come, seize the sweet season,—who knows not,
too well,
That not always the pearl can be found in the shell!

Love's path is a desert of doubt and dismay,
Where none but the foolish would willingly stray:
A truce to your volumes—your studies give o'er—
For books cannot teach you love's marvellous lore;

Come, listen to me, ye shall learn it apace,
If you'll fix fast your thoughts on your mistress' face.

My mistress' image, that idol divine,
Has found in my bosom an altar and shrine;
There she rules like a queen, with a crown on her brow.

Though she scorns her poor subject, and laughs at his woe.

Come, open the tavern, why longer delay?
And bring us the wine to chase sorrow away.—
Not Cuthbert's fair stream can so gladden his soul,
As the liquor that dances and laughs in the bowl.
Come, friends, bring the wine; for the moments
fast fly;

Ere the week is well ended, the roses will die;
And may fortune look smiling, and shield us from sorrow,
Nor send us an ache and repentance to-morrow.
And do thou, too, my fair one, be here with thy smile,
And scatter thy glances, like jewels, the while;
For none but the bigot will ever reprove,
The passionate fervour of Hafiz's love.

Schiraz has been aptly called the Athens of Persia. During the thirteenth century, another great man flourished there. SHEKH MUSLIHU'D-DI SADI, the celebrated author of the "Gulistan," or rose-garden. We lament the paucity of biographical details respecting him. We know, however, that on his father's side he was descended from Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed. He received his education at Bagdad, and took his fellowship in Nizamiah College. Sadi has left in the "Gulistan," an amusing account of his first marriage. If what he says is true, we cannot wonder at the bitterness with which he uniformly speaks of the fair sex.

The "Rose-garden" is a kind of auto-

* Article on Persian Poetry, "Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review," June, 1847. By Edward B. Cowell, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford.

biography; Sadi there records the experience of his life, and the work becomes doubly interesting from this circumstance. We subjoin the narrative of the poet's matrimonial catastrophe:—

"Having become weary of my friends at Damascus, I set out for the wilderness of Jerusalem, and associated with the brutes, until I was made prisoner by the Franks, who set me to work along with the Jews at digging in the fosse of Tripolis, till one of the principal men of Aleppo, between whom and myself a former intimacy had subsisted, passed that way, and recognised me; and said, 'What state is this? and how are you living?' I replied—

STANZA.

'From men to mountain and to wild I fled,
Myself to heavenly converse to betake;
Conjecture now my state, that in a shed
Of savages I must my dwelling make.'

COUPLET.

'Better to live in chains with those we love,
Than with the strange mid flow'rets gay to move.'

He took compassion on my state, and with ten dinars redeemed me from the bondage of the Franks, and took me along with him to Aleppo. He had a daughter whom he united to me in the marriage knot, with a portion of a hundred dinars. As time went on, the girl turned out of a bad temper, quarrelsome and unruly. She began to give a loose to her tongue, and to disturb my happiness, as they have said:

DISTICH.

In a good man's house an evil wife
Is his hell above in this present life.
From a vixen wife protect us well,
Save us, O God! from the pains of hell.

At length she gave vent to reproaches and said, 'Art thou not he whom my father purchased from the Franks' prison for ten dinars?' I replied 'Yes! he redeemed me with ten dinars, and sold me into thine hands for a hundred.'

DISTICH.

I've heard that once a man of high degree
From a wolf's teeth and claws a lamb set free.
That night its throat he severed with a knife,
When thus complained the lamb's departing life:
"Thou from the wolf didst save me then, but now,
Too plainly I perceive the wolf art thou."

Sadi's style is sententious, pithy, and yet sometimes highly imaginative. The author of the "Gulistan" is a moralist, whose observations on men and society are stamped with much shrewdness. He had travelled extensively; Barbary,

Abyssinia, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Armenia, Asia Minor, Arabia, Persia, Tartary, India, were successively visited by him; it is even asserted that he went as far as Italy. He understood Latin and studied Seneca.

Sadi devoted the latter part of his life to seclusion and solitary musings. He was a hundred and sixteen years old when he died, in the year of the Hegira, 690 (A. D. 1291). The "Gulistan" is the most celebrated of all his works. It consists of eight chapters, subdivided into stories, and bearing the following titles:—

1. On the manners of kings. 2. On the qualities of Darweshes. 3. On the excellence of contentment. 4. On the advantages of taciturnity. 5. On love and youth. 6. On decrepitude and old age. 7. On the effects of education. 8. On the duties of society. Each story contains a maxim or short narrative in prose, illustrated by distichs, couplets, or stanzas. The sentiments are generally remarkable for their sound views of morality, and even for their religious tone.

In concluding, we cannot resist transcribing the following well-known but exquisitely beautiful poem.

Once from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling in the sea,
And when she saw the wide-spread main,
Shame veil'd her modesty.

What place in this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die,
In this immensity!

But while her self-abasing fear
Its lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcomed her
And pressed her to its breast.

And nourished there the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes,—
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise.

The literature of Persia deserves the attention not only of the scholar, but of all who can appreciate the truly beautiful. Since the seventeenth century we hear of no original writers there; men are obliged to live upon the treasures of the past. These, fortunately, will amply compensate for the silence now prevailing, where "the daughters of song" were wont to be heard; from the casket of gems which Sadi and Hafiz presented to their country sparkling jewels may still be held up to the admiration of posterity.

G. M.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.

THE old feud between the *Gluckists* and the *Picciniists* has not yet come to an end; the champions of Italian music find every day new expressions of contempt to cast at the head of the *Teleschi*, whilst the disciples of Beethoven, Weber, Mozart, and Schubert return the compliment *con brío*. "Rossini," exclaims Signor Dilembara, "is the great representative of harmony in the nineteenth century." "Beethoven," answers Herr Siebenkäs, "beats Rossini quite hollow." Results are compared, conclusions drawn, and, as usual, each side claims the victory. It is with satisfaction that we feel ourselves superior to the vulgar prejudices of party spirit. We say with Pope,

Strange all this difference should be,
To sit twiddling and tweddledoe.

We admire "Fidelio," but "La Gazza Ladra" seems to us no less a masterpiece; we can appreciate Auber's elegance, without being at all inclined to find fault with M. Balfe. For the present we take our flight to Hamburg, where FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY was born on the 3rd of February, 1809. His father, Abraham Mendelssohn, was a wealthy banker, and he himself his grandfather one of the most distinguished men of the last century, the celebrated Moses Mendelssohn, the friend of Lavater. On his maternal side he belonged likewise to a family distinguished for its talents; and his mother, Johanna Mendelssohn,

Bartholdy, whose name the young afterwards took in addition to his own, had been employed in Italy, in a theatrical capacity. Felix was the youngest of four children; at a very early age he manifested his taste for music, and it is a remarkable peculiarity, that he conceived only the execution of pieces composed by softness and delicacy. He disliked the sound of brass instruments, and his horre of military strains could never do credit to any member of the Prussian army. As a companion he was pleasant to studies; the boy had a sister Emily, who for a long time was not acknowledged to himself quite so good in point of execution. Madame Mendelssohn gave them their first lessons, and the puerile training under which she brought them, proved a

capital foundation for the lessons of Berger and Zelter.

Mr. Benedict has, in his interesting sketch of the great composer, a passage illustrating those years of boyhood to which we always endeavour to trace with eagerness the first flashes of genius, the promises of future excellence. "It was," he says, "in the beginning of May, 1821, when, walking in the streets of Berlin with my master and friend, Carl Maria Von Weber, he directed my attention to a boy, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, who, on perceiving the author of 'Frey-schütz,' ran towards him, giving him a most hearty and friendly greeting.

"'Tis Felix Mendelssohn," said Weber, introducing me at once to the prodigious child, of whose marvellous talent and execution I had already heard so much at Dresden. I shall never forget the impression of that day on beholding that beautiful youth, with his auburn hair clustering in ringlets around his shoulders, the look of his brilliant clear eyes, and the smile of innocence and candour on his lips. He would have it that we should go with him at once to his father's house; but as Weber had to attend a rehearsal, he took me by the hand, and made me run a race till we reached his home. Uphe went briskly to the drawing-room, where, finding his mother, he exclaimed, 'Here is a pupil of Weber's, who knows a great deal of his music of the new opera. Pray, mamma, ask her to play it for us;' and so, with an irresistible impetuosity, he pushed me to the pianoforte, and made me run in there with him. I had exhausted all the stores of my recollections. When I then begged of him to let me hear some of his own compositions, he refused, but played from memory such of Bach's fugues and Cramer's exercises as I could name. At last we parted—not without a promise to meet again. On my very next visit, I found him seated on a forestal, before a small table, writing with great earnestness some music. On my asking what he was about, he replied, gravely, 'I am finishing my new quartet for piano and stringed instruments.'

"I could not resist my own boyish curiosity to examine this composition.

and, looking over his shoulder, saw as beautiful a score as if it had been written by the most skilful copyist. It was the first quartet in C minor, published afterwards as Opus I.

"But whilst I was lost in admiration and astonishment at beholding the work of a master written by the hand of a boy, all at once he sprang up from his seat, and, in his playful manner, ran to the piano-forte, performing note for note all the music from 'Freyschütz,' which three or four days previously he had heard me play, and asking, 'How do you like this chorus?' 'What do you think of this air?' 'Do you not admire this overture?' and so on. Then forgetting quartets and Weber, down we went into the garden, he clearing high hedges with a leap, running, singing, or climbing up the trees like a squirrel—the very image of health and happiness."

During his whole life Mendelssohn never had to encounter those struggles or to battle against those difficulties which beset so generally the paths of genius. His career was not the impetuous torrent, dashing along through ruins and *debris* with wild energy; it was the gentle stream, flowing with an easy and uniform course amidst luxuriant meadows, and warbling sweetly as it encounters the tiny obstacles of pebbles or green rushes. His disappointments were trifles; the dullness of a *prima donna* and the inefficiency of a choir formed the sum total of his grievances. We do not lay down as an axiom, that true greatness of mind requires to be trained in the school of adversity; but if the saying of George Sand be correct, that "genius and sorrow are synonymous," some element was wanting in Mendelssohn's artistic culture, which, if applied, would, we believe, have drawn out treasures still more valuable than those he has bequeathed to posterity. Mendelssohn and Beethoven stand, in this respect, in perfect contrast with one another. Here, everything is dark, dismal, sad; there we find nought but light, gladness, and ease. Of the great author of "Fidelio" it might be said, by a slight alteration in the poet's line,

Ἡδὲν ἐν κακοῖσι θεοῖς εὐρηθεῖς ἐρᾷ.

"The soul buried in misfortune sees many things." It was these thoughts, these feelings, which adversity suggests, that the illustrious Mendelssohn never

knew. "Favoured," as Mr. Benedict adds, "by Providence with an independent and even brilliant social position, surrounded by men eminent for science and mental attainments—kept from the contact of all that was vulgar and mean"—having, besides, at his command a banker's cheque-book, he "unfolded the blossoms of his talents" under the most auspicious circumstances.

In the autumn of 1821, Mendelssohn went to Weimar. This was an important event in his life, and at that time no young man aspiring to reputation as an artist, a *littérateur*, or a man of science, could dispense with the classical pilgrimage. Weimar was then the Athens of Germany, and the influence of Goëthe reigned paramount. Thus, during the eighteenth century, Voltaire, from his drawing-room at Ferney, dictated laws to intellectual Europe.

Mendelssohn's early compositions may very properly remain unnoticed; they were written in an agreeable style, but without that character of originality which alone insures to any artistic production a lasting reputation. Even if Mozart and Hummel are the masters whose works the pupil strives to emulate, the skill of a mere copyist can never result in anything permanently grand. Let us remember Horace's *sermion pœca*—an expression applicable to musicians as well as to poets. It is easier to walk in a well-beaten track than to cut for oneself a road through unexplored regions; it is more profitable, withal, and many prefer the *aurum potabile* to the green bays of Parnassus; but what fame, for instance, has Donizetti left behind him? That of Rossini's cleverest disciple. Adolphe Adam imitates Auber, Berlioz copies Beethoven, and Meyerbeer alone stands unfettered by the trammels of a school. It is quite certain that if Mendelssohn had spent his life in warbling the notes of *Zauberflöte*, his death would have made no noticeable vacuum in the sphere of art to which he belonged. But beginning from the first quartet in B minor, his powers took a really original direction, and his music assumed a character of its own. This happy change became still more evident when the young author published his ottetto for stringed instruments. One of the most remarkable pieces of that work is a scherzo in 2—

time—a novel musical form, “full,” to quote Mr. Benedict’s expressions, “of city-like buoyancy and spirit.”

The year 1825 introduced Mendelssohn to Paris society and to the acquaintance of one of the best musical judges then living—Cherubini. In the autumn of the same year he brought out at Berlin a comic opera, “The Wedding of Camacho,” which contains many beautiful passages; amidst other parts revealing still a few defects which time and experience are always sure to correct. The public received this work very favourably; but the Berlin aristarchi passed upon it a severe judgment, and the author had the bad taste to feel irritated at their verdict. This onslaught of journalism “laid the first foundation of his dislike to this town, which subsequent events ripened into antipathy.” And so it will be for ever, unfortunately, with the ill-used tribe of critics. If they speak in a laudatory manner, they are immediately suspected of conniving at the propagation of trash; when, on the other hand, they use just but severe language, they are accused of spite, ill-feeling, rancour, and the like. We must take the *irritable genus* as it is, and make the best of it.

Whilst pursuing his musical studies with undiminished energy, Mendelssohn was completing his classical education at the University of Berlin, where philosophy, mathematics, and a thorough acquaintance with the beauties of Greek and Latin literature fitted him for the task he was one day to perform as conductor of the music to the choruses of Schiller’s “The more immediate result of this scholastic training appeared in a charming version of Herder’s “Andenken an Goethe,” first known in the German tongue. This book, privately printed, was sent by Zelter to Goethe, who, acknowledging the present, charges his friend to thank the excellent and intelligent Felix for the speed and perfection of his literary labours, which would serve him as a constructive recreation to the Weimar circle during the winter evenings.

Mendelssohn’s first visit to England took place in 1829. Moschies had advised him to cross the Channel, and no suggestion was ever conceived so easily suggested by the consequences it produced. Although scarcely twenty years old, the Hamburg artist had already composed his *ottetto*, three quartets for piano and stringed instruments, two

sonatas, two symphonies, his first violin quartet, various operas, a great number of separate “Lieder,” or songs, and the overture to “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.” It was as conductor of this work, and of his first symphony, that Mendelssohn made his *début* before an English audience. An eminent musician, George Macfarren, has given the following account of the just-named overture:—“It is a perfect marvel of the human mind. A careful examination of all its features, and a comparison of them with all that had previously existed in the writings of other composers, must establish the conviction that there is more that is new in this one work than in any other one that has ever been produced. It is a complete epitome of the author’s style, containing the type of all the peculiarities of idea, character, phrase, harmony, construction, instrumentation, and every particular of outline and detail, for which his style is remarkable. Its many and daring novelties are not introduced with the speculating hesitation of an uncertain experimentalist, but with the confidence and with the result of one who had gathered them from the study of a lifetime, or the experience of ages, and yet Mendelssohn was but sixteen when he produced this wonderful masterpiece.”

The excursion which the composer met with in England excited the most sanguine expectations of his friends. From London Mendelssohn proceeded to Scotland, Edinburgh, Perth, Banff, Arbroath, Loch Eay, the island of Staffa, and Ullin’s Cave; then, homewards, through Glasgow and Loch Lomond, the Cumberland lakes and Liverpool. Such were the principal stations of a journey fraught with the most poetic reminiscences, and which conveyed to the artist’s mind impressions now recalled by the public at large, at least, by that portion of the community who can be carried away to the regions of the ideal at the pleasure of genius. Mendelssohn named his *impresario di viaggio* in the magnificent overture to “Ullin’s Cave,” and the recollection of that Scotch tour were so predominant in his mind, that his sympathy in Arthur’s Cleft had composed and dedicated years afterwards, “It may be said to have its origin in the same inspirations of ancient Hayswood, as beheld in the still gloom of evening.”

Few incidents occur to vary the unusually calm tenor of Mendelssohn's career. Journeys to England and to Italy, the enjoyment of a well-earned reputation, and the production of works which have added his name to the small catalogue of men of genius, form a summary to which very little can be added. In 1833, he had conducted at Dusseldorf the triennial Rhenish festival; the unprecedented success which attended this musical entertainment resulted in his being asked to assume the directorship of the concerts and theatre of that city. He accepted the proposition for three years, and immediately entered upon his duties with true artistic energy. Under his guidance oratorios were got up for the *sing-verein*; classical operas, such as Mozart's *Don Juan*, and Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, were performed with a degree of perfection never before dreamt of, whilst, in spite of these various engagements, the new *Kapellmeister* found time to compose some of his choicest specimens of chamber-music. Besides many four-part songs, he then for the first time invented that beautiful style of piano-forte pieces, now so popular under the designation of "songs without words." The effect they produced at the time of their appearance can only be fully understood by those who are well acquainted with the state of piano-forte music twenty years ago. If it is true—and it is true—that music ought to express feelings, and to describe the passions of the human soul, we may confidently affirm that when M. Thalberg was universally proclaimed as the king of piano-forte players every correct idea of taste had vanished. Expression was sacrificed to noise, and melody to *bravura*. The beautiful models left by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Hummel, Beethoven, and Weber, were despised as too easy and too antiquated in their form. "Mechanical dexterity, musical clap-traps, skips from one part of the piano to another, endless shakes and arpeggios, were the order of the day; every thing was sacrificed to display. Passages were written for the sole purpose of puzzling and perplexing the musical dilettanti, causing amazement by the immense quantity of notes compressed into one page." Mendelssohn's piano-forte compositions are characterised by extreme simplicity, they are *ideas* musically treated, and as in a poem we

value, above all things, clearness of language and an unaffected rendering of the author's thoughts, so it is precisely in the sphere of harmony. The "songs without words" are not of course always equal in point of merit, but they all evidence a refined taste and powerful imagination.

To be a good composer, a good pianist, and a good organist, is one thing; to conduct an orchestra with efficiency is another. Here, however, Mendelssohn was equally unrivalled. Mr. Benedict was present at the Cologne Festival in the spring of 1835, and he has given us an interesting description of the manner in which the *maestro* conducted Beethoven's eighth symphony at one of the general rehearsals. "It was highly interesting, on this occasion, to contemplate the anxious attention manifested by a body of more than five hundred singers and performers, watching every glance of Mendelssohn's eye, and following, like obedient spirits, the magic wand of this musical Prospero. The admirable allegretto, in B flat, of this symphony, not going, at first, to his liking, he remarked, smilingly, that he knew every one of the gentlemen engaged was capable of performing and even of composing a *scherzo* of his own; but *just now* he wanted to hear Beethoven's, which he thought had some merits. It was cheerfully repeated. 'Beautiful, charming,' cried Mendelssohn, 'but still too loud in two or three instances. Let us take it again from the middle.' 'No, no,' was the general reply of the band, 'the whole piece over again for our own satisfaction;' and then they played it with the utmost delicacy and finish; Mendelssohn laying aside his baton, and listening with evident delight to the more perfect execution. 'What would I have given,' he exclaimed, 'if Beethoven could have heard his own composition so well understood, and so magnificently performed.' By thus giving alternately praise and blame as required, spurring the slow, checking the too ardent, he obtained orchestral effects seldom equalled in our days. Need I add, that he was able to detect at once, even among a phalanx of performers, the slightest error either of note or accent." The conductor of an orchestra is like the general of an army, he must have the power of communicating, as if by an electric fluid, his own conceptions of a work to

the band over which he presides. Hence the necessity of his being a first-rate musician, if not an eminent *maestro*.

On the 19th of November, 1835, Mendelssohn's father died. This was a severe blow for the composer; he quitted Leipzig immediately, shut himself up for some time with his mother and relatives, and under the influence of the solemn impressions which the "King of sorrows" had left behind, he finished the oratorio, "St. Paul," begun the year before at Dusseldorf. The first performance of this great work took place in that town on the 22nd of May, 1836. During the spring of the next year he married Mademoiselle Cecilia Jean Renaud, a young lady with whom he had become acquainted at Frankfort. Mendelssohn did not stay in Dusseldorf beyond the term of his engagement; the most brilliant propositions had been made to him on all sides. In 1840 the King of Saxony named him Kapellmeister at Dresden; the King of Prussia, on the other hand, was justly anxious to attach to his court one of the greatest living composers. He invested him with the order of merit, and offered him a lucrative and honourable position, which was accepted conditionally. For the space of four years Mendelssohn wielded the sceptre as "director general of music," the great of the Prussian dominions; and when ill health compelled him to resign his resignation, the king almost begged him to retain the greater part of his salary, compelling therewith the easy acceptance of his engaging to come occasionally to Berlin, and to compose, thus one of the Greek tragedies, as he had already done in the case of the "Antigone" of Sophocles.

Mendelssohn was now altogether free from business and duties; we find him travelling further and further in quest of health, and enjoying the repose which his leisure afforded him, protected by the arms of his mother, or by the exciting atmosphere of Leipzig or Rome. England was the country he loved most to visit; several times he returned to enjoy the society of those who had first welcomed him upon the English shores, those associations which would have compensated the strongest constitution. Let me not sulk in the account of what we borrow from Mr. Benedict's pamphlet. The first performance of "Elijah," took place at Exeter Hall on

Friday, the 15th of April, 1847, and was received with prodigious applause. On the following Friday (the 23rd), her Majesty and Prince Albert paid their first visit to the Sacred Harmonic Society, on the occasion of its second performance. What they felt on that evening is best described by Prince Albert himself, who, on the morning of the 24th of April, sent to Mendelssohn the book of the oratorio (which he had used to follow the performance), on the first page of which was the following inscription, in German, in the Prince's own handwriting:—

"To the noble artist, who, surrounded by the Baal-worship of corrupted art, has been able by his genius and science to preserve faithfully, like another Elijah, the worship of true art, and once more to accustom our ear, lost in the whirl of an empty play of sounds, to the pure notes of expressive composition and legitimate harmony; to the great master who makes us conscious of the unity of his conception, through the whole maze of his creation, from the soft whispering to the mighty raging of the elements;—written in token of grateful remembrance, by Albert.—Buckingham Palace, April 24, 1847." On several occasions, Mendelssohn played at the palace in the presence only of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, who always received him more as an illustrious visitor than as a professional artist. If glory is the just reward of genius, it is a reward which brings its sting with it. The intoxication it produces is a slow poison. We can hardly form an idea of the expenditure of mental and physical energy entailed by the incidents of every hour during this brief passage in Mendelssohn's career. The remark is most true, that "he lived years, whilst others would have lived weeks."

Nearly prostrated as he was both in mind and in body, Mendelssohn received in 1847 the fatal blow which ultimately brought him to his grave. His beloved sister, Madame Henschel, died. He never recovered the shock produced by this domestic trial, and after lingering for some time, as between time and eternity, he breathed his last sigh on November 14th, 1847, in the presence of his disconsolate wife and his children, and a few of his most intimate friends. Within the short space of six years, after this catastrophe, Madame Men-

delusion likewise expelled, having borne with the Christian fortitude and resignation her painful and protracted sufferings. Their children are left to lament over losses which nothing can alleviate, except those comforts derived from the pages of the Book of Life.

Mendelssohn's compositions may be subdivided into two classes: those which were produced under his supervision, and the posthumous works. His genius took the widest range, and the facility, magnificence, with which he threw off his compositions in the shape of symphonies, overtures, songs, &c., employing every form of musical writing, exercising an absolute sway over every species of rhythm, was perfectly wonderful. In this respect, Mozart and Beethoven alone can be compared with him. Of his pianoforte pieces "the songs without words" have already been alluded to; they would suffice to earn for any author the reputation of taste and originality. Like all other productions characterised by novelty in form and *apparent* simplicity, they have given rise to a whole tribe of imitations. Every amateur musician must now dash off half a dozen "Lieder ohne Worte," and write in a Mendelssohnian, as formerly it was in a Handelian or Bachish style.

Oratorios are, properly speaking, dramatic works, and therefore we can pronounce, upon examining the "Elijah" and the "St. Paul," whether the author would have been as successful in scenic as he was in chamber music. The point is satisfactorily decided, and it would be superfluous to record here the verdict which has long been given by the musical world. Besides these two masterpieces, we have fragments of a third oratorio, "Christus," which Mendelssohn intended should comprise the three great periods of our Saviour's life—1st., His birth; 2nd., His sorrows and death; 3rd., His resurrection. Detached airs of the first and second parts are all that the author has left us; but these are enough to intimate what would have been realised in the great whole.

The German poet, Geibel, had composed, on the well-known legend of the Rhine-fairy, a romantic opera called "Lohengrin." Mendelssohn undertook to set it to music, but the hand of death stopped the progress of this as well as of many other schemes, and the finale of the first act—a fantastic and spirited

composition—remains as a solitary specimen of his ideas on that subject. Nor must we forget the delightful operetta "Son and Stranger," written for the 25th anniversary of the marriage of his parents, and the music which he adapted to Goethe's "First Walpurgis-night," a poem describing the last struggle of the heathen to follow their idol-worship in spite of the opposition of the Christians. To the class of dramatic compositions must also be referred the incidental music which Mendelssohn wrote for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and the "Athalia" of Racine—effusions now so popular, and so often performed that they have taken a lasting place amongst the *chefs d'œuvre* of classical music. Mendelssohn's symphonies admirably illustrate the richness of imagination and of fancy so conspicuous in his character. They are, perhaps, the most widely known of his works, and they strike us as being quite equal to those of Beethoven, with this superior merit, that none of them exhibit the aiming after eccentricity which unfortunately spoils Beethoven's ninth symphony, his five last quartets, and some of his sonatas. Haydn may be proclaimed the inventor of that style of composition to which the name of "symphony" has been given; some of Mozart's finest productions belong to the same category, and the prodigious mind of the author of "Fidelio" found there resources and dramatic combinations till then unknown. It is no small merit in Mendelssohn to have reaped a rich harvest in a field already visited by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; and our admiration increases still more when we notice the extraordinary distance which separates him from those who are now endeavouring to tread in his footsteps. Except a few desperate party-men, who will ever be bold enough to find any symptoms of genius in the symphonies of MM. Onslow, Reber, Berlioz, Felicien David? It is as easy to compose a good symphony as to write a good epic poem, that's all.

It would seem that in music, as well as in the other branches of the fine arts, we have arrived at a period of barrenness, which, however, it is to be hoped will prove but temporary. Fifty years ago the Italian school could boast of a Rossini, a Bellini, a Donizetti;—Germany could name her Beethoven,

her Weber, her Schubert, her Spohr;—France had to bring forward Berton, Mehul, Lesueur, Nicolo, Boieldieu, Herold, Auber, Cherubini, Spontini. To a race of giants has now succeeded a race of dwarfs; instead of Rossini, we have Verdi; instead of Weber, Lindpaintner; instead of Herold, Adolphe Adam. Genius has disappeared, and since the death of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer is the only really great composer now living. We may appear to be pronouncing a kind of funeral oration not only over an artist, but over art in general; and we do not deny that on looking around, we see no one capable, if he were asked to do so, of completing either "Lorely" or the oratorio "Christus." Mendelssohn has left no successor.

But whatever the musician, the sculptor, the painter, the literary character may be, according to the motto "*homo sum*," a verdict should be passed. After every allowance made for the strong feelings of devoted friendship, we

heartily re-echo the concluding paragraph of Mr. Benedict's life: "Of frank and cordial temper; impatient of deceit or intrigue; indulgent and encouraging to others in whom he discerned talent and worth; he was neither elated by extravagant adulation, nor disheartened under envious and unjust criticism. His one absorbing aspiration through life was the promotion of his divine art, which, beyond all else, he cherished and worshipped, as well as sanctified by the purity of his life. . . . The fame of this illustrious musician may, and probably will, reach into future ages; but a knowledge of the qualities which distinguished him as a man, can never be adequately communicated to posterity. Those only who possessed the blessed privilege of calling him their friend can either know or feel *how* much of virtue, genius, and charm of character, was extinguished in the person of that miracle of humanity, Felix Mendelssohn!"

G. M.

GENERAL WOLFE.

Our military annals during the eighteenth century had much of an inglorious character. They began, indeed, with the triumphs of a Marlborough, but they comprised the blunderings of generals who were usually beaten by the French marshals of the old regime, and they ended with the inglorious deeds of the Duke of York and his rabble in a storm at the Helder. Then there were the discomfitures of the Copes, the Hawks, and the Wades, by a handful of gallant Highlanders, which marked the middle period of the century, the most dishonour of the world's past and present. As for the battles of the post-revolutionary battles, they set to work in Germany and Flanders by a two German kings, for paltry, almost no rests, they added much to our glory and credit, but rather detracted from our credit as a valiant nation. The battles gained and lost again in the American war of independence, and resting for our respectability in the world's estimation; for the victor in

civil war ought to wear a wreath of nightshade, not a crown of laurel. In a word, almost the only bright page of the almost barren military *fasti* in the last age, was that which relates to the conquest of Canada, consummated by the outpouring of the young life-blood of Wolfe. That name was an English heart-word some hundred years ago, and it has a charm about it still, not only for us, but also among the Anglo-Saxon race of the further Atlantic regions, from sea to sea; for we are told by Mr. Frost, that our hero was the special favourite of his ancestors; and that "his name was long cherished among them with grateful remembrance."

JAMES WOLFE was born on the 2nd day of January, 1727, in the little town of Westmore, Kent. He was the only child of parents well advanced in years; and, in consequence, perhaps, was of an unusually early frame; probably

* History of the United States, c. xxviii. Philadelphia, 1848.

of rather unsound physical constitution. His father was a veteran officer, Lieutenant-General Edward Wolfe, one of Marlborough's subordinates, and colonel of a regiment called "Wolfe's;" the several corps of the British army, then and long afterwards, taking title from their chief commanders, and few or none of them bearing a distinguishing ordinal number.

The education of his son was necessarily scanty, as a commission was obtained for him in the father's regiment, when he was scarcely fifteen years old. But, like most youths of mind and mettle, Ensign Wolfe soon perceived his scholastic defects, and set himself to amend them. His was not the vulgar military ambition which merely longs to take the lead in the "heady fight;" his aspirations all tended towards becoming a master in the higher science of war. Evidences of this will manifest themselves, in his own written words, as we proceed in our narrative.

Wolfe, the elder, besides seeing much service in the continental wars of his earlier time, held a command in the army sent against the Scotch rebels, in 1715. The son was employed in the Royal force, commanded by the *butcher* Duke of Cumberland; and acted as aide-de-camp to General Hawley, at the battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746. At that time, or soon before or after, he was promoted from a captaincy to a majority, having scarcely completed his twentieth year.

We next find him serving with distinction in the Hanoverian war of 1747. He fought with great bravery in particular at the battle of Lafeldt, in Austrian Flanders, during that year. Young as he still was, he showed rare qualities as a commander, securing the respect of his men by the strictest discipline, while he won their regards by his valour and engaged their affections by his humanity.

After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748), he returned to Britain; and, next year, was intrusted with the command of a corps in the army of occupation of Scotland; which kingdom was then viewed and treated substantially as a conquered country by the Anglo-Germanic government, whose military champion was the over-rated Duke of Cumberland. Fortunately for the compiler of this memoir (as he will presently show) Wolfe was sent as Lieu-

tenant-Colonel of Kingsley's regiment to the city of Glasgow. Here he remained at least one year, perhaps most part of two. During this time, instead of seeking out such company as the place (then very insignificant) afforded, he set himself to work in improving or reviving his school knowledge. This we find from a letter forming one of a small but valuable collection of twelve, now in the possession of a gentleman of the city above-named, all of which we have been privileged to peruse. From the second of these, in order of time, we extract the following passage in proof. It is dated "Glasgow, April 2nd, 1749," and addressed to Captain Wm. Rickson, Lascelles' Regiment, in garrison at Dublin:—

"You know I am but a very indifferent scholar. When a man leaves his studies at fifteen, he will never be justly called a man of letters. I am endeavouring to repair the damages of my education, and have a person to teach me Latin and the mathematics; two hours in a day, for four or five months, this may help me a little. . . ."

In the same letter he says, "You may imagine it would not be difficult for me to be pretty well received here, if I took pains, having some of the advantages necessary to recommend me to their favour; but" Here the paper is chafed, and what immediately follows illegible; but if the temptation to form social connections were so small as the writer intimated in the paragraph preceding, his self-denial in this regard could not be very great, for he assured his correspondent that "The men here are civil, designing, and treacherous, with their immediate interest always in view; they pursue trade with warmth, and a necessary mercantile spirit, arising from the baseness of their other qualifications. The women coarse, cold, and cunning, for ever inquiring after men's circumstances. They make that the standard of their good breeding."

The next extract we shall give is from a letter dated 1750; the rubric line of which being obliterated, we cannot fix the place or day. He is still addressing Rickson, and, speaking of Lord Cornwallis, Governor of Nova Scotia (where his friend now was), he makes the following reflections:—

"I look upon his situation as requiring one of his very way of thinking,

fore all things else; for to settle a new colony, justice, humanity, and disinterestedness are the high requisites; the rest flows from the excellent nature of our Government, which extends itself in fullness to its remotest dependency.

"In what a state of felicity are our American colonies, compared to those of other nations; and how blessed are the Americans that are in our neighbourhood above those that border upon the French and Spaniards. A free people cannot oppress; but despotism and gotry find enemies among the most innocent. It is to the eternal honour of the English nation that we have helped to heal the wound given by the Spaniards to mankind, by their cruelty, pride, and covetousness. Within the influence of our happy Government, all nations are in security. The barriers are to form will, if it takes place, strengthen ourselves, protect and support all our adherents; and, as I pretend to have some concern for the general good, and a vast desire to see the propagation of freedom and truth, I am very anxious about the success of this undertaking, and do most sincerely wish that it may have a prosperous issue."

Here is a passage, strongly showing the craving desire for information of a superior mind:—

"I beg you will tell me at large the condition of your affairs, and what kind of order there is in your community; the notions that prevail; the method of administering justice; the distribution of lands, and their cultivation; the names that compose the colony, and who are the most numerous; if under military government, how long that is to continue; and what sect in religious affairs is the most prevailing. If ever you advise upon this last subject, remember to be moderate. I suppose the governor has some sort of council, and would be glad to know what it is composed of. The southern colonies will be concerned in this settlement, and are probably sent some able men to assist you with their advice, and with a proper plan of administration. Tell me likewise what climate you live in, and what soil you have to do with; whether the country is mountainous and woody, or plain; if well watered."

He then announces that, having just leave of absence to recruit his health in travel, he will "set out for London next, . . . if it is allowed,

shall be in less than forty days Metz, in Lorraine, where I propose to pass the winter; you will easily guess my aim in that. I intend to ramble in the summer along the Rhine into Switzerland, and back through France and the Netherlands, and perhaps more. I hope you have a good provision of books. Rutherford has published his; and there is a Frenchman has told me many excellent truths, in two volumes entitled, 'L'Esprit des Loix.' It is a piece of writing that would be of great use where you are. Will you have him?"

Metz being at that time reckoned one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, he doubtless wished to begin or extend his studies in fortification, by inspection of such a model, and seeking the society of French engineers. But though he applied three times for the expected furlough, it was at last flatly refused by the Duke of Cumberland. Wolfe, had, doubtless, intimated that his stay on the Continent would be turned to account in the way we suggest, for he makes a regretful observation upon it in the next letter to Rieksion: "This system, if obstinately pursued," he says, "will disgust a number of good intentions, and preserve that prevailing ignorance of military affairs that has been so fatal to us in all our undertakings, and will be for ever so, unless other measures are pursued. We fall every day lower and lower from our real characters, and are so totally engaged in everything that is minute and trifling, that one would almost imagine the idea of war was extinguished amongst us; they will hardly allow us to recollect the little service we have seen; that is to say, the merits of things seem to return into their old channel, and he is the brightest in his profession that is the most impertinent, talks loudest, and knows least."

In a letter to the same (then governor of Fort Augustus in the Scotch Highlands), dated from Exeter, 7th March, 1755, Wolfe thus gives his retrospective opinions upon the management of the war against the rebels in 1745-6, in which, as we have seen, he acted a subaltern part:—

"Such a succession of errors, and such a strain of ill behaviour as the last Scotch war did produce, can hardly, I believe, be matched in history. Our future annals will, I hope, be filled with more stirring events.

"What if the garrisons of the forts had been under the orders of a prudent, resolute man (yourself for instance), would not they have found means to stifle the rebellion in its birth? and might not they have acted more like soldiers and good subjects than it appears they did? What would have been the effects of a sudden march into the middle of that clan who were the first to move? What might have been done by means of hostages of wives and children, or the chiefs themselves? How easy a small body, united, prevents the junction of distant corps; and how favourable the country where you are for such a manœuvre; if, notwithstanding all precautions, they get together, a body of troops may make a diversion, by laying waste a country that the male inhabitants have left, to prosecute rebellious schemes. How soon must they return to the defence of their property—such as it is—their wives, their children, their houses, and their cattle?"

"But above all, the secret, sudden night-march into the midst of them; great patrols of 50, 60, or 100 men each, to terrify them; letters to the chiefs, threatening fire and sword, and certain destruction if they dare to stir; movements that seem very terribles, to keep the enemy's attention upon you, and their fears awake; these and the like, which your experience, reading, and good sense would point out, are means to prevent mischief.

"If one was to ask, what preparations were made for the defence of the forts? I believe they would be found very insufficient. There are some things that are absolutely necessary for an obstinate resistance—and such there always should be against rebels—as tools, fascines, turf or sods, arms for the branch (long pikepoets or halberds), palisades innumerable; whole trees, converted into that use, stuck in the ditch, to hinder an assault. No one of these articles was thought of, either at Fort Augustus or Fort George; and, in short, nothing was thought of but how to escape from an enemy most worthy of contempt. One vigorous sortie would have raised the siege of Fort Augustus; 100 men would have mailed up the battery, or carried the artillery into the castle.

"I wish you may be besieged in the same manner; you will put a speedy end to the rebellion, and foil their arms in the first attempt; *les Messieurs de*

Guise se sont très mal comportés! If there's war, I hope the General in the North will not disperse the troops by small parties, as has been practised hitherto; but rather make choice of certain good stations for bodies that can defend themselves, or force their way home (to the forts) if occasion require it. At Laggan Achadren, for example, they should build a strong redoubt, surrounded with rows of palisades and trees, capable to contain 200 men at least. This is a post of great importance, and should be maintained in a most determined manner, and the Mac Donalds might knock their heads against it to very little purpose."

A passage which follows, may interest, and even instruct patriots at the present moment, when war is so near our shores: "We fire bullets continually . . . Let me recommend the practice, and you will soon find the advantage of it . . . Firing balls at objects teaches the soldiers to level well; makes recruits steady; and removes the foolish fear that seizes young soldiers when they first fire with bullets. We fire, first singly, then by files, one, two, three, or more; then by ranks; and lastly, by platoons; and the soldiers see the effect of their shot, especially at a mark, or upon water. We shoot obliquely, and in different situations of ground, from heights downwards, and contrarywise. Marksmen are no where so necessary as in a hilly country."

In the next letter, dated from "Lymington, July 19th, 1755," referring to the war then ready to break out between Britain and France, owing to disputes about the boundaries of the North American colonies of the two nations, he thus writes:—

"If the French resent the affront put upon them by Mr. Boscawen, the war will come on hot and sudden; and they will certainly have an eye to the Highlands. Their friends and allies in that country were of great use to them in the last war. That famous diversion cost us great sums of money and many lives, and left *Puis Bas* to Saxe's mercy. I am much of your opinion, that, without a considerable aid of foreign troops, the Highlanders will never stir. I believe their resentments are strong, and the spirit of revenge prevalent amongst them; but the risk is too great without help; however, we ought to be cautious and vigilant. We ought to have good

re of men in the forts to feed the
ops in the winter, in case they be
nted: plenty of intrenching tools
hatchets, for making redoubts, and
ing palisades, &c.; and we should
cautious not to expose the troops in
all parties, dispersed through the
ghlands, when there is the least ap-
thension of a commotion; a few well-
zen posts in the middle of those
ns that are the likeliest to rebel, with
force sufficient to intrench and de-
nd themselves, and with positive
bers never to surrender to the High-
aders (though ever so numerous), but
er to resist in their posts till relieved,
rce their way through to the forts,
old. I think, have lively effects. A
ndred soldiers, in my mind, are an
ernat-h for five hundred of your
ghland *milice*; and when they are
ld so, in a proper way, they believe it
emselves.

"It will be your business to know the
act strength of the rebel clans, and to
quire into the abilities of their leaders,
pecially of those that are abroad.
ere are people that can inform you,
ere ought to be an engineer at the
rts to inform the General of what will
wanted for their defence, and to
re directions for the construction of
all redoubts where the General pleases
order them."

The reader is of course aware that
ese are private advices, not official
rments; they manifest the intense
rest the young hero took in the
the whole thing.

In a letter to the same officer, dated
out of London, July 21st, 1757, Wolfe
enters that "we are about to under-
se something or other at a distance,
d I am to be one of the party"
lar and now commenced, and the
son that it turned out to be de-
cent on the latter. It is thus related in
late's *British Chronicle*. "Early in
October an expedition, fitted out
the greatest secrecy and despatch, was
nt to the French coast. It was com-
posed of eighteen ships of the line, with
several troops, under Sir Edward
ves, and Sir John Mordaunt. Great
operations had been formed, and its
object considered, and the nation
in expectation. It appears that the
opreme command was distributed by
elusive arrangements, strategy, tactics,
an seven naval and military officers,
safe being on. The latter, in a letter

dated from "Blackheath,* 5th Nov.,
1757," gives his own reflections upon
the failure of the unlucky expedition.
He says, self-consolingly, "I am not
sorry that I went, notwithstanding what
has happened; one may always pick up
something useful from amongst the most
fatal errors. I have found out that an
admiral should endeavour to run into
an enemy's port immediately after he
appears before it; that he should anchor
the transport ships and frigates as close
as can be to the land; that he should
reconnoitre and observe it as quick as
possible, and lose no time in getting the
troops on shore; that previous directions
should be given in respect to landing
the troops, and a proper disposition made
for the boats of all sorts, appointing
leaders and fit persons for conducting
the different divisions. On the other
hand, experience shows me that, in an
affair depending upon vigour and des-
patch, the generals should settle their
plan of operations, so that no time may
be lost in idle debate and consultations,
when the sword should be drawn; that
pushing on smartly is the road to suc-
cess, and more particularly so in an
affair of this nature—[a surprise]—that
nothing is to be reckoned an obstacle to
your undertaking, which is not found
really so upon *trial*; that in war some-
thing must be allowed to chance and
fortune, seeing it is in its nature
hazardous, and an option of difficulties;
that the greatness of an object should
come under consideration, opposed to
the impediments that lie in the way;
that the honour of one's country is to
have some weight, and that, in particular
circumstances and times, the loss of
1000 men is rather an advantage to a
nation than otherwise, seeing that gal-
lant attempts raise its reputation, and
make it respectable; whereas the con-
trary appearances sink the credit of a
country, ruin the troops, and create in-
finite uneasiness and discontent at
home. I know not what to say, my
dear R—, or how to account for our
proceedings, unless I own to you that
there never was a people collected together
so unfit for the business they were sent
upon—dilatory, ignorant, irresolute, and
sore grainers of a very unmanly quality,
and very unsoldier-like or unsailor-like.

* From a preceding letter we learn that his
father had, in two years before, bought thousand
of pounds on Blackheath, the price paid being
25000.

I have already been too imprudent: I have said too much, and people make me say ten times more than I ever uttered; therefore, repeat nothing out of my letter, nor name my name as the author of any one thing. The whole affair turned upon the impracticability of besieging Rochefort; and the two evidences brought to prove that the ditch was wet on opposition to the assertions of the chief engineer, who had been in the place, are persons to whom, in my mind, very little credit should be given; without these evidences we must have landed, and must have marched to Rochefort; and it is my opinion that the place would have surrendered, or have been taken in forty-eight hours. It is certain that there was nothing in all that country to oppose 9,000 good foot—a million of Protestants, upon whom it is necessary to keep a strict eye, so that the garrisons could not venture to assemble against us, and no troops except the Militia within any moderate distance of these parts.

"Little practice in war, ease and convenience at home, great incomes, and no wants, with no ambition to stir to action, are not the instruments to work a successful war withal; I see no prospect of better deeds; I know not where to look for them, or from whom we may expect them.

"Many handsome things would have been done by the troops had they been permitted to act; as it is, Capt. Howe carried off all the honour of this enterprise. . . . it notwithstanding what that scribbling . . . been pleased to lie about that fort and the attack of it."

No share of the blame was thrown upon Wolfe; for in a p.s. to this letter, he tells his friend, "The king has given me the rank of colonel." In that previously cited July 21, he told Rickson that the Duke of Bedford having applied "with warmth" for this colonelcy, the king, "guided by the duke," refused it; the latter saying Wolfe was "so young a lieutenant-colonel, that it could not be done immediately." His Grace of Bedford was then viceroy of Ireland, under the energetic administration of the elder Pitt, formed a few days before. The latter, on the eve of the sailing of the expedition to Louisbourg (Cape Breton), early in 1758, made him a general of brigade, for he clearly discerned his superior merits. The enterprise having

succeeded (Cape Breton being taken by General Amherst, July 26), Wolfe returned to England. We find, in a letter to Rickson, dated from "Salisbury, Dec. 1, 1758," the following review of the affair:—

"I do not reckon that we have been fortunate this year in America. Our force was so superior to the enemy's, that we might hope for greater success; but it pleased the Disposer of all things to check our presumption, by permitting Mr. Abercrombie to hurry on that precipitate attack of Ticonderago, in which he failed with loss. By the situation of that fort, by the superiority of our naval force there, and by the strength of our army, which could bear to be weakened by detachments, it seems to me to have been no very difficult matter to have obliged the Marquis de Montcalm to have laid down his arms, and consequently to have given up all Canada. In another circumstance, too, we may be reckoned unlucky. The squadron of men-of-war under De Chaffault failed in their attempt to get into the harbour of Louisbourg, where inevitably they would have shared the fate of those that did, which must have given an irretrievable blow to the marine of France, and delivered Quebec into our hands, if we chose to go up and demand it. Amongst ourselves, be it said, that our attempt to land where we did [alluding to the Louisbourg affair] was rash and injudicious, our success unexpected (by me) and undeserved. There was no prodigious exertion of courage in the affair; an officer and thirty men would have made it impossible to get ashore where we did. Our proceedings in other respects were as slow and tedious as this undertaking was ill-advised and desperate; but this for your private information only. We lost time at the siege, still more after the siege, and blundered from the beginning to the end of the campaign. My Lord Howe's death (who was truly a great man) he was killed in a skirmish in the woods, connected with the repulse of the British in their attack on Ticonderago; left the army upon the Continent without life or vigour; this defeat at Ticonderago seemed to stupify us that were at Louisbourg; if we had taken the first hint of that repulse, and sent early and powerful succours, things would have taken perhaps a different turn in those parts before the end of October. I ex-

every day to hear that some fresh attempts have been made at Ticonderago.

I can't flatter myself that they have needed; not from any high idea of Marquis de Montcalm's abilities, from the very poor opinion of our country. You have obliged me much with a little sketch of that important spot; now I have been but ill acquainted with it.

Broadstreet's *coup* was masterly. He is a very extraordinary man; and such an excellent officer as the late Lord Howe had the use of Broadstreet's common diligence and activity, and unparalleled *bateau* [bateau] knowledge, could turn to a good public account. When I went from hence, Lord Ligonier told me that I was to return at the end of the campaign; but I have learned, since I came home, that an order is now to keep me there; and I have this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight carcass as he sees fit, and that I am ready for any undertaking within the reach and compass of my skill and cunning. I am in very bad condition both with the gout and rheumatism, but I had much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers; if I followed my own inclination, it would lead me into Germany, and if my poor talent was consulted, they should place me to the cavalry, because nature has given me good eyes, and a warmth of temper to follow the first impressions. However, it is not our part to choose, but to obey.

"My opinion is, that I shall join the army in America, where if fortune favours our force and best endeavours, we may hope to triumph."

The *bateau* knowledge spoken of shows readiness of navigation upon the great and rivers. And the *coup* he alludes to refers to the surprise and capture of the important French fort, Frontenac, on the north, or French side of the St. Lawrence, where it issues from Lake Ontario, by Lieutenant colonel Broadstreet, who had been sent against it by General Abercrombie, with a detachment of 3,000 provincials. This able officer destroyed the fort, with 60 pieces of cannon, 16 mortars, an immense depot of provisions for the French army; and all the enemy's shipping on the Lake, consisting of nine vessels, some of them mounting 18 guns, and rejoined Abercrombie, all without the loss of a man. Very few particulars of Wolfe's ca-

reer, previous to the expedition which ended it, are given by any of his biographers; and for that reason we have gladly availed ourselves of the short but precious glimpses of his personal experiences, and the active workings of his loftily soaring and yet practical mind afforded by the twelve letters, which, through a happy chance, have fallen into our hands.* What follows is derived from the most accredited histories of the time. And before entering upon the subject of the conquest of Canada, mainly due to the talent and heroism of the subject of this memoir, under the tutelary favour if not direction of the elder Pitt, we may observe, that just as the latter great man came to power, the interests of Britain in the North American Colonies were in a declining state. Three campaigns, carried on with immense exertion and great expense, had produced nothing but disaster and defeat. The entire Lakes, and the whole N.W. border were in possession of the French and Indians; who, with inferior forces, had kept their own and something besides. It was at length feared that the triumphant French would make good their claim to the whole Mississippi valley, connect Canada with Louisiana, and confine the British settlements strictly to the Atlantic border. Pitt saw there was no time to be lost. He first set about arousing the dormant military spirit of the "provincials;" in this he was eminently successful. He assured the several governors, in an energetic circular sent to all of them, that the Cabinet, being determined to repair past errors, would forthwith send a numerous land and sea force to make head against the French and their Indian allies; and he appealed to the feelings of loyalty and sense of interest in the hearts of the colonists, to come in aid of the royal troops, with a suitable force of militia.

Massachusetts, the whole population of which was then about 220,000, agreed to furnish 7,000 men; Connecticut (population about 100,000), offered 5,000; New Hampshire (population barely 30,000) sent 3,000; other colonies furnished contingents in proportion. The Home Government undertook to arm,

* They are in the possession of John Buchanan, Esq., secretary of the Western Bank of Scotland, Glasgow. A few copies of them he has had printed, for private distribution.

clothe, and pay this important auxiliary army, which was all ready for action by the month of May, 1758, and was then fully 20,000 strong. The force of regulars, under the chief command of Major-general Abercrombie, amounted to about 30,000 men of all arms; 12,000 of these being a reinforcement lately sent from England under General Amherst.

Three expeditions were proposed. One against Louisbourg; a second against Crown Point and Ticonderago; a third against Fort Duquesne (re-named Pittsburgh). The first was composed of 20 ships of the line and 18 frigates, carrying 11,000 soldiers. The second comprised a force of 16,000 men. The last was undertaken by Brigadier Forbes, with 8,000 men. These enterprises were successful, all but the first, in which the British were defeated by Montcalm, and lost 1,800 men (July 8, 1758).

Mr. Pitt's hopes being realised so far, he determined to attempt, next year, the entire subjugation of Canada. He planned, in concert with the generals on the spot, that three armies should simultaneously enter the French colonial territories, by as many routes, and attack, one after the other, all the enemy's strongholds. Wolfe, with one division, was to do the most daring service; namely, to ascend the river St. Lawrence, and lay siege to Quebec, the capital and seat of government. A second attack was to be made on Ticonderago, &c. and if successful this time, the victors were to descend the river, and join their forces to those of Wolfe. This junction however never took place, General Amherst, who undertook it, meeting with unforeseen obstacles. The third army, under General Prideaux, was to effect the reduction of Niagara and Montreal; he was also to join Wolfe, but neither did this take place, though Niagara *was* taken.

The whole force, therefore, Wolfe had at his disposal, when the time for action came, was only his own corps, barely 8,000 strong; but he had rather a strong corps of artillery. There was no time to lose, for midsummer was come, autumn was near, and winter would succeed, when the river St. Lawrence would be frozen up.

Wolfe's little army was luckily of a very superior character. It was composed of veteran soldiers, and he had the choosing of all the superior officers.

Never did English minister make a better choice of his general; never was British commander more confided in either by his superiors or inferiors than Wolfe. The confidence reposed in him by the minister was deeply felt; the grateful ardour was proportionate, or rather, it was too intense.

The fleet in which the army was embarked sailed from Portsmouth in the spring of 1759. It numbered 20 ships of the line, numerous frigates, sloops, transports, &c., and arrived at the Isled'Orleans, below Quebec, towards the end of June; but delays occurred before operations could begin, arising from various causes. Meantime the Marquis de Montcalm, military governor of Canada, a man of superior talent and great bravery, endeavoured, by a succession of harassing attacks, to defeat and discourage the British soldiers, hoping to cause their generals, as had happened before, to despair of their fortunes, and desist from the enterprise. Among other attempts at their discomfiture, he caused a number of *brûlots* (fire-ships) to be set afloat on the river, and let down upon the English vessels moored in it; this project failed completely.

General Monckton, second in command, was ordered by Wolfe to raise batteries upon Point Levi, opposite to Quebec, and bombard that city, from the farther bank of the St. Lawrence. This was done, with however but little effect; for the works, especially the new ones raised for the defence of the place, stood firm. Wolfe now determined to storm the outlying fortifications between Quebec and Montmorenci. July 31st the assault took place. It failed; partly through the over-forward daring of the advanced storming parties, who did not wait to be properly supported. The British had to retire, after losing about 800 men, killed, wounded, or taken.

Nothing could exceed the mortification of Wolfe at this repulse. He had made sure of success, yet thus signally missed it. He fell ill, became melancholy, and wrote despondingly to Mr. Pitt, that he had no hopes of succeeding in the enterprise, upon which both had set their heart. He declared that his force was inadequate; that the French had nearly double his numbers; that they had the advantage of fighting behind defences, &c. He called a council of war. It was agreed to make a land-

ing at a distance from Quebec, and assault the town on one of its flanks. Who made the proposal to land at the foot of the heights of Abraham, is not certain; some say it was General Townshend, others believe it was Wolfe himself. At all events, the attempt was determined on; as also, that the bombardment of the town from Point Levi should be renewed and continued while the other operations were going on, so as to mask the latter and deceive the French commanders. These gentlemen, however, perceived that the British were sending small detachments up the river; and Montcalm dispatched General Bonjoinville, with a corps 2,000 strong, to take post at Cape Rouge, nine miles above Quebec, thinking that was the point aimed at. On the night of the 12th of September, Wolfe, having embarked the main body of his forces, set forth silently, and soon reached the appointed place. Having descended on the beach at the foot of the heights, and viewed them, with dismay in the uncertain light which preceded daybreak of the 13th of September, he was apprehensive that they would prove perfectly inaccessible; but he carefully hid this chilling distrust from his men, and cheerfully bade them proceed, giving them his personal example. By means of scattered bushes and shrubs growing at intervals on projections and in crevices, some active light infantry soldiers managed to reach the top; others soon followed, and gave their hands to the heavier armed, who came last. By one means or other, the whole reached the summit; and by sunrise the army was ranged in regular order, and eager for action on the table land called the Plains of Abraham.

Montcalm, who was at no great distance, with a force of about 1,500 regulars, a great number of well-armed Indians, and a body of militia, believing that the British thus posted were only the advanced guard of a larger corps, at once determined to attack them. The action began immediately, and the French showed much spirit; but the British grenadiers, reserving their fire till the enemy were within about forty yards, poured in their shot so hot and so fast, that the French recoiled back; while the British, advancing steadily with fixed bayonets, finished the work so completely that very few of the French regulars escaped; most of their

militia and Indians fled. The British had about 600 killed and wounded. But the greatest loss to the country was their leader.

Wolfe received a shot in one of his wrists just as the action began; soon afterwards he was struck by a second bullet, this time on the body. He concealed both circumstances and pressed on, heading the first charge of the grenadiers, when a third shot entered his breast. He knew this would prove mortal; so turning round to the nearest officers, he said, "Support me, some of you; don't let my men see me fall." This was done with all tenderness; he was at once taken to the rear, and such an examination and care of his hurts given as circumstances would permit. From loss of blood a faintness soon came on, out of which he was suddenly aroused, as if from slumber, by an eager cry of "They run! they run!" "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, "The French, sir—they are flying in all directions," was the welcome answer. "Then hasten," he rejoined, "one of you, to Colonel Burton, and tell him to move Webb's regiment down Charles River with all speed, so that the bridge may be secured, and their retreat cut off. . . . Now, God be praised . . . I die happy." He fell back exhausted, and expired.

Almost at the same moment that Wolfe got his death-blow, Montcalm also received a mortal wound. General Monekton, who succeeded to Wolfe's place when he was borne away, was likewise killed shortly thereafter. It is a singular coincidence, too, that the French second in command was killed outright likewise, nearly at the same instant.

Just as the action terminated, Gen. Bonjoinville, who had hastened from Cape Rouge to come in aid of Montcalm, arrived only to become a spectator of the rout, from the scene of which he quickly withdrew with his corps without firing a shot.

Montcalm died as a brave man should; his latest moments saddened, however, by a sense of his own defeat, and the inward assurance that the colony he had administered with skill, and well defended by his military talent and courage, was forever lost to France. He requested to be buried on the plain; pointing out, as his place of sepulture, a hollow in it made by the British

bomb-shell, thrown from Point Levi. A singular request!

The command having now devolved on General Townshend, one of his earliest duties was the agreeable one of notifying the news of the victory to the British Government. A passage of his dispatch, which does much honour to him for its feeling, we subjoin:—

"I am not ashamed to own to you that my heart does not exult in the midst of this success; I have lost but a friend in General Wolfe, our country has lost a sure support and a perpetual honour. If the world were sensible at what a dear rate we have purchased Quebec, in his death, it would damp the public joy. Our best consolation is, that Providence seemed not to promise that he should long remain amongst us. He was sensible of the weakness of his constitution, and crowded into a few years actions that would have adorned a length of life."

The events which followed we need not relate. We shall merely mention, however, that when Quebec was invested and about to be stormed, on September 17th ensuing, the garrison capitulated. Montreal was not taken, however, till September, 1760; and a futile attempt was made, in the interim, by the French, to recapture Quebec. The possession of Canada was finally secured to Great Britain by the treaty of 1763.

General Edward Wolfe, father of the hero, was fortunate to pass to his rest but a few days before the arrival of the sad news of his son's death; thus he could not be said to have "lost" the support and ornament of his age. His aged wife was not so happy; the knowledge of her double loss was too great an affliction for her to endure, and she did not long survive it. As the family seat was contiguous to Greenwich, and their vault in its parish church, the body of James Wolfe, having been sent to England, was there repositied, with great respect but little pomp, on the 20th November ensuing.

The parishioners of Westerham, in the same county, proud of their town in having given birth to such a man, set up a memorial of the fact within the parish church. A monument was also voted by parliament, to be set up, in

honour of Wolfe, in Westminster Abbey; and the legislature have since raised a cenotaph, upon the spot made sacred by the hero's fall, with the following inscription:—"The Parliament erected this monument to the memory of Major-General James Wolfe; who, having distinguished himself eminently in Europe and North America, by a stretch of magnanimity, gained a master victory at Quebec, September 13, 1759; and fixed upon the spot, in death, the fulness of his fame."

As we have already intimated, the name of Wolfe bears a charm with it, not only to us, but to our kinsmen, young and old, of the United States. "How many tears," says Mr. Frost, "have been shed at the simple, but touching, recital of his death! How often, by the firesides of the colonists, for years afterwards, has the touching ballad in which his gallantry and his mournful fate are sung, drawn forth the sympathies of the listening circle!"

Another American, the late Benjamin West, P.R.A., paid a well known pictorial tribute of admiration to the memory of the hero. In his painting of the "Death of General Wolfe," now in the compartment of the Hampton Court gallery called "the Queen's drawing-room," we find that the genial subject warmed him into a partial forgetfulness of his accustomed cold conventionalisms of style. It is one of his best works; and, although his treatment of the subject is not equal to its "high argument," few of our readers (many of whom must have seen it) will fail to linger some time before it, despite the repulsion created by the brick-red colour and graceless shape of the British uniforms of a century back, too faithfully copied by the artist.

The memory of the hero has been fitly honoured by the muse of Cowper. His merits also were poorly recognised in, perhaps, the very worst verses of Goldsmith.

General James Wolfe, when lost to his country, was in the thirty-third year of his age. He was temperate in his habits of life, and died unmarried. He was, even yet more than Bayard, "*un preux chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche*;" gentle in the chamber, terrible in the field.

BLAISE PASCAL.

It was in the year 1639, and in cold dreary February, that a large evening party assembled at the Hotel d'Aiguillon. Cardinal Richelieu, who was, as everybody very well knows, an enthusiastic patron of dramatic literature, and who, moreover, aspired to some reputation in poetry himself, had long wished to see a comedy performed by children. The Duchess d'Aiguillon, his niece, undertook to get up the whole affair; and it was in consequence of her endeavours, that the most distinguished society in Paris, the wits, the *précieuses*, and the constellations of the Hotel de Rambouillet, were crowded together in the noble apartments of her mansion.

A tragedy of Monsieur de Scudéry's, and Monsieur de Montdory as manager and stage director, were attractions for the most fastidious; besides which, it had been confidently stated abroad, that one of the principal parts in "*L'amour Tyrannique*," was to be performed by the young Jacqueline Pascal, a child thirteen years old, who had already gained a brilliant reputation by her extraordinary talents for poetry.

It is not our business to describe here the costume and appearance of Madame d'Aiguillon's society—the lace, the diamonds, the feathers, the carefully pointed and pomatumed moustaches of the gentlemen, the trains of the ladies; vain, likewise, would be the attempt to put upon paper the *bons-mots* and *jeux d'esprits* which were poured forth in all directions. We shall just say that the representation went off as well as could be desired, and Monsieur de Scudery declared himself perfectly satisfied.

The company was breaking up, however, and Richelieu had moved from his arm-chair, as to leave the room, when the Duchess d'Aiguillon came forward towards her uncle, leading by the hand one of the young girls who had acted in the play. Two other children followed close behind, the elder sister and the brother of Jacqueline; all three were so remarkable for their beauty and their intelligent features that the attention of the company was soon fixed upon them.

"My dear!" said Richelieu, as he took on his knees Madame d'Aiguillon's young *protégée*, "you pleased me very

much indeed. But," continued he, seeing that the child was sobbing, and that the tears trickled fast down her face, "What is the matter? has anybody grieved or harmed you this evening?"

"No one whatever, Monseigneur, and I only wished, with your gracious leave, to recite a few lines which I have composed for your Excellency."

The Cardinal readily consented to hear Jacqueline's poetry; she therefore, with no slight emotion, delivered a stanza, which has been preserved to us by the care of one of Pascal's editors, and of which the following is a literal translation:—

"Be not astonished, incomparable Armand, if I have ill-satisfied your eyes and your ears; my mind being agitated by fears, does not allow my body the free use of voice and movement. But if you would make me capable of pleasing you, call from his exile my unfortunate father; this is the favour which I desire at your hands. By saving an innocent man from imminent danger, you will restore to me freedom of mind and of body, of voice and of action."

If we did not know how jealous Richelieu was of the slightest thing which could be construed into an act of rebellion against the king's authority; if we had not learnt from history that the main idea which actuated him during the course of his ministerial career was the realization of a *monarchy* in the strictest sense of the word, we might think that Stephen Pascal, the father of the young Jacqueline, had been guilty of some conspiracy, and that he had, perhaps, been induced to join one of those plots hatched against the prime minister, at various times, by the disaffection of the parliament, the hatred of the nobility, and the weak impatience of Louis XIII. But some trifling opposition to the claims of his majesty's exchequer constituted the sole offence of this excellent man, and he was hiding himself to avoid the consequences of what would be now considered as the laudable exercise of a citizen's right of protesting. This exile, however, was not of long duration. We have seen the happy turn which Jacqueline's talents and ready wit gave to the family

trials which had visited them. Stephen Pascal came home, and was very well received by the Cardinal, who bestowed upon him a government appointment.

Readers alone thoroughly conversant with the history of the seventeenth century in France, and who have ascertained the amount of corruption, of wickedness, of moral disease, existing at that time in all classes of society, can feel how refreshing it is to meet with a few characters which it is possible to admire without reserve, and which we can hold up as patterns of everything that is praiseworthy, and noble, and good. Whilst we hear of such personages as Ninon de l'Enclos, Marion de l'Orme, and Bussy-Raslin, we find in the most opposite direction, Jacqueline, Gilberte, and Blaise Pascal; whilst our forefathers have handed down to us La Rochefoucauld's distressing work, they have also bequeathed to us the "Provincial Letters" and those "Pensées," the noblest monument, perhaps, raised by a modern thinker to the truths of Christianity.

But it is time to turn to Blaise Pascal, whom we find, when not yet thirty years old, taking his place among the first mathematicians and philosophers of the 17th century. "BLAISE PASCAL," says Mr. Rogers, in the "Edinburgh Review," was born at Clermont in Auvergne, in the year 1623, and died in the year 1662, at the early age of thirty-nine. When we think of the achievements which he crowded into that brief space, and which have made his name famous to all generations, we may well exclaim with Corneille: '*A peine a-t-il vécu, quel nom il a laissé!*'"

It is not our intention here to analyse Pascal's labours as a mathematician; we shall not describe his celebrated arithmetical machine, nor examine those brilliant experiments in hydrostatics, which have placed him in the same rank with Boyle and Torricelli. We turn at once to the "Provincial Letters."

As early as the year 1646, Pascal, as well as his sister Jacqueline, had felt deep religious impressions. He had become a Christian man, and, to use Mr. Carlyle's forcible language, "believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases." These impressions, nevertheless, had gradually worn off, when a memorable escape from an appalling death in 1654, entirely se-

parated him from the world, and he, at length, sought for solitude at Port-Royal, already endeared to him by the residence there of his sister Jacqueline.

Whilst the political horizon was still very threatening, and the French court was engaged alternately with Mazarin's intrigues and the extraordinary pranks of the Queen of Sweden, the monastery of Port-Royal was carrying on in the name of Gospel Christianity a brilliant war against the Jesuits.

In a treatise entitled "De la Fréquente Communion," the celebrated Arnauld had opposed the dogmas of intrinsic virtue and effectual operation (the *opus operatum*), and insisted on the necessity of preparation for the solemnity of the Lord's supper, by faith and repentance. This was soon followed by other publications, on the doctrines of grace, grounded on the views of St. Augustine. These drew forth angry but ineffective answers from the Jesuits, and rendered him the object of their relentless antipathy.

An eminent French historian has said, that the book on Frequent Communion fell upon the Jesuits like a thunderbolt. If the reverend fathers recovered from the shock, they certainly showed that they had been somewhat singed, and in the bitterness of their revenge they obtained from the Sorbonne, or theological board of the Paris University, the condemnation of certain obnoxious propositions supposed to be discoverable in Arnauld's works; these propositions were deduced, said the Jesuits, from those of Jansenius, which had been previously subjected to the Papal censure.

The following scene, as we find it given in contemporary accounts, strikes us as worthy, almost, of being compared to some of the best passages in the "Provincial Letters" themselves.

One day, at a meeting of the chief members of the Port-Royal Society, Arnauld was pressed to write. "Will you," said some one, "allow yourself to be condemned like a child, without answering anything?" He thereupon showed them a manuscript, which he read out before them all; but it was very coolly received. M. Arnauld, who did not care for praise, said, "I see that you do not approve of my composition, and I believe that you are right." Then, turning towards M. Pascal, "But

you, sir, *you* ought to write something." M. Pascal wrote the first letter and read it to them. M. Arnauld exclaimed, "This is excellent—this will take; you must get it printed." So it was. The event is well known; and they went on. M. Pascal, who had hired a house in Paris, took lodgings in an inn, at the sign of "King David," *Rue des Poirées*, in order to pursue his work. He assumed there another name; the place was quite opposite the College of Clermont (now College Louis-le-Grand). M. Périer, his brother-in-law, visiting the metropolis about that time, put up at the same inn, without giving the people to understand what relation he was to Pascal. "The first 'Provincial Letter' had already created an intense sensation, when, one day, a Jesuit, the Père de Fréat, a relation of the Pascal family, called upon M. Périer, with another ecclesiastic belonging to the same order. After some conversation, the follower of Loyola began talking about the new and fearless champion of M. Arnauld and of Jansenism. 'There is no doubt,' said he to M. Périer, 'but that M. Pascal is the author of those letters which are running all over Paris: you ought to tell him that, and to prevail upon him to discontinue, for fear of some unpleasant consequences.' 'It is quite useless to do so,' answered M. Périer. 'M. Pascal will reply that he cannot prevent persons from suspecting whatever they please.' 'Well,' replied De Fréat, as he left the room, 'I give you fair warning, that's all.'

"M. Périer was very glad when the two priests went away, for there were on the bed about twenty copies of the seventh or eighth letter, which had been put there to dry; but the curtains were drawn, and the companion of the Père de Fréat, although sitting quite close to the bed, had not observed the printed sheets. M. Périer went immediately to inform M. Pascal of what had just taken place. He was in the room above, and the Jesuits had no idea that their enemy stood so near."

It is laughable to picture these two women, unconsciously brought within half a yard from their enemy's galling fire; and, unless their olfactory system was very dull indeed, actually smelling the damp of a Jansenist printing press!

1656 will be for ever a memorable date in the history of French literature. That year saw the publication, pamphlet-

wise and successively, of those famous letters which were known under the title of "Lettres de Louis de Montalte à un provincial de ses amis, et aux pères Jésuites, sur la morale et la politique de ces pères." The first six letters were a complete defence of Arnauld. "His apologist had carried the war into the enemy's camp, and the rapid, humorous, familiar exposition of the eccentric principles of their doctors on moral questions had delighted the public, and covered with the rankling wounds of ridicule that hitherto invulnerable body. It was then that the controversy took an ample range, and Pascal once more showed the versatility of his power."

The titles of popular works are generally abridged in common use. Arnauld's book "De la Fréquente Communion" was almost always called simply "La Fréquente." Thus the "Lettres au Provincial" became "Les Provinciales." In the same way we have in England Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" and Baxter's "Saint's Rest." Decided favourites alone are thus summarily dealt with.

Even as a mere literary character Louis de Montalte was appreciated by his contemporaries. "The Jesuits themselves," says Father Daniel, "do justice to Pascal." Perrault, who endeavoured to cry up modern at the expense of ancient writers, prefers the "Provincial Letters" to the dialogues of Plato, Lucian, and Cicero. Madame de Sévigné cannot sufficiently express her admiration. The form under which Pascal's work was published gave rise to a thousand surmises, and exercised for some time all the gossiping dispositions of the Parisians. M. de Gomberville was suspected of being the obnoxious author, and Madame Duplessis-Guénégaud of having caused the letters to be read aloud in her drawing-room before a company of *beaux esprits*. Cardinal Mazarin, it seems, laughed very much at the question proposed by Caramuel, whether it is lawful for Jesuits to kill Jansenists. Now this question happens to be the very one discussed in the seventh letter, and which, as we have seen, was drying up in all the glory of small pica under the unsuspecting eye of Father de Fréat.

To account for the literary success of the "Provincial Letters," we must glance at the intellectual state of France, during the first half of the seventeenth century. Between the reform accomplished by

Malherbe and the more lasting one to which Boileau has affixed his name, we find a brilliant but extravagant school of writers, combining the wit of Regnier and Marot with the epicurean and sometimes profane humour of Rabelais and Villon. Elevated thoughts vanish from poetry; clumsy imitations of the most objectionable productions of the heathen muse satisfy the highest ambition; amidst drinking songs, amatory madrigals, and invocations to nature, French literature reminds us of those exaggerations which are the defects of the Flemish school of painting. Almost instantaneously, however, a double reaction takes place. Whilst Saint Amand, the Teniers of French poetry, writes an ode to cheese, and celebrates feeding, Corneille creates classical tragedy, Balzac and Voiture revolutionize the whole vocabulary. But the author of "Le Cid," and "Les Horaces," although directing the national mind to the pure and refreshing streams of patriotism, was not a popular writer: dressed in the garb of Roman antiquity, he hardly seemed on a level with the crowd. Descartes, who about the same time gave the final blow to scholastic philosophy, was still less likely to exert any immediate influence on the general taste. It has been aptly remarked that the periods which follow civil wars are commonly characterized by a great falling off in the tone of literary doctrines, and we are entirely supported by facts when we maintain that the epoch which begins in England with the restoration of Charles II. corresponds exactly, as far as the intellectual aspect goes, with what may be called in France the Richelieu age of literature. Waller and Rochester find their parallels at the court of the Louvre, John Evelyn's name can be coupled to that of Arnauld, Jeremy Taylor's controversial works naturally suggest the voluminous, learned, and eloquent productions of the Jansenist school of divinity.

This interpretation of one literary era by another must not make us forget that France was, towards the end of Richelieu's administration—reign we might say—still expecting a master-mind, who should embody in glowing language all the aspirations of the nation after liberty, order and truths. The wars of the Fronde were a practical attempt on the part of the bourgeoisie to obtain those constitutional guarantees

long before enjoyed in England; the Port-Royalists proclaimed in theology the principle of a badly concealed Protestantism. But to Pascal was reserved the honour of popularizing those universal feelings, till then vaguely, indistinctly, manifesting themselves under different forms. To the mass of the French people it was comparatively a matter of very little interest, whether the right of remonstrating against arbitrary taxation should be exercised with or without certain restrictions; but it was of the highest importance that the minority should not be condemned before-hand, and by prejudiced judges. To the mass of the French people it did not much signify whether the five propositions already condemned in Jansenius were likewise discoverable in Arnauld's works; but it did signify, ay, and will signify for ever, whether doctrines are to be encouraged or not, which uphold falsehood, ecclesiastical tyranny, theft, and murder itself.

In this appears Pascal's consummate skill. The first few "Provincial Letters" are devoted to the apology of Arnauld's tenets; but Louis de Montalte speedily changes his ground, and abandoning discussions merely of a theological nature, he meets his opponents at a standing point, where the rightful indignation of offended mankind accompanies and encourages him.

Here we also find an illustration of the nature and power of genuine eloquence. If eloquence consisted merely in the skilful putting together of words and sentences, Isocrates might perhaps claim the superiority over Demosthenes; Balzac should most certainly be placed before Pascal. But who has read either the orations of the Athenian sophist, or the political treatises of the French wit? Who on the contrary does not feel that the Philippics and the "Provincial Letters" owe their popularity to the fact that they embody those noble first principles of virtue and of patriotism which he himself cherishes? Eloquence is inherent in things themselves, not in the garb in which they are attired.

The "Provincial Letters" may be considered as forming two series. The first four or five are specimens of the best comic humour, and afford an irresistible proof that the most melancholy natures have generally most keenly observed the ridiculous aspects of the human

mind. Cowper wrote "John Gilpin," Molière—the sad, the gloomy Molière—painted not only the characters of Tartuffe and Alceste, but those of Sganarelle and M. de Pourceaugnac.

There is apparent, from one letter to another, a climax which reaches its height at the close of the tenth. Then Pascal, dropping the mask, turns round against the Jesuits themselves, and, in a series of eloquent addresses, denounces to the whole world their crimes, their calumnies, and their anti-Christian doctrines.

The fourteenth "Provinciale," says Chancellor d'Aguesseau, "is a masterpiece of eloquence, comparable to the most admired remains of antiquity. I doubt whether the Philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero contain anything stronger or more perfect."

In the remarkable essay prefixed to Seeley's edition of the "Provincial Letters," a distinguished French critic, M. Villemain, says: "It was in Pascal's replies to the Society's champions that, still preserving the simple form of letters, he rose with easy wing to the loftiest flights of eloquence, of reasoning, and of burning indignation. Who was ever tired of that exquisite passage, in which, after describing with matchless force the long and deadly contest between violence and truth, — 'two powers,' he says, 'whose forces have hitherto remained but too nearly balanced' — he predicts, notwithstanding, the inevitable triumph of truth, 'because she is eternal and omnipotent as God himself.'" Neither Demosthenes, Chrysostom, nor Bossuet, under the inspiration of applauding auditories, ever produced anything more sublime than these sentences, which form the close of the Polemical Letter.

Pascal's intention was evidently to make an appeal to the classes of society generally without the reach of theological argument. He meant to write for the million; and we have already seen that his endeavours met with a most signal success. But another Port-Royalist, Nicole, bethought himself of enabling the *litterati* and divines throughout the whole of Europe to appreciate Montalte's wit, and to pronounce between Jansenism and scoundrelism. Under the pseudonymous authorship of "Wilhelmus Wendrockius," a thick octavo was issued from the press, containing Pascal's text, elegantly trans-

lated into Latin, together with a variety of notes and a learned commentary. Wendrock's *Præloquia*, or Preliminary Disquisitions, are not the least interesting parts of his work. In the third, we have the whole history of the course followed by the Gallican clergy in the affair of the Jansenists. The fourth gives full particulars of an episode which marked this contest. It seems that the worthy inhabitants of Bordeaux knew, as yet, nothing of Pascal or Nicole, when the Jesuits, all powerful in the place, obtained from the king's council an order to the effect that the "Provincial Letters" should be burnt. The sentence, however, was not immediately carried into execution: the magistrates thought, most wisely, that before a censor condemns a book, he is bound to examine it carefully, and to form an impartial opinion of its contents. It soon struck the Jesuits that they had acted most imprudently in endeavouring to precipitate matters: their friends told them so, pointing out to them the necessity of keeping at least an outward conformity to the rules of equity. But it was too late; and the sole resource which remained was to bribe the judges, if possible, and to frighten them into a sentence of condemnation. All that stir and bustle about a few printed sheets could not but have occasioned some degree of sensation in Bordeaux. Thus came to pass precisely what the Jesuits had ardently wished to avoid. People resolved to judge for themselves; and all the copies of the "Provincial Letters" which had found their way as far as Bordeaux, were speedily disposed of. Meanwhile, the Jesuits pursued the attack in different ways. They published a libellous attack against Wendrock; they threatened the judges with excommunication; they vainly endeavoured to get one of their own side among the theological examiners of the obnoxious book; they thundered from the pulpit against Pascal, Arnauld d'Andilly, St. Cyran, &c., even attributing to them the earthquake which had lately visited the city of Bordeaux. The worthy councillors of the Parliament seem to have enjoyed more than one good joke at the expense of the reverend fathers. "One, in particular," says Wendrock, "applied to the parish priests, asking if it was true that those who defended Nicole were worthy of

excommunication? 'Quite the reverse,' was the general reply. 'Well, we Burdigalensian senators,' retorted the magistrate, 'are in a most woful plight, if, wherever we turn, we must needs meet with the wrath of the church.'

The Bordeaux decision was quite favourable to the Port-Royal writers. But this partial triumph could not insure the complete success of Jansenism. In the year 1637, all the "Provincial Letters" had already been condemned by the Pope, and burnt by the hands of the public executioner, in compliance with a decree of the Parliament of Aix, the same having been also done at Paris, by a decree of the Council of State, held coincidentally with a Convocation of prelates and doctors. When the Latin translation was published Montalte and Wendrock were examined by royal order, for which purpose a commission was appointed of four of the most eminent bishops, and six learned doctors. They gave an opinion upon the two works, to the effect that the heresies condemned in Jansenius were openly maintained in them; and that they abounded in sentiments injurious to the Pope, the bishops, the sacred person of the king, his ministers, the faculty of Paris, and the religious orders; accordingly they were remitted, by decree of the Council of State, to the Civil Lieutenant, to be burned by the common executioner. The decree is dated the 23rd of September, 1660; the sentence of the lieutenant, the 8th of October; and they were carried into execution on the 14th of the same month.

Thus was accomplished what some thought the total annihilation of heresy and rebellion. With what success, let those explain who, in all quarters, still see "Louis de Montalte" printed, edited, annotated, commented upon, and even expounded.

After Stephen Pascal's death, in 1651, Jacqueline thought herself at liberty to follow her original idea of taking the veil; and it was not without a considerable degree of surprise that she found her brother opposing those views quite as strenuously as her father had done before. But the high-minded woman determined not to be thwarted in this important step; and she wrote to Blaise a letter, penned under the inspiration of passion and of obstinacy. She reminded him that he could not prevent her from secluding herself behind the cloisters

of Port-Royal, and she invited him to honour with his presence the fatal ceremony which was to cut her off from the world. Jacqueline's epistle exhibits the workings of a stern and indomitable character; it is Pierre Corneille, dressed up in woman's clothes. She remained mistress of the field of battle: and at the beginning of the year 1653, we see her turned into a nun, as sister Sainte Euphémie. Pascal himself soon followed her example, and 1654 is marked in the annals of Port-Royal by the conversion of the then popular Louis de Montalte. But it is curious to notice the extremes to which he was carried by his impetuous character. Even his sister was obliged to caution him against going too far, as is apparent from the following extract, which we give as we have found it in M. Cousin's work:—

"I have been strongly congratulated for the great fervency of spirit which raises you so much above common things, as to make you include brooms under the head of superfluous furniture. It is necessary that you should be, at least for a few months, as clean as you are now dirty. Persons will thus see that if you are, through humility, neglectful of your own interests, you are likewise happy in the humble care and vigilance of the person who waits upon you; after that, it will be equally glorious for you and edifying for others, to see you living in dirt, supposing, however, that this should be the most perfect state of the two; and I have my doubts about that, because Saint Bernard was not of the same opinion."

This extraordinary statement may well call forth a smile; it is another proof of what Pascal has himself so powerfully stated—the union of greatness and misery in man. The saying "No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*," seems in a certain sense applicable to all those who study in their *deshabillé* popular characters, and such as have acted a conspicuous part in the history of humanity. But the common interpretation of this proverb rests on a misapplication of the word *hero*. If we rightly understood its purport, we should not be astonished at finding a shade thrown over some parts of our favourite images, nor should we value the less the masterpiece that has come from the furnace because in it the precious metal is mixed with a necessary proportion of alloy.

Sister Sainte Euphémie soon became invested with some responsible duties at Port-Royal. She had to superintend the education of the young children, and she drew up a sort of regulation, which contains very striking passages. M. Cousin has reprinted the whole document in his biographical account of Jacqueline, and it is well worth an attentive perusal. We cannot, however, stop even to analyze this long composition; but we shall pass on to notice the next important circumstance in the history of Port-Royal and of the Pascal family. One of Madame Périer's daughters, consequently a niece of Jacqueline, had been troubled with a gathering on the eye, which likewise produced headaches, fever, &c. She was, as Port-Royal believed, miraculously cured, and Sister Sainte Euphémie immediately wrote to Madame Périer a letter full of particulars on the subject.

This miracle, of course, is quite as authentic as the thawing of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples. The news speedily spread through Paris, and crowds came to see Mademoiselle Périer. The Jesuits had already attained the highest stage of power; and, by their influence at court, they were preparing the destruction of the Jansenists, their direct enemies. The prodigies accomplished by the holy thorn were not likely to check the sons of Loyola in the pursuit of revenge; but it was not till the year 1661 that the blow was struck. Everyone has heard of the bulls published by the two Popes, Innocent X. and Alexander VII. An assembly of court bishops in France drew up a declaration, which was subsequently made more valid still by the king's own signature, and which became obligatory to all ecclesiastical persons throughout France. This declaration contained two points: the former to the effect that the five famous propositions on the subject of divine grace were to be found in the "Augustinus" of Bishop Jansenius; the latter maintained the heretical character of these propositions. Believing, as they did, that the five propositions were, in substance, maintained by Jansenius, the solitaries of Port-Royal would have been guilty of an untruth had they subscribed to the pope's declaration; on the other hand, if they refused, they were lost. In this dreadful situation, the thought of a compromise struck the firmest minds.

A negociation was opened with the Archbishop of Paris, for the purpose of endeavouring to obtain from him a pastoral letter couched in moderate expressions. Several meetings took place amongst the Jansenists; Pascal and Domat deciding against all compliance contrary to Christian truth and sincerity, whilst Nicole and Arnauld wrote in favour of conditional obedience. This opinion prevailed. The authority of Arnauld especially carried along with it the votes of the majority. Port-Royal had breathed its last!

We fancy we are reading the history of ancient heroes when we see how the ladies of this illustrious community met their doom. The prioress and the sub-prioress (Jacqueline Pascal) both gave the example of dutiful obedience to the orders received from Rome; but for Jacqueline it was a death-stroke. Three months after she was lying in her grave. The struggle between duty and affection had been too powerful!

Pascal soon followed his sister. For the last four years his life had exhibited one continued series of bodily pain. "His closing moments now approached. The most intense sufferings never drew from him a murmur of impatience. The Scriptures, which had been his exhaustless study during his period of acuteness and vigour, were now, in his hours of weakness, the balm and the consolation of his spirit. His especial delight was in an unceasing repetition of that treasury of spiritual comfort, the 119th Psalm, which forms the *petites heures* of the Romish Church. An ecclesiastic, a friend of his family, on paying him an occasional visit, returned from his chamber, exclaiming to his sorrowing relatives, 'Be comforted! his God is inviting him to himself; great as I always thought him, never did he appear so great as now. Would I were in his place!'

"His medical attendants, with an incompetence that seemed common to the profession in France, in that day, flattered him and his friends that his symptoms were free from danger. But he himself knew the contrary. The soundness of judgment that distinguished him, on every subject, extended to a clear insight into the character of his own diseases. In the conviction of his advancing end, his only solicitude was to partake of the last offices directed by his Church for those in dying circum-

stances. This was for some time opposed, on the ground that the excitement of the services would too much exhaust his strength. His sufferings, however, still increasing, his sister took upon herself to procure the attendance of an ecclesiastic in his chamber, during the last night of his existence; and on his being seized with a violent convulsive fit, an interval of mitigated distress was embraced to administer to him the sacrament of extreme unction. His last words were expressive of his habitual humility and faith: "Forsake me not, O my God!" he exclaimed; and shortly after, calmly committed his spirit to his Redeemer. He died on the 19th of August, in the year 1662, just two months after the completion of his thirty-ninth year.*

It is a pity that the late Mr. D'Israeli did not write a supplement to his "Calamities of Authors;" he might easily have met with cases for illustration. The misfortunes of the author-tribe are already sufficient to swell a few hundred octavo pages under the direction of any of his successors. Meanwhile, we shall bring, in the present sketch, our mite towards this undertaking; and we can safely affirm that the history of Pascal's "Pensées" is capable, by itself, of proving a strong antidote against literary vanity.

For some time before his death, Pascal had been engaged in a work which, if completed, would have, no doubt, borne the stamp of the gifted author's genius. It was an apologetic composition, and destined to bring the truths of Christianity home to the mind of heretics, Jews, and infidels. But Pascal was already suffering from the most excruciating pains, when he applied himself to his last work; and he died, leaving behind him a collection of loose unconnected MSS., which he would certainly have destroyed, rather than have allowed them to be published in the state in which they have been handed down to us. Pascal's relations and friends resolved, nevertheless, upon preparing an edition of these posthumous writings. But at that time the "Provincial Letters" were still fresh in the recollection of everybody, whilst the Jesuits, at last, had succeeded in becoming all-powerful at court. Pope Clement XI., besides, solicited by Louis

XIV., had endeavoured to hush up the theological quarrels which had for so long embittered the Jansenists and the Jesuits against each other. Only think, under such circumstances, of sending into the world a book on Christian ethics, bearing the name of Blaise Pascal! Without the greatest precautions, such an act was capable of stirring into a blaze the slumbering fire, and of reviving all the fury and malevolence of party spirit.

Etienne Périer (Pascal's nephew), in his prefatory remarks to the *editio princeps*, describes to us the method followed by the compilers:—"Amidst this great number of thoughts, the clearest and the most finished have been selected; and we give them, such as they are, without any addition or alteration. The only difference is, that they were formerly unconnected, loose, and scattered confusedly here and there; whereas a kind of order reigns now throughout, fragments treating of similar subjects are ranged together under the same heads, whilst all the other thoughts, too obscure or too imperfect, have been suppressed."

Unfortunately Etienne Périer's declarations cannot safely be trusted, and we know for a certainty that his "without any alteration or addition," must be considered as a gross misstatement. Alas for the pruning and grafting propensities of the Editorial Committee. When the Périers found themselves in possession of a variety of loose papers, which had, as yet, received no arrangement, they called in the advice of various friends, of whom the leaders of Port-Royal were the chief. But, besides Nicole and Arnauld, the Duke de Roannez, whose admiration for Pascal had been so unbounded that he could not bear him out of his sight, together with the capricious Loménie de Brienne, were associated with Etienne Périer in the preparation and arrangement of the MSS. Madame Périer's reverence for her brother made her as fearful of any alteration in what he had written, as Augustus could be of the insertion of new lines in the "Æneid," and her feelings were responded to by her son. But the circumstances of the times interfered with the intention. The Jansenists were averse to any steps which should interfere with that truce with their opponents which had been brought about under the auspices of Clement

* Rogers.

XI. In Pascal's fragments were many which reflected on the Jesuits. These, therefore, they curtailed in the most unsparing manner. Not contented with this, they altered innumerable passages, in which the force and meaning of the original suffered by this interference. A long list of such cases is given by Cousin in his report. This work he produces authority for attributing mainly to the Duke de Roannez. It is really laughable to imagine the heterogeneous character of a structure composed of Pascal's thoughts completed and finished off by the worthy editorial board, over which Etienne Perier presided. It had been actually commenced, and "an amusing account has been left," says Mr. Rogers, "both of the progress the builders of this Babel had made, and of the reasons for abandoning the design. At last," continues he, "it was resolved to reject that plan, because it was felt to be almost impossible thoroughly to enter into the thoughts and plan of the author; and, above all, of an author who was no more; and because it would not have been the work of M. Pascal, but a work altogether different—*un ouvrage tout différent*! Very different indeed! If this naive expression had been intended for irony, it would have been almost worthy of Pascal himself."*

In the year 1776, poor Pascal fell from Charybdis into Scylla, when Condorcet published a new edition of his remains. "While the original editors left out many passages from fear of the Jesuits, Condorcet, in his edition, omitted many of the devout sentiments and expressions, under the influence of a totally opposite feeling. Infidelity, as well as superstition, has its bigots, who would be well pleased to have their *index expurgatorius* also."†

One more catastrophe must be noticed in the annals of the Montalte MSS. It was the final stroke, or, if another simile be more appropriate, a *coup de pinceau*, combining the impudent alterations of the Duke de Roannez and Condorcet. The Abbé Bossut, (such was the name of the last reviser,) published for the first time, in 1779, a complete collection of Pascal's works. His text contained very trifling additions from the original MSS.; he thought fit to use the pruning-knife as unsparingly

as his predecessors, not to say anything of the carelessness with which he studied the author's text. And yet Bossut was, down to the year 1843, the grand authority for all the booksellers who retailed Pascal's genius at three shillings or half-a-crown a volume. Lefevre, Didot, Renouard, one and all copied Bossut, unconscious of his mistakes, or perhaps not caring to correct them.

M. Cousin called, in 1842, the attention of the French Academy to the necessity of a new edition of Pascal's thoughts. He pointed out the different causes of the mutilations to which we have just alluded, and illustrated his remarks by a variety of examples. This was, however, only exhibiting the evil, as it were. To M. Faugère belongs the glory of having collected all the remains of Pascal's half-ruined monument. What will seem, perhaps, more curious than all the rest, the doomed antagonist of the Jesuits has been the cause of a literary feud between his modern champions. M. Cousin in part founds his theory on the fact, that the first editors had tamed down some of the more startling statements of Pascal and omitted others; and that a new edition would reveal the sceptic in his full dimensions. M. Faugère, on the contrary, endeavours to exhibit the Christian character of the author. He shows him condemning, not the use, but the abuse of philosophy, and proclaiming everywhere the vanity of mere human knowledge. Hence a sort of sly warfare carried on between the two expositors of poor Pascal. This warfare is not without its deep import, and we recommend it to the reader's notice as a sign of the doubts and yearnings of the present time.

Yet the text of the "Pensées," even in its present emendated form, furnishes us with no definite idea as to the appearance which the work would have assumed if the author had been spared to complete it. We see the quarry open, just as the architect left it, the rough, unpolished stone, the half-wrought fragments, and here and there a detached masterpiece; contrasting by its beauty with the imperfect state of the rest. Some persons object to the publishing of crude notes or hasty sketches, such as we find in the greater part of the volumes before us. Generally speaking, the plan is not advisable; but when an individual has been, as Pascal was, taken up or run

* Rogers.

† Ibid.

down by all parties—when his works have been commented, vituperated, extolled, or explained by the Greeks and the Trojans in succession, it is certainly indispensable to have the whole case set perfectly clear, and to bring together all the materials that can throw light upon the subject.

Pascal's book may be considered as the history of the soul's progress towards faith. He wishes to lead a man to religion; but having remarked how much the human will influences our faith, and how often our prejudices against religious truth arise from the circumstance that we do not know our own nature, he begins by a general consideration of man, compares him to the universe, and shows that, whether we view the perishable or the imperishable part of his being, he is placed in the midst of infinitude.

We have our appointed place in the universe, but this is not peculiar to us; the characteristic feature in man is that he feels himself a stranger upon earth—that he is ever aspiring after some happiness which he cannot even conceive—that he is living in the past or in the future, never in the present—in fine, that hope and regret alternately make him miserable and claim him as their prey. How unaccountable, how strange, the sight we discover in the depths of our own hearts. The immoderate desire we feel for the esteem and the praise of others plainly shows that we acknowledge the Divine principle dwelling in us. And yet, at the same time, we deceive ourselves to such an extent that we are satisfied with putting on merely the external garb of those qualities by which we seek the applause and the respect even of our fellow creatures.

If man is anxious for the esteem of man, he is no less earnest in his search after truth. And how many obstacles does he not meet with on this new ground! The force of opinion, the influence of disease, the senses, the imagination—a thousand other causes acting either separately or together. On the subject of imagination Pascal has some remarks which might be compared with more than one passage in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." They contain a vehement exposition of the *sham* system already so wittily denounced by D'Aubigné in his "Baron de Fœnesta." Our author makes a very good distinc-

tion between the customary obeisance due to a man's position in society, and the respect which we ought always to pay to virtue and to real worth. "Your being a duke," says he, "does not oblige me to esteem you, but it compels me to take off my hat when I see you. If you are both a duke and an honest man, I shall acknowledge, as I ought to do, the one and the other of these distinctions. I shall not refuse the ceremonies which your quality as a duke calls for, nor the esteem which you deserve as an honest man. But if you were a duke, and yet worthless as far as character goes, I should still do you justice; for, whilst discharging towards you the outward duties which society has attached to your birth, I internally preserve, at the same time, the contempt deserved by the baseness of your mind."

There is nothing very extraordinary in this line of demarcation drawn by Pascal; but if we think for a moment of the state of society in the seventeenth century, how much haughtiness, how much vanity there was on one side, and how much servility on the other, we shall be astonished to hear a writer attempting even to separate the inner man from his accessories and superfetations in the shape of wigs, swords, or badges. Such would not have been the opinion of M. de Benserade, or of that poor ecclesiastic, who, preaching one day before the king, stated, "We must all die, my brethren;" then suddenly checking himself at the idea of his most gracious Majesty, said, "My brethren, *almost* all of us must die."

And yet see how far Pascal is led by his distinction. He will soon conclude that all the external pomp and circumstance of power is nothing but charlatantry, trick, painted vanity! "The red gowns of our magistrates, the sable with which they wrap themselves up like so many cats, the palaces where they judge, the *fleur-de-lis*, all that august apparel, was quite necessary. If our physicians had not their black gowns and their mules, if our doctors had not their square caps and their robes four times too large, they could have never deceived the world."

If our imagination leads us often astray in our enquiries after truth, it is also true that speculation on what are generally called metaphysical principles, is productive of little practical good.

We may pass from unconscious to conscious ignorance, but such is the whole extent of our intellectual progress; and within the circumference of this narrow circle, the most learned of mankind are compelled to move. True philosophers, therefore, laugh at philosophy, and if Aristotle and Plato deserved the name of philosophers, it was more from the practical wisdom they exemplified during their life, than in consequence of their metaphysical schemes. The human reason alone is an imperfect and blunted instrument; if truth is to enter within us, it is by another gate than that of mere argumentation.

We have here the key to that scepticism, which has so often, ever since the publication of the "Thoughts," been brought forward either as a reproach or as an encomium in the consideration of Pascal's character. The weakness of our intellectual powers afflicts him; the insolence and pretensions of man's mind irritate him; till, carried away by the vehemence of his feelings, he exaggerates his own thought, and more than once seems reaching the very verge of absolute Pyrrhonism. But our author does not say that there is no means for us of arriving at the knowledge of the truth; he merely maintains that we commonly take the wrong road, blinded as we are by our vanity and our prejudices. Pascal was not the first who proclaimed the insufficiency of the reason, as a guide through life; all the

Port-Royalists, Bossuet, most of the serious writers of the seventeenth century did the same, and the highest value they set on philosophy was that which it really has in furnishing us with a *method*—an instrument for our researches.

Doctor Tholuck, in one of his best works, shows most clearly the folly of pretending that the unaided endeavours of moral philosophy can, by a different way bring us to the conclusions which we deduce from the data of divine revelation, and with all due respect for the name of Descartes, as a thinker and as a renovator of metaphysical science, we must admit that the logical consequences, the expansion of his system, as evident amongst us at the present day, are not likely to increase our confidence in the merits of that torch which philosophers pretend they alone can supply.

M. Cousin may thunder as he pleases against what he calls the convulsive and ridiculous piety of Pascal; he may say that Pascal became a Christian merely out of despair. Be it so. It is no slur on Christianity to insinuate that despair drives men into it. When after having found ourselves compelled to study the problem of our destiny, we nowhere meet with an answer calculated to satisfy us, if we can sit down quietly and await our doom in all the false security of indifference, we must be past feeling indeed. G. M.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

It is refreshing, as well as useful, sometimes to turn aside from busy life, to commune with the past; to stand, as it were, for a little while, in the track of those who have gone before, and see what landmarks they have passed on the way. But when we linger by the records of those whose hearts were tuned by an exquisite sensibility to almost too fine a pitch for this unsympathising world, we guide the pen with trembling, and only partially lift the veil, so that shadow may still rest on that which, by love or sorrow, is rendered too sacred for revealing.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON was born in Hans Place, Chelsea, in 1802. We recognise her better by the familiar initials of L. E. L., than by her name in full. When these letters are placed before us, we immediately claim acquaintanceship with one who has wept with us in our sorrows, and rejoiced with us in our gladness.

Throughout the tide of her life, a deep current was discernible, the heart's weary yearnings for something out of the power of this world to give. Even in childhood this was evident; and when the girl deepened into woman,

when the cultivated mind and matured sensibility only increased the natural power of her character, it showed her, too, (though this knowledge was but accidentally revealed to others through the music of her lyre), that much around her was indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit." It is on this account that some of her sweetest strains abound with a melancholy for which many are at so great a loss to account.

"How can any one," they say, "airy and light-hearted as the young poet, be supposed to know anything of the sadness about which she so feelingly writes?" Such persons understand little of the depths of the human heart. Who can strike the full chord thrillingly and powerfully, and be ignorant of the notes which compose the whole? Who can, even in a measure, comprehend a spirit so finely wrought as L. E. L.'s, and expect it to vibrate only to gladness?

It has been said, that the root of all deep feeling strikes out in sorrow; and the pre-eminently poetic genius which L. E. L. possessed reminds us, we must own, of the lotus, which the most highly cultivated garden cannot lure into summer life; only on the bosom of its own melancholy stream can its broad and delicately-hued leaves expand.

In briefly reviewing the few incident of L. E. L.'s career, we must remember that, from her peculiar temperament, she could not meet life as others do. The same spirit which led her to luxuriate so enthusiastically in joy drawn from very trifles, made her, alas, clothe the lightest sorrow in too dark a robe. Let us, however, enter the boundaries of her private life, and, just as far as the light falls, endeavour to look on motives and feelings, sometimes so unexpectedly and sweetly brought before us by her muse.

Hans Place, Chelsea, was the early home of the poet; and although, when very young, she found some difficulty in overcoming the manual part of writing, she soon contrived to commit her rhymes to paper.

Who can think of her brother, Whittington, as her constant and affectionate companion, walking by her side in the enclosure of the square, or joining her in the active sports and amusements of trap-ball, hoop, and bow and arrow, without connecting with him those

lines, written, no doubt, on the occasion of some temporary separation:—

We shall gather every evening
Beside the ancient hearth;
But one vacant place beside it
Would darken all our mirth;
At any time but Christmas
We give you leave to roam,
But now come back, my brother,
You are so missed at home.

She was full of spirits, of an excitable temper, and even at that early age expressed a feeling which can only be understood by those who have some infusion of the poetic in their natures, that there was a world, apart from the every-day world around her, into which it was her delight sometimes to enter. It was peopled by creatures of her own imagination, over whose joys and sorrows she held undisciplined control, so that though sometimes clothed with sadness as a garment, by one joyous fantasy of her ardent mind they became brilliant in the sunshine of intense delight. In fact this castle-building was the favourite amusement of her childhood. Sometimes she would place the highly wrought mental picture before her parents; at other times the shadowy enclosure of Hans Place bore witness to her solitary musings.

At school, the quickness of the young poetess was apparent. With Plutarch's Lives, Rollin's Ancient History, Hume and Smollett, and Gay's and Æsop's Fables, she was soon familiar. There was a prohibition put on novel reading, but this was disregarded, and she became versed in that romantic and imaginative style of literature. Perhaps the morbid effects naturally arising from such a course of reading were in a measure counterbalanced by her great desire to possess something of the Spartan spirit. Though at the time of which we write this wish was carried to a childish extent, there was no doubt a good result from the self-denial thus called into action. It was like the entrance of the breezy mountain air on an atmosphere which might otherwise have been too relaxing. She would give of her sweetmeats to any passing child whose appearance bespoke a lack of acquaintance with those delicacies. This spirit of self-sacrifice deepened with her years, and many an ardent hope was silently laid aside, many an advantage to herself resolutely foregone, for the benefit of a friend, ay, even of a stranger. How often, when a mere

child, would she turn from the perusal of some favourite book, "Robinson Crusoe," or perhaps the "Arabian Nights," if any great or good action were spoken of in her hearing. At such times, so radiant was the interest expressed in her look, and her countenance became so illuminated by light from within, that, to use the expression of a friend of hers, one's heart positively grew brighter under the influence of such beaming.

It was at Old Brompton, not very far from Chelsea, that the stream of her childhood widened into youth—a youth so simple, so gemmed by all the clear dews of earliest day, that but for a wider scope of thought and more developed feeling, a passing observer might have mistaken it for childhood still. Here, under a mother's care, and guided by a father's judgment, she studied and she wrote; what marvel, that she began to attach some ideas of publication to her beautiful imaginings, that a current should be discoverable on the hitherto smooth waters of her life, and that current the desire of fame?

Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the "Literary Gazette," a man of kindly disposition and possessing great literary influence, was a neighbour of the Landons, and before him the productions of her young muse were spread. With alternating feelings of hope and fear, L. E. L. waited for the sentence of this able judge. Had he decided against her, the spirit of poetry might have bowed its head in despair; but with a critical eye he saw the weaknesses of the young author, and discovered amidst them the hues of promise which were to deepen into such a rich colouring of fame. His disapproval, though expressed, was softened by encouragement, and enthusiastic was the joy of that glad-hearted girl when her thoughts looked back on her from the pages of so influential a paper as the "Literary Gazette." The success was more than she had ever ventured to anticipate. Fame was pleased with her, and gave her a kindly embrace at the very outset of her literary career. There was, perhaps, too much excitement in all this for real happiness. Although exquisitely delightful in its nature, it was as the rich deep perfume of the highly-scented orange-flower in comparison with the dewy breath of the violet. Her initials became immediately a signal of interest to all; the enthu-

siasm of her poetry had a fascination for the young, and the melancholy which even thus early was diffused throughout it found, even whilst they blamed her for it, a thrilling answer in the hearts of those who had made through increasing years a closer companionship with the wearying sorrows of life.

More than once attempts have been made to prove the extraordinary discrepancy between her writings and her feelings. But we do not admit this. Her sweet and melodious draughts came from the depths of her heart. The same spirit which could so kindle at the touch of joy would, as we have before said, darken deeply under the influences even of a passing trial. Such burning words are never wrung from an unscathed heart. Impalpable as her sorrows at this time seemed, and, from the very indefiniteness of their nature, incapable, perhaps, of receiving parent sympathy, one cannot help sighing that no record is left with us of any attempt to lead her to the great High Priest, who is ever touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

In 1824 the "Improvisatrice" appeared, and in spite of many faults of carelessness, commanded immediate success. The critics sneered at blemishes of style and defects of metre; but, no matter, the public looked on the work and not on them, and the power and originality on every page bore it on into brilliant success. Her contributions to the "Literary Gazette" were not discontinued; every week some great gem of pure and delicate feeling was set in its "Poet's Corner," and her gratitude to Mr. Jerdan was not forgotten in the increasing fame attaching to her from her new publication:—

I may not say with what deep dread
The words of my first song were said;
I may not say what deep delight
Has been upon my minstrel flight,
Thanks to the gentleness that lent
My young lute such encouragement.

Sorrow, real and unmistakable, made an inroad on her heart at this time. It was when the "Troubadour" was in preparation, that her father was removed from her by death, and on its closing pages we have a sweet memorial of her feelings on this bereavement:—

My page is wet with bitter tears,
I cannot but think of those years
When happiness and I would wait
On summer evenings by the gate;

And keep o'er the green fields our watch,
The first sound of thy step to catch ;
Then run for the first kiss and word,
An unkind one I never heard.

Farewell, in my heart is a spot
Where other griefs and cares come not.
Hallowed by love, by memory kept,
And deeply honoured, deeply wept.
My own dead father, time may bring,
Chance, change upon his rainbow-wing,
But never will thy name depart,
The household god of thy child's heart ;
Until thy orphan girl may share
The grave where her best feelings are.
Never, dear father, love can be,
Like the dear love I had for thee :

The success of the " Troubadour " more than equalled her expectations, and again an airy lightness of spirit gently irradiated her sorrow. She spent the following Christmas in the house of her uncle, the Rev. James Landon, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire. When there, she entered into a playful correspondence with her friend, Mrs. Thomson, telling her she only forgave her liking the country better than London, because she and her husband had both passed their earliest years far removed from the great metropolis. " I believe," she says, " like the actual necessity of wigs for the bishops and judges, there is an absolute belief in the enjoyment of childhood, though, in my particularly private opinion, the reminiscences are but of triangular caps, certain donations on the right and left ear as was most convenient, verbs, *graphies*, and, climax of intellectual misery, the multiplication table."

In the letter to her friend, Mrs. Thomson, she thus continues, " London, my country, city of the soul. I am content to dwell for aye with thee." On first reading this one is apt to feel something like disappointment. She who could so enthusiastically dwell on the rose's breath and the nightingale's song, she who could fling the veil of intellectual beauty over mossy nook and silvery waterfall, could she turn with sincere pleasure to the gloomy squares and busy thoroughfares of smoke-encircled London ? It is even so. But her muse has allowed us one or two glances at the vast metropolis, through the medium by which she herself viewed it. Rocks, valleys, rivers, and flowers, these have from time immemorial afforded themes for poets, but L. E. L. steps out of the beaten track, and with an originality and power entirely her own, memorializes by sweetest song the grey and careworn London. She could extract

the very essence of poetry from that bustling, money-making place, Oxford Street :—

Life, in its many shapes was there,
The busy and the gay ;
Faces, that seemed too young and fair
To ever know decay.
Wealth with its waste, its pomp and pride,
Led forth its glistening train,
And poverty's pale face beside
Asked aid, and asked in vain.

She goes on touchingly to describe a soldier's funeral :—

Yet 'mid Life's myriad shapes around,
There was a sigh of death,
There rose a melancholy sound,
The hugh's wailing breath.
They played a mournful Scottish air,
That on its native hill
Had caught the notes the wild winds bear
From weeping leaf and rill.
'Twas strange to hear that sad wild strain
Its warning music shed,
Rising above life's busy strain,
In memory of the dead.

Then again that place of thronging life comes gleaming on us, all softened by the halo of her poet thought :—

The pressure of our actual life
Is on the waking brow ;
Labour and care, endurance, strife,
These are around him now.

How wonderful the common street,
Its tumult and its throng ;
The hurrying of the thousand feet
That bear Life's cares along.

Even the stir and confusion of the city cannot repress the torrent of thought which falls so refreshingly on the smoke, and dust, and toil of its crowded alleys. Through the iron gate, she looks in on the numerous tombs of a city churchyard, and on her return home what is the first employment of her pen ?

I pray thee lay me not to rest
Among these mouldering bones,
Too heavily the earth is pressed
By all those crowded stones.

Life is too gay, life is too near,
With all its pomp and toil ;
I pray thee do not lay me here,
In such a world-struck soil !

The ceaseless roll of wheels would wake
The slumbers of the dead ;
I cannot bear for Life to make
Its pathway o'er my head.

The heart which had been subdued by bereavement, was now to be chafed and wounded by calumny. Another sorrow she was to bear onward through life. With her delicate and refined sensibility, so capable of feeling to their utmost extent the poisonous words of envy, who does not sympathise with her as she says, " I think of the treat-

ment I have received until my very soul writhes under the powerlessness of its anger. It is only because I am poor, unprotected, and dependent on popularity, that I am a mark for all the gratuitous insolence and malice of idleness and ill-nature, and I cannot but feel deeply, that had I been possessed of rank or opulence, either these remarks had never been made, or, if they had, how trivial would their consequences have been to me."

She then goes on, "When my 'Improvisatrice' came out, nobody discovered what is now alleged against it. I did not take up a review, a magazine, or a newspaper, but, if it named my book, it was to praise the delicacy, the grace, the purity of the feminine feeling it displayed." "With regard to the immoral and improper tendency of my productions, I can only say, it is not my fault if there are minds which, like negroes, cast a dark shadow on a mirror, however clear and pure in itself." In spite of the bitterness of feeling to which it must be acknowledged these unfounded reports gave birth, L. E. L. retained much high-minded contempt for them. In her own conscious integrity and purity of purpose she went on, at times, positively forgetful of the malice that was not yet weary in its attempt to work her wrong. Yet, perhaps, there was from this time, unconsciously to herself, a mournful cadence in her song—as the "New Monthly" observes, "a wail, a sorrow, and a sigh." It might be that, from this time, life's full cup was dashed with bitterness, her playfulness merged often into sarcasm, and the sunny amiability of her nature became suffused by a deep tinge of scorn.

Her altered look is pale, that dewy eye
Almost belies the smile her rich lips wear;

and this was the world's work.

There was, nevertheless, from this time forth, a deeper infusion of pathos throughout her poetry; the fragrance of the wounded flower was more powerful than that of the unbruised blossom; but the sufferer was not repaid by fame for the slander cast upon her name. Again L. E. L. was mirthful, but it was the mirth which, mingling with distrust, knows something of the laughter that is heaviness.

The poem of "Erinna" which appeared at this time, is in part over-

shadowed by a melancholy kind of philosophy which takes suspicion as its basis—not that the poet carried out her theory into life, for, as we have before said, her vivid imagination often forgot the world's cruelty, whilst reason still coldly held the abstract truth. As if afraid of her very muse, she thus commences her poem:—

My hand is on the lyre, which never more
With its sweet commune, like a bosom friend,
Will share the deeper thoughts, which I could
trust
Only to music and to solitude.

"The Golden Violet," which was published in 1826, contains, perhaps, some of the best of L. E. L.'s earliest compositions. It had an immediate and very extensive sale, but though there are bright portions occasionally to be met with in it, they only seem by contrast to make darker the weariness and discontent which overshadow other parts of the volume. Yet, throughout, the spirit of poetry is strongly and beautifully visible, revelling in the sunny rays of joy, or shedding its own starlight of clear but melancholy lustre on the dreariest strains.

How buoyant with hope, how radiant in gladness, is the very first page of the volume.

To-morrow, to-morrow, thou loveliest May,
To-morrow will rise up thy first-born day;
Brid- of the summer child of the spring,
To-morrow the year will its favourites bring;
The roses will know thee and fling back their
vest,
While the nightingale sings him to sleep on their
breast;
The blossoms in welcomes will open to meet
On the light boughs thy breath, on the soft grass
thy feet.
To-morrow the dew will have virtue to shed
O'er the cheek of the maiden its loveliest red;
To-morrow a glory will brighten the earth,
While the Spirit of Beauty rejoicing has birth:

Farewell to thee, April, a gentle farewell,
Thou hast saved the young rose in its emerald
cell;
Sweet muse, thou hast mingled thy sunshine and
showers,
Like kisses and tears on thy child n the flowers.
As a hope, when fulfilled, to sweet memory turns,
We shall think of thy clouds as the odorous urns,
Whence colour, and freshness, and fragrance
were wept;
We shall think of thy rainbows, their promise is
kept.
There is not a cloud on the morning's blue way,
And the daylight is breaking the first of the May.

But it is no easy matter to clear the river of its earth-stain, and the troubled waters can no longer calmly reflect the heaven above them. How soon the spirit of despondency appears:—

I have gone east, I have gone west,
To seek for what I cannot find;
A heart at peace with its own thoughts,
A quiet and contented mind;
I have sought high, I have sought low,
Alas, my search has been in vain;
The same lip mixed the smile and sigh,
The same hour mingled joy and pain.

I heard a lute's soft music float
In summer sweetness on the air;
But the poet's brow was worn and wan,
I saw peace was not written there.
And then I numbered o'er the ills
That wait upon our mortal scene;
No marvel peace was not with them,
The marvel was if it had been.

We should like to have stolen into the upper room in which it was her invariable habit to write, that little chamber barely furnished; we should like to have leaned over the high-backed chair in which she usually sat, and gently to have whispered, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

But L. E. L. was still an animated and joyous creature, yet the animation was worn as a garment, and the joy, to borrow a thought of her own, was of that misty nature which the very sunlight could turn to rain.

Her next work contained the "Venetian Bracelet," the "Lost Pleiad," the "History of the Lyre," and other poems. She painted all real love as inseparably connected with sorrow, and though every earnest heart will, to a certain degree, vouch for the truth of this, one or two critics complained of the monotony of her lyre, which never vibrated but to sadness. Yet as long as love, and change, and death, walk hand in hand through this world of ours, there will be spirits whose very key-note is grief, and, from the multitude of suffering human hearts, there will ever be a silent but deep response to such strains as L. E. L.'s. The sale of the poem was profitable, and during this time, from her contributions to the annuals, the "Literary Souvenir," the "Forget-me-not," &c., she proved that poetry was not inseparably connected with poverty.

Yet L. E. L. did not become rich. The very great assistance which she rendered to her brother and mother, was not given to slander to reveal; in fact, it would have died in the attempt. Humility and delicacy took these actions into their keeping, and only when she slept beneath the stranger flowers of a tropic

land, was the generosity of her disposition known beyond the immediate circle of her friends.

We heard a relative of hers say, not long ago, "It really was delightful to be in her society. I had thought of her," said he, "as L. E. L., and had anticipated pleasure from converse with so gifted a being. The introduction took place at the hurried turn of a country dance, and I could not suppress the whispered exclamation, 'Is that the poet?' Not that I was in anywise disappointed; the animated air, the expressive face, this I had expected, but I did not expect the airy girlish form, and the blush which overspread her cheeks, perhaps at my earnest observation. With all her fame then, she was not world-hardened, and immediately I thought of her own lines:—

Beautiful weakness, oh, if weak,
That woman's heart should tinge her cheek:
'Tis sad to change it for the strength
That heart and cheek must know as length.
Many a word of sneer and scorn
Must in their harshness have been borne;
Many a gentle feeling dead,
And all youth's sweet confiding fled:
Ere learned that task of shame and pride,
The tear to cheek, the blush to hide."

Her brown hair was always simply and becomingly arranged, and her clear intellectual eyes, now soft with tender thought, and now brilliant with sparkling animation, had something of the restlessness which is, perhaps, inseparable from an ardent and imaginative mind. A remark of the Ettrick Shepherd, on being introduced to her, is worthy of record. Looking earnestly in her face, and taking her hand, he said, "Oh dear, I ha' written and thought many a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do sae na mair; I did na think ye'd been sae bonny!"

Her reading, though, perhaps, what might be called irregular, had been wonderfully extensive, and her memory was extraordinary, keeping green in her heart stores of information and anecdote, which rendered her conversation of no common character.

She was well versed in French and Italian literature, and she was something of a German scholar, for she made one or two elegant translations from that language.

It was about this time that she became acquainted with that highly gifted author, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and at her house met for the first time Wordsworth,

Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Jameson, &c.

L. E. L.'s first prose work appeared in 1830. It was entitled "Imagination and Reality." Though carelessly written, and her sympathy with the Romantic overbalancing, as it were, all serious ideas of the reality of life, there is beautiful y blended with the tale, a degree of eloquence and earnestness which forces an immediate entrance into the reader's heart. Her muse, however, was never idle. Every year, under the influence of her poetry, "Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book" became more beautiful. From a critique in the "New Monthly Magazine," on another prose work of hers, "Francesca Ferreri," we make the following extract:—

"Her range in prose is more extensive than her range in poetry. In prose she lives with us, now sanctifying, now satirizing, now glittering with the French in their most brilliant court, playing with diamonds, and revelling in wit; then reposing on one of the finest creations that human genius ever called into existence, the holy friendship of Guido and Francesca."

In the summer of 1834, L. E. L. visited Paris, and enjoyed herself with all the earnestness of her nature, though, whilst there, she frequently expressed a longing to be again in her dear London home. But slander was at the more excited, denouncing her peculiarly artless manner, and unpolished conversational forms, as cause for wrong. Her sensitive heart was pre-eminently alive to kindness, and whether received from lady or gentleman, she would impulsively give back, without any consideration whatever, the sunny smile or grateful sigh. There was not etiquette enough in this for a world where all that is genuine is looked on with distrust, and her graceful and delicate familiarity of manner, became a subject of animadversion amongst those who made the place of precedence at a dinner-table subject-matter for grave discussion. The due slander which at first attached itself only to manner, descended into a grave accusation of wrong, and L. E. L., with her unfeigned and unworldly high-mindedness, though on the very point of next day, refused to enter into so holy an engagement whilst her good name rested under the shadow of falsehood. It did not once occur to her, that the

best poetry under such circumstances would have been to sit down and tell the same with a steady eye, and she would be the mistress of the occasion, to give her own estimate of the charges with moderation and calmness.

Before London was so full of love, even extended to the contempt of all intellectual attainments, and there be a few satirical lines in the "Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book," she married of the whole, happiness, and the language of love was not without its grandeur, and it was all to be done with the truest love tongue? Was there to be still such love even then which combined with her soul and said, "I will attend to it in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man, thou shalt keep them secretly in a passion from the strife of tongues?"

Under all circumstances, and in all modes, L. E. L. wrote on. The "Vow of the Veil," appeared about this time. She illustrated by her poems a volume entitled "The Flowers of Love-ness," for Mr. Ackermann, as well as the "Book of Beauty," for Mr. Charles Heath. The "Literary Gazette," the "Court Journal," and the "New Monthly Magazine," were still fragrant with her contributions. Many awards came but they were comparative insignificance to her poetry. Although the highest writers of the day gave to her ungrudgingly the need of praise, she retained throughout her literary course a childish timidity and simplicity of feeling. "I never saw any one reading a volume of mine," she says, "without almost a sensation of fear; I write every day more earnestly and more seriously."

Alone in life, as was this gifted being, raised by her great mind above most of those around her, and thus but an easier mark for the shafts of bitter words, it is with a strong sense of thankfulness for the security thus offered her, that we hear of her approaching marriage with Mr. Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, at Sierra Leone. Mr. Maclean heard all that malice had rumoured concerning L. E. L., and heeded not its tongue; for once, truth and conscious innocence made slander blush, and his affection deepened hourly under the influence of her magnanimous and confiding spirit.

Her literary labours knew of no cessation. She was engaged for some

hours every day in preparing a series of literary and descriptive essays on the female characters of Scott. Two or three of them appeared in the "New Monthly," and she entered into an engagement with Mr. Charles Heath to publish these sketches in an illustrated volume. She did not however live to complete this design.

She composed a tragedy, "Castruccio Castrucani."* Though perhaps not equal in energy and power to her poems, there are scattered throughout it fresh thoughts and odorous memories. There is portrayed on its pages an acquaintance with sorrow, that fills our hearts with sympathy for the author.

Ah, there are moments when my thoughts have asked

The heart that beats with them—can this be life?
This gulf of troubled waters, where the soul,
Like a vexed bark, is tossed upon the waves
Of pain and pleasure, by the warring breath
Of passions, like the winds that drive it on,
And only to distraction?

Perhaps as L. E. L. wrote thus in that little white-curtained chamber, she did remember Him of whom she does not speak; perhaps on the sorrows and troubled pleasures of her excited life, the echo of those soothing words gently fell, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Just before her marriage, she thus writes to a friend:—"I am gaining strength and being really better every day. Perhaps one great reason why I am so recovered is, I am so much happier. All the misery I have suffered during the last few months is past like a dream; one which, I trust in God, I shall never know again. Now my own inward feelings are what they used to be; you would not have now to complain of my despondency."

On the 7th June, 1838, L. E. L. was married to Mr. Maclean. The brother whom she so fondly loved performed the ceremony, at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square. The bride was given away by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and, at the request of Mr. Maclean, it was a very private wedding. After they had spent a few days out of town, however, the marriage was publicly announced. Literary engagements, which had to be made before her departure, came crowding round her. Amidst the hurry and

excitement of the last weeks she spent in England, she provided with affectionate and scrupulous care for her mother's comfort; and, as her anticipated stay in Africa was limited to a period of three years, she entered into an engagement with Mr. Colburn for another novel. She agreed to send contributions to his magazine, and her "Female Characters of Scott" were to be continued in that distant land, and sent home to Mr. Heath. On the 5th of July the last farewells were spoken, and she was pressed in tears and silence to her brother's heart, who lingered with her on board the "Maclean" almost till the moment of its sailing.

And the music of the billows could not drown the melodies of song. The farewells to loved friends flow forth, mingling their melancholy notes with the voice of many waters:—

I cannot choose but marvel too,
That this new love can be
More powerful within my heart,
Than what I feel for thee.

Didst thou, thyself, once feel such love
So strong within the mind,
That for its sake thou wert content
To leave all else behind.

And yet I do not love thee less,
I even love thee more;
I ask thy blessing as I go
Far from my native shore.

Of her life at Cape Coast Castle we have, alas! but a short record. "The Castle," she says, "is a fine building, of which we occupy the middle. A huge flight of steps leads to the hall, on either side of which are a suite of rooms. The one in which I am writing would be pretty in England. It is of a pale blue, and hung with some beautiful prints, for which Mr. Maclean has a passion. On three sides the batteries are washed by the sea, the fourth is a striking land view. The hills are covered with what is called bush, but we should think wood. It is like living in the Arabian nights, looking out upon palm and cocoa-nut trees." In a letter to a friend, she thus writes of her husband: "I hear Mr. Maclean spoken of in his public capacity on all sides, and I cannot but see his enthusiastic devotion to his duties. We have in England little idea of the importance of the resources of this country. They send hundreds of miles along the coast to refer causes to Mr. Maclean's decision. This will show the idea they have of his justice." "If my literary success

* Founded on a novel of that name by Machiavelli.

does but continue," she says in another letter, "in two or three years I shall have an independence from embarrassment it is long since I have known. It will enable me comfortably to provide for my mother. Mr. Maclean, besides what he did in England, leaves my literary pursuits quite in my own hands, and this will enable me to do all for my family that I could wish."

Although she speaks of herself as being much better, she complains of excruciating face-ache, and of total deafness in one ear. This might have been in a measure the effect of damp, which she tells her mother was very destructive—"Keys, scissors, everything rusts." And then she goes on to speak of her husband—"I have been in the greatest trouble with Mr. Maclean's sudden and violent illness; for four nights I never laid down but on the floor by his bed side." With how much deep and earnest affection are we made acquainted by these words? Without one positive expression of love, they contain the very essence of woman's devotion, deepened into a more mellowed beauty by trial, "watching the stars out by the bed of pain."

And then suddenly

— She passed from sight,
So in the East comes sudden night.

The English housekeeper, on going with a note to Mrs. Maclean's bedroom, finds her lying senseless on the floor, with a bottle of medicine in her hand, which she had been accustomed to take for spasms and hysterical affections. It was thought she had taken an overdose

of this dangerous medicine, which was Prussic acid. One or two cruel reports rose up, however, surmising that the gifted being who had lived so happily with her husband, had poisoned herself in consequence of his cruel treatment. What will not the dark-stained soul of malice suggest? But here our sorrowful sympathy is for the living. Mr. Maclean, on oath, states that an unkind word had never passed between himself and his wife. To an affectionate heart, how painful to be compelled to make this love—so sacred, so holy, in its nature—the subject of legal attestation! Then again it was said, that her death was caused by her jealousy of a native female. A short time before her departure from England, some of her most intimate friends actually thought that during her severe fainting fits, life had passed away. Is there, then, anything very preposterous in the idea that, even without an overdose of medicine, vitality might at length have yielded to one of these attacks? But this was too simple a solution for the ill-natured lovers of dark mystery; and slander, so busy during her life, seemed to stand a shadowy spectre by her tropic grave.

Thus suddenly passed from earth one of her most brightly gifted daughters, leaving

— A woe to cling
Round yearning hearts for years.

"God, thy way is in the sea, thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known!"

At Cape Coast Castle there is a marble tablet to her memory, bearing a Latin inscription.

THOMAS ARNOLD.

Is the time of the last war, when the embarkation of troops and the manœuvring of fleets caused general excitement in the Isle of Wight, a little boy, named THOMAS ARNOLD, was sailing rival boats in his father's garden, or fighting the battles of old Homer's heroes, substituting domestic implements for the spear and shield, and reciting their several speeches from Pope's trans-

lation of the *Iliad*. This mimic warrior of classic taste was born at Cowes, on the 13th of June, 1795. The spirit of the times left its traces on his character. His father was collector of the customs, and died suddenly of spasm in the heart, before the child was six years old. The incidents of his earliest days, trifling as they were, have a marked relation to the career of the future man.

At the age of three he received "Smollett's History of England" as a reward for the accuracy with which he had gone through the stories connected with the portraits and pictures of the different reigns. At the same age he would sit to the table, arranging his geographical cards, and recognize, at a glance, the different counties of England. After his father's death his education was committed to his aunt, and she had reason to be proud of her young pupil. His memory was very tenacious; his knowledge of history and geography unusual; and his activity of mind such as to promise independence and depth of thought. A little tragedy, written by him before he was seven, on "Percy, Earl of Northumberland," in imitation of Home's play of "Douglas," still remains as a memorial of his ability. The acts and scenes are carefully arranged, the language, metre, and orthography are correct; but in other respects there is nothing remarkable.

In 1803 he was sent to school at Warminster. Long did he gratefully remember the books to which he had access in the library. When he quoted "Priestley's Lectures on History," in his professor's chair at Oxford, it was from the recollection of what he had read there when eight years old. He was removed to Winchester in 1807, where he entered as a commoner, but became afterwards a scholar, and remained till 1811. At this time he was exceedingly fond of ballad poetry, and would rehearse it without wearying to his companions. His own compositions emulated the same strain, and won for him the appellation of Poet Arnold. He wrote, amongst other things, a second play, in which his schoolfellows were the *dramatis personæ*, and a poem on Simon de Montford, after the style of "Marmion." History was his favourite reading; he diligently studied "Russell's Modern Europe," and went through Gibbon and Mitford twice before leaving school. Of the public transactions of the period he was not an indifferent observer. His letters contain bursts of political enthusiasm. Mingling, too, with his comments on other subjects, there are sometimes criticisms indicative of growing predilections and discriminating judgment. Thus, at fourteen, he is indignant at the numerous boasts which are everywhere to be met with in the Latin writers. "I

verily believe," he adds, "that half, at least, of the Roman history is, if not totally false, at least scandalously exaggerated; how far different are the modest, unaffected, and impartial narratives of Thucydides and Xenophon." His affections were strong; he had many friendships; but towards home his heart always turned with its deepest yearning; and that pure love to its inmates, and attachment to its associations and scenes, proved a safeguard as worldly influences became more potent.

When in his sixteenth year, he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Hitherto, his manners had been stiff and formal; he had appeared to be isolated, both in himself and his pursuits. Now he was subjected to a discipline calculated to awake new sympathies and impart a genial freedom. The students of Corpus were few in number, rarely exceeding twenty, but displaying more than the ordinary proportion of ability and scholarship. They lived together on familiar terms, discussed all topics of interest in ancient and modern times, and helped each other in the generous rivalry to excel. Arnold, when he became a member of the circle, was a boy both in age and appearance, but well able to take a share in the conversations that arose. His disposition won the general esteem and love, and the prevailing spirit of the place brought him into union with those of very diversified tastes. He was himself a fearless thinker, and always ready to utter his sentiments. Many and vehement were the debates in which he engaged, sometimes with all the leaders of the common room assailing him at once. There was not always the most scrupulous regard to argument, but there was never scarcely a momentary loss of temper. His antagonists were Tories in Church and State, and he was not afraid to question the correctness of their creed; but although his opinions often startled them, and were vigorously defended, he did not expose himself to the charge of presumption or conceit. He was as patient to bear retort as eager to defeat his adversary; as ingenuous and candid as ardent and decided. In the Attic society, of which he became a member, he never excelled as a regular speaker; he had so keen a perception of what was irrelevant, and so much real bashfulness, as to be under a restraint pre-

judicial to success. In his studies he gave the preference to the philosophers and historians of antiquity. He sought the gold that lay buried in the sand of time, and would dive beneath the current to secure the rich truths swept down from remote ages. He used to insist on the distinction between words and things. The habit led him to depreciate the value of the old poets, and to neglect those niceties of language which must be known before an author can be accurately translated. Aristotle and Thucydides were enthusiastically esteemed. His conversation and his letters were racy pointed with allusions to the former, with whose maxims and modes of thought he was familiarly acquainted. The story-telling Herodotus was another whom he delighted to honour. He so thoroughly understood his style and that of Thucydides as to be able to write narratives readily and correctly in imitation of either. In 1812, he was an unsuccessful competitor for the Latin Verse prize, and it is not unlikely that he made other attempts of a similar kind which were followed by failure. In 1814, he obtained a first-class in *Litteræ Humaniores*; the following year was elected a Fellow of Oriel College; and, in 1815 and 1817, gained the Chancellor's prize for the two University Essays, Latin and English.

Walking and bathing were Arnold's chief physical exercises at Oxford. Though not possessed of much muscular strength, he could endure considerable fatigue. He found peculiar pleasure in what he called "a skirmish across the country," when with a few companions he would desert highways and bypaths, and roam across the fields, leaping ditches and scaling hedgerows, his spirits rising at every bound, and his imagination and feeling revelling in nature. He found exquisite enjoyment in external beauty; and, though no poet himself, but, on the contrary, strongly tending to an exclusive devotion to the practical and evidently useful, he was far from insensible to that beauty as mirrored in poetry. Of Wordsworth he was a zealous defender against the tirades of the *Edinburgh*. From his pages he derived those sentiments of love for the lofty and imaginative which afterwards generally pervaded his writings.

After his election to a Fellowship,

Arnold remained in Oxford, taking private pupils, and prosecuting his studies according to his ample opportunities. His reading was very extensive; and was accompanied by a scrutinizing criticism. Abstracts of many works, and a number of original compositions on theological and other subjects, remain to testify of his diligence at this period. His style of writing was stiff, and has no counterpart in any of his published works; many of his opinions, however, were precisely those of maturer years, while others formed the germ then expanded. In his historical reading, he selected the 15th century, and taking Philip de Comines as his text book, endeavoured to make himself master of the period. Meanwhile his mind was awakening to the realities of religion, and there began within him an inward conflict, severe and distressing, such as those who have attained to greatest spiritual power and profoundest knowledge have so often experienced at the outset of their course. "Perfect through suffering," would seem to be written on every phase of our being. The battle must precede the victory; and no battle, no victory, there will generally be not the fruitfulness of peace, but the apathy of slavery or sloth. Ere the mission of life is begun, there are temptations to be encountered, fastings to be endured, and wanderings in the wilderness. Arnold's inquisitive mind, which had little respect for mere human authority, attempted to fathom every subject it touched. As the period approached, when subscription to the articles of his church became necessary to the accomplishment of his most cherished purposes and hopes, and he submitted them to his usual test of conscientious and free inquiry, doubts arose within him respecting the doctrine of the Trinity, as enunciated there. He did not hesitate to accept it because beyond his reason, but because he was uncertain as to the correct interpretation of the Scriptures upon it. Objections haunted him, which he dare not repress by the main force of his will, and which, when they were shown to be unfounded, he half feared to relinquish, lest his judgment should have been betrayed by his interest. "One had better have Arnold's doubts," said a friend, "than most men's certainties." The trial was severe; but it taught him to sympathise with those who have to

battle in their own hearts with a shadowy scepticism for which they would willingly substitute substantive truth; and when deliverance came, his character had acquired another element of stability, and his views, clear and decided, were the better fitted to inspire calm repose, or sustain resolute action. While painfully agitated, he gave himself more closely to prayer, and to the practical duties of a holy life; and though the contest was long, there followed a settled peace, in which the understanding and heart equally shared.

In December, 1818, Arnold was ordained a deacon; and the following year he settled at Laleham, near Staines, with his mother, aunt, and sister, taking seven or eight young men as pupils to prepare for the University, at first in conjunction with his brother-in-law, and afterwards independently. In 1820 he increased his responsibilities by marriage. New and elevating influences began to operate upon him; the prospect stretched into the future, and the realities of life presented themselves in a tangible form. He was no longer to be the student eagerly pursuing his own researches without direct reference to their ultimate bearing. He was now in circumstances that required a positive and continuous exertion in behalf of others. A definite object was placed before him; and to help in worthily achieving it, he brought a mind observant and vigorous, a disposition frank and earnest, a conscience enlightened and sensitive. Much of the prosaic and matter-of-fact still lingered about him, dwarfing his views as well as narrowing his range of thought. But the defects of early youth were gradually disappearing; no trace of indolence was left; restless habits and vague schemes were renounced. He felt he had a work to do, and bent every energy to its accomplishment. Occasionally there would steal over him, in the quiet of his daily labour, visions of extensive influence; but his aspirations after genuine excellence, pervaded as they were by religious feeling, were too strong and pure to permit him long to dwell on the transient objects of a selfish ambition. Beside, what was really most attractive he believed beyond his reach; and so was enabled to settle with less difficulty down to ordinary duties. "I have always thought," he wrote, "with regard to ambition, that I

should like to be *not Cesar not nullus*; and as it is pretty well settled for me that I shall not be Cesar, I am quite content to live in peace as *nullus*." He appears to have long felt the temptation; for many years after, at Rugby, he made this confession—"I believe that, naturally, I am one of the most ambitious men alive;" and "the three great objects of human ambition," worthy the name, he added, "were to be the prime minister of a great kingdom, the governor of a great empire, or the writer of works which should live in every age and in every country."

It was during this period that Arnold experienced that inward change which brought the whole man into subjection to the Divine will. The tangible and present became for ever subordinate to the unseen and eternal. A habitual reverence took possession of his spirit; he spoke and acted in the consciousness of the continual presence of an invisible Majesty. But no dark forebodings, no shadowings of terrible wrath, no convulsive grasping after fancied security, no stoicism characterised his religion. He could stand before God, and contemplate his purity and power, without despair and without presumption; for he saw God "*in Christ reconciling the world unto himself*." Jesus, the Mediator, was the object of his peculiar love and adoration, the central point towards which all his desires and actions gravitated. His sympathies found in Him a congenial Friend, whose divine excellences, shined in humanity, he devoutly essayed to imitate. Before that name his knee was ever ready to bow, and his affections to offer their fondest, noblest devotion. He delighted to ponder on the combination of all perfections there; truth and justice, which of abstract ideas he would soonest have idolised,* he beheld blended with an ineffable tenderness, with reverence and humility, and all other qualities that the intellect or heart could admire. This ultimate reference in all things to eternity and its Lord, was henceforth the leading feature of his character. In his own beautiful words, "whether standing or sitting, in the intervals of work or amusement," he "linked together" his "more special and solemn devotions" by "a golden chain of heavenward thoughts and humble prayers."

* Correspondence. Letter CXXXV.

He viewed the minutæ of life in their relation to the great whole; things trivial in themselves were hallowed to his regard by their association with duty; he saw in the most ordinary circumstances opportunities for the exercise of highest principle. Religion was to him the "light of life;" it cast its glory over temple domes, and threw into relief the altar within and the worshipper at its base; its radiance reflected Deity from the pure heavens and the gorgeous earth, and gave also to the meanest thing its true significance. It was the element by which he discovered the proportions of all surrounding objects; it was the symbol of joy, the fountain of beauty, the essence of purity, the all-pervading presence of his thoughts. Arnold was usually reserved in speaking of his experience; his piety found expression rather in his actions than his words. It was in the manner of his discharging common duties, in the consistency of his conduct and the fervour of whatever he did say, in the marked seriousness and pleasure with which he lingered over religious subjects, that the reality of the change within him was most manifest.

Such a man, with so deep a sense of the import of life and so earnest a desire to work in unison with it, was not likely to fill unworthily the position he assumed. His pupils were not all of brilliant talents. Some came to him most woefully deficient in elementary knowledge; one, for instance, could not tell how many Gospels there were; and another had not the slightest idea as to what was meant by an angle. But he was far from considering dullness or ignorance as excusable in themselves, and tried continually to impress on himself the slowness of these evils compared with habits of profligacy or wilful irregularity.

He never took his work "as a dose," and consequently never found it nauseous. The profession had then, as it now has too extensively, a bad name, but he entered into it heartily as his life's business. It presented a sphere of usefulness and benevolent effort, combined with the means of retirement and study, which he was not disposed to forego for any other. He deprecated making tuition a means to some further end; it was a work worthy of his every energy, affording the fullest scope for the formation and accomplishment of

the noblest purposes. He went to his task as all teachers ought to do, conscious of the influence he was about to exert, of the responsibility he sustained, and intent on developing to the utmost the moral and intellectual capabilities of all beneath his care. His own worldly interest was a secondary thing. Friends urged him to raise his terms, but he refused, lest he "should get the sons of very great people as his pupils, whom it was almost impossible to *sophronize*;" and so strict was he in preserving his charge from companions likely to contaminate, that when he had a boy in his circle of that sort, he would not take additional pupils till he was reformed or removed. He associated with his scholars as much as possible, joining in their games, and showing in little things his interest in their welfare and comfort. Acting thus, he found his occupation full of interest. "It keeps," he said, "life's current fresh and wholesome by bringing you in such perpetual contact with all the spring of youthful liveliness." There is one passage relating to this period, written by Mr. Price, for a short time his pupil at Laleham, and afterwards one of his assistant masters at Rugby, which deserves quotation:—

"The most remarkable thing which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle, was the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new corner at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do—that his happiness as well as his duty lay in in doing that work well. Hence an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feeling about life; a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his own self, and his work and mission in this world. All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold's character, as well as its striking truth and reality; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds, and the sense he

had of its value both for the complex aggregate of society, and the growth and perfection of the individual. Thus, pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated; none felt that he was left out, or that, because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honourable pursuit of usefulness. This wonderful power of making all his pupils respect themselves, and of awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God had assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labours, was one of Arnold's most characteristic features as a trainer of youth; he possessed it eminently at Rugby, but, if I may trust my own vivid recollections, he had it quite as remarkably at Laleham. His hold over all his pupils I know perfectly astonished me. It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for his genius or learning or eloquence, which stirred within them: it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world, whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God—a work that was founded on a deep sense of its duty and value; and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling and with the belief that they, too, in their measure, could go and do likewise. In all this there was no excitement, no predilection for one class of work above another—no enthusiasm for any one-sided object; but an humble, profound, and most religious consciousness that work is the appointed calling of man on earth; the end for which his various faculties were given; the element in which his nature is ordained to develop itself, and in which his progressive advance towards heaven is to lie. Hence, each pupil felt assured of Arnold's sympathy in his own particular growth and character of talent. In striving to cultivate his own gifts, in whatever direction they might lead him, he infallibly found Arnold not only approving, but positively and sin ereily valuing, for themselves the results he had arrived at; and that approbation and esteem gave a dignity and a worth both to himself and his labour.*

There was little to disturb the even tenor of Arnold's life at Laleham. Without taking any direct parochial charge, he occasionally officiated at the village church, and visited the poor in the workhouse or in their homes. His vacations were varied by short tours in England or on the continent; and his leisure hours were filled by his favourite studies. At seven in the morning he was found with his pupils, and till nearly three he devoted himself to their instruction. The afternoon was spent with them in healthful sports, or in walks redolent of pleasure and conversation. It was not till late in the evening, when they were all gathered round him in his drawing-room, that he turned to his books or took up his pen. He employed himself then chiefly on a Lexicon of Thucydides, and an edition of that author with Latin notes. He also commenced a history of Greece, and wrote several articles for the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," on the Roman history, from the times of the Gracchi to Trajan. In 1825 he first became acquainted with Niebuhr's "History of Rome," having first given a proof of his energy by learning German purposely that he might be able to read it. It made him aware of his ignorance, and induced him to delay any independent work of his own, till he had prosecuted his researches into the new regions that opened before him. It produced a great impression upon him; he enthusiastically adopted it, and hastened, in the "Quarterly Review," to introduce it to the English public. So powerful was the grasp which Niebuhr had taken of his mind, that an unusual and perhaps excessive degree of veneration manifested itself in him towards both his principles and conclusions. He came gradually to the determination, "never to differ from him, without a full consciousness of the probability that further inquiry might prove him to be right." In 1827, he succeeded himself in reaching the eternal city; his stay was not long, but it sufficed to strengthen his predilections—it breathed fresh life into his classic lore, enabled him to realise familiar facts, and widened his range of feeling and philosophy. "I never thought," he wrote on leaving it, "to have felt thus tenderly towards Rome; but the inexpressible solemnity and beauty of her ruined condition has quite bewitched me; and to the latest

* Stanley's Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold.

hour of my life I shall remember the Forum, the surrounding hills, and the magnificent Colosseum."

While thus busily engaged, and heartily aiming at the highest objects of life, he continued to direct his attention to the interpretation of Scripture. Theology, in its practical bearings, had a far stronger charm for him than even the maxims of the Stagyræ or the narratives of Thucydides. Although always eager to arrive at truth, and reverent in his search for it, he was not disposed to adopt current opinions without investigation. He knew that the gem often lay deep in the mine, and that false tinsel passed too frequently for the genuine substance. "Whosoever is not of faith is sin;" "He that judgeth me is the Lord;" these were the sentiments he repeated in silence to himself. He knew that truth must be wooed before she can be wedded to the soul; and that, like the maiden of chivalrous times, she often requires of her lovers long vigils and valorous exertions. Truth, accepted merely because generally pronounced to be truth, and never comprehended in its own nature by the recipient, is no truth—it is a *prejudice*, which, as far as his rational and moral being is concerned, he might as well exchange for any other. Arnold's thinkings sometimes placed him in opposition to prevailing notions. How he defended himself against unjust insinuations, is seen in the following extract from a letter to a friend:—"I am sure that my love to the Gospel is as sincere as yours, and my desire to bring every thought into the obedience of Christ is one which I think I do not deceive myself in believing that I honestly feel. It is very painful to be suspected of paying them only a divided homage, or to be deficient in reverence to Him whom every year that I live my soul and spirit own with a more entire certainty and love." Entertaining an affection for truth, and eager not only to worship himself, but to lead others to its shrine, he found another object of great interest in all institutions for its maintenance or dissemination. The Church of England was naturally prominent in his thoughts; he closely examined the relations in which it stood both to immutable principles and to changing times; and it was not long before he conceived the necessity of

great alterations. The Establishment had the foundation sure, but it had overlaid it, he said, with a very sufficient quantity of hay and stubble, which he devoutly hoped to see burnt one day in the fire." An age, too, was approaching, in which the pen was to rival, if not supplant, the tongue in power. Arnold perceived its advent, and he hastened to make literature an auxiliary to the pulpit. Often did he regret in his conversation, "the want of Christian principle in the literature of the day;" and often was he ready to gird up his own strength to help supply the deficiency. He heard that a Roman history was preparing for publication by a gentleman unknown to him, and at once inquired anxiously whether he was likely to write as a Christian or not; "If he will, I have not a wish to interfere with him; if not, I would labour very hard indeed to anticipate him, and prevent an additional disgrace from being heaped on our literature." Many of his opinions were but the legitimate growth of that inward life already described. Science and literature "will not do," he wrote to a friend, "for a man's main business, and they must be used in subordination to a clearly perceived Christian end, and looked upon as of most subordinate value, or else they become as fatal as absolute idleness. In fact, the house is spiritually empty, so long as the pearl of great price is not there, although it may be hung with all the decorations of earthly knowledge."

These years of tranquil solitude were drawing to an end. Arnold's friends had often urged him to seek a position worthier of himself, where, while securing a surer provision for his family, he would enjoy the opportunity of wider usefulness. Several circumstances combined gradually to induce him to leave Laleham. He accordingly offered himself as a candidate for the historical professorship in the University of London; but at this juncture, the head-mastership of Rugby becoming vacant, he finally resolved to apply there. His testimonials were sent in to the trustees at a late date, when there seemed, from the advanced canvass of his competitors, but little hope of success. Their character, however, was such as to attract general attention; one of them, in particular, asserting that, if elected, he would change the face of education throughout Eng-

land. The impression produced was decidedly favourable, and he was immediately appointed to the office, in December, 1827. In April of the following year he took his degree of B.D., and, in November, that of D.D. In June, he received priest's orders at the hands of the Bishop of London. Those doubts which had perplexed him prior to his former subscription to the Articles were removed; but, in the prosecution of his studies, on one or two minor points, other scruples had arisen; and he felt that when required to acquiesce in what he deemed an erroneous opinion, even if the subject were immaterial, he must decline compliance. He was disposed, from the internal evidence, to believe that the Epistle to the Hebrews belonged to an age subsequent to the apostles; and it was not till after a long conversation with the bishop, and an explicit statement of his views, that he consented to be ordained. It is but proper to add, that further research convinced him of the groundlessness of his objections, and that during the last ten years of his life he constantly used the Epistle as one of the most valuable parts of the New Testament. The "nine years' home of such exceeding happiness" was now to be exchanged for another scene. In August we find him writing from Rugby: "The boys come back next Saturday. So here begins the second act of our lives. May God bless it to us and make it help forward the great end of all."

Rugby presented peculiar attractions to Dr. Arnold. The prospect of worldly advancement was the least influential. Life in his eyes was a great and holy thing, and he wished to honour it. Had he gone to London, his aim would have been to incite the University to more than literary or philosophic excellence; in going to Rugby his great desire was "to make it a place of Christian education." Such was his grand object. Its comprehensiveness bore the impress of his own character. He was eager to put into practice, in a wider sphere, those principles which had been the glory of his own home-circle; and to bear testimony to the public of their truth and efficiency. By Christian education he did not merely mean instruction in the doctrines and facts of the Bible; he wanted to make the spirit of the place the spirit of religion; to have all conduct judged by a

Christian standard, all actions springing from Christian motives, all attainments hallowed by Christian love, all professions based on Christian faith; but every approach to a sanctimonious affectation would have met with his severest condemnation. Education, regarded either in its nature or its end, necessitates a recognition of religious principle. If it be the development of the whole man, it concerns his moral equally with his intellectual and physical faculties; if it be to teach him how to live, it must look beyond the mere birthplace of existence into eternity, its ultimate sphere. But Christianity, once accepted as divine, becomes the true morality; once realised, it is the life of the soul. As the central truth of the human mind, all thoughts and deeds range round it, and reflect its light. There may be scholars, philosophers, poets, without it; but there can be no true man. Arnold had to train for manhood; and, therefore, no rational course remained for him but that which he adopted. This continual reference to the dignity and destiny of our nature elevated the character of his teaching: it helped him to place each thing in its true position, to affix its relative value, and avoid either overlooking or depreciating any; while to whatever was most excellent, it gave a fresh charm by associating it with consequences before unseen. As the past, the present, and the future inseparably blend in influencing life, so it is impossible that that education can be sound which neglects any one of the three great branches of inquiry they suggest—knowledge, duty, and responsibility. Arnold entered on his work with a thorough understanding of its nature and import. How far he succeeded in giving valid expression to his views, will be best learnt from a glance over his educational career. "What we must look for here," said he to his Rugby pupils, "is, first, religious and moral principles; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly, intellectual ability." It will be convenient, in our brief survey, to observe the means employed to secure these several objects.

While Arnold deprecated a religion of sabbaths alone, of formal worshipings, or temporary enthusiasm, he was not likely to confine his advocacy of a living faith to set modes or occasional seasons. At the same time he rejoiced in every special opportunity, and never

failed to use it for the best. "The business of a schoolmaster," he said, "no less than that of a parish minister, is the cure of souls." He had not been long at Rugby, before he appeared in the School Chapel, and as soon as the chaplaincy became vacant after his arrival, foregoing the salary connected with it, he requested the trustees to confer the office on himself, believing that, as Head-master, he was the real and proper religious instructor of the boys. From that time he preached regularly to them almost every Sunday till his death. His sermons, most of which were published at intervals, are models of their kind. The language is nervous, the doctrine clear and practical. His favourite theme was the application of religion to the details of common life. Controversy he usually avoided; what he spoke came evidently from his heart, and was adapted to the circumstances of his audience. Philosophy and scholarship were never purposely displayed, but could never be hidden. There was the master-mind giving freshness to truth, and rising to the height of its great argument. Without personal allusion, there was often direct reference to particular faults prevailing in the school. These he would expose in their sources and effects; but latterly he loved to dwell on the blessedness of love and the beauty of holiness, alluring rather than condemning. His appeals were fervent, and his feelings sometimes almost irrepresible; but it was no transient excitement that stirred him, and no wayward emotion that he elicited. His eloquence was the earnestness of reason; his passion the adoration of truth. With plainness of speech, he united gentleness of manner; and, when reproof was necessary, he respected the shame it was designed to produce. One Sunday, for instance, when he deemed it requisite to refer to a case of untruthfulness that had given him great pain, he had the sermon before the prayers, in order, in the absence of the masters, to be alone with the boys; and when, at another time, the practice of drinking had become usual, he addressed them about it by themselves in the school, saying "that he should have spoken from the pulpit, but that they were present, and he wished to hide their shame." Beside preaching, it was also his custom to administer the communion four times in the year;

he never urged any personally to attend, lest the act should lose its sacredness, and be performed as a favour, but he did not fail to explain and enforce it in his sermons; and the deep pleasure with which he hailed every advance towards good was manifest in his demeanour when those who partook of it gathered around him.

These direct means were not confined to the chapel. In his own house he read and prayed daily with the inmates, and every morning before commencing the lesson with his class, he introduced a prayer in addition to those read before the whole school. He had been at the deathbed of a pupil, and was troubled to find on engaging in teaching that the change was very great; he thought it probably resulted from their work not being sufficiently sanctified to God's glory; and, thenceforward, he never began without asking a blessing on their efforts that they might bring forth the fruits of true wisdom.

Arnold's own character was in itself a religious influence, and tended as much as anything subordinate could, to assist him in raising the standard of morality. His consistency and constant fervour, uniting with characteristics which made him so often the animating spirit of his circle, impressed all observers with a respect for him, that could scarcely be separated from a respect for those principles which were the mainspring of his conduct. It was not the privilege of all the boys to be brought into direct intercourse with him, but such as were, found him the same man, seeking the same end, in the class-room as in the pulpit, in hours of relaxation as well as of study. If reading Horace together, he would dwell on the corruptions of Roman society, and in few, but significant words, lead their thoughts to present privileges and responsibilities; if the pages of history were open before them, not uncommonly would he express his indignation, as they contemplated the gigantic selfishness of a Bonaparte, and pause afterwards, as if in mingled horror and pity; and when they read of philanthropy, or nobleness of character, his face would brighten and his praises show how he honoured the good wherever found. The influence which he himself exerted on the Sixth Form, as it was called, he sought to perpetuate through the school by their agency. "When I have confidence

in the sixth," was the end of one of his addresses, "there is no post in England which I would not exchange for this; but if they do not support me I must go." He felt that where so many were collected, it was impossible for masters alone to exert a sufficient power to prevent the frequent growth of evil. Something intermediate was required between them and the mass of boys; and the Sixth Form appeared adapted for his purpose. It contained the most intelligent of the school; the others had more sympathies in common with them than with their masters, and, moreover, from constant association were easily moved by their example; the sixth were sure to be potent for evil, if not for the contrary; but from their position and character it was probable they would generally be on the right side. Special powers were accordingly delegated to them, including the right of inflicting corporal chastisement. Thus did Arnold espouse the flogging system; he found it in operation, and he continued it. Public feeling was against him on the point, but he deemed it vital to success, and fearlessly defended it when it was fiercely assailed. The principle involved was of the utmost importance, but his mode of applying it we think injudicious. Under him it worked admirably, but only a man of so pervasive a spirit could have preserved it from the gross-est abuse.

Another thing that greatly aided in the spread of sound principle, was his habit of making each boy feel his responsibility. He respected and trusted his pupils, and begot in them a corresponding sense of respect and trust for himself. He did not watch them as if he expected them to offend. That degrading espionage, that everlasting suspicion, which has been, in innumerable instances, the very essence of scholastic management, operates on boys precisely as the same thing, on an enlarged scale, operates on nations. The pedagogue keeps his subjects in awe, makes them either tamely submissive, or cunning and sly, ready to deceive whenever practicable, and never so heartily glad as when an eunuch can be safely got up. Boys so situated insensibly and naturally argue that what, if they have, is never acknowledged, or never supposed to exist, may just as well, as far as relates to their master, be completely abandoned. Every prin-

ciple must be exercised, before it can acquire strength; and, till the individual learns that he is amenable to his conscience, as well as his superior, and has the weight attaching to its decisions impressed on him by the regard others pay to it, there will be no enduring virtue. "Is this a Christian school?" asked Arnold indignantly one day, after he had been speaking of a display of bad feeling, "I cannot remain here if all is to be carried on by constraint and force; if I am to be here as a gaoler, I will resign my office at once." The wisdom of his conduct was apparent in its results. Lying always met with the severest punishment, when discovered; but a boy's assertion was always trusted. Any attempt at further proof was immediately checked; "If you say so, that is quite enough—of course I believe your word;" and there grew up in consequence a general feeling "that it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one."

The whole discipline of the school, again, was made of course subservient to the same end. Flogging he retained for the younger boys, as a punishment fitly answering to the naturally inferior state of boyhood, but it was confined to moral offences, and in all cases he had personally a great aversion to inflicting it. The frequency of his expulsions, while it was a principal means of preserving the purity and efficiency of the school, was so unusual as to bring down on him, from without, the greatest disapprobation. Boys, however, were often rather removed than expelled, no disgrace attaching to their departure. He considered the effect of an individual's remaining, on himself, as well as on the school. Vicious boys, boys banded together in sets, to the harm of themselves or others, over-grown boys, too big to be treated as juniors, too dull to be influenced as seniors—were dismissed. On the other hand also, boys whose character unfitted them for a public school, or who were by any circumstance injuriously affected in a manner they could not be elsewhere—were removed. "It is *not* necessary," he said once, when he had sent away several, and a discontented feeling had arisen, "that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

These were some of the means Arnold employed to enforce religious principles. To secure gentlemanly conduct, he adopted a similar course; in many instances, of necessity, precisely the same.

One great principle which ran through his system was, that he had not to seek performance, but promise. Thus it was intellectual *ability* he tried to develop. The impartation of knowledge was a secondary thing, the means rather than the end. "You come here," he would say, "not to read, but to learn how to read." He endeavoured to awaken the mind of every boy, and therefore generally taught by questioning. He never gave information where he thought it would be undervalued, and so by his reserve, excited the greater desire for it. He would appear to be one of his class, collecting facts, arranging, and then showing how to express them. His principal talent as a scholar consisted in his insight into the structure of sentences and the principles of language; and it was most commonly displayed in his power of extempore translation. He made the classics the foundation of his intellectual discipline, and was the first Englishman who, in our public schools, drew attention to the historical, philosophical, and moral value of philology. Boys of plodding industry were always encouraged; mere cleverness, apart from all good qualities, he never admired. When pupils presented themselves at the University examination, he used to say he was more proud of their efforts than their success. He never wished any to adopt opinions because they were his, but directed each to think for himself. He abhorred the idea of being pope of the school.

These illustrations of Dr. Arnold's practice show how well his theory was applied. Great difficulties impeded him at every step, many inseparable from the constitution of a public school. The responsibility of all changes rested with him; the terms for which he had stipulated with the trustees were either dismissal or perfect independence. Personal discipline, he knew, was requisite for success. But there were many traits beside those already mentioned which added in effort to the *total ensemble* of his character. There was a sternness in his manner that seemed at first forbidding; but no one could be with him without discovering that his sympathy

ran deep, if sometimes hidden. His emotion often broke through every restraint; and his eyes would sometimes fill with tears when he spoke of particular cases. Occasionally in teaching he was betrayed into a hastiness of feeling, but latterly never. "Why do you speak angrily, sir?" said a boy, at whose dulness he had got out of patience; "indeed I am doing the best that I can." Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and say, "I never felt so much ashamed in my life; that look and that speech I have never forgotten." The elasticity of his mind and body gave him great advantage, and he endeavoured to maintain a fresh and vigorous feeling by advancing into new regions of knowledge, and prosecuting his studies with the zest of his college days. It was one of his maxims that the duties of a teacher could not be rightly discharged without the constant progress of self-education. His time was limited, but he believed with Wordsworth,

— They can make who fail to find
Brief leisure e'en in busiest days.

"I write nothing," he significantly complains, "and read barely enough to keep my mind in the state of a running stream, which I think it ought to be if it would form or feed other minds; for it is ill-drinking out of a pond whose stock of water is merely the remains of the long past rains of the winter and spring, evaporating and diminishing with every successive day of drought." Conjoined with private study, in fitting him for the school, were his vacation tours and seasons of complete relaxation, to which he ascribed in a great measure his ability to enjoy vigorous work.

Rugby was the central object of Dr. Arnold's thoughts. That he succeeded in his efforts, and earned for himself a reputation as one of our greatest educators, is beyond dispute. But, while labouring with one especial aim, he was not the less interested in the world without. With his advance into the public position of the Head Mastership came new energies and loftier hopes. His untiring spirit would lead him, at the end of a hard day's work, to his study; and there, with his children playing around him, without one wish for seclusion or quiet, he would begin to write. "I feel as if I could dictate to twenty amanuenses," he once said, and the

had the merit of being the first attempt to illustrate not merely the words, but the principles, and geography and history of a Greek writer. Early in the same year, he published a pamphlet on the "Duty of Conceding the Roman Catholic Claims."

In 1831, he determined himself to take the field: and accordingly established a newspaper, the *English Register*, for which he wrote a number of able articles on the topics most important to the times; but failing to find sufficient sympathy in his endeavour, he was compelled to retire. Deprived of this means of reaching the public, he found another in the *Sheffield Courant*, to which he contributed some powerful letters on "The Social Distress of the Lower Orders." The Liberalism he avowed was founded in his appreciation

embracing the new. Though against Conservatism, he was vitally constructive in his aims which had been neglected and wanted to apply for the regeneration of society.

He had already said and sufficient to excite, at least, against him: wherever he tempest seemed brooding. cessive action brought it ne the close of 1831, he publi another volume of sermons, on the Interpretation of Scr duced chiefly by his desire to bearing of the Bible on mod tions more generally recogn understood. The character o duction will be best gathered extract from a letter written j composition: "I want to wr on the true use of Scripture: it is a direct guide so far fo are circumstanced exactly lik sons to whom it was originally that where the differences there it is a guide by analog so and so was the duty of m nstanced, ergo, so and so i of men circumstanced thus c and thus we shall keep the God's revelation even whil disregarding the letter, whe umstances are totally differ applications of this principle numerous, and embrace, I

Reform." The pamphlet embodied a defence of the national Establishment, a statement of the extreme danger to which it was exposed, and a proposal of means for averting that danger. He unfolded a design for the comprehension of Dissenters, and also suggested many details for an increased efficiency of the Establishment. He advocated a multiplication of bishoprics, the revival of an order of deacons, the use of churches on week-days, and a number of other points then discussed almost for the first time, but which have since received extensively the public sanction. By this avowal of his views, made with the hope of effecting some positive result, he strengthened the feeling of estrangement with which he was generally regarded. Dissenters disapproved of his attachment to a national church; and churchmen condemned his advances to Dissenters. The pamphlet had a rapid and extensive sale; and then came a general explosion of the suspicion that gradually had been engendered against him. At Oxford the most calumniating reports, sometimes even ridiculous from the incredulity they displayed, were circulated respecting him. Everywhere he was denounced; even those who most esteemed him thought him "crochetty"—a reproach which all earnest men have had, and will have, to bear. If he had two necks, he once said, he should be hanged by both sides. Whatever may be thought of the consistency or soundness of his sentiments, one cannot but admire his conduct at this critical period—his calm perseverance, his cheerful discharge of practical duties. While the clamour was still raging, he resumed his "Roman History," and pursued his other studies. In 1835, he completed his *Emphyloides*. Meanwhile, signing with Cowper

I am, yours, most respectfully,

A. H. ARNOLD, M.A.

beyond the reach of rain or sun, he had built a vacation residence in Westmoreland, amidst the firs, and by the gushing Rother, where the society of Wordsworth and Southey helped him to realise more acutely the poetry of the spot. Fox How has been called it, because his favourite totem, the A. spot of beauty during the labours of the last year.

Art and war were great non-entities. The two evils of murder and superstition were the chief objects of his hatred. On the one hand, he abhorred every ap-

proach to priestcraft; on the other, everything like indifference to Christian truth. High Church doctrines he had long regarded as an obstruction in the way of progress; but when, in 1836, the controversy concerning Dr. Hampden's theology began at Oxford, his indignation was awakened, and he penned one of the most vigorous and personal articles he ever wrote, which was inserted in the "Edinburgh Review" under the title, "The Oxford Malignants." It brought the outcry against him to a climax. About the same time he gave also an evidence of his feeling in the opposite direction. He was appointed a Fellow in the Senate of the new University of London; what he wished was to make it a great institution of national education, Christian but not sectarian. When degrees in "art" were made to include poetry, and history, and moral philosophy, and so to encroach on the domain of moral education, he endeavoured to have the Scriptures made a part of the classical examination. "Studies not based on Christianity," said he, "must be unchristian, therefore, I can take no part in them." He partially succeeded in his object, but when the principle was ultimately relinquished, he retired from his position.

In 1838 appeared the first volume of his *Roman History*—a work which he had executed with almost affectionate zeal, and which, if completed, he hoped to make subserve the great Christian aim of his life. The second volume followed in 1840, but the third was published posthumously, bringing the narrative down only to the end of the Second Punic War, but by its able delineations greatly increasing the public estimation of its author.

There were two other favourite projects which, had he carried out, would have resulted in the full expression of himself—of what he was as well as what he thought. He wished to write a Commentary on the New Testament, and a Treatise on Church and State, or Christian Politics. His opinion relative to the identity of Church and State—a great idea in itself—requires further notice. The Church, he held, should be not a subordinate but a sovereign society, and the officers of State, in their vocation, necessarily its ministers; Christianity should be the basis of citizenship; ethics should be regarded as laws. To the same principles which guided him in

his own life, in his own circle, in his government of the school—generalising too hastily—he would have subjected the nation. He allowed that the day was far distant when any rational hope could be entertained of their general adoption; but he was too wise to bow before that popular fallacy which would silence a man in his advocacy even of that which is inherently right, because the “state of the world” destroys the prospect of success. Whatever may be thought of his position, it is clear that the element of coercion would have remained in his system, for the end of the Church, he maintained “was the putting down of moral evil;” but before that coercion could consistently, according to his own principles, be exercised, the majority of the nation must have become Christian; and were that the case, the triumph would have been already, in a great measure, achieved, which he feared would never be, till after the Church had become one with the State.

Arnold's character had stood the test of calumny and opposition. His sincerity had almost won esteem from his foes. He had lost none of his zeal, and had renounced none of his opinions; but a chastened energy and serenity, and a determination to dwell as much as possible on the positive truths with which others agreed, began to distinguish him. In 1839 he published two Sermons on Prophecy, as “a peace-offering.” The disturbances of Chartism, in 1839 and 1840, made him more wishful for the union of all good men; and at this he aimed, though unsuccessfully, in an attempt to organise a Society for collecting information respecting the poorer classes. His letters to the *Herford Reformer* were written at this time, mainly to awaken the higher orders to a true sense of the danger. The fourth volume of his Sermons was also published about this date. It found numerous admirers. Prejudice was fast waning, and many were even disposed to gather round him as their champion. Never was victory more honourably won, or the force of character made more apparent. Fourteen years of Rugby life had gone. The school, that had at one time sunk in numbers, had latterly risen each successive term beyond the limits

which he wished to place. And now, in 1841, came the crowning honour. He was elected Professor of History at Oxford, an office he gladly accepted. On December 2, 1841, he delivered his Inaugural Lecture to an unprecedentedly large audience; and at the end of his Christmas vacation, during the first three weeks of the Lent Term, he gave the first seven of his lectures—an introductory course—with the greatest and most cheering éclat.

His interest in political and ecclesiastical matters was unabated; but a settled melancholy pervaded him when he contemplated their actual state. He attached new importance to a man's individual convictions; and even expressed himself as disposed “to cling, not from choice but from necessity, to the Protestant tendency of laying the whole stress on Christian religion, and adjourning his idea of the Church *sine die*.” One quotation from his diary, commenced a short time before his death, will indicate the intensity of his feeling: “Sunday, June 5.—I have been just looking over a newspaper, one of the most painful and solemn studies in the world, if it be read thoughtfully. So much of sin and so much of suffering in the world as are there displayed, and no one seems able to remedy either. . . . May God give me grace to labour in my generation for the good of my brethren and for His glory.”

The hand that penned these words, in another week was cold. On the following Sunday, the day previous to his 47th birth-day, June 12, 1842, the workman was called to his rest. The subject of the last exercise he had set his boys was “*Domus ultima*,” the last words of the last New Testament lecture were on that passage of St. John: “It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.” On Saturday he retired to bed as usual; looking forward to the associations of the morrow, he had written in his diary: “In one sense, how nearly can I now say, *Vixi*.” A few hours more and all was over; he suddenly fell a victim to disease of the heart. Such men cannot die; they survive in the force of their example.

MADAME ROLAND.

France in the middle of the 18th century presented the startling spectacle of a society, that preserved the forms of a previous period, after it had long lost their substance. It was an age of unrealities. It exhibited the despotic monarch of a great and powerful nation dead to the dignity and duties of his high position, sunk in the most abject sensuality, and surrendering his functions to courtesans and abandoned favourites. The throne was surrounded by a noblesse haughtily claiming the distinctions and privileges of birth, though they had long lost the powers, possessions, wealth, and virtues of their order. An ecclesiastical hierarchy, enjoying vast territorial possessions, pretended to the spiritual dominion of a people, by whom it had long ceased to be regarded as the depository of Divine truth and the delegate of heaven. The *Tiers Etat*, though it possessed the greater proportion of the nation's land, wealth, intelligence, and influence, was without political rights, excluded from any direct share in the government of the country, and had no career for its ambition in state, church, or army, all the higher employments of which were monopolized by the nobility; while its wealth, the product of its industry and enterprise, furnished a revenue for the unchecked disposal of a degraded and profligate court. To complete the picture, the lowest orders of the people, oppressed by an undue weight of the public burdens, were reduced to the lowest point of social misery, and were always on the brink of starvation. Military reverses, disordered finances, and the discontent of an impoverished people perpetually on the verge of insurrection, shed an atmosphere of gloom over the political horizon that portended the not distant approach of a fearful national crisis.

Unfortunately there was nothing in the then state of society in France that could shed the slightest ray of hope for averting the impending disaster. The disease which affected the various members of the body politic had invaded its very vitals. The brain and heart of France were unsound. The very sources of national life were poisoned and corrupt. The religion, philosophy, and

morals of France, instead of exercising a regenerative influence, on the contrary only aggravated her disease and accelerated her dissolution. The dominant religion and the prevailing philosophy were not only mutually antagonistic, but were fatally and radically vicious in themselves. The Roman Catholic theology, discipline, and ritual insulted and repelled the cultivated intellect of the day. The Church, in its speculative and political sympathies, clung tenaciously and blindly to the past with all its exploded errors and bigoted despotism. It frowned on all innovations in science and on every step of popular progress, because the secret of its force necessarily departed with the introduction of knowledge and liberty. While it rigorously insisted without abatement on its insolent pretensions over the belief, the consciences, and the purse of the people, it countenanced, if it did not encourage, the grossest immorality. Practically, purity of life was an inessential ingredient of the Christianity of the priesthood or laity. Their blind adherence to the past, their too prevalent irreligiousness, and the loss of national respect they sustained from both causes, unfitted the priesthood of France to be safe leaders of the country to the desired era of social regeneration.

An equally hopeless prospect was furnished by the philosophy of the age. If the priesthood were distinguished by a fanatical attachment to the past, the philosophers, headed by Voltaire and Rousseau, were animated by an equally fanatical contempt and detestation of it. Commencing their attacks by assailing the religious errors and political abuses of the time, they carried their assaults on to all that was true and lofty in belief, vital in morals, and sound in politics. Nature was deprived of its God, man of his immortality, authority of its prescription. Egotism, baptized reason, was the foundation of the new system of morality—the "rights of man" were the basis of the new theory of government. The new theory of morals secured man the inestimable boon of irresponsibility; the improved political doctrine promised the removal of inequality. This philosophy, which

was welcomed as heaven-sent light to guide its followers out of the darkness and perils of ecclesiastical and social abuses into a Canon of enlightenment and happy freedom, was but an *ignis fatuus*, leading to confusion, anarchy, and bloodshed.

The church's passivity and philosophy actively had a most baneful effect on the state of morals. Vice, undisguised and unblushing, reigned at court. Impiety and licentiousness polluted the church, literature, and the domestic circles. To defy decency was to be fashionable, to submit to its restraints was to incur the imputation of low breeding and rusticity. Female honour was a thing so rare among the aristocratic and wealthy classes, that belief in its existence was scouted as a chimera, and female morals went far to justify the sentiment.

It was at this period, when the political, social, and domestic evils of France were fast culminating to a crisis—when the destructive principles forming and combining beneath the surface were nearly ripe for the hideous explosion which in a few short years ensued—that the subject of the present memoir was born. MADAME ROLAND DE LA PLATRIERE, or Manon Philipon, her maiden name, was born in Paris, Faubourg St. Marceau, in the year 1756. Her father, Gautier Philipon, was an engraver and painter, to which professions he also added the trade of jeweller. He was an artist of moderate ability, but industrious in the pursuit of his art, in which he enjoyed a somewhat considerably extensive practice. He appears to have been an illiterate, pushing, and coarse-minded man, with tastes that but for the unconsciously exercised influence of an admirable wife, might have led him into ruinous irregularities of life. Madame Philipon was a woman who to a superior judgment added great sweetness of temper and fervent piety. From her Manon inherited all her sweetness and depth of character. From her earliest years she exhibited a disposition extremely docile and tractable to affectionate and rational treatment, but a will resolute and unbending, when an attempt was made to sway it by harsh and forcible means. Happily her father, whose temper was apt to suggest the employment of such, had the sense to perceive their inapplicability and to lay them aside.

At the age of four years she was able to read perfectly, an art which she says she acquired without any specific instruction to that end. By her father's care she was taught music, dancing, geography, writing, and drawing. Her mother as carefully had her instructed in religious knowledge and duties. In her company Manon attended regularly all the services of the Roman Catholic church. Her intellect, however, she was herself forming; for, from the time she acquired the power to read, she had an insatiable passion for books. All that ministered to this appetite in her father's house was eagerly devoured by her; and when she had come to the end of the scanty collection, she went through it again. When she had taken up a book she became so absorbed in it, that only the sight of a flower could draw her from her state of abstraction. Her youthful imagination was most deeply impressed by a translation of "Plutarch's Lives." This became her favourite book, and she used to carry it to church with her, bound as a missal.

Endued with a quick apprehension, a serious disposition, and ardent imagination, the ideas she received from her reading took the impress of her own thoughtful and enthusiastic character. The grand historical portraiture of Plutarch caused her to sigh for the form of government which produced the greatest of those personages. Plutarch made her a republican. She says, that at the age of fourteen she shed passionate tears, because she was not born in Sparta or Rome. A similar process took place in her religious feelings. Having arrived at the age of eleven, according to the usage of the Roman Catholic church, she saw the time approaching when she was expected to receive the rite of confirmation and her first communion. With her, creeds were not mere words, nor were rites merely forms. She had not yet reached the sceptical period of life, and she regarded the creed as containing the truth of God, and the ceremonies of the church as his appointments. They were the objects of her unquestioning faith and profound veneration. Penetrated with the awful meaning of the communion, the idea of partaking in its sacred rites without a suitable preparation of spirit seemed to her a profanation from which she shrank with horror. Deeming that even the quiet, secluded,

and innocent life she had led had not furnished her with the opportunity of that preparation, she besought her parents to send her to a convent, that in its sacred precincts and holy discipline her mind might receive the meekness she at present felt that it wanted. To this request, urged with tears and on her knees, her parents at last consented, and she was placed for a year in one of those conventual establishments in Paris the sisters of which have vowed themselves to the work of education. Here the soothing influences of cloistered solitude and the youthful friendships she formed, restored, after a time, tranquillity to her agitated mind. The fervour of her religious feelings continued, however, unabated, for she entertained, some months after she left the convent, a design to devote herself to the conventual life, a purpose which received strength from the sort of reading to which she was at this time attached. Books of devotion, particularly "Francis de Sales" and the Manual of St. Augustine, became the sources of her favourite meditations, and gave the direction we have mentioned to her feelings.

She did not return to her father's house immediately after leaving the convent, but lived for twelve months with her grandmother. On the expiration of this term she returned to her parents, resuming her lessons and her beloved reading. Having no one about her of sufficient culture or mental calibre to direct her serious studies and guide her in her choice of books, her practice was, to copy from the books she had read the titles of all works cited in them, and from this list she got her father to procure her works as she wanted them from the public libraries. The course of literature she traversed between this period and her fifteenth year is remarkable, both for its extent and the nature of the subjects embraced in it. Almost all the standard French writers in poetry, history, travels, metaphysics, and fiction, were read by her. She had no plan nor object in view beyond gratifying the pleasure she found in the development of her intellectual faculties. She found in intense study that vent for the exuberant vitality of her nascent powers, which others seek, at her time of life, in the seductive pleasures of gaiety and dissipation. And yet she was not that

unnatural thing, a mere female book-worm. She omitted no domestic duty, sedulously assisting her mother in her household toils, and acquiring from her all household knowledge and habits. She was also tenderly susceptible of all that is sweet and salutary in family ties and the intercourse of friends.

With this cultivation of her reasoning powers, an inevitable change came over her religious views. The first result of the enlargement of her ideas was the renunciation of all thought of taking the veil. Next, the distinctive doctrines of the Romish Church caused her misgivings. It is the vice of the Catholic Church, that through the senses and its mysteries it works strongly upon the fancy and deepest sensibilities of its votaries at the expense of their understanding. When an intellect that has been under its dominion awakens to a sense of its own strength and dignity, and looks for the grounds of the dogmas it has hitherto accepted with uninquiring faith, it finds that they repose upon nothing better than unsubstantial dialectical subtlety, upheld by imposture and enforced by persecution. It is no wonder, then, that such a mind, indignant at the delusion practised upon it, and no better exponent of Christian truth intervening, in breaking away from such a church abandons also Christianity, the two being identified in its earliest and most cherished associations. Hence the number of concealed infidels in the bosom of the Church of Rome. Her absurdities, sophistries, and impostures drive her children into infidelity; her persecuting spirit makes them hypocrites. The course of Mannon's reading included some works on controversial divinity. To a mind like hers the argument frequently suggested the correlative objection, and frequently the objection had greater force than the argument. Her difficulty was mentioned to her confessor, the Abbé Morel. He was a sensible and good-natured man, though apparently unable to combat her doubts, so he lent her to read Gauchat, Bergier, Abbadie, Holland, Clarke, and other apologetic writers on Christianity. The books were studied with care, and frequently returned with marginal notes from the youthful reader's hand, the conception and style of which perfectly astonished the good father. She slyly says, in relating this incident, that she found in these books

the titles of the works they were designed to refute, which she took care to procure. In this way she read through the works of Voltaire, d'Alembert, Diderot, Raynal, and the most popular treatises of the then French sceptical school of philosophy. The result of this was a complete revolution in her opinions on religion. In the wreck of her faith, however, she clung instinctively and tenaciously to three precious principles: belief in God, the immortality of the soul, and virtue. The atheism, materialism, and degradation of morals inculcated by the above-mentioned writers were utterly incompatible with her deep impressions of the majesty and loveliness of nature, and her enthusiastic idea of the native dignity of man. As the romantic fervour of her temperament had led her to republicanism in politics, and nearly to the convent in her religious feelings, so now it conducted her to stoicism in her new theory of morals. She aimed at realising in her life the grand conceptions of the philosophers of the Porch. She even taught herself to find in insensibility to external pain and pleasure.

While this process of alienation from the church of her childhood was going on, and even when it was far gone, she still continued to the established worship, from a desire to edify her neighbours, and not disquiet her mother. She imparted without reserve her state of mind to her confessor, who, finding his looks and his reasonings insufficient to save her faith, with a *bonhomme* more conspicuous than his consistency, gave her absolution, and allowed her occasionally to approach the holy table. Her example is by no means to be recommended, although she was undoubtedly moved by an entirely amiable motive.

A young lady with large black eyes, rich massive auburn locks, elegant stature, brilliant complexion, features, though irregular in detail, exquisitely expressive, agreeable manners, superior accomplishments and mental attainments, and considerable expectations of property, was not likely to remain without suitors. Numerous were the applications for her hand, but all met with a decisive repulse. It was not that she was averse to pleasing, or that she was insusceptible of the tender emotions, but the offers mostly proceeded from persons either in her father's own rank

of life, or, when that was not the case, from persons possessing no congeniality with her disposition and taste. She felt an invincible repugnance to trade, not from pride, but because of its natural incompatibility with the peculiar cultivation of her intellectual powers. She felt no less aversion to any union in which her heart would have no scope for the exercise of its warm instincts and affections.

At the age of seventeen she experienced a violent attack of small pox, from which, after a severe illness, she recovered, and enjoyed a fortunate immunity from the ravages that disease makes on the beauty of its victims. While she was still confined to her bed, her physician found her one day reading Malebranche. Expressing his disapprobation, she said, "If all your patients amused themselves in something of the same kind, instead of fretting themselves against their malady and the doctor, you would have much less to do." Two years after this, she was deprived of her mother. This event plunged her into an excess of grief, her first distraction from which was the writings of J. J. Rousseau. This extraordinary writer, from whose works flowed nearly all the principles and ideas according to which the French revolutionists essayed to regenerate society, may be said to have given the finishing touch to Mademoiselle Philpon's mental culture. She adopted the system and picture of domestic happiness delineated in the *Nouvelle Héloïse* with the same ardour with which she had drunk republican inspiration from Plutarch.

To Mademoiselle Philpon her mother's death was the commencement of the struggles and troubles of life. Clouds soon gathered over her existence, hitherto so peaceful and happy. Her father, freed from the restraint of his wife's influence, began gradually to neglect his profession and to indulge in irregularities, which materially incapacitated him from its efficient practice. His excesses dimmed his sight and deprived his hand of its steadiness. Consequently, his income diminished, and his property was gradually wasting. The daughter, foreseeing the result of these courses, and anxious to save something to ensure her own and her father's subsistence in the impending wreck, withdrew from his control the

little property she derived from her mother.

At this time some of her friends endeavoured to persuade her to apply her genius and acquirements to literary pursuits; but she always shrank from any undertaking of the kind, from a feeling that a prominent share in public affairs was inconsistent with woman's position and duties. She did, however, compete for a prize proposed by the Academy of Besançon, on the question, "How the character of woman might contribute to the amelioration of man." Her essay was unsuccessful, perhaps because it was too much in the spirit of the gospel according to Jean Jacques Rousseau, since one-half of her essay was occupied with insisting that woman could not be what she ought to be, under the existing state of laws and manners.

While her time was thus divided between domestic cares and anxieties and an unrelaxed attention to her beloved studies, in the year 1775 a letter of introduction from an old convent friend was one day put into her hands. The bearer, who was recommended to her notice in it, was a tall, thin, yellow-complexioned man, of about forty years of age. A partial baldness, a stiffness of attitude, such as a man who lives much in the closet naturally wears, completed his outward appearance. In conversation he displayed simple and easy manners, a union of the politeness of high-breeding to the gravity of a philosopher, a masculine voice, but marked by an apparent difficulty of respiration, a singularly sweet smile, and countenance that passed through the most animated phases of expression when the interest of its owner was excited by anything in what he was saying, or by an agreeable idea presented by another. His remarks, uttered in a rather unharmonious voice, though disagreeable to the ear, seized and delighted the attention from the fulness and substance of their matter. This was M. Roland, Inspector of Manufactures at Amiens, visiting Paris on a commission, and curious to ascertain, on personal inspection, if Mademoiselle Philpon accorded with her friend's representation of her. M. Roland was the youngest son of a noble family living near Lyons. Averse to the career marked out for him by his father—to wit, the church—he set out, at the age

of nineteen, alone and without money, from his father's house. Arriving at Nantes, he decided on going out to India. When his arrangements to this end were completed, he was seized with spitting of blood. Informed by his doctor that the sea would kill him, he was obliged to desist from his original design; and, repairing to Lyons, he was taken under the patronage of a M. Godinet, a relative, and Inspector of Manufactures in that city. By him he was persuaded to enter that department, distinguished himself by his activity and industry, and soon obtained a valuable appointment. Travel and study divided his time and occupied his life. At the time of his introduction to Mademoiselle Philpon he enjoyed the well-merited reputation of an accomplished man, and of irreproachable manners, his only faults being an excessive admiration of the ancients, and fondness for talking of himself.

During M. Roland's stay in Paris, which was eight or nine months, he paid several visits to M. Philpon, and succeeded in impressing his daughter with deep admiration and esteem for his character and talents. His conversation gave her great pleasure. On the other hand, she had evidently acquired an irresistible ascendancy over M. Roland, for on his departure from Paris, as he was on the eve of a long journey into Italy, he confided to her care during his absence his manuscripts. On his return, he repeated his visits, and they were established on terms of the most intimate friendship. At the end of five years M. Roland made an avowal of his sentiments towards her, and a proposition of marriage. Mademoiselle Philpon objected the ruined state of her father's affairs. M. Roland overruled the objection, and finally obtained her permission to write to her father on the subject.

This consent was not seconded by any wish on Mademoiselle Philpon's part for this union. Her feeling for M. Roland did not proceed beyond the deepest esteem for his character and gratitude for the honour done her in his selection. The father disliked the austere principles of the suitor for his daughter's hand, returned a flat and rude refusal, and showed the letter to Mademoiselle. Indignant at this treatment of a most worthy man, after writing to M. Roland entreating him

to desert from his project, she declared to her father her resolution to leave his house and go into a convent. Leaving with him a portion of her property to liquidate the most pressing of his debts, she hired a small apartment at the "Congregation," and there set up her retreat, determined to reduce her wants to her means. There, under "her roof of snow," living on potatoes, rice, haricots cooked with a few grains of salt and some butter, going out only twice a week to pay a visit to her grandmother, and look after her father's linen, she gave herself up to study, defied adversity, and found consolation in the resignation of a philosophical mind, and the peace of a good conscience. M. Roland continued to write to her, and at length, after six months, came to see her. At the sight of the unchanged countenance she bore in the midst of the outward misery of her condition, he was profoundly touched, and renewed with increased earnestness the offer of his hand. After a long and anxious consideration she accepted his offer. United to a most estimable man, who was passionately fond of her, but her senior by nearly twenty years, and, moreover, characterised by a somewhat imperious temper, she devoted herself to the fulfilment of the duties of a marriage to which she had been swayed rather by the dictates of reason than affection. Being debarred from the society of her old acquaintances, by her husband's wish, she often felt the *cease* of her new position, her only relief from which consisted in co-operation with her husband in his studies and literary labours. Society was equally a dread to her, for she confesses that she often sat in company with persons "in regard to whom she could not trust her feelings." She became her husband's secretary and corrector of the press. These labours she at first discharged with humility, not daring to alter a word of his compositions. Her mental superiority soon asserted itself, and M. Roland in time relied upon it to such a degree that she complained he would scarcely think, write, or speak, but by her inspiration.

The first year of their marriage was spent in Paris, the next four at Amiens, where she became a mother. In 1781 she had sufficient interest to get her husband transferred from Amiens to a similar post at Lyons, in the neigh-

bourhood of which his family resided, on the estate of La Platrière, near Villefranche. In this wealthy seat of manufacturing industry, they were accustomed to spend two months of the winter, and the rest of the year at La Platrière. Here, in addition to her share in the literary undertakings of her husband, the care and education of her infant daughter, and botanical studies, into which she entered with all the zeal of her nature, she was charged with the household arrangements of the Château. She found time for all, and besides acquitting herself most admirably in the capacity of a farmer's wife, she became the lady bountiful to the country for miles around. As there was scarcely a wood, mountain, or brook unexplored by her in the country of the Beaujolais, so there was not a peasant's hut she did not visit. She was deeply interested in the lot of the peasantry, and cheerfully devoted her means and her knowledge to the alleviation of their sufferings. She was the doctor of the neighbourhood, and frequently women would come with horses from a distance of three or four leagues to take her to see invalids given up by the medical men. Almost daily the Château-yard presented the spectacle of a number of country people, who had come to beseech Madame Roland's skill, or to present her with baskets of fruit, eggs, &c., as tokens of gratitude, for services already done them. During this period, in 1784 and 1787, she visited England and Switzerland, in company with her husband, and was much struck with the beneficial influence of free institutions on the condition of the lower orders, as compared with her own country. While thus brought into close and sympathising contact with the miseries of the lower orders, the sight of which increased her dissatisfaction with the existing state of society, and gave a stimulus to her aspirations for its regeneration, the exciting events of 1789 burst upon her and awakened hopes of the realization of the brilliant political dreams of her youth. She hailed the Revolution as the introduction of a new and happy era in the career of humanity. Her enthusiasm was communicated to her husband and friends. M. Roland's opinions being expressed without reserve, attracted towards him the dislike of the capitalists, and the popularity of the operatives of Lyons. In 1791 he was

sent as deputy extraordinary to the Constituent Assembly, to lay before it the case of the city of Lyons, then suffering under a heavy municipal debt, and scarcity of employment. The severity of the winter of 1790 had thrown 20,000 persons on the streets of Lyons without the means of subsistence.

They arrived at Paris in February, 1791. In her ardent sympathy with the Revolutionary movement, Madame Roland's first care was to pay a visit to the sittings of the National Assembly. She saw the celebrities of the right and left—Mirabeau towering above them all. It chagrined her to see the superiority, which distinguished manners and the graces of style gave men of aristocratical birth over the men of the people in the Assembly, but she found her consolation in the conviction, that superior enlightenment, talent, and probity would ultimately secure the victory to the latter. For some time before their arrival in Paris, the Rolands had been in correspondence with Brissot, through whom they were brought into immediate contact with the members of the Republican party in the Assembly. This party made no figure in the first Assembly, either by its numbers or talents. It suffered continual desertion, until at length Buzot, Pétion, and Robespierre were nearly all that remained of it. The deputies and other members of this party met twice in the week at Roland's house, to confer on measures to be proposed, supported, or contested in the Assembly. Madame Roland sat apart, busy at her work-table, abstaining scrupulously from any interference, but not allowing the slightest incident or word to escape her. It was a hard task sometimes to maintain the restraint she imposed on herself, and she often longed that she was a man, that a word from her might ripen into action the consultations of men who spent in brilliant, but fruitless talk, the time which should have been devoted to doing.

The most remarkable in after times, among the men who attended these meetings, was Robespierre. This singular compound of fanaticism, dulness, conceit, envy, suspicion, and malice, at this time compassionately patronized, and on one critical occasion protected, by Madame Roland's friends, appeared in this circle silent and reserved, giving no opinion of his own, but carefully noting those pronounced by the others. On

the morrow he would contrive to be first at the tribune in the Assembly, utter the views he had picked up on the previous meeting, and monopolise the credit among the people of initiating popular principles. He contented himself with passing it off as a joke when this trick was pointed out to him—afterwards he hunted the same men to ruin and death, as he did all whose superiority in talent or influence overshadowed his own. While they were in Paris, the important events of the death of Mirabeau, the flight and arrest of the king, took place, and virtually decided the fate of the monarchy.

In September the business on which Roland had been deputed to Paris being terminated, they returned to Villefranche, and exchanged the exciting bustle of public affairs for the peaceful occupations of the country. Roland's office was abolished by one of the last acts of the Constituent Assembly, and having nothing to detain them at Lyons, they returned to Paris in December. They found the Constituent dissolved, the Legislative sitting, and their friend Pétion, mayor of Paris. The party most conspicuous for talent and influence in the new assembly was that of the Gironde, which comprised all Madame Roland's friends. The Revolution was progressing. The Girondists, distrusting the King's relations with the emigrants and foreign powers, strove to push him to a declaration of war against Austria. The King, after fruitless struggles, was at length compelled to form a Girondist ministry. Roland was named Minister of the Interior, and Madame Roland was installed mistress of the splendid official residence once occupied by Calonne. Their elevation produced no change in the simplicity of their habits and mode of life. Roland went to court with his round hat and shoe-ties—etiquette required buckles. The poor Master of the Ceremonies pointed out the fact with undisguised consternation to Dumouriez. "Ah," replied the sarcastic General, "all is lost." Out of the splendid apartments of her residence, Madame Roland selected the smallest, had it furnished with her books, and there spent the principal part of her life, occupied as heretofore in aiding her husband in his labours, particularly the more literary part of them, the education of her daughter, her household cares, and her cherished studies.

She avoided fashionable circles "because she preferred study to play, and was apt to be tired with silly people." If she gave dinners, they were confined to the entertainment of the Ministers and Deputies who supported the administration, whom she thus received twice in the week. As public measures were discussed unreservedly in her presence, she was kept *au courant* in the march of affairs, and likewise had an opportunity of impressing upon them the direction of her own views. The influence she exercised was undoubtedly great. We have mentioned her ascendancy over her husband: it was exercised, likewise, powerfully over the more ardent members of the Girondist party, such as Guadet, Buzot, Louvet, and Barbaroux. All that was sagacious, courageous, and bold in the action of this party, was popularly, and to some extent truly, ascribed to her inspiration and counsel.

The difficulties of the King thickened. The reverses that marked the opening of the war with Austria, the troubles excited in the interior by the refractory priests, led the Assembly to pass two decrees ordering the banishment of the priests and the formation of a camp of 20,000 men to protect Paris. The King declined to sanction them. Roland read his celebrated letter to the King in full Council, and the ministry was dismissed the following day, 12th June. This letter was composed by Madame Roland, and presented by her instigation, and apparently without the concert of her husband's colleagues. It was ably written, and contained truths perhaps necessary to be imparted to the monarch; but its tone was most harsh and ungenerous. The position of the unfortunate Louis, above all his character, demanded sympathy and compassion instead of insult. The ardour, with which Madame Roland espoused her political principles, rendered her insensible to the misfortunes of royalty. This is the more evident, because the step was suggested to her by the softening effect daily communication with the King was working upon the mind of her husband and his colleagues. To counteract this, and terminate her apprehension that her party might persist in confirming the monarchy, she pushed the matter to an extremity that destroyed further prospect of such an alternative. That nothing might be wanting to complete the destruction of the

King's popularity, Roland, before his dismissal was announced to him, appeared at the tribunal of the Assembly, and read this letter amid the applause of the deputies and galleries.

The insurrection of the 10th of August followed, accompanied by the deposition of the King, the imprisonment of the Royal Family, and the decree for a convention to organise a Republican Constitution. The share of Madame Roland in these events is clearly ascertainable by the conspicuous part played in the attack on the Tuileries, on the 10th August, by the Marseillaise, who had come to Paris for this very object, in answer to the requisition of her friend Barbaroux, who wrote to his department for "800 men who knew how to die." The Rolandist Ministry was again reinstated, and Roland continued Minister of the Interior until 22nd January, 1793. But with the events of this memorable day the triumphs of the Girondists were ended. In their efforts to establish an enlightened Republic, they were confronted by a hideous party, who had, up to this time, co-operated with them, who had usurped the executive authority of France, and who were represented even in the new ministry by Danton, the ablest and most energetic of their number. This faction, headed by the fanatic and hypocrite Robespierre, the blood-thirsty Marat, and the daring and unscrupulous Danton—the Mirabeau of the Faubourgs—did not scruple to preach and employ the most atrocious measures to save and consolidate the revolution, and placed the attainment of that end in a system of massacre and terrorism, the parallel to which the world has never before or since witnessed. The terrible massacres of the 2nd and 3rd of September the Convention was alike powerless to avert, arrest, or punish, though it applauded Roland's courageous denunciations of them. The Girondist party lost still more ground by its feeble opposition to the execution of Louis. Roland, after a courageous struggle to restore order to the country and secure obedience to the laws, found his efforts neutralised by the baneful influence of the Jacobin Club, which constituted authority in the struggle, finally in the early

Madame Roland thus returned again into private life, and exchanged the residence of the Minister of the Interior for a small house in the Rue la Harpe. There she could only passively view the wretched condition of her country, invaded by victorious enemies, torn by civil war—all that was eminent for talent, eloquence, and enlightened policy dominated by an unscrupulous faction, which pandered to the fierce thirst of the Parisian populace for blood and plunder, and which she failed to inspire her friends to attempt to repress by any other than the unavailing weapons of eloquence in the Convention. How soon the bitter awakening followed on the delicious dream! A few short months, days even, served to convince her, of the unsuitability of the gospel according to J. J. Rousseau, to her own or any other country. She became, when it was too late, sadly alive to the truth, that the ignorant, ferocious, and corrupt mass of her countrymen were not yet fitted for a Republic.

On the 31st of May, 1793, the exasperation of the populace against the Girondists attained its crisis. The Convention was besieged by an armed force of 40,000 men, who demanded the expulsion and arrest of the twenty-two obnoxious members. Madame Roland, hearing that her husband was to be included in the fated number, courageously traversed the streets, crowded by armed men, made her way to the Assembly, and made an unsuccessful attempt to procure admission to its bar, with the intention of protesting against the decree demanded. On the 2nd June, the decree was launched. Roland, Louvet, Brissot, Buzot, Barbaroux, &c., escaped from Paris, with the design of exciting an insurrection in the departments. Vergniaud, Gensonne, Guadet, and Pétion, and many others remained behind, and suffered the decree to take effect without resistance. On the same day, Madame Roland, who had remained in Paris that she might not compromise her husband's safety by seeking to rejoin him, was also arrested, and gave herself up into the hands of her persecutors with noble indifference. Though separated from her husband, of whose fate she was uncertain, and about to be torn from her only daughter, then only thirteen years of age, she maintained an imperturbable calm, and presence of mind before she came to arrest her. Not a

word escaped her from which her enemies could obtain a clue to her husband's retreat. She was even amused at the ridiculous accuracy with which they put seals upon everything in the apartment, not omitting the piano. In the crowd that waited to see her carried off to the prison, cries of "to the guillotine" were raised. The escort asked if she would have the carriage windows raised. "No, sir," was the reply, "innocence never adopts the attitude of guilt. I fear to face no one, nor will I shrink from the looks of any." She was conveyed to the Abbaye, where the murderous scenes of the night of the 2nd September had been enacted.

With unalterable fortitude and touching serenity, she resigned herself to the circumstances of her present position. Confined in a small, ill-furnished, and dirty apartment, she exerts her womanly ingenuity to render it as pleasant an abode as possible. The table is covered with some clean white linen she had brought with her, and is to serve as a reading and writing table. She procures pens, ink, and paper, Thomson's "Seasons," Shaftesbury's Works, Hume's "History of England," and Sheridan's "English Dictionary;" divides her time between reading these books and the composition of her Memoirs, with the tocsin and the rappel still sounding in her ears, and the streets filled with the cries of the populace demanding her own and her friends' lives. She voluntarily breakfasts on bread and water, dines on a little meat and vegetables, and sups on chocolate; performs with her own hand the duties of making her bed and tidying her room, and bestows the surplus of her prison allowance of money—the proceeds of her economy—on those of her fellow prisoners to whom the deprivation of luxuries and comforts are a less endurable evil than to herself. She also addressed to the Convention and the Minister of the Interior several energetic protests against her arrest, which of course met with no attention.

On the 24th of June, a commissary waited on her to announce her freedom. A fiacre was ordered to convey her to her residence, impatient to see again her beloved daughter. "I left the fiacre with that lightness that has never allowed me to get out of a carriage without a spring; I passed under the doorway like a bird, with a gay remark to

the porter. I had not cleared four steps of the staircase, when my name was called by two men who had somehow followed me. "What do you want?" I asked. "In the name of the law we arrest you." Without being allowed to communicate with any one, she was taken off to the prison of St. Pelagie, where the most abandoned criminals of both sexes were confined. The pretext for this cruel trial of her feelings was that her first arrest was illegal. As if the ruffians in authority had not sufficiently tortured their victim by pretending to set her at liberty, they now consigned her to a miserable cell, where her eye and ear were hourly shocked by the foul obscenities of the wretches by whom she was surrounded. The woman in charge of the female prisoners was a good-natured creature, and compassionating Madame Roland's situation, allowed her to spend the day in her own room. Then she got a piano introduced, and valiantly strove to defy adversity by music, drawing, and the composition of her Memoirs. This work she styled, "An Appeal to an Impartial Posterity." It contains a charming autobiographical fragment, a narrative of her husband's two administrations, and sketches of the most conspicuous members of the Girondist party. The book will never cease to be admired, not only for its striking literary merits, but as a monument of the control this admirable woman could exercise over her feelings at such a trying period. In the most racking uncertainty about her husband—severed from her family and friends—the cause, in which she had embarked such enthusiastic hopes, utterly wrecked—daily hearing of the failure and ruin of her friends—the rage of her persecutors increasing daily—the scaffold looming in the future—depressed by this weight of disasters, her mind escapes from the present, retraces with a buoyant fancy and graceful pen all the innocent reminiscences of her childhood and early life, and reviews the scenes and characters amid which her recent stormy existence had passed, with a truth, distinctness, and brilliancy of touch, that reveal most touchingly her genius and strength of character. The guillotine in the meantime was diligently worked, and was rapidly thinning the ranks of the noble, heroic, and patriotic among the sons and daughters of France. On

the 16th of October, Marie Antoinette was led to the scaffold. Vergniaud and his comrades followed her in a few days. Early in November, Madame Roland was removed to the Conciergerie, the sure prelude of her approaching fate. We will let Riouffe, a fellow prisoner, give a sketch of her appearance and demeanour while there. "Something more than is found in the looks of women, painted itself in those large black eyes of hers, full of expression and sweetness. She spoke to me often at the grate, with the frankness and courage of a great man. We were all attention round her, in a sort of admiration and wonder. Her conversation was serious without being cold, and she expressed herself with a purity, a harmony, and prosody, that made her language like music, of which the ear could never have enough. Sometimes her sex gained the ascendant, and it was evident that she had been weeping at the recollection of her daughter and her husband. This union of natural tenderness and strength rendered her the more interesting. The woman who waited on her told me one day, 'Before you she gathers up all her strength, but in her own room she will sit three hours sometimes, leaning on the window and weeping.' The day on which she passed to the judgment bar, we saw her pass with her usual confidence, and when she returned, her eyes were wet—brutal questions had been put to her affecting her honour, and she had been unable to restrain her tears in the indignant scorn with which she repelled them. She remained eight days at the Conciergerie, where her sweetness had already endeared her to all the prisoners, who mourned her with sincere tears. On this day of her condemnation (November 8) she had clad herself carefully in white, and her long black hair fell down to her girdle. She had chosen this dress as a symbol of the purity of her mind. She returned with a quick step, almost expressive of joy, and lifted her finger to show that she was condemned to death." On the 10th, she was conveyed to the scaffold—the Revolutionary process was quick in all its stages. She was accompanied by one Samarchi, whose dejection she endeavoured to cheer. The sweet and natural gaiety of her efforts infused courage into his fainting heart, and more than once brought a smile upon his lips. When

she arrived at the scaffold, she asked for pen and paper, "to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her," which was refused. Then casting a look at the statue of Liberty that stood facing her, and bowing before it, she exclaimed, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" For Samarchi's sake, she begged she might precede him in death, that she might show him how easy it was to die. Samson, the executioner, objected that it was contrary to the order. "But, you cannot refuse the last request of a lady." Her desire was complied with, and she received the blow of the fatal axe with a courage that won the unwilling admiration and sympathy of the beholders. A few days after Roland, who was living in concealment at Rouen, hearing of his wife's fate, was found dead by the roadside a little distance from Rouen, the body lying at the foot of a tree, a sword by his side, and a paper in his hand, containing an account of his life and administration.

Thus died, with the sweet dignity that adorned her whole life, Madame Roland de la Platrière, in her 39th year. In her a virile intellect and strength of character were combined with woman's softest and most attractive charms. She possessed the large views and sympathies of genius, without detracting in the least from the appropriate instinct and obligations of her sex. While she was enthusiastic in the study of books, nature, and mankind, she neglected none of the amenities and charities of life. If she threw herself eagerly into

the stirring movements of the Revolution, and devoted her genius and energy to that party on whose success she believed the regeneration and happiness of France to depend, she was no less the devoted wife—the careful and affectionate mother—the thoughtful, unwearied, and tender benefactor of the poor. If she was erroneous in her political theory, and in any way contributed by the share she took in the demolition of the ancient institutions of her country to the influx of the fearful disorders and terrorism that immediately ensued, let it be remembered that she lived, thought, felt, and acted in an age of revolution, when the passionate fervour pervading all minds, and the hurry of events, rendered coolness of judgment impossible; let it be remembered that the crimes which marked the commencement of the Republic were regarded by her with the utmost abhorrence, and that they met with their most courageous denouncement from her husband; let it be remembered, above all, that her error was expiated by a death, the sweet, courageous nobleness of which, while it will always command the deep admiration of posterity, will also prove a most affecting warning to the lovers of liberty against its possible excesses. Lastly, while we lament her rejection of the Christian faith, let us be thankful, if we enjoy its inestimable comforts, that we were not placed where our only guide out of error and superstition would have been a philosophy and literature like those of France in the 18th century.

JAMES BARRY.

THE genius of some men is aroused by the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed; their latent powers are developed and brought into activity by necessity, by emulation, by the quickening impulses of other minds, or by a series of trifling and apparently insignificant circumstances, which are yet so potent in their influence, as to awaken mental powers which had been heretofore unsuspected. On the other hand, we have examples of genius developing itself almost with the first dawn of con-

sciousness, asserting its supremacy in spite of all opposition, and rising at length to its rightful heritage without any of those early stimulants and incentives which have assisted the course of more fortunate men.

Among the latter class we must place JAMES BARRY. He was born in Cork, on the 11th October, 1741. His father was a coasting trader, but in very poor circumstances. He designed to employ his son in the same pursuit; but young Barry showed such an aversion to the

occupation, that, on one occasion, he ran away from the ship, and his father allowed him at length to follow his own inclinations, which led him to reading and drawing. The latter pursuit he followed vigorously; and, much to the annoyance of his father, would cover the walls and floor of the cottage with chalk drawings. He even furnished the designs, and, it is believed, etched the engravings for a Book of Fables which an Irish bookseller was bold enough to print.

At school, his habits were altogether different from those of most boys. He was persevering and industrious, but seldom took a part in the amusements of his schoolfellows; and loved far better the retirement of his own room, where he would employ his pencil, or spend his time in study. Sometimes, indeed, to the great alarm of his family, he would pass whole nights in this manner; and his pocket money was expended in the purchase of candles for his midnight toil. He generally slept upon the floor and seldom on his bed; and when he did, would make it as hard as possible; for he seems to have delighted in all self-denying habits. So early did he give himself up to his art, resolved that no difficulties, no privations, no over-concern even for the common necessities of life, should deter him from running the race and winning the crown on which his heart was fixed.

As the boy was poor, and could not purchase many books, he would borrow largely from his friends, making copious extracts and sometimes even copying out a whole volume. His industry must have been very great; and not contented with study alone, he would seek with avidity the society of clever and well-informed men. Barry's mother, it appears, was a zealous Catholic, his father a Protestant; and with the view, probably, of deciding which side of the controversy he should himself take, he appears to have perused a vast quantity of controversial divinity, and became, in the end, a Roman Catholic, in which religion he continued till the close of life.

In the case of Barry, as in the case of so many other men of genius, we cannot but regret that so little is known of the progress by which his powers reached their ultimate perfection. In this stage, at least, we have no clue to guide us, for he preserved none of his

early drawings. All we know is, that, between the ages of 17 and 22, when he went to Dublin, he had attempted several large oil paintings, and that during this period the picture was produced which drew him into notice as an artist, and, above all, gained him the friendship and assistance of Edmund Burke. The subject of this picture related to the first arrival of St. Patrick on the coast of Cashel, and his baptism of the king; the accompanying circumstances of which render the scene very striking and impressive.

The picture was exhibited in Dublin, and young Barry joined with delight the crowd which gathered around it. The interest excited was intense, and "Who is the painter?" passed from mouth to mouth. At length the artist could contain himself no longer, and exclaimed that he had painted it. The listeners were incredulous, for Barry was very young and, probably, shabbily clothed, for he despised dress, and had no regard even for cleanliness. At this moment Burke came forward and congratulated the youthful genius, who, overcome by his emotions, covered his face with his hands, burst into a flood of tears, and rushed from the room.

This picture was afterwards hung in the Irish House of Commons, but was ultimately destroyed by fire. It accomplished, however, all, and more than all, Barry could have expected from it; and if it did not produce much in the way of pecuniary recompense, brought him both fame and friends, which are far better. Indeed so satisfied was he with his success, and the reception which he met with in the capital, that it is believed he never again returned to his native city.

An amusing anecdote is told of an argument between Burke and Barry which took place in one of their early interviews. We give it in the words of Barry's biographer. "In some dispute on the subject of the arts, as grounded upon taste, Mr. Barry quoted an opinion, in direct opposition to Mr. Burke, from an able, though anonymous work, which had then but lately appeared. This work was the celebrated 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' which Mr. Burke, who was playing with the subject and debating for victory, immediately considered as a theoretical romance, of no sufficient merit to be quoted as an authority. Barry, who had been capti-

vated (as every young mind will be) with the style and language, the beautiful illustrations and plausible theory of this essay, and had been at the pains of transcribing it throughout, doubly incensed at the injustice done to the work, and the unintended slight on his own judgment, fell into a rage in its defence, which Mr. Burke thought necessary, and was ready enough, probably, to appease by confessing himself the author. This ended in Barry's running to embrace him, and showing him the copy, which he had been at the pains to transcribe." While at Dublin, too, an anecdote is related, which gives us no small insight into the character of the man. He had been several times led by some boon companions to a tavern, and had, doubtless, while there, indulged somewhat freely. Returning one evening to his apartments, he was struck with the folly of his course, and at once threw into the Liffey all the money which he possessed. The eccentricities of men of genius form an interesting and significant chapter in the history of human nature. Among these, a disregard and even contempt for money, occupies a very prominent position. After the residence of a few months in Dublin, Barry, at the age of 23, accompanied some of Burke's family to London, where he was at once recommended and encouraged by his patron, and had every assistance afforded to him in the pursuit of his profession. He gained employment, too, which if it was not of a nature to satisfy his ambition, must at any rate have "put money in his purse." This was the copying in oil, drawings by Mr. Stewart, a man of no small note at that time, who had published a work on Athens, and who was well versed in most matters connected with art or literature.

In 1763, through the noble generosity of Edmund and Richard Burke, who defrayed all his expenses, Barry left England for a Continental tour, and remained five years abroad. The only knowledge which we can gain of him during this period is derived from his letters and from the wise replies of Edmund Burke, which often afford us a glimpse of the artist's disposition and mode of life.

And now, when the whole course of that life is before us, it is impossible not to regret that his advice was not followed, and that his suggestions were

unheeded — that instead of making friends, Barry lost them; and that with the fairest prospect of success which genius or circumstances could hold out to him, he lived an unhappy and poverty-stricken life, and died without receiving the homage due to such powers, or the regard which should have been still more valuable, but which he had done little to retain. With regard to his profession, Burke advises him to draw with greater correctness, to give more attention to details, to overcome all false delicacy, and to go through a full course of anatomy, and not to despise portrait painting, as many things in the human face would escape him if he did; and all this advice Barry received in a friendly manner, though he did not to any great extent act upon it. But the counsel with respect to his conduct towards those with whom he came in contact, to his eccentricities, and to the acrimony of his temper, appears to have been given in vain, for Barry quarrelled with the artists at Rome, as he afterwards quarrelled with the members of the Royal Academy. The good sense which animates these letters from Burke may nevertheless be useful to others, and we must be permitted to make one valuable quotation from them:—

"Believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us."

And then, alluding to Barry's natural disposition, he prophesies, and most correctly, on the path he would pursue, and the way in which he would be treated on his return to England.

"You will come here—you will observe what the artists are doing, and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised;

you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you. Expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren, they will shun you. In the mean time, gentlemen will avoid your friendship for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses, which will only aggravate your disposition for farther quarrels; you will be obliged, for maintenance, to do anything for anybody; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined."

Barry remained abroad five years, spending the greater portion of the time at Rome. With the quick aptitude of genius, he appears to have acquired during this period a great knowledge and appreciation of ancient art, and a power of execution which amply compensated him for all the labour of the process. His passionate enthusiasm for his art increased with the study of it, and his letters to the Burkes and other friends in England prove with what earnestness and devotion he pursued his noble toil.

So must it ever be. He who would rise in any pursuit to a high and permanent position—he who would leave behind him a name which the "world will not willingly let die"—will not rest satisfied with the consciousness or partial exercise of his genius, but will persevere bravely from day to day and from year to year, satisfied with no result which does not point to a higher perfection, and counting rather on the verdict of posterity than on the more immediate applause of the public.

In 1771 we find Barry in England again. He was not long before he produced two of his great pictures—"Venus," which his biographer with extravagant praise places on a level with the "Venus de Medici," and "Jupiter and Juno." His next choice was the death of General Wolfe; but this subject proved a failure, for Barry had a great aversion to all modern costumes, and was not likely to succeed in a painting in which they were necessarily prominent. His dislike to portrait painting probably arose from the same cause; and instead of raising himself through this means to a respectable worldly position, he was contented to be poor rather than gain wealth by what he

would have considered the degradation of his powers.

Of two beautiful pictures which Barry produced about this time, the subject of one was suggested by Burke. The subject which the artist had chosen was, Mercury inventing the lyre, by accidentally finding a tortoise-shell at break of day on the sea-shore.

"Ay," said the philosopher, "that is the fruit of early rising—there is the industrious boy! I will give you a companion for it. Paint Narcissus wasting his day in looking at himself in a fountain—there is the idle boy!"

About the year 1773 a proposal which was made to adorn with paintings the interior of St. Paul's, roused Barry's hopes and stimulated his ambition; together with Reynolds, West, and some others, he was one of the artists fixed upon; but as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London could not be brought to yield their consent, much to Barry's vexation, the affair was broken off. In the following year another project of a like nature, though not so grand in its design, also fell to the ground. This was to adorn "the great room of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Adelphi, with historical and allegorical paintings." It was rejected by the artists themselves.

In 1775, Barry published his "Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisitions of the Arts in England." The object of this treatise was to vindicate the genius of his country from the aspersions of Montesquieu and Du Bos, who had endeavoured to prove that our cold and fickle climate must of necessity produce genius of a lower order than the more genial and sunny climes of France and Italy. And remarking on various obstacles which have opposed the spread of the fine arts in England, he proceeds to show that no inherent defect in the English mind has been the cause of our comparative inferiority, since in poetry, which has not been subject to restrictions, we have equalled, if not surpassed, any ancient or modern nation. If Barry's knowledge of our poets had been more extensive and his taste for poetry more exquisite, he might have written a very interesting chapter on this topic, but after a slight mention of Shakspeare, he takes his illustrations from Milton alone, without dwelling on

Chaucer, Spenser, or the Elizabethan dramatists. But those truly great poets were little read and less appreciated in Barry's day, and his own studies and predilections would not have given him much acquaintance with them.

Having published his treatise, Barry was naturally anxious to prove to the world what an English artist could do, and now, after the lapse of three years since the proposal we have before mentioned, to adorn the great room of the Society of Arts, he offered to undertake the whole work himself, provided that he was allowed his own choice of subjects. This wonderfully generous offer, "perhaps unequalled," says his biographer, "in the whole history of painting," came from a man utterly poor and dependent, without any means of support beyond what his own labours might procure him, from one who, when he commenced the undertaking, had not a single pound in his possession!

Surely, in after years, when the feud between Barry and the members of the Royal Academy was so violent, they would have done well to remember this noble act, and to forgive the faults of one whose heroism was so lofty. They would have done well to remember, too, that though irritable and impetuous, he was not unrelenting, and that all his jealousy and ill-will ceased for ever when the object of it was no more.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died, whose fame had excited many envious feelings in his rival, Barry rushed to the Academy, and pronounced an eloquent eulogium on that great genius, and when from Sir Joshua's near relations he received his painting-chair, in token of gratitude, he poured forth his warmest thanks for the "inestimable favour conferred on him," and said, that, "Although its present possessor may not be enabled to grace it with any new ornament, yet it can surely count upon finding a most affectionate reverential conservator, whilst God shall permit it to remain under his care."

Alas! when Barry died, none of "the milk of human kindness" was shown by the Royal Academicians, and not one of them followed his body to the grave!

After painting gratuitously all day for the Society, Barry was compelled to devote the evenings, and often the greater part of the night, in sketching or engraving for the printers, for

only by these means could he gain a subsistence. He had calculated that the work would occupy him for two years, instead of which it cost him seven. The members of the Society are said to have conducted themselves generously towards him, in granting him during that period two exhibitions, the sum of 250 guineas, their gold medal, and a seat among them. When we recollect, however, the length of time he was employed, so much longer than he had anticipated, and that from the first they had engaged to supply the artist with materials, and to afford him all needful assistance in the prosecution of his labours, their liberality becomes very questionable, and scarcely worthy of mention. After one of the exhibitions Barry received an anonymous but invaluable criticism on his works, which there is no doubt proceeded from the pen of Burke, and which all young artists would do well to study. His remarks on portrait painting, and on false notions of the sublime, are especially noteworthy.

But Burke was not the only illustrious man who expressed a favourable opinion of these pictures. Mr. Townley said, "that they were certainly composed on the principle of the great *chef d'œuvres* of painting." Jonas Hanway, in quitting the room, significantly demanded his shilling back, and put a guinea in the place of it, and Dr. Johnson, in his usually dogmatic style, said, "Whatever the hand may have done, the mind has done its part. There is a grasp of mind there, which you will find nowhere else."

In 1782, Barry was elected Professor of Painting, for which he received the salary of £30 a year. His prints appear to have aided his finances considerably, for, in 1792, he deposited £700 in the funds, and on the whole he received £60 as yearly interest. But to a man of his frugality and independent habits this was to be "passing rich," and when he was deprived of his Professorship, he still gained forty or fifty pounds a year by the sale of his prints.

Poor as he was, however, he did not escape burglars, and, on one occasion, lost a considerable amount, which was generously repaired by the Earl of Radnor.

There is an amusing story told of Barry's housekeeping and mode of living, which may be inserted here.

He had invited Burke to dine with him, who came at the hour appointed, and was ushered into an apartment which served the mongrel purposes of kitchen, parlour, studio, and gallery. The room was full of smoke, the pictures covered with dust, which Barry was obliged to remove with a sponge before his friend could see them. In his bed-room, and above his bed on a broad shelf, was his ladder, which had been placed there to avoid the attacks of the rats, and the whole house appeared in the utmost confusion. When the dinner hour arrived, Barry forgot that he had invited Burke to partake of the meal with him; but on receiving a hint, he told the philosopher to blow the fire, ran across the road, and quickly returned with a steak rolled up in cabbage leaves, a quantity of potatoes, two bottles of port, and a French roll. Undoubtedly Burke had often been at less amusing and less savoury dinners.

Barry's projects were always on an extensive scale, and he now proposed painting some pictures illustrative of the progress of theology; and on designs or etchings in connection with these he appears to have been engaged till the period of his death. He also wrote his "Letter to the Dilettanti Society," which led to his expulsion from the Royal Academy in 1793. In the year 1802, the Earl of Buchan, who regretted that so much of Barry's time should be wasted on etchings and engravings, urged the members of the Society of Arts to set on foot some plan of subscription in his favour. For two years the design lay dormant, but at length it was entertained with some spirit, and the sum of £1,000 having been collected, an annuity was purchased for his life. But the wishes of his friends were frustrated, for Barry did not live long to enjoy his pension. On the 6th February, 1806, he was seized with an inflammatory fever, and was conveyed to his own house; but the key-hole having been plugged by some mischievous boys in the neighbourhood, who, it appears, had before annoyed the artist in this manner, he was conveyed to the home of one of his friends, who provided a bed-room for him in an adjoining house, where he desired to be left alone, and locked himself up for forty hours.

"What took place," says his bio-

grapher, "in the meantime, he himself could give but little account of, as he represented himself to be delirious, and only recollected his being tortured with a burning pain in the side, and with difficulty of breathing. In this short time was the death-blow given, which, by the prompt and timely aid of copious bleedings, might have been averted. . . . In the afternoon of Saturday, the 8th, he rose and crawled forth to relate his complaint to the writer of this account. He was pale, breathless, and tottering, as he entered the room, with a dull pain in his side, a cough short and incessant, and a pulse quick and feeble. He related that his friend Bonomi had caused an arrangement to be made for receiving him in his house, and stated with great emotion the satisfaction he expected from the kind attention of Mrs. Bonomi, who would supply him with those necessary aids which sickness required, and of which he must have been deprived had he been under his own roof, destitute as he was of a servant, and the common conveniences of bed-linen. He was recommended to return immediately to those friends, as being more fit for his bed than for making visits." Barry did so, but their kind care and all needful remedies proved unavailing, and he died on the 22nd of February.

Barry's great genius is not denied even by those who speak slightly of his works. His ambition was boundless, his imagination lofty, his designs grand and imposing. But he possessed more power than taste, and his execution did not generally do full justice to his conceptions.

As a painter, he deserves the highest praise for the noble idea he had formed of his own art. He painted nothing without a moral purpose. In the desire to benefit his country, and add to its glory, he despised all the common enjoyments and necessities of life, and if the "last infirmity of noble minds" were his most urgent incentive, he never condescended to any meretricious arts in order to obtain fame. "Whoever is resolved to excel in painting," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "or indeed in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment he rises till he goes to bed." This unity of purpose is the marked feature of Barry's life. He loved his art perhaps "not wisely, but too well."

He was its devoted champion, and for its sake lost oftentimes both his temper and friends. For its sake he wooed poverty and contempt, and consented

to undergo innumerable hardships and unceasing labour. Peace be with him! and gently let us draw the veil over his frailties.
J. D.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

PAISLEY is more celebrated for its shawl fabrics, and the skill of its weavers, than for the success of its population in literary pursuits; and yet it has been the birthplace of celebrated men in literature and science. The formation of railways has almost destroyed its independent existence, and transformed it into a large suburb of Glasgow, with a few intervening green fields, through which the traveller is hurried in fifteen or twenty minutes; but at a former period, not yet far remote, Paisley rivalled Glasgow in its ecclesiastical celebrity, in its manufactures and population; while its more patriotic inhabitants still recal with pride its contributions to the ranks of illustrious men. Among them none stood higher than the late Professor WILSON, better known as the editor of "Blackwood's Magazine" than for his more congenial position of Lecturer on Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He was the eldest son of Mr. Wilson, a rich manufacturer of the last century, in Paisley. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Sym, a wealthy Glasgow merchant, who once ranked in the first class of the "Golden Acre," a title conferred upon a district of Glasgow, near the Old Exchange, after its leading merchants abandoned the Saltmarket. The Golden Acre was considered safe by distant houses, and travellers from England were instructed to cultivate its furrows carefully; and be less assiduous on the more meagre soil out of its boundaries. We have heard a Glasgow merchant say, that, in his youth, he once, upon a single day, in the absence of his employer, transacted business for him in sales to the amount of £120; which was deemed the best day's work on the Golden Acre to that date. The house, of which that gentleman is now the head, compounds, we have heard, with the Income Tax Com-

missioners, for £100 per day, as its profits; but the Golden Acre, like the Golden Age, is now traditional; and trade, with its wealth, has moved to the west.

Few are the links that bind us to the far and partially forgotten past. The direct ancestors of any man would form only a small dinner party. They could all be comfortably accommodated in an ordinary drawing-room. Mr. Sym, the grandfather of Professor Wilson, might have very readily served his apprenticeship to the celebrated Baillie Nicol Jarvie, if that gentleman had been a *bonâ fide* trader in the Saltmarket, or a resident in the Goose-dubs; and yet the Glasgow merchant's grandson has died in what Lord Brougham would consider the prime of life; he was not an octogenarian—he had not even completed threescore years and ten.

Professor Wilson was born on the 19th of May, 1785; and he died on the 3rd of April last, without completing his 69th year. His father had been a successful man. A pleasant home was that large old house of his in Paisley, with its great garden, red and white with flowers in spring and summer; and so rich in autumn's fruits, that it ever lived in the memory of Christopher North, even after he had improved and planted at Elleray, until he could devise no new reform. John was the eldest of five children, three sons and two daughters. His brother, Robert, continued in business, and is the present manager of the Royal Bank of Scotland, in Edinburgh. James, the third brother, addicted himself to scientific pursuits, and especially to natural history. One of the sisters married Mr. Ferrier, who, we believe, was a minister, and was subsequently connected with the University of St. Andrews, of which their son is now one of the professors. The other sister married

Sir John Macnair, who was long ambassador from this country to the Court of Persia. The circumstances of the family were far over the average of this, sometimes sad life, in the materials of happiness. With one exception, Lady Macnair, they were never far or long separated. Their position in the world began and continued in high respectability. And yet we have read passages by the eldest brother, written in a poetic mood, which might have suitably described the family party in Mrs. Hemans' "Graves of a Household," but had little real connexion with his own experience; for poets construct sorrows when they are not supplied with sufficiently abundant materials in the world.

John Wilson acquired the rudiments of knowledge during his residence at the Manse of Mearns, three or four miles from Paisley, on the Glasgow road. He was not a persevering student in those days, except on the topics that suggested themselves to his own mind; and they comprehended the natural history of "burn-trout;" and the manners and customs of the surrounding peasantry. But he was able to acquire the requisite classical knowledge, in the leisure hours, stolen by authority, from his favourite pursuits; and, apparently in the year 1800, he removed to Glasgow University, where, it is said, he studied for five years; and he was then sent to Oxford, entering at Magdalen College as a "gentleman commoner."

We may presume, as very few young Scotchmen study in Oxford, and the step was quite unusual in the family of a West Country Presbyterian, that high hopes were formed by the Glasgow Professors of their student's classical powers. The Chairs of Glasgow University were more than respectably occupied at that time; and young Englishmen of high standing studied some departments there, as the best school of the day. John Wilson did not appear to work hard. He made numerous excursions on the Cart and the Clyde; and was deemed proficient in the "gentle art." In these wanderings he collected a large fund of anecdotal learning; employed afterwards in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," with even more zest than his classics. He sought out, indeed, the classical ground of Scotland. He had been born and educated on the borders of Elderslie.

Bothwell was only a morning's walk from that High-street, which once had been a battle-field. All the western parishes had their localities celebrated for some great struggle of might to overcome right; and the student became versed in all that description of learning. The fame and name of Burns were widely spread in the west at that time, and may have well incited the admiration and rivalry of the young man, who, in after life, was to write the ablest eulogy and vindication ever published of the Peasant Poet's life and works. The student's years at Glasgow were thus lightened by recreations that subsequently formed material for his more characteristic writings.

At Oxford he pursued a different course. Fifty years ago, three days' journey separated the banks of Cart from those of the Thames. The influence of the Paisley manufacturer over his student son was thus greatly impaired; and the exuberant cheerfulness of Wilson's nature found scope among the gentlemen of the southern university. He mixed in strange company. In the full vigour of youth, he possessed great physical powers; and was, probably, the strongest man in Oxford. He was the champion of the University in pugilistic rencontres; while he was, probably, the best-tempered man, at that time, in its colleges. He shone conspicuous in all athletic and aquatic exercises; found pleasure in the company of all classes, some of them neither pleasurable nor profitable in themselves; and yet preserved the esteem of his Professors and the University authorities, by keeping up his Greek well; while they were too easily satisfied with that qualification.

Strange stories have always been told of his Oxford life. He had a very adequate allowance even for its expenses, and it has been supposed that he accumulated no debts. The point is rather doubtful; for popularity with the sporting classes, in a University town, can only be secured by the wealthy; and the young Scotsman had none of his countrymen's proverbial anxiety to become richer. The death of his father during the term of his residence at Oxford left him rich, and uncontrolled to follow the guidings of his own wayward will. He always associated with the humbler classes, as opportunities were supplied to him; and he could

construct opportunities. He could afford to be eccentric, and he was a pleasant companion. His intersessional months were not passed at home; and he did not require much preparation for the coming winter. One vacation, according to a common version, enlightened him practically on life among the gipsies. His dramatic experience is supposed to have been acquired during another with a company of wandering players. His salary, we have no doubt, did not meet his expenses in these excursions. And yet this wandering youth, the champion of ring, of river, and the cricket ground, gained a similar position in his college. He won the Newdegate prize for classical poetry, and then contemplated a voyage to Africa or Asia, to discover something new, or to enjoy Eastern life; but he visited the lake country of England, was fascinated by its scenery, pleased with its literary coteries, anxious to be deemed a poet, and lead a poet's life; with the eccentricities of Byron; and substituting for his misanthropy a profound benevolence and generosity towards all mankind; wild often in the outbreaks of a joyous nature, but never, we believe, systematically and wilfully wicked in the Byronic meaning of the adjective.

In 1808, in his 23rd or 24th year, he became, by his father's will, master of his own fortune; and he was captivated by a beautiful although a small property in the vicinity of Windermere. He purchased it, and becoming the proprietor of Elleray, acquired also a somewhat graver character; although even there he gathered around him a circle of guests, whose amusements were far out of the ordinary course, and utterly astonished the staid peasantry of the lakes.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, and De Quincey were among his lake friends, but he found other attractions, and early in life he married an English lady. Mrs. Wilson acquired more influence over him than any other person ever possessed. The early years of his married life at Elleray, were ever treasured in his memory, as among his richest remembrances. Life indeed with him long passed lightly, but subsequent years, happy as they were, brought engagements and toils unknown then. He wrote poetry for his amusement solely. The printer's boy was not wait-

ing for his verses. He had no fear of incurring sorrow and trouble to the publishers, and his manuscripts did not increase rapidly. He is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in 1812, as a young gentleman of great genius, but of eccentric habits; who had written one poem that gratified "the great magician," and was engaged on "The Isle of Palms." The erection of Elleray house, and some pecuniary losses, brought him to Edinburgh, where he studied law, in 1814, in order to pass to the bar. His intentions do not appear to have been at the time very clear. Many young gentlemen pass as advocates in Scotland, who have no desire to practise. Certainly Mr. Wilson never had any cases to plead, and at no period was he a frequenter of the Parliament House. A more congenial occupation was opened for him in 1816, by Mr. Blackwood, the publisher; and he became the guiding star of the Magazine, destined to lead an arduous and long struggle for "the defence of existing institutions;" and to exert a commanding influence on the literature of the age.

The Whig party in Edinburgh were then peculiarly strong in talent, if they were weak in numbers. Jeffrey, Brougham, Cockburn, and Sydney Smith were not the only stays of their political creed; and if the young Tory periodical exhibited a rather fierce and vindictive spirit, it had to deal with antagonists who fully repaid its assaults. The work was severe, for Mr. Wilson had to construct a new school of writers, and his admirable success in this labour animated his party; and established as a property of great value a publication which was considered a hazardous, or rather a wild, venture.

The regular demands upon his time had not, however, smoothed his life into an even current. He had nights, and even days and nights, with Campbell. And he had no difficulty in gathering, at Edinburgh—around, not so frequently his own board, as others of a more public character—a circle richer in genius than in prudence. Thus we find that when he was a candidate for the Chair of Modern Philosophy in 1820, Sir Walter Scott wrote to Mr. Lockhart, then certainly not a young man, very sage instructions for "their" candidate. He was advised "to live cleanly, as a gentleman ought to do," and "to leave off sack." "Our present views

are made the whips to scourge us," was quoted from Shakspeare against him. His friend was told that unless he reformed "his present ambition would be compared to that of Sir Terry O'Eag, when he wished to become a judge." But to reform was offered the grand reward of becoming "the first man of the age." He never became "the first man," but he did become Professor of Moral Philosophy, without any change in his liens or in more important affairs. Perhaps it would be now unwise to criticise the appointment; or to examine its causes too closely. From whatever influences it originated, the result was admirable; and for many past years no man in Edinburgh would have cancelled it by his vote, if that could have been accomplished. Mr. Wilson had arrived at a time of life, before his election, when Sir Walter Scott's advice might have been considered unnecessary, for he was then in his 36th year; but the dignity and the duties of his professorship, combined with his success, and other reasons to mellow down his character; and to render him suitable in every respect for the Chair of Moral Philosophy.

Thirty-one years of assiduous labour stood then between him and death: thirty-one years of a brilliant intellectual life, and two years of comparative gloom and mental weakness. This long period was not one invariable range of happiness; yet his life was very happy; although dark clouds cross the brightest sky. Edinburgh and Elleraï divided his life very regularly for many years; but Elleraï in time lost its chief attraction. The death of his gentle and good wife was the darkest sorrow ever felt by the Professor. It did not change so much the outward man, known to his class or to his readers; but the inner circle of his domestic life was ever after comparatively cheerless. Mrs. Wilson was much attached to Elleraï. It brought her back again to her old English home. She was fond of its flowers and trees, and they were carefully kept; but when she came no more with the early summer to watch over them, no farther change was permitted. The shrubs and trees grew wild. Nobody was allowed to alter even the direction of a branch; until the garden resembled that of Tennyson's "Grange," or Hood's "Haunted House;" and then the dark

and dismal Elleraï became too gloomy for endurance, and was sold.

Whatever adventures flickered above the common life of Wilson in earlier youth, his manhood passed without many occurrences to animate his history. His works were published, his path was defined, and he walked steadily therein. He was pleased with his lot; and having once attained a particular position in literature and the world, he lost no strength in struggles to elevate himself farther. The peculiar studies of his chair may have taught him this philosophy. But very few persons fall so easily into those circumstances which gratify them. He was the centre of a political school, able, if not acute, or men of enlarged views. He prized more his place in the heart of a literary circle which embraced brilliant and profound thinkers. He led the studies, in an important department, of those young men to whom, in one respect, the cause of morals and philosophy in his country was to be committed. He was surrounded by many friends; and it seemed that he desired no farther greatness.

Professor Wilson did not "die rich;" although he enjoyed a large income for many years. His original patrimony is said to have been equal to £30,000; and, if it had been carefully invested, would have produced £1,500 per annum; for money in the war years was worth five per cent., even upon choice securities. His income from "Blackwood's Magazine" was probably £600 to £900 per annum; while his literary works yielded him a small return. The endowment of the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University is only £150 per annum; but the sessional fee is £3 3s., and the attendance must have been 250 to 300 students. We might fairly assume that his property was worth £1,000 per annum, his literary labours another £1,000, and professional income equal to a third £1,000; making £3,000 annually; but he had losses early in life, though they were probably balanced by his wife's fortune. Life in Edinburgh is expensive in certain circles, and Professor Wilson incurred for a long period the cost of two establishments; one in Edinburgh, and another at his small estate in the lake country. His Westmoreland mansion, with its appurtenances of yachts, and their consequences, aquatic dinners, displays and excursions, made

a costly, and what was worse for a literary man, a bustling and noisy residence for many summers; but he was one of the lake school, the friend of Southey and Coleridge, and the neighbour of Wordsworth. There he formed his acquaintance with De Quincey; and, familiar with all the Westmoreland notabilities, he was second to none of them in his influence upon the literature of his country in this age.

With the "value of money," in the mercantile meaning of the phrase, he had formed no acquaintance; while, if his expenditure was profuse, his habits were generous. A difference occurred between him and Mr. De Quincey, who was a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine" some eighteen years ago. This misunderstanding, although the Opium Eater is a kind-hearted man, may have readily originated and ripened into a literary quarrel, still leaving Professor Wilson perfectly innocent. The particulars, in the opinion of some private friends, were rather against the Opium Eater, although certainly not in his own estimate, for he would not wilfully give pain to any person, and still less to an attached and old friend. Mr. De Quincey made no secret of his address, and therefore we may say that he was then resident within the precincts of Holyrood. Although a man of property, his financial affairs had fallen into disorder, and, long after the cause had ceased, a mysterious feeling of gratitude to the Abbey induced him to prefer its inhabited circle, for, close and disagreeable as it appears, it possesses some fine old gardens, and its walks in the park, on the crags, or the mountain that overlooks Edinburgh, are abundantly pleasant. He was still residing there, and his difference with Wilson was yet green, when he suffered a sad domestic calamity. At that time the Professor called upon a friend of Mr. De Quincey's, and put a sum of money into his hands for his use, upon the simple condition that he should never know the source from which it proceeded. The injunction was strictly observed, and the name of the Professor was never mentioned. The assistance could only have been useful from carelessness in pecuniary affairs, for the Opium Eater was a gentleman of considerable means, and free and open to all who needed or seemed to require or sought assistance in their distribution. One can readily suppose

that both these men, so extremely dissimilar in their physical characteristics and in their general habits, were often objects of successful imposition and victims of a marvellous credulity. We readily believe that the property of the late Professor Wilson was greatly infringed upon and reduced by many circumstances, resembling in their termination that which we have narrated. He formed an extensive acquaintance among literary men, who, as a class, were thirty years since more extravagant and improvident than now; and he was actuated by extremely generous sentiments, likely to cause extraordinary disbursements, for which he had no credit with the world in the published subscription lists of the times.

He assails in bitter language, in his essay on the genius and character of Burns, that parsimony which characterised the world in its dealings with the poet. Contempt for the patronage bestowed on the peasant-bard runs through all the sentences of this most eloquent pleading for a poet's weaknesses, from that grand comparison of Burns and Johnson which occupies two large octavo pages, downwards to the sentence of three words, "But a gauger." He vindicates, however, the "gaugership" attained "by the unexampled exertions of Grahame of Fintry." He could use this language with propriety, for no man acted with greater kindness to others in circumstances bearing a very distant resemblance to those of the Ayrshire poet. "Coleridge," he says, "lived to know that the great ones of his own land could be as heartless in his own case as the 'Scotch nobility' in that of Burns, for whose brows his youthful genius wove a wreath of scorn." The sentence reminds us that Coleridge had one true friend; and if Robert Burns had lived a little later in the world, and met John Wilson instead of George Thomson when he went to Edinburgh, we can readily picture out a wide difference in his lot. But Thomson at the time was poor, and Wilson was a little boy at the Manse of Mearns, who was to die a poorer man than he might have been, because from his means he ventured to redress such wrongs as Burns experienced.

He adopted the views of the extreme Tory party in politics at an early period of his life, although he sprung from

the manufacturing classes in the radical town of Paisley ; where, however, among the more extensive manufacturers, his party have always been strong. It might be an interesting exercise to trace the mental processes which led him, an independent man, with ample prospects, a benevolent heart, and a vigorous intellect, to defend many practices which evidently required reform ; but it does not absolutely come within our purpose. He became an enthusiastic Tory, and was for many years the centre and the literary chief of that party in the North. At Glasgow University he might have mingled with students from either of the two great parties in politics ; but at Oxford he probably had little choice. When he left the university and joined the lake coterie, he was gradually confirmed in his opinions. The friendship of Sir Walter Scott, and the assistance afforded to Mr. Wilson in the election of a professor to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh undoubtedly influenced a mind peculiarly susceptible to kindness. The country had also come successfully out of a great struggle, in which the Whig party had, more or less vigorously as occasions arose, opposed the policy of the nation ; and patriotism was a ruling passion in the breast of Christopher North. Then "Blackwood's Magazine" early occupied the leading place in Northern Tory literature, and has ever since guided its party through all their changes. Professor Wilson became at once its chief contributor, and subsequently its editor. As a politician he was greatly distinguished by the consistency of his opinions and the vigour of his style. Invectives and sarcasms were hurled against innovators with a hearty hatred, that sprung on his part from a thorough detestation and dread of changes leading to "results unknown." Although he fought a losing battle, yet his spirit in the combat never flagged. Old defences fell and old friends fled, but "crusty Christopher" was ever ready to entrench himself within the contracted lines of the fortification, and maintain the integrity of the territory still saved from the advancing foe.

The repeal of the Test and Corporation Act was the first grand defeat of his party, followed rapidly by the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill ; and both of these measures were carried by their

former opponents. But "Blackwood's Magazine" stood like a rock immovable in the changing current. The official power attained by the Whigs, the Reform Bill, the Abolition of Slavery, and the new Municipal Acts, were rapidly achieved ; and the last twenty or twenty-two years of Professor Wilson's political life were passed amid a series of defeats and disasters. The political experience acquired by him should have ripened into a higher talent than was evinced in the Magazine. A great party cannot stand on the defensive always with the hope of increasing its ranks. Changing circumstances call for new combinations, not of men, but of measures. The increase of population, of territory, and other causes, require new plans. We look to the subject entirely as one of historical study, and treat the actors in these scenes as if they had lived two thousand years ago, in Greece or Rome. From this point of view we can see a reason for defeat that the combatants never observed—in the want of inventive genius. They had not, or they spurned from them if they ever possessed, men who could have thrown their views into new forms, better adapted for public use than the old, and devised something to be done as a needful incitement in a life of obstruction, exactly as the skilful leader of a besieged force plans sallies, rather to invigorate the defenders than to overpower their foemen. Professor Wilson and his friends allowed no quarter to any change. They never sought to remodel an institution ; and when statesmen of their party were obliged to abandon their principles, they had no new system to propose, but in the language of the ablest living satirist in the political world, stole old clothes from their opponents.

The world might have reasonably expected from Professor Wilson a new exposition of political principles ; for he stood out from the legislative vortex, possessed great mental capacity, and never required the patronage of statesmen. His course was taken on independent grounds, yet he has passed from the world and left no chart for the future guidance of his friends, or no better plan on which their system could be reconstructed than the old mode of defending whatever exists.

The commercial articles that have

appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" since 1847 were, we believe, chiefly contributed by Sir Archibald Alison, a lawyer, like Professor Wilson, but one whose official residence in Glasgow probably induced him to study commercial politics; and so far as this series have disclosed the germs of a new school, they do not change the fact that, in "Blackwood," under its former editor's management, with all its political influence, we never meet the element of constructiveness to vary in any measure the prevalent idea of conservatism.

We have expressed no opinion regarding the merits of the principles so strenuously advocated by Professor Wilson; but criticising his policy as we should examine that of the House of Lancaster or York, we hold it unnatural to expect success and triumph in a perpetual defence of walls that must wax old in time, and require to be enlarged and strengthened—the former as a matter of accommodation to growing wants, and the latter as a necessity in the wearing processes of ages, or even of years.

The literary character of "Blackwood's Magazine" was established and sustained by Professor Wilson. It was for many years unrivalled, and never had an equally successful competitor. The business arrangements and enterprise of the late Mr. Blackwood undoubtedly secured for it many advantages. They gave its editor a fair field, and the publisher relieved him from the drudgery of his work. But the "Evenings of Christopher North with the Shepherd and his Friends," were in a style of literature not less fresh than the Waverley Novels. The remarkable ease with which the "Noctes" floated out of one topic into another, the genuine wit and genial wisdom, the classic learning and the homely lore which they exhibited, had never been equalled in any periodical; and the bitter sarcasms thrown at literary or political offenders seasoned the banquet. The "Noctes" resembled portions of the letters of Junius, old ballads, quotations from Greek and Roman poets, and notes on the day, equal in power and spirit to the borrowed wisdom; wrought into one fabric, and forming a gorgeous pattern. The selections from this rich medley form the best work hitherto published from their

author's pen. Alone, however, they could not have won for the Magazine that first place in monthly literature which it attained and still preserves. A small library of works re-published from its pages exists. They are contributions of great power and vigour in imaginative literature, indicating the discrimination and tact employed in the selection of writers. The rich scholarship of the editor enabled him to throw into his periodical criticisms of rare value, and however much many readers disagreed with the politics it taught, all parties admired the genius and the learning in which they were set. For some past years "Blackwood's Magazine" has been under new management. It descended, like the "Edinburgh Review," from its first editor to his son-in-law. The strength and vivacity of its early volumes are not heirlooms in the series; and, still rich in able contributors, it wants those bright flashes and powerful strokes, and the profound scholarship that once raised this Magazine out of competition with any rival.

The principal poems by Professor Wilson were published at a comparatively early period of his life, during the existence of poetical giants; but they established at once their author's fame. "The Isle of Palms" and "The City of the Plague," suggest thoughts wide asunder almost as death and life. The beauty and happiness which we instinctively associate with the one, have a wide contrast with the gloom and horror connected with the other. The separate volumes do not, indeed, contain the best specimens of his poetry, which may be found scattered over the pages of his Magazine; and yet, in 1821, Byron, writing to Mr. Murray, requested him to forward no more new works, except those acknowledged, or believed to be by a few authors whom he named; of whom the last is "Wilson [the 'Isle of Palms' man]." His fame hereafter will, certainly, not rest on his poetry; although Moore, in his diary, states that he held poetry to be the highest form of composition; because, he added, there is no school of prose. His predecessor in the Chair of Moral Philosophy held that opinion. He, at any rate, imagined that his own poetry was greatly superior to his prose writings; and yet, while over 20,000 copies of Brown's "Lectures on the Mind," an expensive

book, have been sold, we do not think that his poems have sold to the extent of 500 copies. Very few persons now remember their existence. It would be curious, if Wilson had fallen into a similar error; yet it is one by no means uncommon. His vivid imaginings were, indeed, married indissolubly to remarkable ease of versification. He held complete mastery over the English language; and thus his stanzas run on, when he desires it, in a gentle, unbroken flow of words, bearing along on their deep waters flowers of thought; or break forth in wild, irregular measures, at his pleasure, when he seeks for them a rocky channel, and a turbid flight. "Lord Ronald's Child" has been often quoted as a beautiful specimen of the former style; and the subjoined stanza forms a fair quotation from the ballad:—

Soft feet are winding up the stair,
 And lo! a vision passing fair,
 All dressed in white, a mournful show,
 A band of orphan children come
 With footsteps like the falling snow,
 To bear to her eternal home
 The gracious lady who looked down
 With smiles on their forlorn estate:
 But Mercy up to heaven is gone,
 And left the friendless to their fate.

Poetry need not consist of plums. They must not be scattered too profusely among its items. They are not too profuse in this stanza. It has one grand idea in the fifth line, one grander still in the ninth line, and these are all. It would pass well as verses of Tennyson; but, as yet, the world will hardly compare the Poet Laureate to Wilson. The general conception and purpose of a work may be strictly poetical, although its pages contain few brilliant, novel, or startling thoughts; and, therefore, we admit the inaccuracy of our test. But we are not engaged in a systematic criticism of these poems, or the reasons why they have not taken a rank coequal with the author's prose works. Byron, in his Pyramid of Poets, placed Scott at the top, Moore and Campbell next, and Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge in the third class, leaving the base to the "oi polloi;" among whom he classed Wilson, if he then knew him; adding, however, that the arrangement was not quite to his own taste, as he thought Moore was quite up with Scott. The public have long ago placed Scott's monument on his prose works. They will take the same course with Wilson; but those writings which will secure

his future fame, are of a severer caste than the novels of Scott.

These prose works are not, however, three novels, written and published in his poetical age. The latter are, "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay," "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and "The Foresters;" all highly imaginative writings and yet true to nature, containing none of those wild exaggerations of character which disfigure the works of some modern novelists. They will always be read with pleasure, and yet they leave upon the mind this impression, that the writer could have effected something far greater. It is, doubtless, easy to say this now, for it is prophesying after the event. The splendid criticisms, essays, and papers strewn thickly over the volumes of "Blackwood," would alone form a work of remains, looking to the topics discussed, almost without a parallel, from their extent of knowledge and fertility of ideas, in our time.

His permanent and posthumous fame will be, probably, founded upon works not yet published. He held the Chair of Moral Philosophy for a far longer period than the average of Professorships. The various questions which he was expected professionally to discuss, were calculated to excite his enthusiasm. His lectures were extremely popular with the students; and his classes were always attractive. Innumerable passages of great eloquence are lost for ever. They were extemporaneous and unstudied. But his notes on this grand topic must remain in a form capable of publication. He has not passed so many sessions in this chair without leaving one complete course of lectures on the subjects to which it specially referred. The lectures of Dr. Brown, his predecessor, have formed, during many years, a text-book to the students of this science; not only in Scotland, but also in England. We expect that Professor Wilson's lectures will form another, and in many respects a superior contribution from Edinburgh to this field. To them we look for the fullest vindication of his genius and his eloquence. Many of these lectures dwell in the memories of his old students. They brought him within circles that kindled up all the deep enthusiasm of his mind. The lectures on painting and poetry will form the most splendid exposition of the imaginative

powers in our language. The principles which he explained were supported by a power of illustration which has not been often equalled. This innate power was the object of incessant cultivation. The avocations of the Professor during the interval between the sessions found material for his almost boundless capability of adapting all things visible to his ideas. The history of art and poetry was familiar to the teacher. Nothing was achieved in either of these departments with which he was unacquainted. His critical powers were kept in habitual and steady exercise; and his mind was inured to the contemplation of all great efforts in those branches of intellectual labour that bore on his peculiar science. Unfortunately his happier criticisms were frequently the thoughts of the moment, elicited in, and forgotten out of, his class room; but they were only the decorative parts of his lectures; varying with changing circumstances and new events; while the more solid examinations of moral philosophy must remain, monuments of his discrimination and research; and results of a longer experience in the professional study of any one science than is often conceded to the most devoted scholar. Hereafter, therefore, we believe that Professor Wilson's name will be far more generally identified with "moral philosophy" than with the political history, the literature, or the poetry of this century. The employment of an imaginative and high intellect on this study, which is necessarily discursive and not easily defined, might not produce, in many years, any brilliant consequences; but when we remember the nature of the man, his thirty years' occupancy of this chair; his careful preparations for his classes; for, with sometimes an apparently studied negligence, great artistical care mingled; we are justified in expecting, by and by, that he who is dead will speak to the world, as he often spoke to his class, on mental science, in tones of thrilling and heart-touching eloquence, in a style plain and perspicuous, thoughts that the world will be better for reading, as all who heard departed wiser for hearing them.

It has been and may be asked, was this eloquent Professor a believer in revealed religion. The question betrays very great ignorance of the man and his writings. His magnificent vindica-

tion of Burns discloses his own feelings. In defiance of Thomas Carlyle he argues and proves that Burns had a religion and was a believer, but not of Wilson's standard of faith. This he admits and he regrets. He mourns over it while attempting its apology. "Burns," says Wilson, "viewed the Creator chiefly in his attributes of love, goodness, and mercy." . . . "An avenging God was too seldom in his contemplations." "But remorse never suggests to him the inevitable corruption of man; Christian humility he too seldom dwells on, though without it there cannot be Christian faith; and he is silent on the need of reconciliation between the Divine attributes of justice and mercy." These are his words.

The memory of Professor Wilson is said to have been remarkably vigorous—it was the mental faculty which first failed in his clouded and dark years. A curious example of the errors which may arise from confidence in memory occurs in the essay on Burns. He says, "If you liken him to a bird at all, let it be the eagle, or the nightingale, or the bird of Paradise. James Montgomery has done this in some exquisite verses, which are clear in our heart but indistinct in our memory, and therefore we cannot adorn our pages with their beauty." James Montgomery had certainly used the comparison. We quote from memory also, but thus ran the verse.—

Oh, had he never stooped to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
The bird of Paradise.

James Montgomery, the venerable poet of the Moravians, and of Sheffield, made a different application of "the bird of Paradise" from that floating in the recollection of Professor Wilson. Through all this highly eloquent essay a vein of feeling runs, transparent in all its pages, but more marked in some than in others, of deep sympathy with the labourer on the road and the ploughman in the field. Wordsworth's best verses are ascribed to his intercourse with, and visits to, the working classes in Westmoreland. An accurate acquaintance with the feelings, habits, and even the thoughts of the peasantry, was deemed essential by the essayist to success on the part of any man, however keenly gifted with genius, who should attempt to describe or improve

the condition of the peasantry. Few men associated more freely with the peasantry, comprehended more fully all their feelings, sympathised more generously with their wants, or could be more popular amongst them. This circumstance increases our regret that, except in current generalities, his knowledge was not turned to practical account. A great mind with immense information was somehow lost in the labyrinth of temporary politics.

Towards the close of his life, and we draw now towards those gloomy years that preceded death, he assumed an active part in several literary institutions of a popular character. He was elected President of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh—he attended meetings of some of the Athenæums, and similar clubs, evincing a cheerful willingness to meet his countrymen, and to associate with them in commendable works. Few men have been more generally popular, who never condescended to seek applause by any meretricious act. He formed a noble specimen of man, with not only a sound, but a strong mind and a strong body. We have already mentioned his early attachment to athletic exercises; and few men of greater personal strength lived in Scotland. His muscular frame was concealed by the exact proportions of his figure. He was in reality taller than he seemed. His dignified and distinguished bearing would have rendered him widely known, because none who met him once ever forgot the man. He has been represented as careless in his costume, not even "cleanly," according to Sir Walter Scott, and peculiar in his general manners. He had certainly a very peculiar tread, for he was both an active and a heavy man; he had a peculiar glance of the eye, for it searched through a man's thoughts; he wore his hair in a rather unusual style, long and bushy, but that seemed to us the only peculiarity at his own disposal. A rebuke by Wilson was not to be forgotten. So felt the poor composer who once lost some copy of "Noctes," a political article or a review for "Blackwood;" and returned to the author with the hope of getting the loss replaced. The Professor never spoke, but he looked at the man, who, petrified by that look, turned round, went wisely home, and spoke no more for several days and nights.

What a splendid agitator was lost to the popular party, or to any party, when this man devoted himself to a professor's chair! A nobleman in body and mind, of commanding intellect, extensive information, and powerful eloquence, he might have led in forum or in senate, yet he never aspired to that distinction. Born before the French revolution, early accustomed to tales of war, an enthusiastic patriot, rich, and his own master at twenty-three, with a passion for adventure and hard work, it seems strange that he escaped the temptation of following Wellington. His love of classical literature, his respect for his then surviving parent, the fascination of Ellera and the lakes, and then another fascination—the happiest of his life—may explain the circumstance. His last address in the moral philosophy classroom has been described as the most superb of many similar orations. It was a running criticism on the essays of his students, like his life, full of learning, wisdom, and a genial spirit, occasionally tinged with a recoil from mirth to melancholy. It promised many more sessions of great interest to the classes who were to succeed the students with whom he then parted; but it was the last. Soon afterwards rumours circulated that the strong man was bent—rumours of a slight mental aberration, or of paralysis; and they were true. His memory first yielded to this shock, and during his long dark passage from that day to the grave, he never fully regained his powers. The sympathy of his countrymen could not revive the lost man. Living comparatively in a mental death, retired from the world, and gradually as the mind decayed he became further and more depressed, until, of those many who admired his genius, none could desire for him continued life. A severe stroke of paralysis on the 31st of March rendered him very weak, and early on the morning of Monday, the 3rd of April, he was dead. On the following Friday his friends—and they were thousands—buried him in the Dean Cemetery, on the north-west of Edinburgh, a spot so romantic that he had probably selected it as his resting-place, beside the grave of Jeffrey. A man has often to do with two families—one in youth, of which he forms a part—one in manhood and age, of which he is the head. In both

relations Professor Wilson's life was happy. His nephew, Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, Professor Aytoun, in Edinburgh, and Sheriff Gordon, were his sons-in-law, proud of his powers; distinguished greatly in those circles in which he delighted; men of great genius dwelling with or around him. But his departure is regarded with

solemn sorrow by many who personally knew not the man, and whose feelings are best described in his own language:—

"Grief, while its loss is yet recent, struggles not merely with the pangs, but with the reality of its affliction. It cannot believe at first that he who was alive is dead."

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

An idealist is generally set down as a visionary. He who, by his own confession, lives in a world of unrealities and shadows, how should he be other than a dreamer? The conclusion is plausible; but there are some noteworthy facts in evidence against it. The great English idealist was distinguished by active beneficence, in an age when charity had not yet become a fashionable common-place; and even a less candid judgment than that which scribes

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.

must allow that FICHTE was one of the most "practical,"—not merely of German savans, (which will pass for a very moderate compliment with most people,) but of thinkers by profession, in all ages and countries. The name of Berkeley stands almost at the head of the list of modern missionaries to the heathen, as a pioneer in that path which soon after rendered Brainerd so illustrious; and his whole career was of a piece with this apostolic undertaking. The German idealist, on the other hand, stepped manfully out of the calm routine of literary life, to make his professor's chair a pulpit, whence, with energy, independence, and fervour, he preached morals and the regal claims of duty; and anon a rostrum whence, as a stern undaunted patriot, he roused his countrymen against the oppressor. His course was one of hard and continued struggle, from beginning to end—first for an honest livelihood for himself (not an easy matter to a thinking man in any period of the world's history), then for those principles and obligations of virtue which he believed he had rescued from the ruin wrought

by a too sceptical philosophy, and for law and the liberty which follows law, the golden mean, almost lost sight of amidst the struggles of anarchy and despotism; and he died a martyr to his zealous affection in discharging one of the least "transcendental" of practical relative duties. "Honour," therefore, "where honour is due;" though it may be that some will suspect that these idealists have been practical not *because* of their idealism, but *in spite of* it, and that such facts only prove that nature is happily stronger than mere opinion, and while she suffers speculation to weave its airy dreams, laughs them to scorn when they would stand in the way of her own irresistible intuitions.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB (THEOPHILUS) FICHTE was descended from a subaltern officer in the army of Gustavus Adolphus, whom the fortunes of war left wounded on the field near the village of Rammenau, in Upper Lusatia. The villagers received the good Protestant kindly; he settled among them, married the daughter of his chief entertainer, and established a family whose firmness of character did honour to the ancestral name.* Christian Fichte, the father of the philosopher, seems to have been a man of sufficient intelligence to afford some mental aliment to his son Gottlieb, whose birth is dated May 19th, 1762. He had travelled; and in those days, when men had few books, and were obliged to study the world from their own observation, journeymanship was essential not only to mastership in business, but to intellectual and moral masterships generally. Yet his harder nature might have unduly restrained

* "Fichte," as many of our readers will recollect, signifies in German a "pine."

the flight of his son's genius, but for an impulse which would commonly be taxed with superstition. The gifts of fairies and good genii belong to the remote past; yet ever and anon a spell from the lips of privileged eld seems endowed with fatal efficacy; whether as tending to its own fulfilment, or as the utterance of that superior clearness of vision which an elevation above the transitory interests of life never fails to impart. Among Fichte's maternal relatives was an old and venerated man, who was present at the child's baptism, and who returned from it only to die. He prophesied the future renown of the infant, and the death of the prophet seemed to friends and parents to stamp validity on the prediction. The imaginative genius of the boy was consequently tolerated, respected, nay, even fostered. Wild and solitary wanderings among the wooded hills and romantic streams of the neighbourhood cultivated feelings such as have more or less characterised the youth of all who have risen in after life above the unpoetic level of vulgar existence. The vigorous power of objectivity, which marks the childhood of the individual as it does that of the race, leads even the least imaginative among us to seek in the unexplored distance for that wonder-land, which subsequent experience will find to have lain deep within; there are strange unutterable yearnings

Across the hills, and far away:
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day.

From that golden cup which is let down out of heaven for the pure lips of childhood to taste, but which, once neglected, is drawn up again, never more to be vouchsafed, young Gottlieb drank deep intoxicating draughts. He would stand for hours together, looking steadfastly into the far distance, "even till after sunset, when the shepherd, who knew and loved the strange lonely-wandering boy, would wake him up from his half-entranced condition, and conduct him home."* But vigorous moral resolution accompanied this growth of the imagination. The whole character of the *man* is foreshadowed by the following incident in the life of the *child*. His father gave him the story of the "Horned Siegfried," a po-

pular fiction, as a reward for his diligence. The book naturally absorbed his attention; duties of all kinds were neglected, and punishment followed. Yet even at seven years of age he had the mental courage to deny himself his greatest pleasure. Partial measures had been tried in vain. With "Siegfried" open before him, he took no note of time, and vainly promised himself that at such or such a page he would positively stop. The weird powers of which he read were as nothing compared with the spell wherewith the romancer bound the little reader himself. The seducing cause must be utterly removed, or character was gone for ever. With reluctant hand, therefore, and smothered grief, he threw the beloved book into the stream hard by; but when he saw it floating away, and with it a whole world of glamour and fairy might, far more glorious than even the once enchanted scenes of the landscape around him, his emotions could no longer be restrained, and he cried bitterly. His father happened to be passing, and the boy's timid half-explanation of the cause of his sorrow by no means satisfied him; the act was regarded as a mere outburst of perverse and wayward folly, and a second martyrdom had to be endured in a severe unmerited chastisement. Some time afterwards, another "Siegfried" was bought for him; but he knew too well the strength of his fascinating foe, and the present was rejected altogether.

The precocity of the boy's genius had for some time attracted the attention of the clergyman of the village; but a sermon, remembered with wonderful accuracy, and delivered with extraordinary power of elocution, before a nobleman visiting in the neighbourhood, procured for Fichte his first educational promotion. The Freiherr von Miltitz took him under his special protection, and ultimately placed him at the great public school of Pforta, near Naumburg. An oppressive system of "fagging" was (and we believe still is) the order of the day at that institution. Gottlieb himself suffered grievously under the discipline. Yet we find him preparing as a fag duly to fulfil his part when his turn should come to rule. One of the teachers observed him in his cell, engaged in dashing a book to the ground alternately with the right and left hand. On being questioned as to the reason of

* "Fichte's Leben und litterarischer Briefwechsel," (by his son,) p. 7.

so strange an exercise, he replied that he was learning to give smart and ready cuffs to his victim when his time for sovereignty should arrive. Yet this agreeable prospect of future emancipation and personal enjoyment of the pleasures of tyranny could by no means reconcile him to present suffering. His tormentor was one day astounded to hear his victim boldly express the determination to abscond; but took no notice of the threat till the boy was missing. The fugitive, meanwhile, had advanced far on his flight; when, remembering the lesson of a friend, that he should enter upon no undertaking till he had asked God's help, he knelt down to pray. The thought of God brought back the natural associations of duty and affection. How would his parents feel when they heard of his disappearance, and how could he bear the anticipation of never seeing them again! for his boyish imagination had devised a lonely exile like Robinson Crusoe's. He resolved to return and undergo every punishment rather than expose himself and those dear to him to such a heart-breaking result. On returning, his straightforward confession not only appeased but interested the rector of the school, who assigned him a more reasonable and gentle superior; and from that time, life at Pforta became not only endurable but genial. A spirit of independent exertion had grown up among the elder pupils. They imposed on themselves supererogatory tasks, and pursued them at unwonted and forbidden hours; darkening their study-windows to conceal the light of their midnight lamps, and instituting a standard of erudition among themselves, such as no wisdom of founders or zeal of masters had been able to establish. This independence was only in harmony with the free and vigorous intellectual life which had begun to develop itself in Germany, and to animate thought in every shape. The writings of the new school of *litterateurs*—of Göthe, and Lessing, and Wieland—were as naturally caught up by the youths at Pforta, and diligently read by them, as they were sternly discountenanced by the authorities. Such a mind as Fichte's would readily imbibe the new spirit. Imagination had begun to give place to reflection; he had a presentiment, however dim, of the tasks and struggles that lay before him in life, and on which

side of the polemical field he should be ranged. In especial, Lessing's controversy with Götze excited his warm interest; and before he left school he had begun to busy himself earnestly with the most concerning questions of philosophical and theological inquiry.

In 1780, Fichte became *studiosus theologiae* at Jena. He afterwards attended theological lectures at Leipsic; but of his pursuits at this time no detailed record is left. It was here, however, that his cruder judgment embraced a fantastic or rather "deterministic" system akin to Spinoza's. This fact is not a little remarkable, considering his subsequent fame as a strenuous maintainer of the freedom of the will.

The death of his kind patron left him in embarrassing circumstances. In any case the position of a German theological student is outwardly far from enviable. He may have to wait fifteen or twenty years before a benefice offers,—and then he will "pass for rich" with less than "forty pounds a year." But in Fichte's case there were peculiar impediments. His theological views, as far as they had been formed and expressed, were certainly not those of consistorial authorities; and, though he might, like not a few of his contemporaries, have sacrificed his conscience in this respect, and that without much damage to his reputation, *wisdom* would not allow him to weigh peace of mind against the paltry difference of a few dollars, more or less, and *principle* put a veto on such a compromise altogether.

Situations as private tutor, few and far between, gained him a scanty subsistence for some time in Saxony. At last an invitation of a similar kind, but with more encouraging prospects, led him to Zurich. His previous failures may, perhaps, be explained by the character of the system he adopted in fulfilling his charge there. He not only held the rein of discipline firmly over his pupils, but was equally strict in his requisitions on the parents. A list of errors observed by the tutor in *their conduct towards their children*, was presented weekly, and merited censure was not spared! That such a connection should have lasted a full year and a half, is a hopeful fact in the history of mankind; but we fear it stands alone in the annals of pedagogy.

His residence in Zurich was, however,

a most auspicious event in Fichte's life. Here he met with a circle which could thoroughly appreciate him, and here he found the noble woman who afterwards became his wife. Lavater proved his warm and firm friend; but it was with the family of Hartmann Rahn, a gentleman of large and liberal culture, that he formed the closest intimacy. The Frau Rahn was the eldest sister of the poet Klopstock, so that their daughter, Johanna Maria, to whom Fichte was subsequently married, inherited mental and moral nobility on both sides. The correspondence between Fichte and this lady, before and after their marriage, forms the most interesting feature of his personal biography. It shows them worthy of each other, and higher praise could not be accorded to either.

Of the innumerable love-letters that have been indited since the verb "*amo*" began to be conjugated through all its inflexions on bark, wax, papyrus, or paper, few have been rescued from oblivion. Those of Heloise and Abelard, in sundry shapes and versions, promise to survive all the discussions of the schoolmen. The Peripatetic Doctor is well-nigh forgotten, but most people have heard of the requiring *lover*. Foster's "*Essays*" are *billets doux* sufficiently characteristic: but we know of none more deserving of immortality as truly noble, tender, high-souled, than those now before us.* We know no evidence on which we should be better content to rest the issue of the much-vexed "*Woman-Question*," in all its bearings. The following introduces one of the earliest in the series:—

"I must hasten, before everything else, to reply to your questions:— 'Whether my friendship for you may not have arisen from a want of other female acquaintance?' To this I think I can give a decisive answer. I have been in the society of women of various orders and dispositions, and on various footings, but never yet have I felt towards any one what I now feel towards you. Such a sincere and thorough confidence—with the immovable conviction that it is utterly impossible for me to judge of you otherwise than as you are; such a desire on my part to be known to you entirely and

fully as I am: an attachment of such a kind that difference of sex does not exercise the remotest perceptible influence upon it (and more than this no mortal may affirm), such a deep respect as I cherish for your whole moral and intellectual being, and such a satisfaction as I feel in your judgments—I have never before experienced.

"... Whether I shall forget you when absent? Can one forget a new mode of existence and its cause?"

But isolated quotations only mar our purpose and do injustice to the whole. Suffice it to remark, that the passage above cited imports a bond formed by that "*Celestial Love*" in which

—the eternal poles
Of tendency distribute souls.
There need no vows to bind
Who not each other seek but find.
They give and take no pledge or oath,
Nature is the bond of both.
No prayer persuades, no flattery flatters,
Their noble meanings are their pawns.
And so thoroughly is known
Each other's purpose by his own,
They can parley without meeting,
Need is none of forms of greeting—
They can well communicate
In their innermost estate;
When each the other shall avoid,
Shall each by each be most enjoyed.

When the termination of Fichte's engagement occasioned his leaving Zurich and returning to his native land, though poverty obliged him, as on former occasions, to travel for the most part on foot, "not only was the toil of his journey lightened by a high sense of honour, an inflexible courage, an unwavering faith, but to these there was now added a sweeter guide—a star of milder radiance, which cast a soft but steady light upon the wanderer's way, and pointed him to a happy though distant place of rest. His love was no fleeting passion, no transient sensibility, but united itself with his philosophy and his religion in one ever-flowing fountain of spiritual power. The world might turn coldly away from him, for it knew him not; but he did not stoop to its meanness, because he did not seek its rewards. He had one object before him—the development of his own nature; and there was one who knew him, whose thoughts were with him from afar, whose sympathies were all his own."*

Recommendations to the courts of Württemberg and Weimar proved of

* Space forbids enlarged quotation; but those who have the curiosity to read them will do well to consult W. Smith's "*Memoir of Fichte*."

* W. Smith's "*Memoir*," 2nd edition, p. 2.

permanent advantage, and he settled once more in Leipzig. He formed the idea of editing a magazine, not for the public "amusement," or chiefly for their "intellectual improvement," but—start not, gentle reader!—for the purpose of improving the *morality* of literature; for trying it, not by any laws of æsthetic or scientific criticism, but by the laws of God and conscience, and passing sentence accordingly! That among all the Leipzig book-trade none were found ready to listen to so insane a proposition, may be readily guessed; but being benevolently disposed, they were quite willing to employ his powers as one of the contributors to popular diversion. Accordingly he wrote tales (of which the best he himself could say was, that they were morally pure), and gave lessons in the classics. Once he attempted a tragedy, *invitâ Minervâ*, and of course it came to nothing, or worse. He writes to his betrothed, "I have lost almost everything but courage. Angel-soul, help me to maintain it—and truly thou dost! What sorrow can wound me, what perplexity can discourage me, as long as I have the firm assurance that the best, the noblest soul has sympathy with me—regards my fate as closely bound up with its own—is but one heart with mine? If Providence only preserves me this treasure, I have no other want." He had been again and again urged to return to Zurich, but was unwilling to appear there till he had proved himself capable of justifying the expectations formed respecting him. His circumstances were becoming more and more perplexing every day.

Just at this crisis in his outward condition, Fichte's philosophical opinions underwent a great revolution. Abandoning the species of fatalism which he had hitherto held, he embraced the doctrines of Kant on the freedom of the will, and these doctrines became the groundwork of the metaphysical system of which he continued henceforth the zealous and eloquent expounder. This intellectual revolution diffused through his soul a novel feeling of satisfaction and repose, which rendered him indifferent to the perplexities which were thickening around him. Thus he speaks himself of the change:—"Just before I was about to see all my hopes vanish, Providence placed me in a condition to bear this disappointment calmly and even joyfully. Through a mere

accident I had given myself to the study of the Kantian philosophy—a system which, while it restrains the too extravagant flight of my imagination, and restores its rightful ascendancy to the understanding, imparts to the whole soul an inconceivable elevation above all earthly things. I have adopted a more elevated view of ethics, and instead of occupying myself with external things, have turned my attention rather within. This has given me a repose such as I had never experienced before. I have in the midst of temporal perplexity passed the most blessed days of my life."

All this we can well understand. A man of earnest thought derives his intensest emotions of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, from within. His own spirit is a microcosm, in which, by his faculty of inward contemplation, he spends a self-absorbed existence, abstracted from the outer world with its fluctuations and din. On the progress of that spirit, its conflicts, its reverses, its triumphs, he concentrates his interest, and thence proceed his deepest affections of pain or pleasure. Wholly isolated from externals he cannot be; no man liveth to himself; links of connection there will be which he cannot sunder; yet the beating of the world's storms, as well as the play of its sunbeams, will at times be well nigh disregarded in the intensity of the inner life. What reck the traveller whose journey is of life and death, of the variations of the scenery, the shifting of the clouds, or the alternations of the weather?

To such a character the discovery, or even the *supposed* discovery, of a great truth forms a memorable era—a kind of intellectual ovation, especially where that truth belongs, or is believed to belong, to the high department of morals. Peculiarly will this be the case when such discovery has been preceded by sharp mental conflict or a protracted period of groping incertitude. It is then the breaking of the day-spring upon the darkness—anchorage, safe and quiet, after the turbulence and peril of the storm. No marvel if, in the elation of such a moment, the storms that rage without are felt no more than "the rattling of the hailstones on the roof to him who sits at a sumptuous feast within." *Truth* is an eternal acquisition, "a joy for ever;" *these* adverse blasts and gathering clouds are but amongst

the shifting scenes of this temporary state. *Truth* concerns the rational man—the true *ego*, as Fichte would say; *these* are accidents of condition and circumstances. By such doctrine may philosophy endow its votaries with fortitude, nay, breathe peace and joy amidst severe outward evils.

From such sources the emotions of which Fichte writes appear to have flowed. His fatalistic creed had never harmonised with the spontaneous impulses of his heart. There had all along been a painful schism between his moral instincts and the harsh doctrines to which he had surrendered his faith. The Kantian philosophy came to his relief; it dispersed the darkness—it healed the discord. At least thus he believed, and we are only concerned here with his belief subjectively, not with the abstract truth of the opinions he embraced. Hence this state of joyous elevation, whence, like the traveller of the Alps reposing himself in the clear still sunshine, he looked down on gathering clouds and breaking storms in the region beneath.

We must not, however, exaggerate this change and the peace resulting therefrom. Fichte passed through an *intellectual conversion*—he exchanged a creed against which his heart revolted for one in harmony with his moral instincts—but *nothing more*. There is a *conversion* transforming the man more thoroughly, healing a discord more perilous, and followed by a peace, deeper, more genuine, and more enduring, with which this must not be confounded. Man is at variance, not with a circumscribed or erroneous creed merely, but with that entire moral administration under which his Maker has placed him. Hence flow qualms of conscience, uneasy thoughts of God, dread of death, gloomy forebodings of “the undiscovered land” beyond. This feud must be stanchied before the true peace can be found; till then all is counterfeit or superficial. But when the requirements of the Sovereign are enthroned in the willing and affectionate homage of the subject, and at the same time royal remission of past failures has been consciously received—then is the soul fortified against the shock of external evils by an imperturbable calm philosophy could never inspire. For, after all, this elevation of philosophical fortitude is a cold and barren region; and the light

that falls upon it, like the sunshine on the Alpine heights, illumines but does not warm. Far different that genial Christian peace which results from a loving, trustful repose beneath the Almighty Fatherhood of God.

It was the *moral* aspect of Kant's system that first attracted Fichte's serious attention, and to this, at the risk of being somewhat tedious, we must be permitted a slight reference.

For those of our readers who have had the mental courage to attempt to pursue the study of modern German philosophy, it will be superfluous to remark that the views propounded by Immanuel Kant were suggested by the philosophical scepticism of Hume.* The truth of Hume's conclusions in reference to purely *objective* knowledge—to things considered *per se*, and without any reference to our conceptions of them—was not only conceded by Kant, but placed on a firmly scientific basis. Kant showed, for example, that the idea of the relation of cause and effect arises from the invariable constitution of the mind, and is not a transcript of a connection between the phenomena of nature *ascertained* to be real. We know *only of phenomena*. We know nothing of what lies beyond the phenomena. He proved, however, that scepticism had advanced too boldly in affirming that the idea of the relation of cause and effect is nothing more than that of habitual sequence. But by far the most important bearing of Kant's controversy with Hume concerns the great questions of morality. If we know *absolutely nothing* of a real connection of cause with effect, our notion of will—to say nothing of freedom of the will—is a pure self-deception. Duty or obligation becomes an impossibility—virtue and vice are names without meaning. Against these anti-moral conclusions, Kant argued that there is an essential distinction between the sequences of nature and the exertions of volition; that in the latter we have a genuine process of causation, which, in fact, originates our ideas of cause and effect, as applied to the material world, these terms, in such application, being only used analogically. Thus he refuted what was illegitimate and mischievous in Hume's system. But he might have

* It need scarcely be said, that in using the term “scepticism,” we have no reference to the theological controversy.

taken higher and surer ground. He might have asserted the existence of as genuine a process of causation in external nature as in the volitions of the human mind; for what are the invariable sequences of nature, but the consistent and ever-acting energy of Omnipresent Will? Is not every phenomenon of gravitation, for example, as *really* the effect of an Almighty fiat, as every action of the human agent is of an exertion of human will? And may we not by this admission, while discarding to the whole extent of Hume's *legitimate* scepticism the notion of occult properties and secret connexions, at the same time show its anti-moral and perilous excesses? On the other side, Kant guarded his system against the stern logic of Necessitarianism. The thorough sceptic denies the validity of the causal relation openly and absolutely; but the rigid Necessitarian assaults it with far more deadly effect by referring genuine and original causation backwards, *ad infinitum*; and thus virtually banishing it from the universe. Against the *former*, Kant maintains the *reality* of causation; against the *latter*, he asserts an absolute initial causality as developed in every act of will, and its highest potency in those volitions which occur in obedience to the pure idea of duty. When fears or desires chiefly determine the will, he regards it as little else than a slave, though admitting that it can never become a mere passivity. But when the conviction of duty, the voice of conscience, regulates the volitions—whether these deserve the name of *motives* or not—he considers that they *derive their whole force* from the will of the virtuous man himself; and that here we have a widely though not essentially different metaphysical fact to deal with from that which is presented in volitions mainly determined by the hope of pleasure or the fear of pain. The *force* of the pure motive of duty must be referred *wholly* to the agent himself; the will is self-governing—*autonomous* (to use Kant's own term)—we have a truly free and independent being—Horace's

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,

whom

Si fractum illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruine.

This is very well, *as far as it goes*; but

there are most serious omissions. A distinction there certainly is—at once in metaphysical freedom and *moral character*—between those volitions which follow the impulses of desire and fear, and such as are determined by the pure idea of duty; yet is it, at the same time, a fact of mournful and universal experience, that the dominion of duty and conscience is woefully impaired—that the condition of bondage to desire and fear is the rule, of obedience to the "law of liberty" the exception. A noble spectacle, truly, is the ideal man of the Roman poet—dreadless of consequences while following the star of virtue; but no one will have the hardihood to deny that this ideal is rarely realized—*never for a whole life perfectly*—that such individuals stand here and there amongst the depraved masses in isolated grandeur, like the sculptured columns that have survived the overthrow of some ruined city, and rise, themselves time-worn and scarred, amidst dismantled temples and moss-covered walls. And it is an imperfect and very *unpractical* philosophy, which does not admit these most concerning facts; and, more, *propose an efficient remedy*. And what remedy has philosophy to propose? She has long ago exhausted her resources. In the mystical temples of Egypt and Babylon, in the tasteful porticoes of Athens and Rome, she has spoken by the lips of her wisest children, but has failed to utter the word of power which may heal the disorder of our lapsed nature, and give the reins of authority into the hands of *conscience-directed will*. One system only—not of man's devising, but sent from God and energised by God—has been able to effect this. Christianity not only sheds upon conscience a purer light than philosophy could ever kindle; not only amplifies and exalts the moral code; it does more, or it had done nothing—it throws down the usurpation of desire and passion—it reinstates duty in its supremacy—it gives authority to the voice of conscience—it infuses motives of obedience worthy of the dignity of man, and *effectual*. Of this the proof rests not on theory only, but on fact; the believer in this Divine system asserts its power from the events of his own consciousness. In the face of these truths, it is mournful to see the modern lecture-room repeating the defeated experiment of the ancient schools, and

modern philosophers bringing no better help to lapsed humanity than such as Socrates and Plato essayed long ago without success. We do not deny that purer and loftier morals (a reflection even this from Christianity), and a profounder philosophy, may be expounded from the desk now-a-days, than resounded through the porticoes of the Academy in ages bygone. But what of this? It does not touch the heart of the evil. What avails a clearer promulgation of the law, if the principle of disaffection remain in all its unmitigated rancour?

We have extended these remarks in order that here, once for all, we may protest against the omissions of modern German philosophy, even of those purer systems which Kant and Fichte expounded, inasmuch as they ignore the essential doctrines of Christianity—the only heart-renovating, divinely authenticated power. No loftiness of morals, no correctness of philosophy, no sincerity, no earnestness and courage can compensate for these omissions. Nay, in our minds, the really bold and honest labours of Fichte for the elevation of his species, excite only melancholy feelings, convinced, as we are, that he discarded the only instrumentality by which such elevation can be effected.

On Fichte's own soul, however, the adoption of these sentiments, according as they did with his moral instincts, and renovating his intellectual nature, acted as a powerful stimulus. "If new gold be said to burn the pocket, how much more new truth," Carlyle observes, and we cannot be surprised that a man of Fichte's energy and large enthusiasm, should have made the resolve to devote himself to expounding and propagating a system which appeared to him even more desirable, as a counteractive to the flimsy and anti-moral philosophy then in vogue among his countrymen, than consolatory and invigorating to himself. "It is inconceivable," he writes to his friend Weissshuhn, "what power this system gives us! What a blessing for an age in which morality had been destroyed from its very foundations, and the idea of duty struck out of every dictionary."

In prosecution of his design, Fichte commenced a treatise intended to give a simplified view of the Critical Philosophy, but his removal from Leipzig frustrated the undertaking. Success in Saxony seemed absolutely impossible,

and the advantages to be gained from returning to Zurich were again urged upon him with more success. It was even decided that his marriage should shortly take place; but the pecuniary losses which Hartmann Rahn sustained at this time, dashed the cup of happiness from his lips. Instead, therefore, of turning his steps towards the romantic scenery and endeared associations of Switzerland, we find the hard bested student bound on a far different course, expectant of a tutorship in the house of a Polish nobleman, in Warsaw. Hither, also, disappointment dogged his footsteps. The Count, a good easy man, received him well enough; but the Countess found fault with his independence of manner, and his French. With no little difficulty he secured compensation for the expenses of a fruitless journey, and a small surplus for a few months' subsistence. Having now the world before him where to choose, we are not surprised that curiosity and veneration led him to Königsberg, where his intellectual and spiritual guide, the lord paramount in the realm of German philosophy, resided. Kant received him rather coldly, judging, perhaps, that the warmth of his enthusiasm exceeded the depth of his comprehension. Nothing daunted, Fichte determined to give proof of his powers, as well as his zeal. In a brief space of time he composed his "Critique of all Revelation," a treatise which Kant freely acknowledged as the work of a master-mind; and which, published anonymously, at a later date, was confidently declared by the omniscient reviewers of the day to be the work of the sage of Königsberg himself. Fame and station, therefore, were not far off, but the last dregs of bitter humiliation had to be drained before they could be reached. Fichte was compelled to sue for a trifling assistance from the man to whom he had come to do homage;—and was refused! If the series of epistles above referred to is remarkable among amatory correspondence, the composition in which this suit is proffered is absolutely unique in the dolorous budget of "begging letters." It is deeply interesting as exhibiting a high-souled man, bating not a jot of his nobility, even under the most trying circumstances. We have here a page of genuine tragedy of the modern time, shaming the mock-heroic that so frequently usurps the name; but

it would have occupied a more satisfactory chapter in literary biography, if the petition had been granted. Kant may have had sufficient reasons for denying it; his ability may have been small, though poverty, "the scholar's bride," cannot be said at that time to have marred the solitary bliss of his philosophic celibate. Yet no one can read Fichte's letter without wondering that it produced no result, no attempt to aid the petitioner. It must, however, in fairness be stated that Fichte's esteem for Kant seems not to have been in the slightest degree affected by the disappointment.

The offer of a tutorship in the neighbourhood of Dantzic occurred at the very moment when faith was failing; realizing once more the truth so beautifully expressed by one of America's noblest poets, James Russell Lowell:—

From one stage of our being to the next
We pass unconscious o'er a slender bridge,
The momentary work of unseen hands,
Which crumbles down behind us; looking back,
We see the other shore, the gulf between,
And marvel how we won to where we stand.

This interval of calm enabled him to prepare for the publication of his "Critique," and the fulfilment of a still dearer hope was in immediate prospect: this time proving no deceitful mirage. Rahn's losses had been partly recovered—in great measure through the skill and economy of his daughter. Fichte took up his residence at Zurich, and in a month terrible in its historical associations for Europe—the October of 1793—his long-delayed marriage took place. Among other congratulations, Lavater sent the following in his quaint manner:—

To Fichte-Rahn and to Rahn-Fichte.

Power with Meekness conjoined, creates incorruptible pleasures;
Love in union with Light, brings forth an offering immortal;
Let this truth ever delight thee, as oft as these lines thou beholdest.

But private happiness did not render Fichte indifferent to the fearfully critical state of European politics. His "Contributions to the correction of public opinion respecting the French Revolution," expressed strong attachment to rational liberty, and consequent abhorrence of all such anarchical endeavours as usurp its sacred name. Composed in a republic and amid the society of zealous republi-

cans, this work may have exhibited a freer aspect than it could have done had it been written with the hope of passing the censorship of the half-despotic states of Germany. But neither this nor any other of his writings which bear on politics, affords a basis for the accusation subsequently brought against him of being a "democrat;" a charge which, as in so many contemporaneous instances, was associated with that of Atheism. His whole life was a protest against anarchy, intellectual, moral, social, academical, and last but not least, *political*.

Nor are misconception and calumny in themselves derogatory to Fichte's honour, since such has in all ages been the fate of those who have honestly and fearlessly annunciated their own convictions. The valour of these champions is attested by their scars; and they are by this very sign distinguishable from the mere carpet knights and false cravens that presume to share their honours. To this class Fichte undoubtedly belonged. Whether or no his convictions were well founded is another question; only vituperation and attack argue nothing.

Philosophy now began to occupy his more exclusive attention, and the peculiar metaphysical tenets subsequently known as "Transcendental Idealism," acquired a definite shape in his mind, and a strong hold on his convictions. Hitherto he had followed Kant almost implicitly, but he now saw that the Critical Philosophy, pursued to its legitimate results, issued in conclusions which its author had neglected to draw. Kant had shown that the mind performs the part of a kaleidoscope, to say the least, upon the uniform or irregular materials subjected to its observation; that our mode of viewing external things, and of viewing our own internal experience, is entirely dependent on the mental constitution itself. Were we otherwise, the world would seem otherwise. What the world would be—or actually is—to beings endowed with other senses, and another mental constitution to our own, is a question which cannot be determined by data, drawn from our acquaintance with its phenomena. Of the mere material world, as it is in itself, we cannot even form a rational and consistent conception. With beings endowed with sensation—the animal world at large—and

still more with the intelligent beings by whom we are surrounded, each of us has sympathies in common. We attach a definite meaning to the term *existence*, as applied to *them*. But the same cannot be affirmed of our conceptions of *things without life*,—the mass of the material universe. When I say that "*I exist*," it is certainly with a different sense of the term from that in which I use it, in affirming that "this table or this chair, exists."

But more than this. It is obvious, on the slightest reflection, that the material universe, *as we see it*, is at any rate a compound of objective and subjective elements, and that it is impossible so to analyse this compound as to decide the measure and quality of each. Some of those perceptions on which we rely as most evidently *objective* certainties, are capable of detection as mere judgments of the mind itself, and which prove frequently fallacious; *e. g.*, our supposed perception of distance in perspective. The brightness of a clear sky brings the hills in the surrounding landscape comparatively near, or reduces them to what we call their *real* height. The mists of to-morrow will elevate them into mountains and throw them into remoteness. And what a different world must appear to beings endowed with other constitutions of mind and body, when it appears so diverse even to ourselves in different states of the same mind and body, is too obvious a proposition to need urging.

Kant had assigned to modes of mental activity all our conclusions from the phenomena of the universe; with the reservation of an actual, *objective*, or external existence of that universe. Fichte deemed himself justified in reducing that existence, as far as *mere matter* is concerned, to the operation of an inexplicable law of the mind itself. Where it finds a limit to the exercise of its own faculties, there it pronounces an objective existence; but with no more valid reason than the patient, whose limb has been amputated, has for asserting that he feels such or such pains in its extremities, because the nerves that once extended to those extremities happen to be affected in a higher part of their course. In short, Fichte asserts that we *know* nothing beyond our own knowledge.

Of course it is utterly impossible to break one link in this train of reasoning.

It cannot be denied that our consciousness extends only to certain states of our own minds, and not to any objective existences correspondent thereto. And in going the whole length of this universal negation, Fichte is undoubtedly a more consistent transcendentalist than Kant. The only mode of evading these conclusions is, not by attempting to sever any of the successive links of argument by which they are reached, but by setting over against them *those irresistible and universal intuitions* which, in spite of all the refinements of metaphysical scepticism, force on us the conviction that *there is a world of objective existences*. That there are *certain primary instincts* interwoven with our constitution by its Almighty Author, no one can deny without undermining the foundations of all reasoning, and rendering argument *on either side* vain and preposterous—the distempered talk of madmen, who, in their blank and dismal cells, appear to their own wild fancies mighty monarchs, and gesticulate and converse accordingly. And in the front rank of these primary instincts—these fundamental postulates of our intellectual being, and possessing all the criteria by which they are to be distinguished, stands the *belief in a material universe, objective to the phenomena of sensation*. We care not for evidence beyond this; and *practically* even to the Idealist himself, whatever may be his *theories*, it is as convincing as to the uninitiated vulgar.

But whilst Fichte thus extended his system to the wildest limits of *metaphysical* scepticism on the one hand, he was careful to guard it against the excesses of an *immoral* scepticism on the other. Man, he argued, is not merely a speculative and intellectual, but also a practical and moral, being. The heart and conscience require a sphere of operations, which postulates a belief in the real, objective, and independent existence of rational and responsible creatures, to whom we owe *duties*, and from whom we claim *rights*. It is this practical nature, moreover, he held, which leads us to the only sound belief in a living God, 'in whom we live and move and have our being,' and who renders all things subservient to the interests of holiness and truth."

This we cannot but think an arbitrary distinction. If our *sensational nature* be but a perpetual mockery and illu-

sion, why may not "heart and conscience" be equally fallacious? Why may not our sense of the obligations of duty, and the hopes and fears, pain and pleasure, which are connected with their observance and violation, be a mere sham—to us having the *appearance* of reality, but *nothing more*—mere bugbears to keep us out of mischief, like the threats and promises of foolish nurses, if *another very extensive part of our consciousness* only palm off on us a perpetual imposture? At all events these tremendous negations appear to us perilously akin; and we cannot help suspecting that in the distinctions which he drew between them, Fichte, unconsciously doubtless, did violence to his metaphysical theories to bring them into harmony with his truly honest, noble, and devout heart.

For to whatever subversive consequences Fichte's metaphysical system may lawfully be pushed, *his intentions* are not chargeable with them. To him it had anything but an immoral or unpractical tendency. In *his* views it exalted the value of human energy and force of will, in proportion as it denied to mere *passive* being anything but a shadowy, half-real existence. It set up the substantial reality of volition and thought against that of chairs and tables, clouds and flints; showing that the latter acquire their factitious entities only as the result of the exercise of the former, and of that incantatory analogy which makes mere bundles of remembered sensations into independent beings. To exist, to live, is to will and work, and this man only can do. Man, therefore, the highest manifestation of God—is the reality. All else must pass for little better than a *somewhat consistent and enduring dream*. Such were the aspects under which Fichte contemplated his own system. He did not detect its inconsistencies, and as far as *intention* goes, he was wholly innocent of its lawful sequences. To us this isolation of individual consciousness and will is terrible; we cannot contemplate it without shuddering; it appears the brink of the abyss of absolute nothingness. But to Fichte it was full of practical inspirations. Or was it not rather that his practical nature transfused its energy into a really barren, erroneous, and dangerous belief?

Fichte's public career as a teacher of philosophy was in strict accordance with

this vigorous aspect of his doctrine. Everywhere he found work to be done; not only opinions, but morals and character to be influenced and formed; and perhaps no modern university professor has been more "practically" energetic than the idealist Choregus of Germany. He was called to a professorship at Jena in 1794, and found an enthusiastic reception among professors and students. His lectures were no mere correct, elegant, or rhetorical prelections; they came from his own heart, and reached directly the hearts of his hearers. But his labours were not confined to the lecture-room. The morality of his pupils, and of the University at large, was an object of deep concern to him, and he left no stone unturned to improve it. It was exertions of this kind that first occasioned his unpopularity with a part of the University, and his ultimate removal. His influence over the students gave him reason to hope that he should be able to destroy the injurious confraternities that existed among them, and which had been pernicious both to their intellectual and moral well-being. He had nearly succeeded, when the jealousy of his colleagues interrupted his plans. An accusation of Atheism, already referred to, against himself and another philosopher, Forberg, resulted in his quitting Jena, and seeking refuge in Prussia, where a liberal and intelligent monarch gave him a sincere welcome, and where he afterwards became a distinguished ornament of the University of Berlin. In the meantime, however, the invasion of the French exposed him to all the annoyances which a bold and patriotic citizen must endure, when his country is sustaining the yoke of foreign oppression. After the disastrous battle of Jena, October 14th, 1806, Napoleon entered Berlin, and Fichte, with his compatriots, fled, in order to avoid submission to his government. His wife and only child, Hermann (whose reputation has continued to render the name of Fichte distinguished in connection with philosophy), remained behind, and a long and painful separation followed. Königsberg and Copenhagen were the chief localities of his exile. In August, 1807, peace was concluded, and Fichte returned to his family and renewed his academical life in the university which was established at that time in the capital of Prussia. The French troops

still occupied Berlin, but this did not prevent him from using every effort in his power to rouse his countrymen from the apathetic despondency into which they had fallen. His addresses to the German people, delivered in the academical buildings, during the winter of the above mentioned year, were frequently interrupted by the sound of the French drums parading the streets, and spies were among his audience. Yet it is a singular fact that he was never molested, and that while Davoust threatened many of the more submissive literati of Berlin with condign punishment, if they interfered with political matters, the boldest speaker was allowed to pursue his straightforward path without serious annoyance.

While, however, Fichte enforced what he considered the duties of patriotism, he based his appeals on no limited or partial sentiments; and while he deplored the political depression of Prussia, he reminded his hearers, like the prophets of old, that it was *moral* not *physical* disabilities that had brought them so low and stripped them of their glory, and taken away their place among the nations. Moral regeneration, and that only, could work effectually for their deliverance. In fact, it would be difficult to find in modern times a more strict analogy to the tone of those ancient warnings and exhortations, under similar circumstances, than in these discourses.

Private and public anxieties had given to his philosophical doctrine a rather more decidedly devout and reliant tone. His "Destination of Man," is designed to prove the insufficiency of mere reflective intellect for inward peace and strength—to show how all existence rests on the Infinite Being. He had already promulgated the chief speculative and practical aspects of his system in various forms. His "*Wissenschaftslehre*," or "Science of Knowledge," is a purely metaphysical statement of transcendental idealism. The "*Wesen des Gelehrten*" ("Nature of the Scholar"), is an application of its ethical principles to the character and labours of literary men. The "Characteristics of the Present Age," and part of the "Destination of Man," present them in their bearing on the development of the human race; and the "Way to the Blessed Life, or Doctrine of Religion," is a series of discourses originally deli-

vered to audiences composed of various classes, commending to all the endeavour to attain that repose of conscience, combined with intellectual satisfaction, which he himself enjoyed. On the distinction between such repose and satisfaction and the *true peace* of the human heart, and on the serious omissions of such philosophical teaching, we have already sufficiently animadverted. An interesting and characteristic circumstance is related in connection with this book:—

While a French garrison held Berlin, one of Fichte's students revealed to him a plan, in which he himself was engaged, for firing their magazine during the night. Doubts had arisen in his mind as to the lawfulness of such a mode of aiding his country's cause, and he had resolved to lay the scheme before his teacher, for whose opinion he entertained an almost unbounded reverence. Fichte immediately disclosed the plot to the superintendent of police, by whose timely interference it was defeated. The same young man, who acted so honourably on this occasion, afterwards entered the army as a volunteer, in one of the grenadier battalions. At the battle of Dennewitz, his life was preserved in a very remarkable manner. A musket-ball, which struck him during the fight, was arrested in its fatal progress by encountering a copy of Fichte's "*Religionslehre*," his constant companion and moral safeguard, which, on this occasion, served him likewise as a physical aegis. On examining the book, he found that the ball had been stopped at these words (p. 219), 'For everything which comes to pass is the will of God with him (the good man); and, therefore, the best which can possibly come to pass.'"

In 1813, Prussia roused herself from despairing inactivity; the King appealed to all his subjects to rise in defence of the country, and the call was enthusiastically responded to. Fichte was exceedingly desirous to accompany the troops as orator, or preacher; but since this could not be permitted, he devoted himself with renewed earnestness to rendering his academical labours morally efficient, and thus rendering his country services for which none other could have been an equivalent. His noble wife was

* W. Smith's "Memoirs," pp. 102, 3.

soon afterwards called upon to perform her part in rendering aid to their country's defenders. With unwearied zeal she tended the wounded, in the hospitals at Berlin; but it was not till after five months' exertion that her health began to suffer. In January, 1814, however, a nervous fever attacked her, and no hopes were entertained of her recovery. Fichte never left her, except to perform his academical duties; yet such was his vigour of mind, that he was not disqualified, even by the pressure of such severe affliction, from pursuing the most abstract studies. The object of his care was restored to health, but these constant watchings and continued labour ended fatally to himself. He caught the infection and sank rapidly; but his lucid hours were cheered by the news that Blücher had passed the Rhine, and that the French were driven out of Germany. "Shortly before his death, when his son approached him with medicine, he said, with his usual look of deep affection—'Leave it alone: I need no more medicine; I feel that I am well.'" On the evening of the 27th of January, 1814, nearly at the close of his 52nd year, he died. His son tells us that he had remained in undiminished vigour of mind and body; "he had not lost a single tooth, and the dark hair on his majestic forehead was scarcely tinged with grey." He was short in stature, but strongly built; and the portrait, taken from a bust, prefixed to his life, shows the firmness and determination which marked his character.

Few men have combined such deep enthusiasm for abstract studies with such an energetically practical disposition. And this combination is, we think, the key at once to his philosophy and his personal character. His depth

and perspicacity of abstract thought enabled him to see clearly where Kant's system halted, and to carry it fearlessly to its consummation, cutting the last cable which bound man to the *terra firma* of objective existence, and launching him forth in dreadful isolation into the infinite and empty abyss. The intensity of his practical and virtuous instincts, on the other hand, led him to recoil from the pernicious consequences, subversive of all moral obligations, which flowed from this consummated transcendentalism, and to combine the functions of speculative philosopher and ethical teacher. To us this appears, as we have already in fact stated, well-intentioned, but inconsistent, and inconsistent because such consequences, however pernicious, are the legitimate off-shoots of metaphysical scepticism. Besides, this moral teaching was unavailing, because disarding that God-sent Christianity, which alone enables "to fulfil the righteousness of the law." Fichte was a great and virtuous man—a profound thinker—a zealous and courageous teacher; but unfortunately his powerful intellect exhausted itself in a dim and shadowy region of speculation, and the moral doctrines he taught were unaccompanied by that Divine energy which infuses *power* as well as *enlightenment*.

His remains lie in the first churchyard from the Oranienburg Gate of Berlin; where an obelisk to his memory bears this inscription:—

"The teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii. 3.

His wife, who survived him five years, reposes at his feet.

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

It is the good fortune of some men to illustrate in their career the advantages enjoyed by genius and industry in a free society. They rise from obscurity without patronage, to receive honours that are given without reluctance. They unconsciously help to annihilate the

distance that severs class from class, and to unite men in harmony of action and aim. Thus was it with the subject of the present sketch, whose virtues and successes are with melancholy recalled, now that sudden death has removed him from his sphere. He attained

friend—now among the many friends who mourn his death and lovingly recall his virtues. Lingerer in the bright moonlight at the close of a happy day, he spoke of his new functions, of his sense of the great responsibility he undertook, and of his placid belief that the habits of his professional life rendered him equal to their efficient discharge; but, above all, he spoke with an earnestness never more to be separated in his friend's mind from the murmur of the sea upon a moonlight night, of his reliance on the strength of his desire to do right before God and man. He spoke with his own singleness of heart, and his solitary hearer knew how deep and true his purpose was. They passed, before parting for the night, into a playful dispute at what age he should retire, and what he would do at three-score years and ten. And ah! within five short years, it is all ended like a dream." Talfourd is on all hands admitted to have efficiently discharged his duties as a judge. He was remarkable rather for an acquaintance with minute details than for his comprehension of general principles. A great lawyer he can scarcely be considered; but if, as his most friendly critics admit, he was "no Follett on the bar or Mansfield on the bench," he was, at least equal to the average of those who obtain distinction in the profession.

While thus successfully pursuing the main business of his life, he had acquired reputation in another character, assumed as circumstances allowed, but now the one in which he is likely to be remembered when forgotten in all others. Next door to Mr. Chitty's chambers, in the Inner Temple, resided Charles Lamb, already distinguished as an original and promising writer, though not a popular favourite. Young Talfourd naturally felt curious to read the works of his talented neighbour: scarcely had he done so for the first time, when unexpectedly he was favoured with an interview with their author. It was in January, 1815, that he received an invitation to meet him at dinner at the house of Mr. Evans, proprietor of the "Pamphleteer," for which Talfourd had frequently written. Unfortunately he was detained till past the hour, but hurried through the snow to the place as soon as he could. It was ten o'clock before he reached it, and Lamb was just

going. He, however, compassionating their new guest, stayed half an hour longer; at the close of which the two rose to go home together. Talfourd, then scarcely twenty, found himself wending his way back to the Temple, and ultimately installed by Lamb's fireside, with the hot water and its accompaniments on the table, and the conversation flowing more freely even than their libations. They did not part till two in the morning. That meeting originated a lasting friendship, but never afterwards, constant as was their intercourse, did their conversation assume a higher mood. Several weeks passed before they saw each other again; and, in the meanwhile, Talfourd inserted a very laudatory review of his new friend's productions in the "Pamphleteer." One day soon after, Lamb, who as yet was unused to compliment, looked into his office, and, asking him to come to his chambers, introduced him there to Wordsworth, as "my only admirer." It was not long before he formed, also, the acquaintance of Coleridge. They first met at one of Lamb's celebrated Wednesday evening parties; and at the late hour at which they broke up, Coleridge led him home to his lodgings, discoursing all the way in an enchanting strain on Free Will and Necessity; while his young hearer listened with delight and understood "the beauty of the words, but not the words." Often after that would Lamb break in upon the student with his law, and invite him away to meet Coleridge; and many a happy evening did he spend with him, from time to time, amidst an ever-enlarging circle of acquaintance; where Hazlitt, Godwin, Scott, Leigh Hunt, and others, mingled in quaint, brilliant, and discursive converse. In 1815, Talfourd came forward as the champion of Wordsworth, then under the anathema of the "Edinburgh Review," charged his enemies with misrepresentations of "no common baseness," and declared him to be the first poet of the time—a declaration that he was proud to have made when, after indifference, dulness, and envy had done their worst, the people hastened to offer him their homage as the "great high-priest of nature." The theatre was Talfourd's favourite recreation; he would speak of its decay as "one of the saddest signs of the time;" and while condemning the abuses that prevailed,

would urge the virtuous and the wise to countenance every effort to purify and elevate the stage. The dramatic department of the "New Monthly Magazine" was confided to him for ten or twelve years, beginning in 1820. His criticisms were deemed usually just, but sometimes too flattering to particular actors. He also wrote several papers on miscellaneous subjects; one on "Modern Improvements," when Campbell was editor, is remarkable from its half-ironical tone, and concludes in a manner characteristic of the man—he hopes "this bright and breathing world may not be made a penitentiary by the efforts of modern reformers." To the "London Magazine," also, after its establishment, and when Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt enriched it with their happiest effusions, he was a large contributor. For the "Edinburgh Review," at a later date, he wrote several articles; and in the *Times* he published a number of "Law Notes." The "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" is also indebted to him for several elaborate papers on subjects connected with ancient history, among the chief of which may be mentioned an essay on the "Greek Drama." Among his other prose writings are, a *Life of Mrs. Radcliffe*, composed at an early date, and the "Memorials of Charles Lamb," in which friendship has successfully embalmed the recollection of whatever was most generous and noble in the genial Elia.

Talfourd, in his writings and speeches, and in his love of natural scenery, as well as his appreciation of all who gave skilful expression to those analogies of which the outer world is full, had evinced his possession of the poetic element. It was suffused through his mind, had given bright and changing hues to his thoughts, and sometimes broken out in sparkling utterances of beauty and sentiment. He had not, however, attempted to claim the name of poet. One strong youthful passion at length led him to commit himself to a suitable theme, and ultimately brought him before the public as a dramatic author. We have already adverted to his fondness of theatrical entertainments. The conscientious scruples of friends had denied him, when young, all acquaintance with plays; and it was through Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas," he tells us, that he first obtained a sense of the peculiar enjoyment given by the idea of

dramatic action. To her, therefore, he used to avow "the debt of gratitude;" but when he caught a stolen glimpse of "gorgeous tragedy," and saw the "Cato" of his schoolboy admiration bodied forth upon the stage, and in the palpable form of Kemble, displaying the patriotism of the Roman and the constancy of a Stoic, his delight knew no bounds. As opportunity allowed, he read Addison, Rowe, and Dryden; and, when better able to appreciate, expatiated in the limitless riches of Shakspeare. A deep impression was produced upon his mind, which resulted in the wish to write a tragedy himself. Many hours were spent in contemplation of a theme, and often, during his evening walks, would he try to wreath the fantasies of his imagination into acts and scenes. Several beginnings were made, but if the story pleased the blank verse failed, and each project was in succession abandoned. Just as the laborious avocations of life were commencing, he became acquainted with Wordsworth's poetry, having been induced to peruse it by Mr. Baron Field, himself a companion of the most original poets and thinkers of the age. It completely changed his mode of feeling, opened new sources of enjoyment, and led him rather to contemplate the objects of our profoundest emotions, as associated with the majestic forms of the universe, than to picture them in action. He consequently relinquished the attempt to write a tragedy, lest he should produce only a frigid imitation of inferior writers, whom alone his deepening veneration for the great masters of the art would allow him to presume to copy. The partial revival of the British drama, however, again excited his youthful desire. The power and beauty of "Virginius," "William Tell," "Rienzi," and other tragedies of that period, re-kindled his emulation, and as he was intimately acquainted with all who contributed to the new impulse, and also with Mr. Macready, the great artist of the day, and was therefore interested in their successes, he naturally reverted to the idea of shaping into dramatic form some conception of his own, though without the ambition of sharing in the scenic triumphs of his friends. It was in this state of feeling that he began to compose "Ion," his first tragedy. He wrote a prose outline of the scenes nearly in the order and to

the effect in which they now stand, and proceeded to elaborate into blank verse the story he had framed. The same difficulty that in former days had confronted him, again caused dissatisfaction: his lines ran stiffly, and presented such unwelcome contrast to the ease and life which his friends had attained, that once more he reluctantly laid his task aside. But the image of his hero often recurred; he found his pleasantest thoughts gathering about him; and determined, although with such distrust as to prevent his mentioning the design to any one, to make another essay. His intervals of leisure were therefore employed in composition. The early scenes were composed at Ramsgate, when made for awhile a holiday home. He would wander through the fields scented with clover, and musical with bees, to a chasm in the cliff at Kings-gate, and there try to embody the faint gleams of heroic excellence that broke on his mind. Four acts were fashioned, when there came an increase of professional responsibility, that made the author hurry through the fifth, in order that, having realised his purpose, he might bid adieu to "flirtations with the muse," and confine himself to his more serious duties. "Ion," was printed for private circulation, and so cordially approved that it would have been immediately published, had not Mr. Mauready suggested that it would be effective in representation. Talfourd consented, and Mauready agreed to produce it at Covent Garden, on the night of his benefit (May, 1836). It was so little anticipated that the success of the first night's performance would justify a repetition, that the prologue, by Mr. Serle, after advertising to the limited ambition of the author, concluded:—

O, if some image pure a moment play
O'er the soul's mirror ere it pass away;
If from some chess-board thought a genial nerve
Should, heart-string, quicken virtue's cause to
set;
Let these slight gifts the breath of kindness
claim,
For one night's bubble on the sea of fame,
Which tempts no aid, which future praise en-
sures,
But lives, glows, trembles, and expires in yours!

The graces of Mr. Mauready's elocution, who personated the hero of the poem, triumphed, however, over all imaginary obstacles, and secured to "Ion" a reception that made it popular the rest of the season. It was played with success at the Haymarket, and

elsewhere, and has been performed repeatedly also across the Atlantic. The drama opens, in accordance with a hint taken from Euripides, in the rock-built temple of Apollo, at Argos. The plague is raging through the city beneath, and the sages are waiting for the dawning sun to interpret its omen. It rises, struggling with the gloom, and gives a joyful intimation that the cloud of sorrow shall be broken, and the light of life once more beam upon the mourning multitude. Adrastus, the king, is rioting in his palace, heedless of his subjects' woes, and resolved to brave his destiny amidst intoxicating pleasures. A deputation has been sent to Delphi, to inquire the will of the god, and returns with the answer:—

Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's race shall cease.

Meanwhile "Ion," a foundling nurtured by the priest, whose youth seems suddenly to have ripened into heroic manhood, has determined to confront the king. He goes into his presence at the peril of his life, gains his ear, and so strangely wins upon him by his accents and look, as to extort from him the promise that he will consult and take measures for the relief of the suffering people. Learning, however, the news from Delphi, he feels impelled by a divine impulse himself to slay the monarch. Again he seeks him, while his intention being known to several of his youthful companions, they keep watch without, each eager himself to revenge wrongs inflicted by the tyrant. Ion's absence excites suspicion; the daughter of the priest, to whom he has just vowed a mutual love, betrays his purpose; her father hastens by a secret way to the palace—in the greater terror, for he has accidentally discovered that Ion is the son of Adrastus. He reaches the spot in time, and tells the tale. Adrastus owns its truth, and Ion's filial affection makes him drop the dagger; when one of his friends, impatient at his delay, rushes in and kills the king. Still there is no sign of the pestilence declining. Argos, through tears and groanings, hails Ion as a hero, and proclaims him successor to the throne. He consents to be crowned, summons the sages to his presence, makes them swear that after his death they will alter the form of government so as never again to suffer on account

of one man; and then, going to the altar, secretly draws his knife from beneath the folds of his robe, and stabs himself, that the oracle may be fulfilled and health restored to the city. He falls, and, as he lies bleeding, news is brought that the plague abates; he starts to his feet—the curse his ancestry had spread is dispelled—"all is well," and he dies.

Such is the outline of the simple story of this drama, perhaps the most classical in the English language. The spirit of Greek superstition is not sufficiently suffused through it to make it harmonize in all its parts; but the action, on the whole, is well arranged, and the interest throughout strong. It impresses the imagination more as the embodiment of a fine traditional fable than as a reality in ancient life; yet the character of the hero is drawn with such effective colouring, and the idea of fascination as an engine of fate is so dexterously introduced, as fully to bring within the limits of legitimate sympathy one whom modern notions would condemn as a murderer and a suicide. There are other defects. Action is required before sentiment in dramatic writing, and hence a necessity for portraying every shade of character in the agents, in order to the development of motive. The inferior persons in "Ion" are vaguely sketched. Adrastus, too, appears a compound of contradictory qualities. We are first told that in his palace—

The frantic king
Yet holds his crimson revel, whence the roar
Of desperate mirth came mingling with the sigh
Of death-subdued robustness, and the gleam
Of festal lamps, mid spectral columns hung,
Flaming o'er shapes of anguish, made them
ghastlier.

But, when the monarch himself appears before us, we find only an assumed indifference, an external boastfulness, a tyranny that the heart feels to be hollow—he can stop to contemplate, and to tremble as visions of pure and bygone love rise before him. It would seem from this comparative failure here and elsewhere, as if the genial and kindly Talfourd could not portray, because he could not fathom, the loathsome darkness of a selfish and vicious nature. "This drama," he wrote in his preface, "may be described as the phantasm of a tragedy,—not a thing of substance mortised into the living rock of humanity,—and, therefore, incapable of

exciting that interest which grows out of human feeling, or of holding that permanent place in the memory which truth only can retain." If the writer may be supposed to have designed to teach one especial lesson, judging from various passages scattered through it, and from the conclusion, we should say that lesson was the superiority in wisdom and incidental advantage of republican to monarchical institutions.

The poetry of "Ion" is excellent, and of all its author's productions, in any one of his capacities, gives the highest idea of his genius. The descriptions are forcible, and the rhetorical passages are written in a lofty spirit of eloquence; while there is a tenderness and purity of sentiment, and a graceful adornment and classic expression that charm by the sense of beauty they inspire. The metre is flowing, and sustained with sufficient dignity, so that none would suspect the difficulties experienced by the poet in first essaying verse.

One extract will fairly represent the style of some of the longer passages. Ion is restraining an associate from the assassination of the king:—

O think! before the irrevocable deed
Shuts out all thought, how much of power's
excess

Is theirs who raise the idol? Do we groan
Beneath the personal force of this rash man,
Who, forty summers since, hung at the breast
A playful weakling; whom the heat unmoves;
The north wind pierces; and the hand of death
Will, in a moment, change to clay as vile
As that of the scourged slave whose chains it
severs?

No! tis our weakness gasping, or the show
Of outward strength that builds up tyranny,
And makes it look so glorious. If we shrink,
Faint-hearted, from the reckoning of our span
Of mortal days, we pamper the fond wish
For long duration in a line of kings:
If the rich pageantry of thoughts must fade,
All unsubstantial as the regal hues
Of eve which purpled them, our cunning frailty
Must robe a living image with their pomp,
And wreath a diadem around its brow,
In which our sunny fantasies may live
Empearled, and gleam, in fatal splendour, far
On after ages. We must look within
For that which makes us slaves: on sympathies
Which find no kindred objects in the plain
Of common life—affections that aspire
In air too thin, and fancy's dewy film
Floating for rest; for even such delicate threads,
Gathered by Fate's engrossing hand, supply
The eternal spindle, whence she weaves the bond
Of cable strength in which our nature struggles.

"The Athenian Captive" was Talfourd's next production. It was written one Christmas vacation, in the anxious hope of rendering Mr. Macready some slight help in his efforts to sustain the management of Covent Garden Theatre. Owing to the indisposition of one of the

encouraged by the success of the last aspirant, resolved to make an attempt himself. His son, a bold Etonian, wished to go also. Guides were, therefore secured. Mr. Bosworth, an English gentleman who had been driven back the preceding year when near the summit by a sudden storm, joined the party. Talfourd, unaccustomed to mountain-climbing, soon found the project more formidable in execution than in prospect. They succeeded, however, in reaching the Grand Mulets without much difficulty; there they watched a gorgeous sunset, at midnight proceeding again on the ascent. But when on the Grand Plateau, Talfourd abandoned the further prosecution of the adventure, for his son was suffering so from the rarity of the air as to be compelled to return, and he foresaw that his own strength would probably also soon be exhausted. Mr. Bosworth advanced, and won the honours of the day.

In 1833, Talfourd was returned to Parliament as the representative of Reading, his native place, and sat in that capacity till 1841, when he temporarily retired. He was re-elected in 1846, and continued to sit till his elevation to the bench in 1849. When he first spoke in the House, Sir Robert Peel is said to have taken out his pencil to make notes, to have listened attentively a few minutes, and then to have replaced it, convinced that he would not prove a formidable opponent. Talfourd delivered several speeches of considerable importance; but his style approached the turgid, and was decidedly too florid to make him a successful parliamentary orator. The principal measures associated with his name are the Infants' Custody Act, passed in 1838, and the extension of the Copyright Act. For the latter bill he maintained a long and consistent struggle. When first introduced the demise of the crown closed the session and stopped its progress; and though afterwards large majorities were sometimes obtained, yet by delay or actual defeat it was repeatedly lost. Originally painting and engraving were embraced in its objects, but it was afterwards confined to an extension of copyright to authors only. Of the literary men in the House, Lord Mahon, Bulwer, and Disraeli, were among his supporters.

Mr. Grote opposed the motion as likely to narrow the circle of readers; Mr. Warburton never lost an opportunity of resistance, and Macaulay once materially helped to defeat it, by the deliverance of a long and ingenious speech. One of Talfourd's best, uttered we think in 1839, was published at the time.

Rarely has a life been so little chequered by misfortune or failure, rarely has the path to eminence been so happily trodden, or the honours at its end so gracefully worn. But, as the tree that has blossomed into summer-glory, beneath a sky joyous with sunlight and the songs of birds, is sometimes stricken and withered by a single flash, so was that life to close. On the 13th of March last, when in the act of charging the grand jury at Stafford, the place where he had first heard of his elevation to the bench, Mr. Justice Talfourd was suddenly seized with apoplexy; his voice thickened, his words became inarticulate, he fell, and in a few minutes was carried out a corpse. He was discoursing eloquently on the evils of ignorance, and the necessity of more frequent intercourse between the higher and lower classes, tracing to this deficiency much prevailing vice and crime. It was fitting that one of such wide sympathies, whose generosity of heart and habit was the theme of general praise, should die in pleading such a cause.

Personal amiability was the leading feature in Talfourd's character. It adorned his own hearth, and made all comers to the circle that gathered round it happy; it accompanied him in his professional and public life; it shed a beauty over all his writings; it burst out in generous actions that materially lessened his own fortune. When a young practitioner at the bar, he returned to a literary man considerable professional fees at the conclusion of the case, whispering, "Thy necessity is greater than mine;" and this was the spirit that always actuated him towards struggling genius or merit. He was one of those few men who never had an enemy; and, in the words of an eulogist, the only pang he ever caused his friends was by his untimely death.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

apology is needed in assigning a place in the "Lives of the Illustrious" to CARLYLE. Apology on our part rather wanted for having suffered or five volumes of the "Biographical Magazine," containing sketches of great living as well as of the illustrious dead, to appear, without any trace of a man who is unquestionably of the most original and vigorous kind, as well as one of the most able and influential writers of the age.

The omission of his name would altogether be inexcusable, especially as it is considered that his writings trace a wide field of speculation, and they have an important bearing on some of the gravest questions of the age.

We are no hero-worshippers, though we esteem Carlyle to be no mean one, and to be exerting an influence on the thinking of our times second to that of no living writer. In looking at the light in the light of his writings, we do not forget that it is the aim of this biographical journal to exhibit "the state of all times in their relation to immutable principles of truth, that for example may have its legitimate influence on the progress of society towards all that is really excellent and enduring."

THOMAS CARLYLE was born in the Scottish village of Ecclefechan, in 1795, years after the breaking out of the French Revolution, which he has described as "a genuine product of this land where we all live—the explosive, fused return of mankind to reality, the fact, now that they were perishing in splendour and shame." His father, who is spoken of as having been an earnest, energetic, and religious man, cultivated small farms in the neighbourhood. In an academy, at the not distant sea-port town of Annan, where Irving, the celebrated preacher, and Clapperton, the famous traveller, natives of the place, said to have been taught, Thomas received the rudiments of a classical education. About the age of fourteen years, he entered the University of Edinburgh, passing through a regular curriculum, and spending his vacations among the hills and by the rivers of Dumfriesshire. At this early period of his life, he seems to have been intensely

thoughtful, and to have experienced some of that sadness which not unfrequently comes over the minds of men of genius when, with an unsettled faith, they brood over the mysteries and evils of the world. "Once, in particular," as he told Gillfillan some years ago on the banks of the North, "when a student, on his way to Edinburgh, he had travelled all the day with no company save the great dumb monks, he rested at night in an inn, and lay down that night the most miserable being under God's heaven."

In his "Sartor Resartus" he makes Herr Teufelsdröckh, when expectorating his "anti-pedagogic spleen," to say: "The University where I was educated still stands vivid in my remembrance, and I know its name well; which name, however, I, from tenderness to existing interests and persons, shall in nowise divulge. It is my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain, ours was the worst of all universities. This right education is, as nearly as may be, impossible; however, in degrees of wrongness there is no limit; nay, I can conceive a worse system than that of the Nameless itself; as poisoned victuals may be worse than absolute hunger." We trust that the author of "Sartor Resartus" can give a much more favourable account of his Alma Mater, than he while there neither received poisoned victuals nor experienced absolute hunger. Of his life at college little is known, except that, under Professor Leslie, he was much devoted to mathematical studies. He seems at this time to have been destined for the Christian ministry. Probably this was the wish of the good parents in Dumfriesshire, and perhaps the son had no other definite aim when he went to the college at Edinburgh. But another, we cannot, with himself, say a nobler, ministry, was in reserve for Thomas Carlyle. Having been employed for about two years in teaching mathematics in an academy at Fife, he for ever bade adieu to the Church, and in the year 1823 consecrated himself to the profession of literature.

Henceforth, we have to view "the hero as a man of letters." Mr. Carlyle

by no means moderate; his adopted vocation, of lecturer and preacher, constituted a pecuniary class, at present extinct in the world; there is no class competent to afford importance to that priesthood of the writers of books.

He that can write a true book, to peruse England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the prince of England and of all England? I mean a true say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these *are* the real working, effective church of a modern country." This may be questioned, or at least set down as an exaggerated truth. But let it pass. The following is less questionable: "The writer of a book, is not he a preacher preaching, not in this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong;—that the *eye* report not falsely, for then all the other members are at fault." Very good. Let us now see the work which Mr. Carlyle, as man of letters, has done; and that in reference to character as well as amount.

The amount is not small. He entered vigorously and earnestly on his profession, and gave indications of that fertility which has since characterized his pen. During the year 1821, he contributed some half dozen articles of considerable length and varied matter to Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." The articles "Montaigne," "Montesquieu," "Nelson," "Norfolk," and those on the elder and younger "Pitt," are reckoned among his productions. Mathematics were not forgotten. He finished, in the same year, a translation of "Lectures on Geometry," to which he prefixed an "Essay on Proportion." German literature, which has subsequently exerted a powerful influence on his mind, and leavened his writings, then occupied his thoughts. About this period appeared his translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," in three volumes; which was followed by his "Life of Schiller" in the form of periodical contributions to the "London Magazine," then supported by the distinguished abilities of Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and Allan Cunningham. For Goethe and Schiller, two of the true sovereign souls of German literature, especially for the former, his admiration is unbounded. With

this hero of his homage, he shortly afterwards entered into a correspondence. His letters to Goethe have since appeared in the published correspondence of the latter; and it is from one of these that we obtain a graphic description of Carlyle's lord habitation, and mode of life at this period.

Having found a good wife, and residing on a small estate in Dumfriesshire, he thus writes to the great German: "Our residence is not in the town of Dumfries itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses, which stretch westwards through Galloway, almost to the Irish sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis—a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat substantial mansion; here, in the absence of a professorial or other office, we live to cultivate literature with diligence, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only dissipation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from every one who in any case might visit me. Here, Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre."

In this quiet seclusion he remained for some time, contributing to the "Foreign Quarterly," and other reviews, and laying the foundation of works on which his fame as an author chiefly rests. About the year 1830, he seems to have removed to London, and then to have become a principal contributor to "Frazer's Magazine." In this noted periodical appeared, in a succession of chapters, his "Sartor Resartus: the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh." It is by this work, small though it be compared with some of his other productions, that Mr. Carlyle is chiefly known in the world of literature. Here we have all that eccentricity of genius.

all that terse quintessence of style, all that keen criticism upon the spirit of the age, all that earnest searching below the temporalities into the spiritualities of men and things, and, let us add, all those grave errors or wrong tendencies which characterise, more or less, most of his other productions. In its main features, this work is generally accepted as a kind of mental portraiture of the author himself. The world is prone to believe, and perhaps it was meant that it should so believe, that the resemblance extends farther and deeper than the two lineaments that "Professor Teufelsdröckh, at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quiet still and self-contained life; a man devoted to the higher philosophies," and the closing "private conjecture of the author, now amounting almost to certainty, that, sentenced in some sordid obscurity, not to be always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London!" Of this "Sacerdotalis," which seems to have puzzled not a few heads on its appearance, but which nevertheless is an expressive fact in Carlyle's history, we shall give some account to our readers.

The volume pretends to be a commentary on a shaggy German book, of which our speaker heard in his lecture on the "Gothic Revival" (*Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, 1883, p. 102). On the subject of the "Gothic Revival" the speaker has written a paper for the *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, 1883, p. 102. The speaker has written a paper for the *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, 1883, p. 102. The speaker has written a paper for the *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, 1883, p. 102.

adequate documents. In this state of despondency, he unexpectedly receives a letter from Herr Hofrath Heuschäcker, the chief friend and associate of the Professor in Weissnichtwo, urging upon him the importance of bringing his friend's remarkable book before the English nation, and promising, at the same time, to furnish the requisite documents for an account of the author. The task accordingly is begun; and "Sartor Resartus," which is properly a "Life and Opinions of Herr Teufeldröckh," hourly advances.

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The character of Teufelsdröckh has now taken its ultimate bent. Its general direction has been ascertained, and here ends all notice of his outward biography. Enough is known to see that he is a man "as it were preappointed for clothes-philosophy," the first preliminary to which being the faculty or habit of "looking through the shows or vestures of things into the things themselves." Here we have a chapter on "Church-Clothes," which are defined to be "the forms, the vestures, under which men have at various periods embodied and represented for themselves the religious principle." The unspeakable importance of these is readily admitted. But Teufelsdröckh, in a strain which our editor often takes up, and which is well known to be a favourite with him, says, "In our era of the world, those same church-clothes have gone sorrowfully out at elbows; nay, far worse, many of them have become mere hollow shapes, or masks, under which no living figure or spirit any longer dwells; but only spiders and nucleon beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the mask still glares on you with its glass eyes, in ghastly affectation of life,—some generation and half after religion has quite withdrawn from it, and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new vestures wherewith to reappear and bless us, or our sons or grandsons." This is but a specimen of the exaggeration and one-sidedness which so much characterise our author's writings. No one can doubt but that there is truth in it. It is not, however, as the statement would seem to insinuate, the whole truth. There is too much formalism in the present, as there has been in almost every age, but perhaps at no period of the world has there been a greater amount of real living Christianity. Mr. Carlyle, in thus speaking, lacks a wise discrimination. He overlooks, or counts for but little, the living among the dead. There *are* "mere hollow shapes, or masks, under which no living figure or spirit any longer dwells." It were unwise to deny it. But it were no less unwise to refuse to acknowledge the many forms under which the living Spirit moves and looks out in life-giving power upon the world. This unwise part is acted by Herr Teufelsdröckh, *alias* Mr. Carlyle.

But if our author sees no life in church symbols and under church

clothes, he would have us believe that in his own domain of literature the church of the living God exists, and the voice of the God-inspired prophet is to be heard. "Is there no religion?" reiterates the professor. "Fool! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well-considered all that lies in this immeasurable frith-ocean we name LITERATURE? Fragments of a genuine Church-Homiletic lie scattered there, which time will assort: nay, fractions even of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the common; and by him been again prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, man's life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—Goethe." Literature is the substitute which Mr. Carlyle would give us for the old Gospel; and in reference to this "sovereign soul of literature," his cry is, "worship him all ye gods." Alas! for this sin-laden world with its wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores, if it had no other physician and remedies. John Sterling's estimate of the great German, in a religious point of view, when writing to Carlyle in the year 1837, is much nearer the truth. "A thoroughly, nay intensely Pagan life, in an age when it is men's duty to be Christian, I find (in him) so much coldness and hollowness as in the highest truths, and feel so strongly that the heaven he looks up to is but a vault of ice," as to be convinced that he was a "profoundly irreligious spirit, with as rare faculties of intelligence as ever belonged to any one."

The philosophy of clothes now attains to transcendentalism. Teufelsdröckh "has looked fixedly on existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial body of holies lies disclosed." Here all nature is made miraculous (which, in a certain sense, is true), which is said to be "the time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, but hides him from the foolish." The tendency, however, of our philosopher's "natural supernaturalism" is to weaken or destroy the significance of miracles properly so called,

by resolving them into our ignorance of the deeper laws of nature. The rising of one from the dead may be no violation of natural laws, and may be in harmony with "some far deeper law;" but it bespeaks the immediate intervention of the Divine power, to whose control all natural laws are subordinate. A miracle, in one sense, is annually repeated when the seed that is sown and dies, increases thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold; but it is not a miracle in the same sense as the instantaneous multiplication in the hand of five loaves into a sufficiency to feed five thousand. There is a manifestation of Divine power in both cases. But the latter, properly speaking, is only the miracle. It is "supernaturalism," not "natural supernaturalism." It indicates the direct intervention of a supernatural power upon the ordinary course of nature; in other words, it bespeaks the immediate interposal of nature's God. But discussion is not now our object. In noticing thus far the "Life and Opinions of Herr Fendlsbrückh," we have ascertained the whereabouts of our author. "His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to evil, begone; and to difficulties, lo, they are not here; and to death, lo, it is not here; and to the world, lo, it is under my feet; and to the future, lo, it is in my hand." We have seen that he is a man who has said to evil, begone; and to difficulties, lo, they are not here; and to death, lo, it is not here; and to the world, lo, it is under my feet; and to the future, lo, it is in my hand.

to perish of semblance and sham. But in these volumes he, upon the whole, is prone to regard it as in itself a great sham. Other men, distinguished for candour as well as ability, have, without attempting to palliate, far less to justify the atrocities which stained the Revolution, been disposed to see in it the development of a law of human progress. But Mr. Carlyle, viewing it in his severe irony, seems to regard it as a fruitless struggle, a huge failure. In his sardonic humour, he regards it as an event beginning with an "age of paper," and ending with a "whiff of grape-shot." The Constituent Assembly, which destroyed the greater evils of which the people complained, both in the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of the country, and whose proceedings in general had commanded the approbation of such men as Mackintosh and Brougham, not to speak of distinguished Frenchmen, is described by Mr. Carlyle as, in effecting these reforms, "perfecting its theory of defective verbs." M. de Lamartine says, with greater truth and no less eloquence, "The history of the Revolution is both glorious and mournful, like the morrow of a victory and the eve of another battle." But, if that history be full of sufferings, it is full of glories. It is one of the noblest dramas in which, while we spectators sit on the mental stage, the drama of the centuries has triumphed, though in a vastness and duration to which our human sympathies are unequalled.

A quarter of a century ago, when each nation was engaged in the avowed pursuit of wealth, the Government of England issued a proclamation. The new mottoes were peace and commerce; and the nations, having laid aside their paths of blood, pursued the peaceful path of trade with each other. Henceforth, they were to be at peace, and henceforth, they were to be at war. Such was the motto of the age, and such was the result. The nations, rushing on in the arms of peace, met in the arms of shame. In the year 1870, France overtook Germany, and Napoleon III. was forced to flee from Paris. The nations, rushing on in the arms of peace, met in the arms of shame. In the year 1870, France overtook Germany, and Napoleon III. was forced to flee from Paris.

against the "sham" monarchies, the "sham" aristocracies, the "sham" democracies, of the past and present times. The people, according to him, are mis-governed, and they are incapable of governing themselves. With him, "all the foundations of the earth are out of course." Good government is his loud and earnest cry; and, as absolutely essential to this, he demands that the rulers should be great men—as far as possible, true heroes. He has no objection whatever to kings and nobles, provided they be such, not by mere institution or artificial distinction, but by reason of their kingly and noble natures. In the dominion of men of heroic qualities lies his hope of the political and social amelioration of mankind. Our readers will perhaps agree with us in thinking that a better and more feasible plan would be an endeavour to diffuse true and noble qualities among the people at large, and thus render them less dependent upon an aristocracy of heroes. We note, however, in connection with this work, that our Chartist friends can never look to Mr. Carlyle as one of their heroic advocates. As an exposition of Chartistism itself, the book is generally regarded to be a failure; but, like other works of our author, it contains not a few earnest exhibitions of truth and striking artistic sketches.

Along with the publication of "Chartism" appeared a collection, from reviews and magazines, of his "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," in four volumes. The contents of these volumes are various, though German subjects preponderate. We have Goethe, and Schiller, and Jean Paul Richter, again and again. His article on the "State of German Literature," which is comprised in this collection, was his first in the "Edinburgh." Here, not to name others, we have critical yet warm-hearted estimates of Robert Burns and Samuel Johnson, two of the great objects of his hero-worship. These volumes, indeed, sustain Mr. Carlyle's claim to rank with the first critics of the age. They abound in manifestations of moral earnestness, in a thorough detestation of the unreal and superficial, and in enthusiastic homage to sincerity; while they present many illustrations of his too exclusive subjectivity, his one-sidedness and exaggeration, and his insensibility to the force of religious evidence.

In the month of May, 1840, Mr.

Carlyle delivered, at the West End of London, in the hearing of "the accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise," a course of six lectures on "Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History." These lectures, with emendations and additions, were published by him in the following year. Nothing could have been more congenial to his mind than thus discoursing on great men. The hero as divinity, as prophet, as poet, as priest, as man of letters, as king, is, with great graphic power, exhibited before us. In these lectures we have manifested all our author's vigour of thought, earnestness of aim, intense hatred of shams, power and picturesqueness of expression; and also his one-sidedness and exaggeration, his undue preference of the past over the present, his tendency to undervalue everything distinctively Christian, and to make too much of earnestness of belief irrespective of what is believed. In discoursing on the hero as divinity, we have a mixture of truth and error; or rather we see how his truths become exaggerated and transformed into errors. Mr. Carlyle assigns a large place to the religious element in man. He says truly, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him, and that religion is not the mere profession of a creed or the signing of articles of faith. But because "we see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them" (an over statement), he leaps to the conclusion that creeds are matters of indifference, and that what a man does practically believe and lay to heart constitutes religion in him. Hence the favour which Scandinavian Paganism meets with at his hands. We readily admit with our author that Paganism had a kind of truth in it—that it was not a denial of natural religion so much as a corruption of it—and that men at one time did earnestly believe it. But we refuse him the inference that these earnest nature worshippers were, in the proper sense of the expression, true worshippers; because, though earnestness be a good thing, and there can be no real religion without it respect must be had to the things believed or the object about which men are earnest; otherwise no religion can be said to have been false. Mr. Carlyle has some respect to this, but it is a respect only of degree. "If worship,

“even of a star,” says he, “had some meaning in it, how much more might that of a hero! . . . Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest god-like form of man—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all heroes is One—whom we do not name here!” How destructive is all this to evangelical reality—to whatever is distinctive in Christianity! *If this* were the germ of Christianity, then all, but the baser sort of infidels who blaspheme against Christ’s character, may be said to take it up. True, Christ is the greatest of all heroes; but it is too vague to speak of Christianity as hero-worship.

“Oden and Christ are thus placed on the same plane; the wild Norse religion, to which our author has given so pleasant a meaning, is only an inferior kind of truth to the gospel. No recognition whatever is given to the doctrine of the corruption of our nature, the renewal of the heart by grace, the redemption of our fallen race by the sacrifice for sin, and justification through faith; and yet, without these, Christianity is but the body without the spirit.

[illegible]

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971). The concentration of chlorophylls was expressed as $\mu\text{g mL}^{-1}$ of the sample.

"As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the religion of the middle ages, the religion of our modern Europe, its inner life; so Shakspeare, we may say, embodies for us the outer life of our Europe, as developed then, its chivalries, courties, humours, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had." What Englishman does not sympathise with the following estimate of the "Stratford peasant!" "Consider now, if they (Foreign nations) asked us, will you give up your Indian empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare?" Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian empire, or no Indian empire, we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts for ever with us; we cannot give up our Shakspeare!"

In discoursing on the heroic priest, Mr. Carlyle exhibits Luther as the hero of the Reformation, and Knox as the hero of Puritanism. Here is a right genuine portrait—"I will call this Luther a true giant; great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men. Great, not as a lewisedisbeliever, but as an Alpine mountain—so sturdy, so earnest, so strenuous, not setting up to be great at all, there for quite another purpose than being so at all. Yes, indeed, his genius, piercing far and wide into the heavens, yet in the depths of his mountains, green beautiful valleys with all woods. A right sprained knee and prop of a right nature, true son of nature and fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to heaven." This estimate of Knox is in a qualified way, but his primary characteristics of a hero, that of Luther, is equally explained, especially to the Scotch Reformer. In the study of Scotch history, he finds precisely what one craves, and that is the Reformation. By Knox, "Scotch literature and thought, Scotch history; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Thomas Burns; and Knox and the Reformation together, in the last score of a volume of these times, and phre-

by no means undervalues his adopted vocation. "The great and priestly schools, which make the modern clergy, at present, except in the world, there is no class comparable in importance to that priesthood of the writers of books. . . . He that can write a true book, to persuade England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the primate of England and of all England? . . . I mean a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these are the real working, effective church of a modern country." This may be questioned, or at least set down as an exaggerated truth. But let it pass. The following is less questionable: "The writer of a book, is not he a preacher preaching, not in this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong;—that the *eye* report not falsely, for then all the other members err a-way." Very good. Let us now see the work which Mr. Carlyle, as man of letters, has done; and that in reference to character as well as amount.

The amount is not small. He entered vigorously and earnestly on his profession, and gave indications of that fertility which has since characterised his pen. During the year 1824, he contributed some half dozen articles of considerable length and varied matter to Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." The articles "Montaigne," "Montesquieu," "Nelson," "Norfolk," and those on the elder and younger "Pitt," are well and ably produced. Mathematics were not forgotten. He finished, in the same year, a translation of "Legendre's Geometry," to which he prefixed an "Essay on Proportion." German literature, which has subsequently exerted a powerful influence on his mind, and boreared his writings, then occupied his thoughts. About this period appeared his translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," in three volumes; which was followed by his "Life of Schiller" in the form of periodic contributions to the "London Magazine," then supported by the distinguished abilities of Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and Allan Cunningham. For Goethe and Schiller, two of the true sovereign souls of German literature, especially for the former, his admiration is unbounded. With

this hero of his homage, he shortly afterwards entered into a correspondence. His letters to Goethe have since appeared in the published correspondence of the latter; and it is from one of these that we obtain a graphic description of Carlyle's local habitation, and mode of life at this period.

Having found a good wife, and residing on a small estate in Dumfriesshire, he thus writes to the great German: "Our residence is not in the town of Dumfries itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses, which stretch westwards through Galloway, almost to the Irish sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis—a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat substantial mansion; here, in the absence of a professorial or other office, we live to cultivate literature with diligence, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only dissipation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from every one who in any case might visit me. Here, Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre."

In this quiet seclusion he remained for some time, contributing to the "Foreign Quarterly," and other reviews, and laying the foundation of works on which his fame as an author chiefly rests. About the year 1830, he seems to have removed to London, and then to have become a principal contributor to "Frazer's Magazine." In this noted periodical appeared, in a succession of chapters, his "Sartor Resartus: the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh." It is by this work, small though it be compared with some of his other productions, that Mr. Carlyle is chiefly known in the world of literature. Here we have all that eccentricity of genius,

superstitions are manifested. "Clothes," says Teufelsdröckh, "gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity; clothes have made men of us; they are threatening to make clothes screens of us." In the speculative-philosophical portion, our professor "undertakes no less than to expound the moral, political, even religious influences of clothes; he undertakes to make manifest, in its thousand-fold bearings, this grand proposition, that man's earthly interests are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up by clothes." Deep glances are here "cast into mysterious nature, and the still more mysterious life of man." The "adventitious wrappings" are stripped off, and the "gold-mantled prince" and the "russet-jerkined peasant" are reminded, in strange and cutting words, "that his vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible." Perhaps in the following, our readers will recognise the reflection of some other than the professor at Weissnichtwo; and would that none more faulty were to be found in his writings. "Happy he who can look through the clothes of a man (the woollen, and fleshy, and official bank-paper and state-paper clothes), into the man himself; and discern, it may be, in this or the other dread potentate, a more or less incompetent digestive apparatus; yet also an inscrutable venerable mystery, in the meanest tinker that sees with eyes." Clothes, however in these times they so tailorise and demoralise us, are made unspeakably significant. "Why," says Teufelsdröckh, "multiply instances? It is written, the Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a vesture; which indeed they are, the time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a clothing, a suit of raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of CLOTHES, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been: the whole external universe and what it holds is but clothing; and the essence of all science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES."

But the so-called Biographical Documents have arrived from Weissnichtwo, and are now in our editor's hand. Instead, however, of clear biography or autobiography, we find six considerable paper bags, carefully sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China ink, with the

symbols of the six southern zodiacal signs, beginning at Libra; in the inside of which bags are found masses of miscellaneous papers, treating of all imaginable things under the zodiac, and above it, and interspersed with autobiographical delineations in the most enigmatic manner. From these "miscellaneous paper-masses" is obtained a very imperfect and mysterious genealogy of Herr Teufelsdröckh, which in reality amounts to little more than "an exodus or transit out of invisibility into visibility." "And yet, O man, born of woman," cries the autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, "wherein is my case peculiar? Hadst thou, any more than I, a father whom thou knowest? . . . Thy true Beginning and Father is in heaven, whom, with the bodily eye, thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual." Then we have beautiful pictures, in "rose-coloured light," of his childhood in the village of Entepfuhl. "Encircled by the mystery of existence; under the deep heavenly firmament; waited on by the four golden seasons, with their vicissitudes of contributions, for even grim winter brought its skating matches and shooting-matches, its snow-storms and Christmas carols,—did the child sit and learn. These things were the alphabet, whereby in aftertime he was to syllable and partly read the grand volume of the world." But if Entepfuhl was almost, it was not altogether an Eden; and the felicity of the boy, great as it was, was not perfect. "A dark ring of care, as yet no thicker than a thread, and often quite overshadowed; yet always reappearing, nay, ever waxing broader and broader, lay even in childhood "among the rainbow colours that glowed on his horizon." That same ring, in after years, as he tells us, almost overshadowed his whole canopy, and threatened to engulf him in final night.

Class-books are now added to the book of Nature. His gymnasium and academic years have begun. Over these, Teufelsdröckh "by no means lingers so lyrical and joyful as over his childhood." It was with him the beginning of evil days, when he left the kind beech-rows of Entepfuhl, and entered the gymnasium at Hinterschlag. With some touch of anger he looks back upon his human teachers, and their mechanical, or worse than mechanical, teaching. His days as a university man are viewed

with no less discontent and bitterness. From the bag *Scorpio*, he had already "exterminated his anti-pedagogic spleen;" and now, on opening the bag *Sagittarius*, he is found shooting arrows. The university, which is nameless, is denounced as a sort of mechanical imposture. The professors lived with ease and safety by a mere reputation constructed by others in past times. He looks back on their attempts at working and educating "with a certain mute admiration." They needed not to work and did not work. In this hungry waste, however, "our young Ishmael" acquiesces the virtue of scholasticism. He laid the foundation of a literary life; fishing out of the ill-chosen college library what he could fish out of the college professors. Here, nevertheless, he had his "fever paroxysms of doubt," his "fantasy after years of agonizing conflict, sunk under 'the nightmare undiluted,' and he came to mistake God's forgiving world for a paid, variegated Hades, and extinct Edenomium. Bent-Schoeck follows this up with a reflection, the like of which is often to be met with in our editor's writings. "Through such purgatory pain," says he, "it is appointed us to pass; first nature, then habit, then religion own themselves to be false, and we are left alone with ourselves, and find that we have been deceived all along."

The next chapter is entitled "The Day After Tomorrow." It opens with a reference to the "day after tomorrow," and describes a scene of social gathering and conversation. The narrator reflects on the passage of time and the inevitability of death. The chapter concludes with a philosophical musing on the nature of existence and the human condition.

staff, and, urged on by a nameless unrest, passes from country to country, visiting almost all sorts of scenes and circles of society, but finding there no healing."

Teufelsdröckh, through those dim years, is in a state of crisis, of transition. The transition was a painful one. Doubt had darkened into unbelief. He had almost said, there is no God. Our editor, in one of those paradoxes with which he ever and anon startles his readers, but with which we hope our readers have no sympathy, says, "perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the servant of goodness, the servant of God, than even now when doubting God's existence." Nay, verily, it is not serving wisdom but folly, not serving goodness but evil, not serving God but the devil, to think or say in the heart, there is no God. Teufelsdröckh, however, had reached the point of the "EVERLASTING NO." But his "whole ME," stood up, and recorded its protest. "The Everlasting No had said, 'Behold, thou art fatherless, out-cast, and the universe is mine (the devil's) / to which my whole Me now made answer, / I am not thine, but free, and for ever hate thee!'" Nevertheless, in travelling from the "negative pole" to the "positive," he had to pass through the "SUSPENSE OF EXISTENCE." His unrest was not changed for rest. But just as if inwardly correcting his own contradictions, his own contradictions of expressing his "inward" to the "Not," he would be tempted to utter as once in the "intention" of his book makes for a new heaven, a new earth, the world has been spoken over his troubled soul, let there be light; the "inward" is compressed word, stands forth to its "outward" word, and that in his own "inward" word, he has reached the "EVERLASTING YEA." Here we would wish our readers to notice that Teufelsdröckh is passing from the one pole to the other, is making no great spiritual change, but he comes to the limits of a new age, indicated only by philosophy, and we would remind them that a change so deep and full is ever produced by every one who in the "inward" sense of the expression, is "imagined" that this spiritual new birth is produced upon the basis of a philosophy which is a philosophy of the "inward" and has reached the "EVERLASTING YEA."

The character of Teufelsdröckh has now taken its ultimate bent. Its general direction has been ascertained, and here ends all notice of his outward biography. Enough is known to see that he is a man "as it were preappointed for clothes-philosophy," the first preliminary to which being the faculty or habit of "looking through the shows or vestures of things into the things themselves." Here we have a chapter on "Church-Clothes," which are defined to be "the forms, the vestures, under which men have at various periods embodied and represented for themselves the religious principle." The unspeakable importance of these is readily admitted. But Teufelsdröckh, in a strain which our editor often takes up, and which is well known to be a favourite with him; says, "In our era of the world, those same church-clothes have gone sorrowfully out at elbows; nay, far worse, many of them have become mere hollow shapes, or masks, under which no living figure or spirit any longer dwells; but only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the mask still glares on you with its glass eyes, in ghastly affectation of life,—some generation and half after religion has quite withdrawn from it, and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new vestures wherewith to reappear and bless us, or our sons or grandsons." This is but a specimen of the exaggeration and one-sidedness which so much characterise our author's writings. No one can doubt but that there is truth in it. It is not, however, as the statement would seem to insinuate, the whole truth. There is too much formalism in the present, as there has been in almost every age, but perhaps at no period of the world has there been a greater amount of real living Christianity. Mr. Carlyle, in thus speaking, lacks a wise discrimination. He overlooks, or counts for but little, the living among the dead. There are "mere hollow shapes, or masks, under which no living figure or spirit any longer dwells." It were unwise to deny it. But it were no less unwise to refuse to acknowledge the many forms under which the living Spirit moves and looks out in life-giving power upon the world. This unwise part is acted by Herr Teufelsdröckh, *alias* Mr. Carlyle.

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clothes, he would have us believe that in his own domain of literature the church of the living God exists, and the voice of the God-inspired prophet is to be heard. "Is there no religion?" reiterates the professor. "Fool! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well-considered all that lies in this frameable froth-ocean we name LITERATURE? Fragments of a genuine Church-Hamiletic lie scattered there, which time will assort: nay, fractions even of a Liturgy could I point out. And knowest thou no prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the common; and by him been again prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, man's life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—Goethe." Literature is the substitute which Mr. Carlyle would give us for the old Gospel; and in reference to this "sovereign soul of literature," his cry is, "worship him all ye gods." Alas! for this sin-laden world with its wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores, if it had no other physician and remedies. John Sterling's estimate of the great German, in a religious point of view, when writing to Carlyle in the year 1837, is much nearer the truth. "A thoroughly, nay intensely Pagan life, in an age when it is men's duty to be Christian, I find (in him) so much coldness and hollowness as to the highest truths, and feel so strongly that the heaven he looks up to is but a vault of ice," as to be convinced that he was a "profoundly irreligious spirit, with as rare faculties of intelligence as ever belonged to any one."

The philosophy of clothes now attains to transcendentalism. Teufelsdröckh "has looked fixedly on existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial holy of holies lies disclosed." Here all nature is made miraculous (which, in a certain sense, is true), which is said to be "the time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, but hides him from the foolish." The tendency, however, of our philosopher's "natural supernaturalism" is to weaken or destroy the significance of miracles properly so called,

by resolving them into our ignorance of the deeper laws of nature. The rising of one from the dead may be no violation of natural laws, and may be in harmony with "some far deeper law;" but it bespeaks the immediate intervention of the Divine power, to whose control all natural laws are subordinate. A miracle, in one sense, is annually repeated when the seed that is sown and dies, increases thirty-sixty, and an hundred fold; but it is not a miracle in the same sense as the instantaneous multiplication in the hand of five loaves into a sufficiency to feed five thousand. There is a manifestation of Divine power in both cases. But the latter, properly speaking, is only the miracle. It is "supernaturalism," not "natural supernaturalism." It indicates the direct intervention of a supernatural power upon the ordinary course of nature; in other words, it bespeaks the immediate interposal of nature's God. But discussion is not now our object. In noticing thus far the "*Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdrück*," we have ascertained the whereabouts of our author. His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to earth, begone! and to dilettantism, here thou art! not lost, and yet not to be completely swallowed up. He has made some mistakes, but he has not committed any mortal ones. He has been meddling the least with what was sacred, and he has not done so ignorantly. What we need is a little more of his good common sense.

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to perish of semblance and sham. But in these volumes lay, upon the whole, is prone to regard it as in itself a great sham. Other men, distinguished for candour as well as ability, have, without attempting to palliate, far less to justify the atrocities which stained the Revolution, been disposed to see in it the development of a law of human progress. But Mr. Carlyle, viewing it in his severe irony, seems to regard it as a fruitless struggle, a huge failure. In his sardonic humour, he regards it as an event beginning with an "age of paper," and ending with a "whiff of grape-shot." The Constituent Assembly, which destroyed the greater evils of which the people complained, both in the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of the country, and whose proceedings in general have commanded the approbation of such men as Mackintosh and Brougham, not to speak of distinguished Frenchmen, is described by Mr. Carlyle as, in effecting these reforms, "perfecting its theory of defective verbs." M. de Laurmartine says, with greater truth and no less eloquence, "The history of the Revolution is both glorious and mournful. Like the morrow of a victory and the eve of another battle. But if that history be full of realisation, it is dramatic. It is like the anti-pyrrhic drama, in which, while those who conquer the world, the enemies of humanity are triumphant, towards the end, and it is up to us to prevent hydra-headed monsters of war from coming forth again, now restricted in their power, now menaced by them, so that they may take advantage of our weakness, while we are engaged in the task of restoring peace."

After twenty years' acquaintance with France, and her various revolutions, the author writes, "I am almost certain that the revolution has never really triumphed; it has only succeeded in making a new chaos, and in giving birth to a new monster, more terrible than the first." He adds, "The French Revolution was a tragedy, and a tragedy is never happy."

The author's views are somewhat different respecting the English Revolution. He says, "The English Revolution was a comedy, and a comedy is never unhappy."

He also speaks of the American Revolution as a "farce," and of the French Revolution as a "tragedy."

He concludes the work with the following words: "The French Revolution was a tragedy, and a tragedy is never happy. The English Revolution was a comedy, and a comedy is never unhappy. The American Revolution was a farce, and a farce is never serious."

against the "sham" monarchies, the "sham" aristocracies, the "sham" democracies, of the past and present times. The people, according to him, are misgoverned, and they are incapable of governing themselves. With him, "all the foundations of the earth are out of course." Good government is his loud and earnest cry; and, as absolutely essential to this, he demands that the rulers should be great men—as far as possible, true heroes. He has no objection whatever to kings and nobles, provided they be such, not by mere institution or artificial distinction, but by reason of their kingly and noble natures. In the dominion of men of heroic qualities lies his hope of the political and social amelioration of mankind. Our readers will perhaps agree with us in thinking that a better and more feasible plan would be an endeavour to diffuse true and noble qualities among the people at large, and thus render them less dependent upon an aristocracy of heroes. We note, however, in connection with this work, that our Chartist friends can never look to Mr. Carlyle as one of their heroic advocates. As an exposition of Chartism itself, the book is generally regarded to be a failure; but, like other works of our author, it contains not a few earnest exhibitions of truth and striking artistic sketches.

Along with the publication of "Chartism" appeared a collection, from reviews and magazines, of his "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," in four volumes. The contents of these volumes are various, though German subjects predominate. We have Goethe, and Schiller, and Jean Paul Richter, again and again. His article on the "State of German Literature," which is comprised in this collection, was his first in the "Edinburgh." Here, not to name others, we have critical yet warm-hearted estimates of Robert Burns and Samuel Johnson, two of the great objects of his hero-worship. These volumes, indeed, sustain Mr. Carlyle's claim to rank with the first critics of the age. They abound in manifestations of moral earnestness, in a thorough detestation of the unreal and superficial, and in enthusiastic homage to sincerity; while they present many illustrations of his too exclusive subjectivity, his one-sidedness and exaggeration, and his insensibility to the force of religious evidence.

In the month of May, 1840, Mr.

Carlyle delivered, at the West End of London, in the hearing of "the accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise," a course of six lectures on "Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History." These lectures, with emendations and additions, were published by him in the following year. Nothing could have been more congenial to his mind than thus discoursing on great men. The hero as divinity, as prophet, as poet, as priest, as man of letters, as king, is, with great graphic power, exhibited before us. In these lectures we have manifested all our author's vigour of thought, earnestness of aim, intense hatred of shams, power and picturesqueness of expression; and also his one-sidedness and exaggeration, his undue preference of the past over the present, his tendency to undervalue everything distinctively Christian, and to make too much of earnestness of belief irrespective of what is believed. In discoursing on the hero as divinity, we have a mixture of truth and error; or rather we see how his truths become exaggerated and transformed into errors. Mr. Carlyle assigns a large place to the religious element in man. He says truly, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him, and that religion is not the mere profession of a creed or the signing of articles of faith. But because "we see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them" (an over statement), he leaps to the conclusion that creeds are matters of indifference, and that what a man does practically believe and lay to heart constitutes religion in him. Hence the favour which Scandinavian Paganism meets with at his hands. We readily admit with our author that Paganism had a kind of truth in it—that it was not a denial of natural religion so much as a corruption of it—and that men at one time did earnestly believe it. But we refuse him the inference that these earnest nature worshippers were, in the proper sense of the expression, true worshippers; because, though earnestness be a good thing, and there can be no real religion without it, respect must be had to the things believed or the object about which men are earnest; otherwise no religion can be said to have been false. Mr. Carlyle has some respect to this, but it is a respect only of degree. "If worship,

“even of a star,” says he, “had some meaning in it, how much more might that of a hero! . . . Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest god-like form of man—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all heroes is One—whom we do not name here!” How destructive is all this to evangelical reality—to whatever is distinctive in Christianity! *If this were* the germ of Christianity, then all, but the baser sort of infidels who blaspheme against Christ’s character, may be said to take it up. True, Christ is the greatest of all heroes; but it is too vague to speak of Christianity as hero-worship. Odin and Christ are thus placed on the same plane; the wild Norse religion, to which our author has given so pleasant a meaning, is only an inferior kind of truth to the gospel. No recognition whatever is given to the doctrine of the corruption of our nature, the renewal of the heart by grace, the redemption of our fallen race by the sacrifice for sin, and justification through faith; and yet, without these, Christianity is but the body without the spirit.

The second lecture in this volume, which discourses on the hero as prophet, strikingly illustrates Carlyle's error in making earnestness a test of truth. Macdonald is the hero by this canon, who is regarded as a true prophet, though he is regarded as the truest of prophets. Macdonald was not a prophet in the ordinary sense. Macdonald was true. Macdonald was earnest, but not earnest in truth. He was earnest in his own mind, and in his own heart.

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"As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the religion of the middle ages, the religion of our modern Europe, its inner life; so Shakspeare, we may say, embodies for us the outer life of our Europe, as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humours, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had." What Englishman does not sympathise with the following estimate of the "Stratford peasant!" "Consider now, if they (Foreign nations) asked us, will you give up your Indian empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer, Indian empire, or no Indian empire, we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts for ever with us; we cannot give up our Shakspeare."

In discoursing on the heroic priest, Mr. Carlyle exhibits Luther as the hero of the Reformation, and Knox as the hero of Puritanism. There is a right genuine portrait — "I will call this Luther a true great man; great in intellect, in courage, affection, and integrity; one of our most-loved, and proudest men. Great, not as a brown-skinned, but as an Alpine mountain — so sturdy, hardy, spiritual, and setting up to be great at all, there, for quite other purpose than ruling at all. Always, in substantial things, pouring truth and wisdom into the heavens, yet in the acts of it, bent disconsolably, 'tillful valleys with flowers! A right spiritual grand and proper, yet a more, a true son of nature, later fact, for when these centuries roll many that are to come yet will be thankful to heaven! His is a hero of Knox is no quarrelled, but his primary character is that of a hero, that he is a hero is a plain emphasis only to the Scotch Reformation. In the history of Scotland he finds properly but one epoch, and that is the Reformation by Knox. "Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry, James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Burns, Burns, and Knox and the Reformation in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phre-

nomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been." One remark here is pressing; Carlyle, who takes hero to mean *sincere man*, and who estimates Fetish-worship and all other worship, by the single test of sincerity, says of Protestantism that the nothing of it was, "Be genuine, be sincere." Protestantism meant much more than this. It said, the religion of the Bible is the only true religion. Be sincere in your belief of it.

Go the who is the *great object* of Carlyle's adoration, does not, as we would have expected, figure in the discourse on "the Hero as Man of Letters." Iain would our Iain have given him there the chief place, but "the new-born, and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise," at the west end of the city, seem, like John Sterling in 1837, to have been unprepared to fall down and worship him. He is, therefore, left to future times. And three great figures from a prior time are added. These are Johnson, Burns, Rousseau. "Brave old Samuel; *Ulmus Romanorum*!" is spoken of as "the largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of fourpence half-penny a day." Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's; which preached, theoretically and practically, "this great Gospel, 'clear your mind of cant!'" Small space is given to Rousseau and his heroism. Indeed, it is difficult to see why the "Evangelist of the French Revolution," the "magnificent speculatist on the miseries of civilised life," a man whose "books, like himself, are unhealthy," should have a niche among the "heroes," at all. But we forget our author's single touchstone, Rousseau "has the first and chief characteristic of a hero; he is heartily *in earnest*." But who would refuse a grand niche among the heroes as men of letters to Robert Burns! What a highly gifted soul, and yet, what a perverse lot! "Once more a very wretched life-drama was enacted under the sun." Carlyle, remarking "on that notable phasis of Burns' history--his visit to Edinburgh," where he had to bear, and bore so admirably, an un-common *lionism*, says truly, "And yet, alas, the lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his farm, hindered his industry, no place was remote enough for them.

He could not get his lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind, all gone; solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, and no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement; they got their amusement; and the hero's life went for it!" Alas, alas, for hero-worship; alas, too, for the who, like Mr. Carlyle, make literature religion, and regard the great literary man as "the light of the world; the world's priest; guiding it like a sacred pillar of fire, in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of time!"

Under "the hero as king," which concludes this vigorously-written volume, we have striking portraits of Cromwell and Napoleon. The merit of doing justice to the character of Cromwell, and of clearing away the falsities which had lain for long around it, belongs in a great degree to Thomas Carlyle. Here we have about the most genial and soul-stirring utterances of our author. He looks with his own eyes beneath the "mountains of calumny" to which this man has been subject, into the man's life, from the time when he lived at St. Ives and Ely, tilling the earth, reading his Bible, daily assembling his servants round him to worship God, and comforting persecuted ministers, till he became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged strongest man in England; yea, till "he breathed out his wild great soul into the presence of his Maker;" and "not one proved falsehood" does he find in his character, "not one." As for the charge of "hypocrisy," he says truly, "they who call it so have no right to speak on such matters." In Napoleon, "our second modern King," he finds no such greatness, no such *sincerity*, as in Cromwell. He *had*, however, a sincerity; only of a far inferior sort. But "he apostatised from his old faith in facts, took to believe in semblances; strove to connect himself with Austrian dynasties, popedom, with the old false feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false; considered that *he* would found 'his dynasty,' and so forth." And "having once parted with reality, he tumbles helpless in vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there,

he, too, "shall return *home* in honour, to his far distant home in honour, if in the battle he keeps his shield;" what is likely to be the effect of such discoursing on many of his admiring disciples, but that, eschewing the Gospel of Christ, they should rest in their own honest labour for being made meet to be partakers of future felicity? This effect, we are assured, has been realised in the case of not a few of his followers. Now, of all "shams" and "unveracities," this is the greatest; and of all instances in which half a truth has been pushed so far as to become a monstrous untruth, this is the most striking. Man's moral nature, with its sense of guilt, its felt wants, and insatiable desires, disowns it. It is "Morrison again." There is no physician *there*. "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?" The Divine Man answers: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." This is the only true work, the only ennobling work, the only saving work. It is, in the fullest sense of the terms, both worship and well-being. The fourth and last Book in the volume is entitled "Horoscope," in which our author, notwithstanding unworking aristocracies, election bribery, insane corn laws, and mammonism of every shape, takes a triumphant outlook into the future. The great want of Europe, in his estimation, is a real aristocracy, and a real priesthood, a governing class and a teaching class. A grand host of workers rise up before him. His faith is "some 'chivalry of labour,' some noble humanity and practical divineness of labour will yet be realised on this earth." Men of letters, too, are to become a "chivalry," an actual priesthood, a real teaching class. And thus, in hope of men becoming heroic, "in hope of the Last Patridge, and some Duke of Westminster among our English Dukes," he rests in patience. We think of the motto, taken from Schiller, on the title-page of this volume: "Ernst ist das Leben"—Life is a serious thing. So is it viewed and felt to be by Thomas Carlyle. But while we hope much from working aristocracies, from the true sovereign souls of literature, from true workers of every class, we cling to our old faith that the Gospel of Christ, understood and believed, is the only real remedy for the world's maladies; and that: "who live lives of faith in it are

pre-eminently the true workers—workers for the glory of God and for the welfare of their fellow-men. In this "Horoscope" of the world, we are confirmed by a survey of the "Past" and "Present."

Mr. Carlyle's next important work was the publication of "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations," in three volumes. In some respects, this is the most important of his publications. By it he has done real service to the cause of justice and truth; and for it all right thinking men give him cordial thanks. For about two hundred years the name of Cromwell has lain under a load of calumny and falsehood. Our principal historians have either misunderstood the man and his times, or have wilfully misjudged both the one and the other. His memory has been treated with as little respect as his body, which, to gratify royal resentment, was dug from its grave, hung upon a tree, and afterwards buried under the gallows. "His place in history forsooth," remarked Mr. Carlyle, when discoursing on the "hero as king," has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness, and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first to pronounce him not a knave and liar, but a genuine honest man." Our author, in his own way, has somewhere said, that the soul of the world is just. The world will, at last, be brought to render justice to its great men. It has been tardy in doing so to the character of Cromwell, but the thing is done at last. Carlyle's work is not indeed the first instalment in the payment of the long arrear of debt, but it is by far the largest and most important. A few years previously, Dr. Vaughan, in his "Essay on the Character of Cromwell and his Times," did great justice to the memory of the Lord Protector, but he admitted to some extent the charge of dissimulation. Forster, who published about the same time a "Life of Cromwell" in his series of the "Lives of Eminent British Statesmen," displays much more candour towards the hero of the Commonwealth than he has generally received, but Forster does not repudiate the theory, adopted by Hume and others, however much he may modify it, that hypocrisy entered into Cromwell's character. Carlyle, by his compilation of Oliver's "Letters and Speeches," and by his "Elucidations" of the same, has not

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sticking its head into fallacies, but will be awakened one day, in a terrible *à posteriori* manner, if not otherwise! Awake, before it come to that: gods! and men bid us awake! The voices of our fathers, with thousandfold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake!"

In the year 1850, Mr. Carlyle produced, in monthly brochures, his " Latter-Day Pamphlets." These treat chiefly of the political and social aspects of the times; and were occasioned by the convulsions of the year 1848, which he characterises as "one of the most singular, disastrous, amazing, and, on the whole, humiliating years, the European world ever saw." He has no more sympathy with the "immeasurable democracy" which then "rose monstrous, loud, blatant, inarticulate, as the voice of chaos;" than with the "ruling persons" who "stared in sudden horror, the voice of the whole world bellowing in their ear." He goes y-imbecile hypocrites—histrios, not heroes! Off with you—all!" One cannot but sympathise with much of the lofty rebuke which he brings to bear on that kind of statesmanship that headlessly allows the waters of discontent to swell and choke until they sweep away all barriers between them—that holds the truth as it was, as a right to possess, until it drowns under its own excessiveness. But the opposite often flows full on the other side of Carlyle's words, what boots all these denunciations? Why hold up to ridicule the existing political and social system, without definitely proposing some alternative? The answer, which Carlyle gives for the time being, is, "the improvement of man himself." So that signs of morality, of virtue, of nobility, of mercy, of generosity, are to be the talismans, which will insure us a better and more desirable world, if only we command it. Now the truth lies somewhere midway between the two extremes of kindly natures, and the only remedy and comfort to be sought, is in the education of the common ordinary mind. The man who can appreciate objects as nature presents them, let every one's souls cheer him to the wilderness.

"Our nation is not this 'Empire of the Sea' that our stout sailors, the existing navy and the oceans, existing fishing industry and 'Our organization'—Labour. The British Empire—Minister is to lead the present troops to the Irish bogs and

to the Scotch hill-sides, and say unto them, "Here is work for you, all manner of just remuneration follows; work, or be punished!" Certain difficulties which naturally suggest themselves in connection with such an "organization of labour" are left to be explained by ourselves. Mr. Carlyle points out the disease, and says, this is my effectual cure; but nothing more.

Our space forbids us enlarging on these "Latter-day Pamphlets." In the second of them, which treats of "model prisons," our author exposes in his own odd and forcible way the indiscriminate philanthropy which makes prisons such stately and comfortable mansions; while he contrasts with these "the continents of dingy, poor, and dirty dwellings" by which they are surrounded, the inmates of which are taxed for keeping them up. But here, instead of probing the delinquency which peoples our gaols, and suggesting remedial measures that would at once be humane and effectual, he would bring to bear on the criminal part of the population a severity nothing short of barbaric. If the model prison system has erred on the side of leniency, let us seek some medium between that and downright vengeance. No punishment should be more severe than the protection of society requires. Be it remembered, that there is another tribunal to which men are amenable. "Vengeance is mine, I will recompense, saith the Lord."

But enough. Heroes are wanted in "Downing Street," in "Parliaments," and where not? Heroes will remove the separation between employers and employed; heroes will turn to account the masses of idle wealth and the masses of idle workmen; heroes will supplant "stump orators," put an end to "Hudson statues," teach the poor, bring back vanishing religion, and rid the world of "Jesuitism." Some truth, doubtless, in all this, but much more talk. Mr. Carlyle, who has said, "wisdom dwells not with stump oratory; to the stump orator wisdom has waved her sad and peremptory farewell," had better beware.

The latest work of importance by Mr. Carlyle is "The Life of John Sterling," which was published in 1851. This book has a deep and melancholic interest. In so far as poor Sterling himself is concerned, it teaches, though the author meant not so, how ill a case

men are, and especially men of genius and refined sensibilities, who have no firm footing in matters of religious truth. Carlyle finds fault with Archdeacon Hare's biography of his friend, because it gives prominence to the religious side of his character. It is this side of his character which our author would ignore or cast into the shade. But, in so far as many of his reflecting readers are concerned, he fails to do so. John Sterling, even as exhibited by Carlyle, is an impressive illustration of the words of the royal preacher, "In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Literature, with Mr. Carlyle, is not only religious, but religion itself. He seems to reckon that man needs no more special revelation than that which is written on the face of external nature and in the soul of man himself. John Sterling, after some struggling, seems to have been brought to the same opinion, and yet here, like the troubled sea, he found no rest. "What we are going to," says he, in one of his letters to Carlyle, "is abundantly obscure; but what all men are going from is very plain." This seems to be all the truth which Sterling had reached, and his latest biographer would appear to have had no small share in helping him to it. In a brief letter, "fit to be for ever memorable to the receiver of it," Sterling, very shortly before his death, thus writes to Carlyle: "On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none . . . Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you." To depart thus out of the world is, according to Carlyle, bravery; and to have had such an influence on Sterling's mind is with him a matter of glorying. Our readers will perhaps agree with us in thinking that this stoical Pantheism which our author would put in place of the religion of the Church, is but a cheerless thing, since it throws not a ray of light on the "great darkness," and leaves men to travel into it without any certainty as to whither they are going; and that Mr. Carlyle should indulge in something else than boasting when he reflects that he helped John Sterling to such a dismal position.

But we leave our author in his

such an amount of external and internal evidences—as silences the claims of all other systems. To the force of these evidences, we regret to find, Mr. Carlyle insensible. How much or how little of the Christian Revelation he embraces in his own faith, we cannot, from a perusal of his writings, determine. It is obvious, however, that its grand distinctive truths are not a resting-place to his own mind; and that the influence of his speculations, in so far as they have a religious bearing, is to prevent them

becoming a resting-place to the minds of others. Let men be earnest, but let them be earnest about *the* truth which has come from above and is above all. Misplaced zeal is not true zeal. It must have reference to the truth. And He who is the "Faithful Witness" has said, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

ROBERT BURNS.

Genius is creative power, not absolutely, but relatively, to the human mind. It does not actually call existence out of nothingness, but what to the mind of man had previously no existence, it adds to the sum of knowledge. The diamonds are lying in the mines of truth, but unnoticed, till the adventurous step and eagle eye of genius light upon them, and store them up among the treasures of the intellect. The prerogative of genius is to furnish thought with fresh materials, or to recast the old into new and original combinations. In the fine arts, it is no copyist from ancient masters, but on the canvas or the marble evokes forms whose only precedents are Nature's own everlasting and ever-charming models; in song, it drinks inspiration from the true Castalian spring, and soars boldly to untraversed regions of imagination; in science, it penetrates to secret relations and brings to light undiscovered laws; in philosophy, it dives to profounder depths than its predecessors, and opens new paths to the acquisition of truth. And here lies the distinction between genius and talent. Talent is not creative; it is rather ability for using well the old than for discovering the new. Talent requires materials; it demands admission to the stores of knowledge already accumulated, and devotes itself rather to the review and adjustment of these, than to the depositing of fresh spoils from the domains of truth. Genius is more independent, or rather self-sufficient; with the aid of

fewer materials it can rear grander results. Genius is the architect that designs the edifice, or the quarryman that provides the stone, and talent the industrious and skilful labourer who, working by the design and with the materials, thus already furnished, raises the structure.

Hence, where men of genius and men of talent emerge from obscurity to eminence, there is a marked difference between the process of elevation in the two cases. The latter do so by dint of pains-taking endeavour. In spite of all disadvantages of condition, they *do* acquire knowledge. By self-sacrifice, by indomitable perseverance, by wrestling with adverse circumstances, they actually come before the world as men of learning, outstripping those who have been far more liberally dealt with by fortune. They are educated, though it may be in an irregular way. And on this account, they rise to distinction. Their mere natural capacity would not have been force sufficient for their elevation without such adventitious aid. The peculiarity of their case is,—not that they have attained eminence without the toilsome acquisitions which raise most men above their fellows; but that they have made these acquisitions under greater disadvantages. They do not cleave on strong pinions an easy and solitary track to the summits of fame; but labour up the beaten and thronged ascent, only distinguished from other aspirants in that they have risen from lower depths.

Men of genius, on the other hand, frequently mount to greatness actually without the acquirements of which we are speaking. They do not care to overcome the disadvantages of their lot by energetic and patient industry. Without education, at least the education of books and colleges, they acquire distinction. If fortune has been niggardly to them, they can dispense with her favours. If debarred from the treasures which the industry of others has accumulated, they possess an exhaustless mine of wealth within themselves which more than compensates. They do not push their resolute way through the obstructions and difficulties of their condition, but soar above them.

And this is especially true of poetic genius. The materials gathered by a learned education are of little avail to the poet. He can make use of them, as Milton has shown us, who breathes life and grace into the dry dead acquisitions of scholarship. Yet, even of Milton, it would be much truer to affirm that he has attained his acknowledged pre-eminence in spite of his learning than that he has done so by means of it. At all events, such acquirements are not essential; the highest style of poetic excellence may be reached without them. The really indispensable materials of the poet are man and nature, and study of these his true education, if, indeed, *study* be not an inappropriate term for that intuition by which he gathers from these ever-open volumes all that is requisite for his purpose. And as the human heart, in all its essential passions and sensibilities, is everywhere the same, and Nature unveils her charms to all alike, the genius of song may be nursed into vigorous life equally amidst the shades and even the rudeness of a lowly station, as in the more elevated walks of the learned and polite. Indeed, it may be questioned whether for the fresh and healthy development of poetic genius, for the effusion of such song as shall cause the sensibilities of all classes to thrill with delight, the influences of a learned education be not unfavourable rather than otherwise. The highly cultured poet may acquire a fastidiousness of taste, which robs his verse of freshness and vigour to an extent ill compensated by any accession of chasteness and elegance. And what is a yet more serious fault, he is tempted to seek his images,

not from the "glorious likenesses" of which "the world is full," but from the fields of history and science, and such images are not only beyond the comprehension of the majority of readers, but even where they are appreciated, do not strike those deep and delightful chords of sympathy which vibrate only to the familiar voice of Nature herself.

No explanation is necessary why we have prefaced the present sketch with these observations. ROBERT BURNS was endowed with the high but perilous gift of genius. He possessed the true inspiration, the *divinus afflatus*, which alone can raise to eminence in "the art unteachable, untaught." And by the sheer force of that genius, he mounted, deservedly, to a very high position amongst the devotees of the muses. Emerging "from the veriest shades of life," as he himself expresses it, depressed by greater disadvantages than most who have risen from obscurity to distinction, and actually furnished but slenderly with the knowledge of books, he easily dispensed with the favours which fortune denied him, and by means of that native power, which weaves the commonest materials into forms of grace and loveliness, won a rapid and wide-spread fame. Refused access to the stores of science which the talent and industry of others had amassed, he plunged boldly for himself into the exhaustless mines of nature, and fetching thence gems of priceless value, set them around his own brows in a diadem of such lustre, that Scotland hastened to pay him homage as her great national bard.

A glance at his early life will be sufficient to illustrate and establish the statements we have advanced. It was in a cottage literally of mud that Robert Burns first saw the light. His father, William Burns, or Burnes, for such was the original orthography of the name, had reared it with his own hands, when, at a somewhat advanced age, he contemplated marriage. Robert was the first-fruits of the union, and was born on the 29th day of January, 1759. At the time of his birth, his father was employed as gardener and overseer, by a neighbouring gentleman, and the wages of this service, together with the produce of a dairy of two or three cows, constituted the entire dependence of the family. They lived, however, for several years in contentment and hap-

pinness, the fruit of their own industry, frugality, and virtue. When Robert was six or seven years old, his father, in conjunction with other seniors of the hamlet, engaged a youngman, Murdock by name, to undertake the education of their children. Under this instructor, Robert learnt to read and write, and gathered some acquaintance with English grammar. He is reported thus early to have displayed a thoughtful and contemplative disposition, though inferior to his brother Gilbert in quickness and vivacity. His gravity was not, however, the result of dullness, but was rather the abstraction which so often, even in boyhood, marks the enthusiastic temperament. We do not wonder therefore to learn that the "Vision of Mirza," which he met with at this time, in one of the school reading books, made an impression on his awakening imagination, which was never effaced; nor that the "Life of Wallace," a loan from the village blacksmith, sent him on a pilgrimage of half-a-dozen miles to "Leglen Wood," one of the retreats of the hero; nor that as he roamed with many a sympathetic tear through glen and dell, his young heart glowed with the desire of giving vent to his emotions in song.

After two or three years Murdock left the place, and here the school-education of the poet almost terminates. There was, indeed, one summer quarter during which he and his brother were sent for alternate weeks to the parish school of Dalrymple; and another, some time later, when he went to Kirk Oswald, to learn land-surveying; and there were two or three precious weeks about his fourteenth year, which were spent under the roof of his old tutor. Murdock, then schoolmaster at the neighbouring town of Ayr, and were devoted to the study of French. But for all acquisitions beyond those which were gathered at these periods, young Burns was indebted to his own industry, and the instructions of his admirable father. It is well known that the Scotch peasantry are intelligent and well-informed far beyond the same class in this country, and William Burns was more than an average specimen of the grade to which he belonged. If his acquirements of book-learning were scanty, he possessed strong common sense, and a mind of considerable power, united with the yet more important moral qualities of

sterling integrity, manly independence, and sincere and earnest piety. We need scarcely remark that the patriarch of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is a faithful portraiture of this worthy man, and the beautiful scene in which the family devotions are described, a reminiscence of the days of boyhood. Constant intercourse with such a parent could not but be beneficial, and the mode in which he strove to supply the lack of a regular education is worthy of all praise. It was his wont to converse with his sons freely on all subjects, *as if they had been men*, thus leading them to think for themselves, and to form and express an independent and decisive judgment. While engaged with them in the labours of the farm, he always sought some topic of useful discourse, inculcating especially the cultivation of piety, and the practice of virtue. And as he had a Scotchman's turn for metaphysical and theological inquiry, and his son Robert early became an eager and ready disputant, it is not unlikely that the hedge-sides and fallows of Mount Oliphant were frequently the scenes of discussions, which would have harmonised better with the philosophical schools and literary circles of the Scottish metropolis. Books too were procured, through the kindness of friends, and by this means Robert, who devoured all with eager and indiscriminating avidity, acquired a pretty fair store of general knowledge, and, what was of more importance to his after career, augmented and enriched his English vocabulary. As might be expected, his reading was miscellaneous enough. The "Spectator," "Pope's Works," "Tull and Dickson on Agriculture," "Locke on the Understanding," "Boyle's Lectures," "Allan Ramsay's Poems," "Taylor on Original Sin," "English Songs," and "Hervey's Meditations," as they stand in succession on his catalogue, are certainly an odd and amusing medley.

But, alas! mental culture could only be pursued at intervals from toil more than ordinarily severe. William Burns, despite his integrity and manly sense, was extremely unfortunate. His farms turned out unproductive, his cattle died, and, to crown all, owing to some misunderstanding as to the terms of a lease, he was drawn into litigation. After some years of suspense, the decision was given against him, and he was only

saved from spending his old age in a jail by the merciful release of death. In consequence of these misfortunes, the family underwent the severest privations. For a long time butcher's meat was a stranger to the house. All members, and Robert in particular, were tasked beyond their strength. At fifteen he did the work of a man. The best years of his youth were thus spent in what he characterises, in his own emphatic way, as "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave." And, stout and athletic as he was, so that in driving a furrow or levelling the sward he had no rival, these over-exertions seriously affected his health. A dull headache, we are informed, was, at this time, his constant evening companion. But these years of toil and gloom left other effects yet more important. They served to nurse that disposition to morbid depression, of which he had already manifested symptoms, and which, by driving him to unnatural excitements, was one chief cause of the sins and misfortunes of his after life. They strengthened, if they did not implant, that keen sense of social inequalities, that contempt of the adventitious distinctions of wealth and rank, especially when they fell to the lot of the imbecile and worthless, that surly independence, repelling all advances of patronage and offers of assistance as a reflection and an insult, that over-sensitive jealousy of the honour due to him as a *man*, and a man of ability, though poor and lowly born, which ever remained conspicuous features in his character, and which, honourable qualities in themselves, were in him developed in excess. Conscious worth may be morbidly susceptible, ever fancying slight and insult, where nothing of the kind was intended, even honest independence itself may become arrogant and repulsive; and if there is an empty pride in the distinctions of fortune, there is also an excess on the other side, an equally unreasoning hatred of all that is merely adventitious, as though titles and riches were in themselves worthy objects of resentment to those who are devoid of them. We are disposed to think that Burns erred in this direction; and, if so, his best apology is suggested by that period of his life we have just been reviewing. Let those who would censure him, reflect what must have been the effect of these years of toil and

bitterness on a soul of such sensibility as his.

Meanwhile, in spite of scanty education and incessant labour, the genius of the poet was developing itself. It was some time, indeed, before the strong impulse manifested itself in any determinate way. There was a vague consciousness of superior capacity, and there were aspirations after something, he knew not what, before he discovered the rich vein which nature had wrought in his soul. "I had early felt some stirrings of ambition," he writes himself in after life, "*but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave.*" There were not, however, wanting indications of the direction his genius would take. Just as the fibres of the root select from the soil with delicate discrimination those elements which are adapted to the nourishment and growth of the tree, so the instinct of his nature, all unconsciously to himself, directed him to the most appropriate means of culture. "The collection of songs was my *modus vivendi*. I pored over them, driving my cart or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true tender or sublime from affectation and fustian." "It was his delight to wander alone on the banks of the Ayr, whose stream is now immortal, and to listen to the song of the blackbird at the close of the summer's day. But still greater was his pleasure, as he himself informs us, in walking on the sheltered side of a wood in a cloudy winter day, and hearing the storm rave among the trees; and more elevated still his delight to ascend some eminence during the agitations of nature—to stride along its summit while the lightnings flashed around him, and amidst the howlings of the tempest, to apostrophise the spirit of the storm."

It was in his fifteenth autumn that Burns made his first essay in verse; and, quite characteristically, it was love that kindled the enthusiasm which thus at length found its natural vent. "*A bonnie, sweet, souse lass*" was his companion that season in the harvest field, and his susceptible breast was smitten with a novel feeling, which he could not at first comprehend.

He grew acquainted with his heart,
And searched what stirred it so—alas! he
found it love.

His fair charmer sang sweetly, and,

amongst others, a song composed by the son of a "small country land" in the neighbourhood. Fired at once with emulation and love, Robert essayed his powers and produced a set of verses to the music of her favourite reel. From this time love and poetry went hand in hand. His heart was seldom free for any length of time from some flame of passion, and stanzas to the fair goddess of the hour were as perpetually fermenting in his brain. Nor did he confine himself to the effusions of the tender sentiment. Verse became now the natural expression of every passing humour. "I had usually half-a-dozen or more pieces on hand. I took up one or the other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue." Most of the productions of this period have perished. They were probably crude and imperfect, and adjudged by the poet himself unworthy to see the light. As has been the case with all great masters of the lyre, and indeed with all great artists of whatever department, for some time,

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made.

Yet before he emerged from obscurity, Burns had composed several of the poems on which, even now, his fame chiefly rests. It was during the years 1784 and 1785 that the majority of these were written. *Written*, indeed, is scarcely an applicable term; for the inspiration generally came upon him whilst engaged in the labours of the farm, or not unfrequently, while rambling on the banks of Ayr during the labourer's weekly day of rest; and his productions were carried long in his memory before they were committed to paper. That fine passage in his preface, so often quoted, is *literally* true:—"The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." Before his fame had extended beyond his own neighbourhood, he had apostrophised the "dear departed shade" of the object of his purest and deepest attachment, in those strains to "Mary in Heaven," which, indeed, an angel might have stooped to hear; he had composed the "Cotter's Saturday Night," which contains, perhaps, more of the element of *sublimity* than any other of his productions; he had dispatched his two comic "Epistles to J.

Knapraik;" he had shown the vast variety of his genius in his "Address to the De'il," blending in one effusion pathos and humour, and a serious beauty bordering on the sublime; and had essayed his powers of burlesque satire in "Death and Dr. Hornbrook." Wonderful productions these for a laborious and untutored ploughman of five-and-twenty!

The time had now arrived when the wild notes of this native genius were to reach more appreciating ears than the rusties on the banks of Ayr. The circumstances under which Burns suddenly burst forth from his obscurity are so well known, that we shall make no apology for running over events in a very cursory way. An unfortunate connection with a young lady, named Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns, in which his extreme sensibility and strong passions overcame the restraints of prudence and virtue, brought him into great distress. The parents of Miss Armour refused their consent to a private marriage, yet took legal measures against the offender. Burns, driven desperate, contemplated an escape to Jamaica; but not possessing sufficient funds, resolved, at the suggestion of friends, to venture on publishing, by subscription, a few of his poems. Accordingly, while he was yet "skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail," an edition of 600 copies was thrown off at Kilmarnock. Their reception exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Like Byron, on the publication of the first canto of "Childe Harold," he "awoke one morning, and found himself famous." A letter from Dr. Blacklock, himself a poet, to a mutual friend, warmly recommending that Burns should proceed to Edinburgh and publish there a second edition, overthrew the Jamaica project, and drew him with all speed to the northern metropolis. This was in November, 1786.

At Edinburgh, Burns was ruined. He soon became the lion of the season. He received the most flattering attentions from the learned and the great. He was a welcome guest in the most fashionable circles. The Earl of Glencairn and Lord Monboddo gave him their patronage; Dugald Stewart, Dr. Blair, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Mackenzie, and other of the most distinguished literati of the day, were gratified to make his acquaintance. From the obscurest shades

of rustic life, he was suddenly translated to the glare of refined and luxurious society. The more discerning of his friends dreaded, from the outset, what the result might be. Yet it was not that he lost the simplicity and independence of his character; his natural good sense, the firm and deliberate estimate he had formed of his own powers, the rugged pride, to some extent, perhaps, hereditary, but which a consciousness of worth and talent superior to his condition of toil and obscurity, had tended to develop, preserved him on that side. He still retained the dress of a country farmer. His manners were simple and unassuming, though so far removed from anything approaching to servility, or meanness, as, at times, to verge on the opposite extreme. This was the strong side of his character, and here, consequently, he was safe.

But poetic genius would appear to be a perilous endowment. It involves a quick and ardent sensibility,—sympathies that vibrate to all passing circumstances as the strings of an Æolian harp to the faintest breathings of the gale; emotions that are roused to enthusiasm, passions that are stirred into tempest where other men are only conscious of a slightly quickened pulse of feeling, an agitation that just ruffles the surface and readily subsides. And such a character is rarely under the sway of a strong and inflexible will. It would seem to be true that, in proportion as the emotional nature is quickly and deeply excitable, there is a deficiency in those higher qualities of self-control, resolve and perseverance, which form "the column of true majesty in man." Exceptions there undoubtedly are;—characters who, to the warmth and susceptibility of the temperament of genius, unite the strength and firmness which seem to belong to another style of mind. These are but exceptions, however, and "few and far between." As a consequence of this deficiency in the regal power of volition, the poet is too often either a visionary or the victim of passion,—or, perhaps, more frequently, exhibits a combination of both. Where the restraints of religious and virtuous dispositions are strong enough to keep back his ardent nature from vicious excess; where his passions, though deep and lively, are pure; where the favours of fortune have happily exempted him

from the necessity of mingling in the traffic and struggle of the world, he dreams away existence amidst bright images, the landscapes of his own fertile fancy;—an innocent enthusiast, but as unfit for the harsh actualities of the world, for contact with the wiles and selfishness of human nature, as an exotic from purer skies and warmer suns for the blasts and frosts of our capricious climate. But where, on the other hand, the poet's ardent and susceptible nature is not sufficiently guarded on the side of virtue, where the flood-gates of license are thrown open to the impetuous tide of his passions, where temptations from without are too strong for his powers of resistance, where misfortune drives to excesses, in which, at all events, the relief of oblivion is to be found; how often are we called to witness that saddest of all spectacles,—a soul of lofty and refined genius, and once really full of benevolent dispositions and generous aspirations, debased to the lowest vices (as though Belial were to sweep the strings of an angel's lyre), and, on the vortex of sensuality, whirling in shame and self-reproach to premature destruction!

Burns had all the ardent passions of the poetic temperament, and, at the same time, all its characteristic lack of self-control. Nor was he so securely guarded by habits of virtue or a sense of religion as to compensate for the deficiency. To such a nature, the society into which he suddenly burst at Edinburgh was like flame applied to a magazine of combustibles. For the besetting sin of the literati of the northern metropolis at this time was intemperate conviviality. This was especially true of the numerous clubs and societies in which the young and rising geniuses of the place met to exercise their talents for debate, to sharpen their wit, and enjoy one another's company. Not many years had passed since another gifted and unfortunate bard, Robert Fergusson, the perusal of whose poems had incited Burns to "string his lyre anew with emulating vigour," had been allured by such seductions to an untimely grave. And it is impossible to read the literary biographies of this period without the conviction, that the Scottish capital was a dangerous nurse of the young and ardent spirits gathered within its walls by its almost unrivalled literary renown.

At all these bacchanalian assemblies Burns was a welcome guest. He had displayed conversational powers as wonderful as his poetry. The young Ayrshire farmer was a perfect prodigy. His elocution was ready and striking, and what was even more remarkable, almost free from the taint of Scottish provincialism; his capacity was equal to any subject within the narrower compass of his knowledge; his observations on character were shrewd and penetrating, not unfrequently sarcastic; his wit and fancy flowed almost as freely in the improvisations of the table as in the published effusions of his muse. Add to this, warm and generous dispositions, a soul strong in its attachments, and if quick to resent as ready to forgive, and you have an assemblage of qualities powerfully urging their possessor to social pleasure, while, at the same time, rendering him the most acceptable of companions.

The result of all this was, that during his residence in Edinburgh, Burns became the slave of habits, from which he never had sufficient resolution to free himself. He contracted a disgust for the ordinary occupations to which he had yet to look for a livelihood. The pure and simple pleasures of domestic life appeared insipid; and a fatal craving was aroused for the unnatural excitement of witty and dissipated society. Two winters were spent in this perilous way. During the interval he traversed the most famous scenes of the Highlands and the banks of the Tweed, renowned in Scottish legend; besides paying a visit to his family and friends in Ayrshire. At length, in the spring of 1788, having cleared a few hundred pounds by a second edition of his poems, he took, at a moderate rental, the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith; while, to render his prospects yet more secure, he sought and obtained the office of gauger, or excise-man, for the district in which he lived, with the probability of speedy promotion. At the same time, with honourable constancy, he married the betrothed wife of his years of obscurity, who had indeed already twice made him a father.

This was a crisis of the utmost importance. He had taken on himself new responsibilities; he had the prospect of regular and not toilsome occupation, in which success depended on his own industry, and to that success a wife and

children were looking for support; he was far from the seductions of the fascinating but dangerous society of the metropolis; now was his opportunity to listen to the voice of reason and the claims of duty, and to shake off the habits that were leading him, by rapid and obvious steps, to ruin. He allowed it to slip, and so favourable a one never occurred. Yet was he not unconscious of the critical position in which he stood. Thus he wrote three days after his arrival at Ellisland:—"But a wife and children bind me to struggle with the stream, till some sudden squall shall overset the silly vessel; or, in the listless return of years its own craziness reduce it to a wreck. Farewell, now, to those giddy follies, those varnished vices, which, though half-sanctified by the bewitching levity of wit and humour, are, at best, but thriftless idling with the precious current of existence: nay, often poisoning the whole, that, like the plains of Jericho, 'the water is naught and the ground barren' and nothing short of a supernaturally-gifted Elisha can ever after heal the evils. Come, then, let me act up to my favourite motto, that glorious passage in Young,

On reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man."

But, alas! temptation followed him to the banks of the Nith, and found him as feeble to resist as amidst the gay circles of Edinburgh. The country gentlemen of the neighbourhood were delighted to secure so illustrious and gifted a guest to grace their entertainments. The labours of the farm were distasteful and irksome, and were gradually given up more and more into the hands of labourers. The natural consequences followed. After about three years Ellisland was abandoned, and the poet removed to the town of Dumfries, retaining only his office in the Excise, which brought him in an income of about seventy pounds a year. At Dumfries, matters grew worse and worse. Temptations were stronger, and the power to resist them weaker. Convivial pleasures were now sought as a release from "the miseries of a mind diseased," and from morbid forebodings of want. The yet unclouded understanding of the unhappy bard measured with a clear glance the abyss into which he was rapidly sinking, but his moral strength was utterly prostrated, and the

agonies of remorse only drove him more eagerly to the oblivion he found in unnatural stimulants. Intemperance now became habitual; and yet grosser vices followed in its train. He stooped to become the associate of those with whom he had nothing in common but the impulses of wild insatiable passion. It is sad, very sad, to contemplate the debasement of such a soul, strung with such delicate sympathies, full of such lofty and generous sentiments. And it is strange, passing strange, that in the midst of these drunken orgies he should be pouring forth the sweetest and tenderest lyrics of which any language can boast. For it was during this period of sin and degradation, that he contributed the Scottish songs for Thomson's collection of popular airs. One cannot but think of the lyre of Orpheus pouring strains of enchantment through the horrors of the infernal regions.

At length the constitution of the poet gave way. Remedial measures were resorted to in vain, for the ruin was too complete. On the 22nd of July, 1796, the earthly career of this child of genius and misfortune closed.

The character of Burns is delineated in the preceding sketch, and but little need be added on that head. It had many amiable, many lofty qualities. Ready sympathy, warm affection, universal benevolence, were among its gentler graces; manly independence, a scrupulous sense of honour, and a magnanimity that soared above mean and sordid vice, were its nobler features. But as we have seen, all was vitiated by a deficiency in that force of will which is the executive of reason, subjecting the man and his conduct to her control. This being wanting, all that there was of the fair and generous in his nature was inadequate to curb the turbulence of passion—to break his career to a miserable and untimely fate. Emphatic proof of this, amongst innumerable corroborations, that for the happy conduct of life, *decision, force of will*, is the first of qualities, and that all gifts of intellect and graces of character may be wasted and abused without it.

Burns, like many men of genius, had powerful emotions, but incorrect sentiments, on the subject of religion. While careerings with apparent recklessness on the tides of passion, he thought frequently and anxiously on the eternal

relations of life. His natural melancholy led him to reflect much on the speed and certainty of death—that abrupt and mysterious close of all the pleasures and interests of the present scene. And with uneasy curiosity he gazed into the darkness beyond. More than once he quotes:—

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you in pity
Disclose the secret,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?

And amidst crime and wretchedness he clung with frantic tenacity to the hope of future compensations for those who, like himself, were conscious of honourable and generous dispositions, although

The pulse's maddening play
Wild send them pleasure's devious way,
Mialed by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven.

Such offences he considered venial, for they involved no injury to others. That alone appeared to him vicious and reprehensible which flowed from malicious dispositions, and violated the claims of justice or benevolence. Those who have read aright the revelations of Christianity will hardly coincide with these sentiments. It is not an imperfect obedience which is represented as the essential qualification for eternal rewards, but a perfect obedience, rendered possible by supernatural intervention, by the efficacy of that atonement which, at the same time that it discharges from previous guilt, sustains thenceforward in the fulfilment of the requirements of law.

It only remains briefly to review the poetry of Burns. Its most obvious feature is its vast variety. To most poets we may apply some one epithet, descriptive of the peculiar department of song in which they excel. They may possess great power, but the sphere of its operation is circumscribed. They throw out strains of enchantment, but, like Paganini, from a single string. Shakspeare is, perhaps, the only poet who can challenge the German epithet of *all-sided*. Even of Milton we may affirm sublime imagination to be the peculiar faculty. He seldom charms by the elegancies of fancy; his narrative is often flat, and his humour as uncouth as the gambols of a giant. Or to descend from such lofty, we had almost said consecrated, ground, Cowper's vein is descriptive, his didactic is tedious, and his satire too gentle and good-

temperament. Scott, too, is descriptive, with the non-essential distinction from Cowper, that his canvas is wider, more boldly coloured, and more thickly peopled. Crabbe is a painter of the Dutch school; his scenery is transcribed to its minutest and homeliest details; his characters are men and women from the village in their work-a-day dresses, and he ren his peculiar power. The gift of Moore is fancy, brilliant and exhaustless.

*Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made
Thine own.*

Mrs. Hemans' genius is lyrical; the warm and tender feelings of a woman's heart gush forth in numbers tuned by the delicacy of a woman's ear. Thomas Hood is a great master of the pathetic, rendered the more effective by its strange bleeding with a rich vein of the humorous. It would be impossible to characterise the poetical genius of Burns in a few words as we have devoted to either of the above. He unites the specific qualities of all, and it would be difficult to say which predominates. He is more truly an unmounted bard of nature than either Cowper or Scott; his delineations from lowly life have all the graphic minuteness of Crabbe's pencil; his fancy is exuberant, yet under the regulation of taste; his lyrics are become the songs of his nation; and in that singular combination of humour and pathos observable in all great masters of the human heart, he has but few rivals. And to whatever department of song he directs his flight, he makes no "uncertainly fluttering," but is everywhere natural, graceful, and at ease. Of no species of poetical composition that he has attempted, unless we except his epigrams, which require a certain trick of art rather than force of invention, can it be said that it sits awkwardly upon him, that it does not belong to his genius, that his strains do not flow spontaneously, as by unartificial channels from exhaustless fountains within.

We may cite "Tam O'Shanter" in confirmation of these remarks. In that wonderful poem he has swept the whole diapason, from the broadest comic to the highest pitch of the terrible. First we are introduced to the hour, make-night; the hero, "a blethering, blathering, drunken blabber;" and the scene, the ale-house, in a few of these

homely familiar touches which only a great master may venture without danger either of bathos or vulgarity, and all steeped in that droll serio-comic humour peculiar to Burns. Then abruptly, yet not offensively, we are surprised by a strain of moralising couched in a succession of images of the most delicate beauty—

*But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed, &c.*

A fancy not conscious of a fertility absolutely exhaustless would have been more parsimonious of its effusions; but the muse of Burns, like the celestials of Milton, shakes "heavenly fragrance" from her "plumes" on whatever theme she alights. By another rapid transition we are hurried from these graceful images into the horrors of a storm at midnight. Some parts of the description that follows mount to the sublime, especially the line,

The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed.

But in the midst of the roaring of the winds, the bellowing of the thunder, the rattling of the showers, and the dashing of the swollen floods of Doon, the poet is careful that we do not lose sight of the half-laughable, half-pitiful figure of the drunken man "skelping" along on his grey mare,

*Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crowning o'er some auld Scots sonnet
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares.*

And well may he "glower," for direful are the legends of the scenes he passes, as the poet informs us in a few lines, into which he has condensed the quintessence of the horrible. Then suddenly "bleezing" through the darkness, the orgies of the witches in Alloway Church break upon us. Here again Burns has given us a wonderful specimen of the varied power of his genius. The dreadful objects with which he has furnished the place literally cause the flesh of the reader to creep, and may vie with the horrible incantations of the hags in "Macbeth;" but such impressions are relieved, and a resistless dash of the ludicrous given to the whole by Nannie's performances, more zealous than decent, and the figure of Tam in the background, who

*Stood like an bewitched,
And thought his very e'ns enriched.*

The episode of the "cutty sark," in particular, and the apostrophe to "Nannie," on the vile uses to which she had assigned it, are inimitable. The catastrophe has been censured as a blemish, but Burns adhered to the tradition, and half-serious, half-farical as it is, it would perhaps have been difficult to have invented another more in keeping with the whole of this wild sally of genius.

If one feature of Burns' poetical character predominates over the rest, we are inclined to think that the palm must be given to his *quick and warm sympathy with nature*. This had been the first indication of the melody that slumbered in his soul; the evening song of the blackbird and the roar of the wind through the forest, had stirred his child's heart, before he knew how to clothe his emotions in words. He looked on nature with the eye of a lover, getting by heart not the general features only, but all the details of her beauty, all those delicate shades of expression, those minute charms and unobtrusive graces, which the quick glance of affection alone can discover. Hence, his scenery is always so vivid, so *particularised*, as to present a distinct picture to the mind; instead of dealing in vague generalities, or drawing from that hackneyed stock of images, by which, from time immemorial, spring mornings, and summer evenings, and moonlight nights, have been described; he seizes upon a few of those features which all recognise as familiar when presented, but which only a poet's sensibility could discover, and throwing them out with careless grace, combines the qualities of freshness, truth, and elegance. And this faculty appears exhaustless. The most exquisite graces of description, which would of themselves have conferred immortality on another poet, surprise us in the most heterogeneous and out-of-the-way situations. In the midst of his broadest comedy he will turn aside to follow the course of a "wimpling" brook, or tell us how on a winter's night the frost creeps "gently crusting" over the stream. It is as though Hogarth had filled the background of his farical pieces with the scenery of a Claude. In his beautiful lyrics, description, simile, and metaphor, steeped in the freshest dyes of nature, are scattered with careless profusion, yet there is no overloading, as in some of the effusions

of Moore. The instinctive refinement of the true poet's taste, is a safeguard on that side. All is graceful, the very unstudied prodigality with which his images flow is delightful, just as the *negligé* air of a man of natural refinement, charms more than the most cultivated politeness, where the cultivation is obvious.

The humour of Burns is peculiar. Its most frequent and successful efforts are in the ironical style, not a malignant irony however, but sly, smiling, good-natured, breaking out by fits into bursts of roystering merriment, or interspersed with touches that quiver ambiguously between the laughable and gravely pathetic. Sometimes it passes into what we call the burlesque. Serious themes are treated with droll familiarity, blended here and there with passages more reverential and serious, which only serve, however, to heighten the contrast. In all this he obviously is much assisted by the use of the Scottish dialect, which he employs with great dexterity, rising to more refined expression in proportion as he passes from "gay to grave." The two dialects are to Burns what a voice of compass and flexibility is to the orator. We need not cite illustrations. "The Address to the De'il," "Death and Dr. Hornbrook," will recur to the minds of all readers of his poetry. How the burlesque effect of the latter, *e. g.* is heightened by the broad Scotch in which the poet and the grim skeleton accost one another.

On the lyrical effusions of Burns we need add little. We have already remarked on their most conspicuous feature—the imagery and description, culled from the landscape with the dew yet fresh upon them, with which they are so profusely sprinkled. Their versification is easy and melodious. They possess the charm of simplicity, which Burns himself states to be "more necessary in a song than either pathos or sentiment," and "the very essence of a ballad;" while their admirable condensation, their tenderness or warmth of passion, and in many instances the artistic excellence of their structure, remove them as far from a bald and uninteresting tameness, as their exquisite taste from bombast or over-laid decoration.

Burns died, like Byron, in the prime of his manhood and the maturity of

his genius. On what he might have effected and his character possessed the elements in which it was lacking, it were useless to speculate. As it is, his melancholy history may show the superiority, as far as human happiness and the efficient conduct of life are concerned, of *mood* over mere *mental* power. It may warn the man of genius where he

his weakness and peril, and may teach contentment to those who, if they possess not the high intellectual endowments which raise men to distinction, are on the same account exempt from the morbid sensibility or uncontrollable passion which are too frequently their attendants.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.

WE are greatly indebted to our travellers. They have enlarged the boundaries of science, they have added valuable stores to the ever-accumulating mass of Christian evidence, they have extended and quickened our sympathies for the whole human family, they have assisted the imagination of the poet and touched the heart of the philanthropist, and in hours of confinement or solitude, how often, by the help of their volumes, have we wandered with them amidst the sublimity of God's works, or the wonderful achievements of man, until our own small and perhaps selfish ambition have been forgotten, and the very grandeur of creation has made us more humble and yet more hopeful.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, one of our greatest modern travellers, was born on June 5th, 1769, at Waddington, in the county of Sussex. Even when very young the spirit of enterprise and curiosity seems to have evinced itself, but, as is too frequently the case with boys of lively disposition and quick perceptions, the habit of application was wanting; he appears to have carried out his own pursuits with alacrity, but to have been deficient in the common branches of a scholastic education. This want was keenly felt and vigorously overcome in after years.

"The child is father to the man," and already in these young days we observe that love of home and the home circle, and that generous, independent spirit, which marked the course of Clarke through life. At the age of 16, he obtained the office of chapel clerk to Jesus College, Cambridge; and not long after, the declining health of his father warned

him that he must rely on his own exertions for his future maintenance. In deep sorrow he parted from his mother, with a promise which he nobly kept, that henceforth he would contend alone with whatever difficulties might lie in his path. A brave resolution, and one which, doubtless, assisted greatly towards the formation of his future character. At college, his course was but a repetition of that through which he had passed at school. For mathematics he had no taste, for classics very little, and his acquisition of knowledge was carried on impulsively and somewhat wilfully, for he deserted the beaten track, and strayed away into paths which possessed more attractions for him. History, antiquities, mineralogy, and the lighter branches of literature, occupied his time, and with English poetry he possessed an extensive acquaintance; but these pursuits, says his biographer, were "better calculated to keep alive his enthusiasm, which was already excessive, than to supply what was most defective, strength to his reasoning and stability to his knowledge." On leaving college, Edward Clarke became tutor to a nephew of the Duke of Dorset; and, in his company, he was enabled to gratify his strongest taste, by a tour through Great Britain, the results of which he published. In after life, however, he became ashamed of this attempt at authorship; but it is interesting as the first effort of his mind in a direction in which he ultimately became so famous. His next important tour was in Italy, in company with Lord Berwick. Occurring at this early period of his history, it confirmed his taste, stimu-

lated his imagination, and deepened, if possible, that enthusiasm and energy which marked his character through life. There, we are told, "he made large and valuable additions to his stock of historical knowledge, both ancient and modern. He applied himself so effectually to the French and Italian languages, as to be able, in a short time, to converse fluently, and to obtain all the advantages of acquirement and information in both; and, what was less to be expected, by dint of constant and persevering references to those classical authors whose writings have contributed, either directly or indirectly, to illustrate the scenery or the antiquities of Italy, he made greater advances in Greek and Latin than he had done before, during the whole period of his education. He studied with great attention the history and progress of the arts, and more particularly of the different schools of painting in Italy; reading carefully the best authors, conversing frequently with the most intelligent natives, and then, with all the advantage of his own good taste and discernment, comparing the results of his inquiries with those of his own actual observation."

Besides all this, he studied natural history with avidity, made a large collection of vases and medals, constructed models of several remarkable objects, gave up, of course, a considerable portion of his time to Lord Berwick, and yet found leisure for general society and active amusements. Indeed, in that romantic land, his labours, both of body and mind, must have been immense; but his power of endurance was great, and he tasked it without mercy.

At the age of 25 Clarke returned to England, having visited most scenes of interest in France, Italy, Switzerland, and on the Rhine. A short and happy residence followed with his family at Uckfield, where it appears he would willingly have lingered yet longer. But as he had no private property, this was impossible, and he found himself constrained to seek again for employment. For want of any more promising pursuit he was on the point of joining the Shropshire militia, when he was requested to undertake the education of a Mr. Mostyn, who resided at Mostyn, in Wales, with whom, however, he remained but a year. This engagement leads us to another of more importance, in the

family of Lord Uxbridge. His pupil was a young and delicate boy of a gentle and affectionate disposition, who appears to have speedily attached himself to Clarke, but after a while his health so visibly declined, that all tuition was abandoned. Edward Clarke, however, still continued with his young charge, watching over him by day and night, with all the tenderness of a brother, until death separated them. This event, however, did not dissolve his connection with the family, and ere long Clarke started upon a tour to Scotland with the Hon. Berkeley Paget, a younger son of Lord Uxbridge. In those days, "the land of the mountain and the flood," was comparatively unexplored, and the raciness and freshness of Clarke's Journal are quite delightful.

He tells us how the inhabitants of St. Kilda received their letters but once a year, and paid their rent in feathers: how that in the whole island of Mull there was neither surgeon nor apothecary, and that for want of these necessary evils recourse was had to the virtue of certain stones, which were held in universal esteem; how on landing at Coll he inspected one of the "towns," and entered or crept into several of the huts which composed them—these town residences being only circles of stones covered with straw, full of smoke, and destitute of chimneys; how the "great Macneil of Barra" gave them the warm hospitality peculiar to the Western Isles, and a dinner magnificent enough for an English nobleman, at which dinner he was startled by seeing raw carrots handed about, and "a beautiful woman taking a very large one out with her delicate fingers and gnawing it as an article of luxury." Many interesting descriptions there are, too, of scenery and manners, sports and superstitions, diversified by antiquarian lore and scientific researches.

This delightful tour over, Mr. Paget went to Oxford, and Clarke again stayed for some time with his mother and sister at Uckfield, where he amused himself with field sports. He then went to Jesus College, Cambridge, of which he had some time previously been elected fellow, and undertook the tuition of Mr. Cripps, a gentleman who was desirous of supplying early defects in his education, and who appears to have united in himself all those qualities

which were most attractive to a man of Clarke's nature. The ensuing twelve-month was spent in study, and at its termination, in company with Professor Malthus, Mr. Cripps, and the Rev. W. Otter, the writer of his life, Clarke started once more on a foreign tour, with the intention of visiting Norway, Sweden, and Russia. The original plan of a summer excursion was, however, soon abandoned, and Clarke and his pupil having parted from their friends in Sweden, wandered successively through the wilds of Lappland, the steppes of Russia, the burning deserts of the Caucasus and Cossacks, the Crimea, Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; and did not return home until three years and a half had expired. This was "the grand tour," and its results, in eleven or twelve octavo volumes, are before the world.

But following the course of his Biography, and the series of letters which form its most interesting feature, we shall endeavour to bring before the reader such traits in Clarke's character or such "incidents of travel," as may prove most noteworthy and instructive. Of Norway and its mountains he speaks enthusiastically: "This is the land for mountains, Ossa and Pelion, Gog and Magog! Switzerland must yield the palm to Norway in beauty and grandeur of scenery." And again, "Surely nothing can equal Norway! I have never seen such sublime scenery anywhere in Europe. Sweden is far inferior." When the two travellers entered Russia, that intolerable tyrant Paul was at the head of the Empire, and some amusing, and many mis-erable instances of his tyranny are mentioned by Clarke. For instance, after describing and sketching a "kibitki," in which one may travel one hundred miles a day, he says in a letter to his mother, "Should you like to travel in a kibitki? because if you come here it is done in a moment. You have only to sit still in your carriage whenever one of the royal family passes, instead of getting out and pulling off your pelisse, cloak, great coat, gloves, hat, &c., and you are bundled into a kibitki, and sent to Siberia with your nose slit. All letters are opened; and if my beautiful drawing was seen by a police officer, I should visit the mines of Tobolski with expedition and economy." And again,

in writing to a friend, he says, "It is impossible to say what will be the end of things here, or whether the emperor is more of a madman, a fool, a knave, or a tyrant. . . . One is not safe a moment. It is not enough to act by rule; you must regulate your features to the whims of a police officer. If you frown in the streets you will be taken up." His picture of Moscow is very graphic, and worthy of transcription. "Having passed the gates, you look about, and wonder what has become of the town, or where you are, and are ready to ask, 'When shall we get to Moscow?' They will tell you, 'This is Moscow,' and you see nothing but wide and scattered suburbs, huts, and pig-styes, and brick walls, and churches, and dunghills, and timber yards, and war-houses, and the refuse of materials, sufficient to supply an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages. One might imagine that every town of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow. You see deputies from all countries holding congress. Timber huts from the north of the Gulf of Bothnia plastered palaces from Stockholm and Copenhagen (not white-washed since their arrival), painted walls from the Tyrol, mosques from Constantinople, Tartar temples, pagodas and pavilions from Peking, cabarets from Spain, dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France, ruins and fragments of architecture from Rome, terraces from Naples, and warehouses from Wapping. Then you hear accounts of its immense population; and wander through deserted streets. Passing suddenly towards the quarter where the shops are situated, you would think you could walk upon the heads of thousands. The daily throng is there so immense, that unable to squeeze a passage through it, you ask, 'What has convened such a multitude?' and are told 'It is always so!' Such a variety of dresses—Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Muscovites, English, French, Italians, Germans, Poles, &c."

After manifold difficulties and devices, the two friends managed at length to escape from Russia, where "they had been nothing better than prisoners of war" for ten months. "The Russians," says Clarke, "treat travellers as some children use flies; cut off their wings and put them in a box among spiders, to be hunted."

In the Crinæa they spent a pleasant time in the house of the celebrated Professor Pallas. A dangerous voyage across the Black Sea brought them to Constantinople, from whence they wandered to the plains of Troy. They then visited Rhodes, and sailed from thence to Egypt, and in the Bay of Aboukir, where the great victory had been just gained, Clarke met with his brother George, a captain in the navy.

Alexandria and Rosetta are the next points of interest mentioned, and from the latter place our travellers sailed to Cyprus, and in the following month we find them in the Holy Land. To visit that country had been the strongly cherished desire of Clarke's early years, and now, with the Bible in their hands, the travellers pursued the history of our Saviour from his nativity to his death. "For this purpose," says Clarke, "we went first to Nazareth, from thence into Galilee, visiting Cana, the Lake of Gennesareth, and even the borders of the Desert, to which he retired in his earliest years."

And writing to his mother, he says, "It has proved one of the happiest journeys of my life; we have travelled over all Galilee, and in Judæa, and are finally come to join in thanksgiving and in prayer, on that spot whence all the blessings of religion were derived. Here, on this holy ground, we call to mind the dangers from which we have been preserved, and the friends from whom we are separated; and cold must be that piety, which so incited, neglects a vow of gratitude for the one, and a zealous supplication for the other."

A month later he ascended the Pyramids, and from the summit of the loftiest, in compliance with an old promise, addressed letters to one or two English friends. Athens was likewise visited, "exactly the place which a man should see *last* in his travels," and all the most glorious sites in ancient Greece renowned in song or history. "We have been in every place celebrated in ancient story—in fields of slaughter and in groves of song. I shall grow old in telling you the wonders of this country: Marathon, Thebes, Plataea, Leuctra, Thespia, Mount Helicon, the Grove of the Muses, the Cave of Trophonius, Cheronea, Orchomene, Delphi, the Castalian fountain, Parnassus—we have paid our vows in all."

From Athens, after innumerable ob-

stacles, the travellers freighted a ship laden with antiquities, which were destined for the University of Cambridge, foremost of which was "a colossal statue of the Eleusinian Ceres, the known work of Phidias" that "rare creative mind and plastic hand." Clarke himself managed to fill seventy-six cases, and his friend as many more, with "minerals, plants, manuscripts, books, medals, inscriptions, vases, marblese, and other antiquities; maps, plans, pictures, seeds, models, costumes, and utensils." The termination of this long tour was now fast approaching, but Clarke was not destined to feel that joy in the prospect of seeing England, which the thought of it had always hitherto inspired.

On reaching Vienna he heard of his mother's death, and thus the great tie which bound him to his home was broken. His singular affection for her is one of the most delightful traits in his character. It is continually breaking out in his letters, and evinces itself in a thoughtful consideration for her feelings, and in an anxious care to promote her happiness.

When at Petersburg, he writes, "I would give fifty guineas for as many words in thy hand-writing, best of parents! even at this moment." Again, requesting her to write, he says, "Every line will be worth a million in my estimation, and I shall have such a comfortable packet to open as I had at Christiania. Tell me every little trifling thing; when you brewed, and when you baked; how many cakes Mrs. Wetter carried to the oven, and how many she brought back. Does my vine tree grow, or it is dried up and withered like grass?"

The sad event we have mentioned detained Clarke for some time longer on the Continent, for "it seemed for the moment that every tie which bound him to his native land was weak in comparison of that which had just been broken." So, in quiet study and intercourse with literary men, several weeks were spent in the French capital, since he felt "an indescribable dread of returning to England, which again revived as the time approached. At last, however, in the beginning of October, the party set out for England."

"Thus," says Mr. Otter, "ended a journey which, whether we consider the extent and variety of the countries tra-

versed, with their singular political relations and situations at the time, the treasures of every kind that were collected, or the industry acquired, may perhaps be deemed not remarkable as any which modern times, pregnant as they have been with instances of this kind of merit, can boast."

The proof of this assertion is, we think, testified by Clarke's works, which are continually referred to as authorities, and which bear upon their very frontage marks of sound learning, keen quick-sighted observation, well-considered criticism, a healthy imagination, and a hearty sympathy for every beauty of nature and every wonder of art. Throughout the tour he had struggled with difficulties and dangers, pressing on often-times in spite of sickness and weakness and great bodily pain, most hopeful at the very moment when disappointment seemed inevitable, most resolute in the pursuit of knowledge when the obstacles in his path appeared the most powerful.

But in the life of every traveller a period arrives when repose is coveted for its own sake, and his brightest vision is the home which shall eventually receive him. Clarke had not one to which he might return; but at Jesus College, Cambridge, whither his reputation had preceded him, he hastened to take up his abode. And in truth it was the fittest spot he could have chosen. There he had many and true friends, intercourse with men of learning and science, access to libraries, and all the advantages requisite for the preparation of his extensive work. For a while his old companion, Mr. Cripps, continued with him as a pupil.

Passing now over many topics of minor interest, the next noteworthy fact in the Biography is his ordination and presentation to the vicarage of Harlow. And here we must be permitted to regret that so slight an insight into his religious life is afforded us by Clarke's biographer, himself likewise a clergyman of the English church. That his character up to this period had been praiseworthy and moral, that he had risen above all that was mean or vicious—

that his tastes and feelings were on the side of that which is "noble and of good report"—there can, we think, be no doubt whatever. But something more than this we had hoped for; and more than this, up to the day on which he entered the church, we do not find

Ere long, however, we shall meet with some gleams of light, and many hopeful intimations, which we shall not fail to notice.

Not long after his ordination, Dr. Clarke (for he had now received the title of LL.D.), married Angelica, a daughter of Sir William Rush, a most happy union, to which "he was indebted for a better frame of mind and a greater steadiness and consistency in his pursuits." It appears also to have been beneficial in a religious point of view, for after all its "great beauty was that, to the quiet habits of domestic life it induced, so favourable to the reception of Christian truth and to the formation of Christian virtue, concurrent with the serious nature of the office he had undertaken, he was indebted for a more earnest application of the Scriptures to his own mind than had hitherto been remarked in him."

Not long after his marriage, Dr. Clarke commenced in the university a series of lectures on mineralogy; and so much interest did he excite through his treatment of the subject, that a new professorship was founded in his name, "one of the rarest and highest honours which the university could bestow." In this portion of the Biography there are many topics to which we can only refer. The account of the valuable manuscripts which Clarke brought from abroad; the publication of his travels, which occupied several years; his eager study of mineralogy, and the popularity of his lectures on the subject; his discoveries and experiments in chemistry, by which it appears that he injured his health; as well as other details, are extremely interesting, but we must pass them over. Amidst numberless engagements not quite compatible, we think, with the work of the Christian ministry, we remark with pleasure the great interest which Dr. Clarke took in the Bible Society, at a time when even some good men appeared to keep aloof from it with suspicion.

An extract from a letter, written after a speech which he had delivered in its favour, will prove worthy of perusal; not only as an indication of character, but also as an evidence of the state of feeling at that period in a university town:—

"You can have no idea of what has been passing here. I trust I have seen the greatest and brightest day of all my

M. The opposition to the Bible Society was so great that they not only could not get a single clergyman of known adherence to the Church of England to support them, but even such men as — and — took the general panic. That great cry, '*The Church is in danger*,' pervaded every heart. At half-past eight o'clock the night before the meeting, it was asked me if I had courage to second the resolution. My answer was, '*Try me!*' But I assure you this was no common trial. I had not a friend in the world to guide me.

"This memorable morning came—never shall I forget it—nor I trust will our adversaries. I called upon M—in my way. 'Latimer, and Ridley, and Chillingworth,' said I to him, as I opened the door, 'have been with me in my sleep, and I fear none of you.'

"Could I now but describe the grandeur and solemnity of this meeting. The most surprising and overwhelming sight to me was, that the faces of all that vast assembly, even of the young gowmsmen, were seen streaming with tears of rapture."

Besides this effort, Dr. Clarke published a pamphlet on the subject of the society, and also "entered into an active correspondence with some of its most eminent members, and assisted in the formation of several branch societies in the neighbourhood." Time passed on, and Clarke's cup of happiness seemed full. His name had be-

come famous, children were growing up around him, his income was enlarged, his society was courted by the wise and good, and this world was showering upon him its full share of enjoyment and satisfaction. We trust and believe, too, that "the sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever," was also with him, and that these quiet cheerful days were not suffered to pass by unimproved. His biographer mentions a pocket-book in which, during the severe illness of his wife and children, he noted down the various fluctuations of the disorder, always terminating these memoranda with some devotional sentiment, "and these silent breathings of his soul," says Mr. Otter, "in communion only with his Maker, will be remembered with comfort by his friends, when all that delighted in his conversation, or informed in his writings, will be regarded with comparative indifference." Our task is now accomplished. The latter years of Clarke's life evinced the same energy in the pursuit of knowledge which had all along been so remarkable, but the body was not equal to the exceeding and constant stress laid upon it. In the excitement of scientific investigations, as well as in the sacred duties of his calling—"he scorned delights, and lived laborious days," and the penalty was death, for this there can be little doubt was at least considerably hastened by the want of repose and rest.

He died on the 9th March, 1822.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ANOTHER of the links connecting the present with the past is broken. JAMES MONTGOMERY is dead—the venerable poet, bowed down with the weight of more than fourscore years, having reached an age which few of the renowned sons of song have been permitted to see. Most poets have died early; if not in the first spring of youth, yet before their summer prime has begun to fade. Whether it be that the same exquisite sensibility, strong passion, and

dominant imagination, that have so richly coloured the poet's productions, have often combined to bring him to a premature grave; or it be held that poets, in proportion to their numbers, have not passed earlier from earth than their prosaic brethren in mortality, still, the simple fact is interesting that few of them have lived to the allotted term of man's existence. If we have "old Homer"—old in his individual life, as well as in his relation to history—Virgil, his

associate, though not his equal in fame, he remembered, died almost in the meridian of his days. If Milton, having nobly trod in the palace arena, sat down as the sun declined in its glory, to write of things beyond the bounds of time and space, of the living throne and the supernal blaze, and to complete a work the world will never willingly let die," even he did not reach threescore and ten; while Dante, his competitor in loftiness of subject and power of execution, died still earlier, at only fifty-six. Petrarca reached seventy, but Tasso died at fifty-one, Alfieri at fifty-three, and Ariosto at fifty-nine. Chaucer lived to be sixty-eight, but Spenser fell at forty-six, and Shakspeare at fifty-two. Vaughan, of sacred song, reached eighty-one, but Quarles departed at fifty-two, and the quaint imaginative Herbert at thirty-eight. At the time of the Restoration, a longer tenure seems to have been more generally enjoyed. Waller was eighty-two, Butler sixty-eight, Dryden sixty when he died, and Prior and Pope both fifty-six, but Cowley was only forty-nine. Watts reached seventy-five, and Young, whose "Night Thoughts" were written towards the end of his career, eighty-four. Cowper presents almost an anomaly in the development of poetic genius—he lived to be seventy, but the scintillations struck from him at eighteen, gave no token of the fire within that broke forth after he was fifty. Thomson sunk at forty-seven, and Gray, in his collegiate seclusion, at fifty-four. But why prolong this obituary? No country, at any period, perhaps, ever witnessed the blighting of so many high and worthy aspirations as ours in the age that is now receding so rapidly from us. Byron, Burns, Pollok, Shelley, Keats, Nicol, and others, seemed to "count time by heart throbs." Their earthly days have ceased, and some of them have come

—With all their youth and not been happy
On the world's sheet, and to recheat it into tears.

It is remarkable, also, that no other age ever saw such a cluster of poets living on through waning years, the *patres conscripti* of an applauding people. Some, it is true, had ceased to write, and of them it could not be said, as it was fabled of the swan, that their last and sweetest song was sung in death. Scott, we know, was but little more than

sixty when he died. Campbell was not old, but, alas, he lived long enough to be one of the few who

Like the moon
Have brightened up some little night of time,
And stand at setting when their light is worn
Still longer, like its blank and beamless orb
When daylight fills the sky.

Crabbe, however, reached seventy-eight; Southey and Wordsworth outstripped even him, and Moore was not far behind. Wilson has just fallen when nearing sixty-nine, and now Montgomery is gone at eighty-two. Rogers still survives, and is ninety-two—once coeval with Johnson, and we believe now, of all poets, the one who has lived longest.

Many and important changes took place during the lifetime of Montgomery—changes the possibility of which would have been denied at its beginning, but which, as they affect society, literature, science, and every phase of human effort and relationship, are proving to be only the prelude to more wonderful and magnificent results. There can be no doubt that the reminiscences of such a man, both an octogenarian and an acute observer, would embrace a great variety of experience, and exhibit a frequent modification of opinion and conduct in consequence of external influences; but it is certain also that, if the outer world reacted on him, Montgomery himself played no mean part in making it what it was in some of its brightest aspects. The incidents of his career are, however, few; and of the growth and course of that inner life which, as it buds into action and shapes itself into character, is alone worth studying—the history of the real *ego*—there are scanty records.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born Nov. 4, 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire. His father was a Moravian minister, and he was the eldest of three sons. The house of his birth is still recognised; a humble tenement in a narrow alley, and now occupied by a weaver. When he was four years old his parents removed to Ireland, to Graeshill, in the county of Antrim, where they resided but for a short time. James was not yet six, when his parents sailed as missionaries for the West Indies. They left him behind to be educated at the celebrated Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds. He was thus placed in the midst of a people, whose industrious

and devout habits were well calculated to nurture every virtue, and direct his talents towards the highest objects. His studies were extended, including the French, German, Latin, and Greek languages, and the art of music, besides history, geography, and the other branches of learning inseparable from even an ordinary education. Unfortunately at a very early date he acquired or displayed a bias towards poetry, so decided as very seriously to interfere with his other pursuits. Like a boy stealthily following a bird of gorgeous plumage and sweet song, in the vain hope of capturing a prize, through field and wood, afar from home; so, attracted by the beauty, and probably at first more by the rhythm of the muse, his mind wandered continually after her, and many an airy castle, even at ten, had he begun to build respecting the future, when he should have become her lord and master. On especial occasions the lads were encouraged by their teachers to produce copies of original verses, and, at such times, James was usually the most successful in his attempts. In a fantastic essay, written long after, called "The Enthusiast," there occurs a passage which there is reason to believe relates to himself:—"At school, even when I was driven as a coal-ass through the Greek and Latin grammars, I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy, brought upon me by a raging rhyming fever with which I was suddenly seized one fine summer day as I lay under a hedge listening to our master whilst he read us some animated passages from Blair's poem, 'The Grave.' My happy schoolfellows, born under milder planets, all fell asleep during the rehearsal; but I, who am always asleep when I ought to be waking, never dreamed of closing an eye, but eagerly caught the contagious melody, and from that ecstatic moment to the present, heaven knows I have never enjoyed one cheerful, peaceful night." A sight of some of the British classics, and the perusal of several isolated passages from "Hamlet," the latter especially, deepened this youthful love, and gave it also a more meditative cast. He was designed for the ministry, and an attempt had been made to turn his thoughts into an appropriate channel. It, however, became evident, if not from his absolute repugnance, yet from his want of sym-

pathy with such a mission, that the scheme must be abandoned. When he left Fulneck, he was accordingly, therefore, devoted to business, and placed in a retail shop at Mirfield, near Wakefield.

In this situation he was treated with uniform kindness, and enjoyed sufficient leisure to indulge his poetic *penchant* to a degree that only helped to make him more dissatisfied with the unexciting realities around him. He became exceedingly disconsolate, as he dwelt on the contrast between the gloom of his present position and the brilliancy of that which his imagination had pictured as within his reach, and coloured with the richest hues of fame, and patronage, and fortune. Many a year after, at an entertainment given to him by his townsmen, he thus referred to this period:—"The early breathing of my soul from boyhood had been,

'What shall I do to be for ever known'

and to gain 'golden opinions from all sorts of men,' by the power of my imagined genius, was the cherished hope and determined purpose of my mind. In the retirement of Fulneck, among the Moravian Brethren, by whom I had been educated, I was nearly as ignorant of the world and its every-day concerns, as those gold fishes swimming about in the glass globe on the pedestal before us are of what we are doing around them; and when I took the rash step of running into the vortex, I was nearly as little prepared for the business of general life, as they would be to take a part in our proceedings, were they able to leap out of their element upon this table." He had been at Mirfield about a year and a half, when he resolved privately to abscond; and with a little bundle under his arm and three-and-sixpence in his pocket, he started for the great city. Almost at the commencement of his journey he missed his way, and on the fifth day he found it expedient to relinquish his design. His ignorance of the world, his simplicity of manners, and his forlorn appearance, excited the contempt of some and the compassion of others to whom he applied. He had entered a public-house to secure refreshment and lodging, when a youth of nearly his own age entered into conversation with him; and, discovering his dilemma, offered to take him home to his father, who kept a general shop in

the neighbourhood, at Wath, near Rotherham. Montgomery, accompanying him, was kindly received; and conscious that his friends who had placed him at Mirfield had nothing against him but the foolish step he had recently taken, he wrote, requesting them, as he was not under articles of apprenticeship, not to insist on his return thither, but to recommend him to his new master. For, calmly reflecting, although intent on reaching London, he saw the wisdom of remaining in the country, until at least he had acquired the means to support himself on the road. He received from his Moravian friends the most generous propositions of forgiveness, and of an establishment more congenial to his wishes, but this he declined, explaining the causes of his late melancholy, but concealing the ambitious motives that prompted him. Finding him unwilling to yield, they supplied his present necessities, and warmly commended him to the care of his new employer. Here, however, he only remained for one year, removing then to London, which had never ceased to float before him as his ultimate destination, in visions both by day and by night. He prepared the way by sending a volume of his manuscript poems to Mr. Harrison, a bookseller in Paternoster Row, and a man of correct taste and liberal disposition; and at length, in August, 1790, to his great joy, he found himself fairly ensconced in town. Mr. Harrison received him into his house; but, while he encouraged him to cultivate his talents, advised him by no means to publish his poems, which were likely, at that time, to bring him neither fame nor fortune. This intelligence sadly afflicted the young aspirant; were all his fantastic and dazzling dreams of success to be thus dissipated by the first touch of criticism? For a while he felt disheartened, and disposed to rebel against the taste and justice of his patron; but if not yet permitted to pluck the laurel, he was at least now where the most famous of his time were gathered, and the recollection of their living presence might serve to stimulate to fresh efforts. The first glimpse which he caught of the literary character in *propria persona* was in his master's counting-house, where he saw Disraeli, the author of the "Calumnies of Authors," Mrs. Lennox, celebrated in that day, and Dr. Mayor. Having been advised

to turn his attention to prose, he composed an eastern story, which he took one evening to a publisher in the east end of the town. Being directed through the shop to the private room of the great man, he presented his manuscript in form. The prudent bookseller read the title, marked the number of pages, counted the lines in a page, and made a calculation of the whole; then turning to the author, who stood in astonishment at this arithmetical mode of deciding on the merits of a work of imagination, he very civilly returned the copy, saying, "Sir, your manuscript is too small; it won't do for me. Take it to —," he publishes this kind of things." Montgomery retreated with so much confusion, that in passing through the shop he knocked his head against a patent-lamp, broke the glass, and spilled the oil; making an awkward apology to the shopmen tittering behind the counter, he rushed into the street, unable to restrain either his laughter or his vexation, and returned home greatly chagrined and disappointed.* His inexperience of the world made him feel these rebuffs the more acutely. The splendid success and munificent patronage that were so soon to have been acquired, appeared to loom still farther in the distance. He had flung himself, under a delusive influence, into scenes and society for which his habits and tastes were not yet suited, and all the inspiring motives that had thrust him onward were now gone, and he was left alone with no high thoughts to cheer him. A misunderstanding occurring with Mr. Harrison, at the end of eight months, he quitted London, and returned to his former situation at Wath, towards his employer at which place he maintained a sincere attachment, that when their relative positions had greatly changed, gave token of its strength by the substantial deeds of goodwill it prompted.

A more congenial field of labour at length opened before him. His eyes fell on an advertisement for assistance wanted in connection with the *Sheffield Register*. He immediately applied in a letter which particularly attracted the attention of Mr. Gales, the editor and proprietor, who wrote requesting an interview. Montgomery accordingly came to Sheffield, and the result was his

* Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets."

engagement there. Adverting at the close of his public life to this, his entrance into the town that was afterwards proud to acknowledge him her noblest son, he said in a speech:—"I came hither with all my hopes blighted like the leaves and blossoms of a premature spring, when the woods are spun over with insects' webs, or crawling with caterpillars. There was yet life, but it was perverse, unnatural life, in my mind; and the renown which I found to be unattainable, at that time, by legitimate poetry, I resolved to secure by such means as made many of my contemporaries notorious." With this feeling he sometimes wrote satirical verses in emulation of Peter Pindar, at others tales in the style of Fielding and Smollett, and occasionally he endeavoured to shine in the mystic glories of German romanticism. But every effort to secure popularity failed; there was a pungency of satire and vivacity of manner recognised in his productions as betokening the advent of another spirit, but they excited no such admiration, as might be prudently deemed the harbinger of fame.

The aspect of the political world was very gloomy. A free and bold expression of opinion was perilous. The convulsions of Europe exciting the hopes or the fears of every breast, induced the adoption by those in power of a repressive policy that must have proved as fatal as it was severe and unwarranted, had not our constitution been itself favourable to the expansion of those principles of liberty which were inherent, though but partially developed, in it. On the other hand, now that the maxims of conventionalism, and of conservation for conservation's sake had been once impetuously abandoned, and a gospel fearlessly proclaimed, undoubtedly accordant in many of its teachings with right and reason, the friends of the people, eager to inaugurate a new era, clamoured for a speedier change from the habits of the old regime than it was possible to effect, and became impatient at all resistance. Society in general was divided into two parties, both prone to extremes, the one applauding "everything old," the other "everything new." Montgomery was thrown into the heat of the conflict, though without any obligation to take a share in it. Those with whom he was immediately connected were true friends to freedom,

justice, and humanity. With every pulse beating in favour of the popular doctrines, his retired and religious education laid restraints upon his conscience, which kept him back from engaging in the war of words that raged in the neighbourhood, more than by the publication of an occasional pasquinade or paragraph, in which he was chiefly zealous to display his literary capability. From all political societies he stood aloof, till in 1794, when after they were broken up, he associated himself with the remnant of one to assist in supporting the families of some of the accused leaders, who were detained prisoners in London, under the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and who were finally discharged without trial.

At this crisis war was declared, and the ministry endeavoured to obtain the semblance of unanimity by enforcing silence on all opponents. Mr. Gale was not long in discovering that the liberal tone of his paper, and especially its disapproval of the war, were obnoxious to the authorities, and that his utterances, however well intentioned, or prudently expressed, would be construed into sedition. At length, when in a neighbouring town, he accidentally heard that a mandamus was actually issued against him. Returning home with all speed, and well assured of the fate that awaited him, if seized, he collected what he could of his effects, and left the country for America. Fain would he have taken Montgomery with him, but the sense of other duties pressed on the youth, and he thought it his province to stay and protect the sisters his employer and friend was leaving behind.

The business of the bookseller's shop was continued by Misses Ann and Elizabeth Gale; but the *Register* was peremptorily brought to an end. It was not long before, in conjunction with a respectable partner, who furnished the capital and edited the paper, Mr. Montgomery was enabled to start a worthy successor on the same premises, and with the same stock, called the *Iris*. This was, for those times, a daring step, and before he had committed any offence he found himself visited by a punishment directly intended for another, in the withdrawal of all the county advertisements, merely because the *Iris* took the place vacated by the *Sheffield Register*. Years passed

before those advertisements were again allowed it. Such indeed was the reign of terror at home, that persons well disposed to serve him in the way of business, sometimes brought their orders to his office with express injunctions that no imprint should appear at the foot of the bills, &c., lest they should give offence, and come to harm for having employed an obnoxious press. More than this, the enemy's eye was upon him, malignantly watching the first opportunity for prosecution. Little more than a month after he had become connected with the newspaper, his name alone appearing as responsible, a poor ballad singer came into the shop, and requested him to print some copies of a song that he had learnt from a compositor was "standing" in the office. Montgomery, on inquiry, found that there really was a song in type, which remained as it was set before the stock of the place was transferred to him from Mr. Gales. From compassion, he had a number of copies printed, and gave them to the man at a price which barely covered the expense. The song had been written two years previously, by a clergyman in Belfast, to celebrate the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. What was the astonishment of the printer to find himself, two months after, charged with having published a certain seditious libel respecting the war then raging between his Majesty and the French Government. One of the town-constables, it appeared, had purchased a song from the aforesaid ballad-monger, and on reading it, a suspicion arising in his mind, had told him he would be a wholesale customer, and take both himself and his songs into custody. The prisoner, frightened, immediately told him how and where he had procured them, but notwithstanding, he was taken before a magistrate, and condemned to the House of Correction, where he was detained till the West Riding Sessions, in the middle of October; when it was thought expedient to arrest Montgomery as the principal in the affair. Bail was accepted, and in January of the following year he appeared at Doncaster, to take his trial. The following was the verse on which especial emphasis was laid:—

Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends,
Most important its issue will be;
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty
ends.

If she triumphs, the world will be free.

Here was certainly sufficient to excite the suspicion of disloyalty, if the words were considered apart from the circumstances and time at which they were composed. The contest referred to was alleged to be the war then waging between Great Britain and France; but the country was not mentioned in the stanza, or through the poem, and the facts of the case, admitted even in the court, showed clearly that originally the words had reference only to the invasion of France by the Austrian and Prussian armies under the Duke of Brunswick, in July, 1792, for the purpose of reinstating the de-throned monarch. The first verdict delivered by the jury, after an hour's deliberation, was "*Guilty of publishing.*" This verdict, tantamount to an acquittal, they were directed to reconsider, and to deduce the malicious intention, not from the circumstances attending the publication, but from the words of the song. Another hour's deliberation produced the general verdict of "*Guilty.*" and Montgomery was then sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of twenty pounds.

Among the consolations of his confinement was an address voted by the Society of Friends of Literature at Sheffield, of which the president was Mr. John Pye Smith, afterwards the celebrated Dis-senting divine, Dr. J. Pye Smith. In the course of the defence it was stated that, with such malignity was Mr. Montgomery watched, that one of the promoters of the prosecution "had declared in a public company that he read the *Iris* six times in one day to find a libel, if possible, in it." It was not till 1839 that the poet had a full revelation of the character of the proceedings against him. He then discovered from a number of documents that were placed in his hands, that it was a state prosecution, directed by the Attorney General (afterwards Lord Eldon) and Mr. White, Solicitor to the Treasury; and that it was undertaken chiefly with a view to put a stop to the meetings of associated clubs in Sheffield, and so to "curb the insolence" which had resulted from some late acquittals. This was, indeed, to make the innocent pay the penalty of guilt.

In the summer of 1795, Montgomery became sole editor and proprietor of the *Iris*. His partner was tired of the risks to which all engaged in newspaper con-

troversy were then exposed, and proposed that he should take the concern, giving as security for payment of the purchase money (more than £1700, a bond payable by instalments. This proposal was an evidence of the confidence Montgomery had won from a man who had known him intimately but for one year; and the result showed it was not misplaced. "From the first moment when I became the director of a public journal," wrote Montgomery, more than thirty years after, "I took my own ground, and I have stood upon it through many years, and I rest by it this day, as having afforded me a shelter through the greater portion of my life, and yet offering me a grave when I shall no longer have a part in anything done under the sun. And thus was my ground—a plain determination, come wind or sun, come fire or water, to do what was right. I lay stress upon the purpose, not on the performance, for that was the pole star to which my compass was pointed, though with considerable variation of the needle."

Securely had Montgomery embarked alone on this hazardous enterprise when he was again called upon to answer for another offence. A riot took place in the streets of Sheffield, in the course of which two men were shot by the military, and a great number of injuries heaped upon the peaceful citizens. In the editors of his paper, "The Argus," and two other persons connected with him, were charged with having incited the riot, and a criminal defenceless position would be left with his own paper, and the influence upon the country. An attempt to bail was made, but it failed. He was again sent to the gaol, and his imprisonment lasted nearly a month. On the expiration of the term, his friends applied to the M. M. Montgomery Line Society, for assistance, and the most successful result was obtained on the humanity of the directors, who declined to receive him, and the case was referred to the directors of the M. M. Montgomery Line Society, who, in their kindness, offered to receive him, and to pay his expenses.

Only a few of them, however, when he occupied his post as first lieutenant, he had at his disposal a force in which he could rely on the young men in the various departments, and there came to him a very distinguished man, a son of the Emperor, who, after the part of the Emperor, was ordered to the part of the Emperor, and to the latter, without any more, and after a pause

himself that he could then walk where he would. Not less glad was he a second time to leave behind the walls of York Castle, but he had learnt fresh lessons there, and the period of his confinement had been made less irksome by the opportunities and means allowed for study and amusement. During these two periods of solitude he wrote and prepared for press a small volume of poems, entitled "Prison Amusements," which were afterwards published, but which, so discouraged was he, from his misfortunes and his bodily ailments, he took little trouble to recommend. During his absence, Mr. Pee Smith edited the *Iris*, a task involving much labour and anxiety, and such as none but a true-hearted man and faithful friend would then have undertaken. Montgomery and Smith, two of the most illustrious men that Sheffield has produced, were often found in company, and while the latter aided his associate in his literary pursuits, the former frequently listened to the young divine as he preached the word of life under the open sky, or in some rude barn or cottage. How gratifying must it have been to the amiable poet to be able to write as he did in 1840:—"All the persons who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795 are dead, and without exception they died at peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of the modesty, in the sequel, I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law. I do not say justification, for on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then, I mention the circumstances to the honour of the deceased, and as an evidence that, at least all the violence of that disturbed time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed, and by its benign influence did indeed convert it to us, who had been conscientious sufferers."

There was little to admire, as yet, in Montgomery's character. He had genius, but it was visionary; he had energy, but it was impulsive. The love of fame had been his principal motive; and a world's reputation his great object. He had suffered, but it was rather as a victim of party spirit than as a martyr to accepted principles. He

had been most unrighteously punished for premeditated offences, but those offences had involved no deliberate or conscious expression of opinion. It is true he would never have suffered, had he not associated with liberal politicians, but the position he occupied was rather forced on him by circumstances than accepted from conviction. In remaining in England he acted honourably, in publishing the *Iris* courageously; increasing responsibilities awoke stronger moral feelings, and with them came higher purposes. But there was nothing of heroism or nobility of soul yet evident; to say there was, would be contradictory to his own avowals. Notwithstanding the comparative publicity these aims conferred upon him and the opportunity, hazardous it might be, of becoming a leader on the side of social and political progress, it was as a poet he still desired to shine. It would be unfair to interpret his words in their fullest sense; if he wrote for popularity, he also wrote because poetry dwelt in him as music in the harp-string, and every passing gust made it betray its presence. Among his earlier published productions were short poems entitled the "Ocean," and the "Loss of the Larks;" but these, in common with every other attempt, failed to procure him general applause. "Disheartened at length," said he, "with ill success, I gave myself up to indolence and apathy, and lost seven years of that part of my youth which ought to have been the most active and profitable, in alternate listlessness and dependancy, using no further exertion in my office affairs than was necessary to keep up my credit under heavy pecuniary obligations, and gradually, though slowly, to liquidate them."

In 1803, there appeared a lyric of higher purpose in the *Iris*, which attracted considerable attention. What prostituted talent had never been able to achieve for him, he now obtained when comparatively indifferent. Encouraged, he continued in the course he had begun; one lay occasionally followed another; friends mentioned his name with a degree of pride in distant circles; and now that he had devoted himself at the altar of truth and parity, he found unexpected honours awaiting him. His motto henceforth was,

Give me an honest fame, or give me none.

But his political troubles were not yet

at an end. Another prosecution was threatened; and escaping that, he was soon again in still more imminent peril. A paragraph, written in 1805, with unwonted boldness, on the surrender of General Mack's army, brought on him the anger of the government; but from some unexplained circumstances he succeeded in averting the blow. At home he was chiefly known as the writer of the weekly summary in the *Iris*, entitled "Facts and Rumours;" it was not till 1807 that any approach was made towards the insertion of leading articles; and then and for long after the strict surveillance maintained over the paper made it incumbent to use cautiously the little liberty left, lest all should be withdrawn, and utter ruin follow.

Collecting the pieces that had been most favourably received, Montgomery published his first volume in 1806, "*The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems*." Dr. Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld, and others, introduced it to the literary circles of the metropolis. It speedily passed through two editions, and a third was already issued, when the "*Edinburgh Review*," fearful, it said, of what additions such an example might cause to be made to "the great sinking fund of bad taste," most cruelly assailed the author. It pretended to have passed by the previous editions, conceiving him to be "some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea," and induced "to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment." And then, in a strain of ridicule and sarcasm, it seized on the salient faults of this first performance, and quoting largely, but with a wicked perversity in the selection, to sustain its authority, it barbed sound criticism with a really venomous wit. In three years, it predicted, that the name of the poet, and his poems too, would be altogether forgotten. But the reviewer was no *clairvoyant*; within eighteen months from the utterance of this oracle a fourth impression (1,500 copies), was issuing from the same press as the "*Edinburgh*" itself, and it has now reached thirteen editions.

Byron, not long after, had to smart under the club of this young wanton Hercules; and when he returned the compliment in his "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*," a "fellow feeling" made him treat Montgomery with a de-

gree of pity and respect, and in a note he added, "Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English reviewer, has been bitterly reviled by the 'Edinburgh.' After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius. His 'Wanderer of Switzerland' is worth a thousand 'Lyrical Ballads,' and at least fifty 'degraded epics.'"

Twenty-eight years after, at the commencement of a very favourable article on Montgomery's later poems, the "Edinburgh" itself confessed that had the criticism been then to be written for the first time, it would probably be characterised by a milder spirit; it acknowledged the danger of literary predictions and the propriety of leaning to hope and encouragement, instead of indulging in unmitigated censure. At the same time it withdrew none of its merely critical assertions. It is quite true that, divested of the spirit in which they were spoken, these were mainly correct; undoubtedly there were serious blemishes in the "Wanderer," and little promise was given of the power and fertility afterwards displayed; but, nevertheless, there were traces of genius, there were passages of great beauty, there was a love of nature and an ability to express it, a pathos deepening into melancholy, a fervour breathing through the simplicity of the language, and, above all, a devotion to the good, the noble, and the true, that to ignore was an injustice, and that more than compensated for occasional weakness of verse, or poverty and sentimentalism in thought. If some of the lyrics were feeble, there were others that have been, and will continue to be, among the most popular the poet produced. Neither the "Common Lot" nor the "Grave" will bear comparison with Campbell's sublime conception of the "Last Man," but the truth they embody has exalted their simplicity into grandeur. There is no novel sentiment in the following stanzas, yet they are more than terse and forceful:—

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.
The soul is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky.
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

The "West Indies," a poem in four parts, celebrating the abolition of the African slave-trade, came next. It is

deficient in sustained interest, but exhibits a great advance in energy and skill. There are passages where the verse rolls along, an admirable reflection of the noble thoughts embosomed in it; and to these, probably, it owed its success, as a stream often owes its celebrity to the rush of a cascade that breaks the monotony of its course. The conclusion is characteristic, and, as an example of the manner in which much of Montgomery's poetry is elevated, without being despoiled of its originality, by scriptural allusions, is worthy of transcription.

Father of mercies! speed the promised hour,
Thy kingdom come with all restoring power;
Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean-waters roll!
Hope waits the morning of celestial light;
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun,
Millennial years are hastening to the sun;
Seen through thick clouds by Faith's trans-
parent eyes,
The new creation shines in purer skies.
All hail: the age of crime and suffering ends,
The reign of righteousness from heaven de-
scends;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword,
Death is destroyed, and Paradise restored;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is all in all!

In 1813, appeared the "World before the Flood," a much more elaborate performance, in ten short cantos, of the heroic couplet. In the choice of his theme, the author imposed on himself a most difficult task; he had to recall a remote era, to people it with fictitious forms, and over a narrative, of necessity deficient in human interest, to throw a charm that should compensate for all adventitious defects. Milton alone had winged his flight through the groves of Eden, but it was on the same pinion that bore him alike up to the throne of heaven, or beneath to the dark pavilion of Chaos. There is less power than beauty in this poem of Montgomery's; nothing to command the admiration, but much that wins it; we have feminine grace, not robust manliness. The story relates to a supposed invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, and concludes with their overthrow, and the translation of Enoch. The wilfulness of Javan, the loves of Zillah, the faith of the patriarchs, the pride of the giants, and the danger, but final deliverance, of the righteous, are all well portrayed. The *dramatis personæ* are deficient in individuality of character, but there are

many charming descriptions of personal conduct, as well as circumstance and place. The whole poem strikes at once as the offspring of a pure and gentle spirit, living amidst lofty sentiments, and daily moved by the holiest affections.

While Montgomery was thus enlarging his circle of admirers abroad, he was gradually gaining "golden opinions" at home. His benevolent disposition, expanded under Christian influences, induced him to promote every charitable and worthy object within his reach. Other and nobler aims now directed his steps; he had abandoned the butterfly chase of fame, and set himself to accomplish, by useful deeds, the life-work designed for him. There was not an organization in the neighbourhood for intellectual, moral, or social improvement, in the formation or superintendence of which he did not take a part. His muse was often made to plead for the sacred cause he had espoused. His endeavours to secure the abolition of the cruel practice of sweeping chimneys by means of climbing boys, were supported by a succession of pieces, the "Climbing Boy's Soliloquies," published in conjunction with other appeals by different gentlemen. Against state lotteries he waged incessant war, and his "Thoughts on Wheels," were intended to assist in their destruction. The course he pursued with reference to them affords an instance of his disinterestedness. For many years he had been the agent of a lottery office, and as on one occasion he happened to sell a ticket which became entitled to the sixteenth of a £20,000 prize, his was reckoned a lucky office, and he had a large trade. Besides this, the advertisements of the lottery offices afforded to the newspapers at that time a great part of their income. He, however, became so impressed with the immorality of the system, that he renounced it with all its gains, and thenceforth lost no opportunity of denouncing it.

"Greenland" was his next poem. It appeared in 1819, but comprises a part only of the author's original plan. It contains a sketch of the Moravian church, its revival in the 18th century, and the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland in 1733,

To break through barriers of eternal ice,
A vista to the gates of Paradise.

Greater variety and vigour are found in it than in any preceding effort. There is much taste displayed in the selection of materials, and power in their combination. Some of the descriptions of Polar scenery are really magnificent, and surpass anything of the kind to be found elsewhere in Montgomery's works. The only other long poem he composed was the "Pelican Island," suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's "Voyage to Terra Australis," describing the existence of the ancient haunts of the pelican in the small islands on the coast of New Holland. It is written in blank verse, and the style in general is reflective or descriptive. There can be little hesitancy in pronouncing this to be Montgomery's *chef d'œuvre*, as exhibiting most poetic genius. A being is supposed to have sprung into existence, when

Sky, sun, sea were all the universe,

and perfectly sentient in its solitude, to have observed the various changes of external nature. "The years were moments in their flight," as he marked "time, life, death, the world's great actors." He watches the operations of the coral insects, till he sees an island rear its ridge above the ocean-fonna. Soil and seeds are wafted to it, and vegetation crowns it with beauty. Then the ravages of desolation are described; and when the tempest is satiated, the renewed luxuriance that covers the now-created hill and plain. Two pelicans settle there, and a colony of birds soon fills the land. A patriarchal man and a sweet innocent child are introduced towards the end, and thus scope is obtained for almost every variety of picture or reflection.

— Each new image sprang a new life,
The germ of thoughts to come that could not die,

and this interest of a spirit "all eye, ear, thought," is the link that connects the whole. The conception is bold, and the execution distinguished by consistency and freedom, although occasionally minute delineations of natural phenomena almost destroy the sense of passionate realisation essential to poetry.

If an enduring fame is to be the legitimate test of all high excellence, it is doubtful whether Montgomery's longer poems will abide the issue. In America they are still extensively prized; but in England they appear already to have

passed the height of their popularity. This may in part result from his selection of subjects; their want of general and sustained interest would induce many to lay them aside, and the religious character of their treatment cause others to shun them altogether. There are passages in various styles, for poetical fancy, vigour, and melody of numbers, that would not have disgraced any of our most distinguished poets; but while assigning to Montgomery a high position, it would be extravagance to claim for him the highest. Cowper, for instance, who in many incidentals of circumstance and character resembled him, was essentially different in the characteristics of his genius, and not less different is the basis on which his fame now rests. The religious element pervaded all his writings, as it did Montgomery's, refining and sublimating; but it has not, in the same degree, excluded his longer poems from popular favour; and this cannot be fully accounted for without admitting that they contain more genuine poetry. Montgomery's genius, we believe, was essentially lyrical; all his productions bear the impress of his own emotions; but in those shorter pieces which, throughout his career, he was continually composing, he gave the most forceful expression to his pure and lofty sentiments. Many of his lyrics have been, and will long be, echoed by thousands of sympathising hearts. Their graceful imagery, their earnest aim, their musical language, combine to charm. Hackneyed themes and common thoughts are all fused by the glow of inspiration, and become molten gold. He will take a flower, withered in its passage from hand to hand, and planted by his Helicon, it soon assumes a new beauty. Numberless examples of this assimilative power might be gathered from his works. We may quote the opening stanza of one well-known poem. —

The bird that soars on highest wing,
But's on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
In dark and nightingale we see,
What home our bath has in city.

Rightly did Ebenezer Elliott style his fellow townsman, "the Moore of solemn themes." There is no English poet exhibiting so many of the excellencies peculiar to this species of composition. With pardonable pride might he speak

of the success which crowned his labours as an author. "Not indeed," said he, "with fame and fortune as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison with whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus my small plot of ground is no more than Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own; it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it, from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself, and I can say that not an inch which I had once gained have I ever lost." Perhaps the distinguishing feature of Montgomery's poetry is *parity*; his taste, which is not limited in its range, is always pure, and his imagery and language are only a becoming garb for holy sentiments. He

Ne'er forget
How poor are fancy's blooms to thoughtful fruits.
That gold and silver mornings, though more
bright
Than soft, blue days, are scarcely half their
worth.

But it is time we return to the events, "few and far between," that diversified the poet's life. In 1825 he retired from the invidious station of newspaper editor—having for more than thirty-one years borne his part in the burden and heat of the day. It was only to be regretted, that, owing probably to physical causes and to the terrorism under which he was long restrained, he had become almost a neutral in politics, when men of his worth and judgment were needed by the times. All parties united in a dinner to do him honour, at which, on reviewing his career, he made those statements already referred to. In 1830 and 1831, he was selected to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, on Poetry and General Literature. These he prepared for the press, and afterwards published. Of his other prose works, the chief appeared anonymously and was entitled, "Prose by a Poet." In 1833, Sir Robert Peel, during his first Premiership, conferred on him a pension of £150 per annum; and the same year he received from the University of Edinburgh, an invitation to accept the chair of Rhetoric. About the same period he also removed to his residence at the Mount, one of the loveliest localities about Sheffield, and a great contrast to the dingy premises on which he had so long resided, and where he had written his most beautiful descriptions, as if to illustrate the independence and creative

faculties of mind. Here his days drew calmly to a close—the poet, the man, and the Christian uniting to form a character more enviable even for its excellence than its fame. The benevolent heart, the refined mind, the active hand, were to the last engaged in every good and philanthropic cause. He who, in the prime of manhood, had met weekly with his friends to talk over plans of personal usefulness, when the hoary head was a crown of glory, and “the keepers of the house” began to tremble, was still foremost in his efforts to bless the needy or woeworn. Beautiful was the autumnal eve of that long life, as the sun threw its softened splendour over the nodding and abundant harvest. Almost unexpectedly at last,

life “lapsed into immortality.” On the 30th of April, 1854, the poet died. The day previously he had been out as usual, in the night he became unwell, and in the afternoon of the next day, the Sabbath, he entered “the rest that remaineth for the people of God.”

“The secret of my moderate success,” once said Montgomery, “I consider to be the right direction of my abilities to right objects.” In those words he told the moral of his history. He has experienced the “common lot,” but it shall be long ere no other trace remains of him than that—“there lived a man!”

Montgomery! true, the common lot
Of mortals, lies in Lethæ's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot,
Some shall exist beyond the grave.

END OF VOL. V.







